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North American Review

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Mr. Hoover's Hair Shirt
John Pell

Eavesdropping in Russia
Joshua Kunitz

What Price Baby-Tending?
Avis D. Carlson

Revolt Against the Tariff *A Poll of the Press* . . . William O. Scroggs
So This Is London . . . . R. H. S.
The Shadow Business *By a Former Private Detective* . . Howard McLellan
Absurdities of Prohibition . . . . Harry Hibschman
Red Hansen's Romance *A Short Story* . . . . . . Don Knowlton
New Things in the Air . . . . Howard Mingos
Sport Psychology . . . . J. B. M. Clark
Hell's Shootin' . . . . Charles Wood
The Crisis in Cuba . . . . The Rt. Rev. H. R. Hulse
Mint Tea and Couss-Couss *Adventures in Morocco* . Eleanor Hoffmann
Algerian Nightfall (Poem) . . . . Jo Hartman
Curse or Coincidence? . . . . P. W. Wilson
The Great Word War *Humanism's Humors* . . Louise Maunsell Field
Sarajevos in Asia . . . . Raymond Fuller
High School Poets . . . . Nellie B. Sergent

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Departments by Herschel Brickell, Don Rose,
Barbara E. Scott *and* Alan H. Temple

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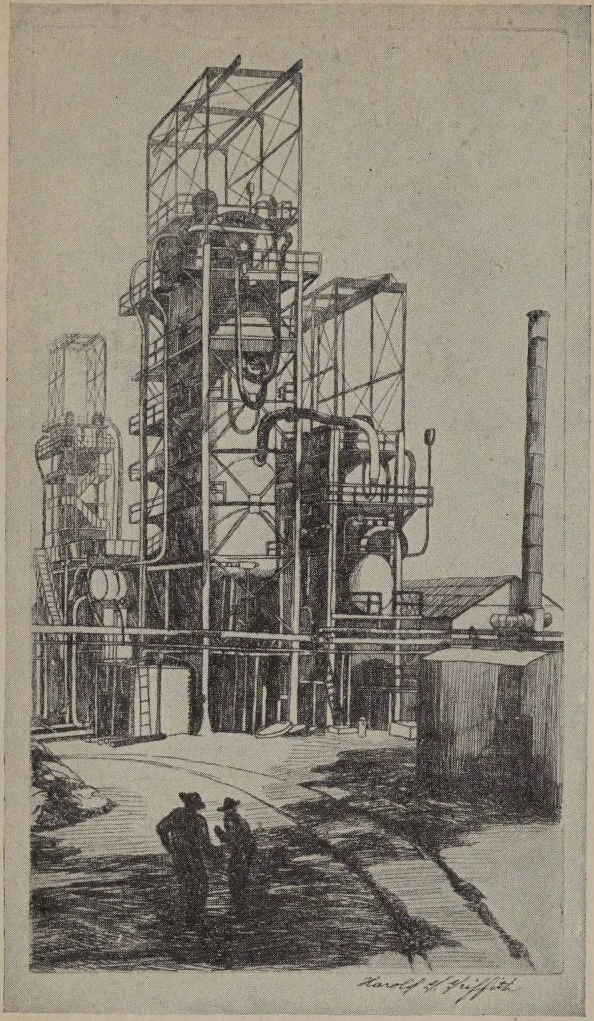

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John Pell
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Editorial Director

The North American Review

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Vol.230

ONE-HUNDRED-SIXTEENTH YEAR

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The Literary Landscape

By Herschel Brickell

> The present confusion of human values, the whole scene of foundered traditions and decaying institutions, may largely be blamed upon the immeasurable changes ordered by the industrial revolution. (In the ulterior sense, a mechanistic philosophy of decades and centuries is actually at fault.) At any rate, changes, new rhythms, were introduced, for which no adequate moral resources were imaginable. We live now in a time of peace which has all the air of war. — From *Portrait of The Artist as American*, by Matthew Josephson. (Harcourt, Brace, $3.)

The Landscaper returns, as might be gathered from the foregoing quotation, to a favorite subject, which by this time may have become somewhat wearisome to his readers; namely, the state of civilization in the United States, and the chances for human happiness in our own time. Mr. Josephson has attacked the subject, although his concern is with the artist rather than the mass of humanity, from the point of view of Americans who, in the past, have not been able to live and work in their own country. In general, his theory is a familiar one, and it lies in the plaint that our machine-made culture is not sympathetic to the sensitive person who wishes to create beauty, although before the book is quite finished, we find him yielding a point, and even going so far, in these optimistic words, to believe that some good may come out of Babylon after all:

"Artists may become centurians of Soap for a time, pro-consuls of Hydro-electricity; they may improvise before the microphone, dance before the television box. A period of training, a phase of discipline, will elapse; and in the end the force of mind in them may again leaven this society which has known only material occupations. The dispersed and scattered beauty of automobiles and spotless kitchens and cubic office buildings will have been organized and given meaning through their understanding of the *ensemble*. A spiritual equilibrium will have been reached in which they will have been active factors."

America and Its Art

This is another way of stating a familiar belief that in time America will produce great art, which will be closely related to the very elements in our national life that seem to be farthest removed from the creative life of the individual, although these elements may contain in themselves much beauty of the most stirring sort. These columns have not been free from the Landscaper's observations concerning the thrilling and dramatic vision that is New York, the symbol of modern America; the difficulty, of course, is to detach one's self from the life that swirls ceaselessly up and down and around the city's towers so that this drama may be enjoyed. Perhaps Mr. Josephson's artists will have achieved this happy detachment, and perhaps they may, as he says, succeed in giving form and meaning to so much that now appears fortuitous and only accidentally lovely. Certainly there is no harm in hoping that his mild optimism may be justified.

As for his central thesis, it has less interest for this commentator than the way he has worked it out. There is nothing easier than to set up a case against any civilization if it be measured by its suitability to the life of its artists; it has been pointed out by other reviewers that the artist must be so sensitive that he can hardly expect to be happy, no matter where he is placed. Indeed, if he were happy; if, in short, he had succeeded in striking a perfect balance he would immediately cease to be an artist and become a vegetable. The Landscaper does not believe that very many of Mr. Josephson's examples would have been happy anywhere; their difficulties arose out of their own inner conflicts and had, at bottom, little to do with their environment. That a good many of them found a more satisfactory adjustment in the older countries was a perfectly natural circumstance; they were brought up in the shadow of older cultures, and returned to them as naturally as a child to its own rooftree. But men like Bierce and Hearn, for example, would have been pretty miserable anywhere in any period, and Emily Dickinson would have made her own marvelous world within a garden wall even though she had been born in Athens in the time of Pericles, supposing that this legendary period was really as ideal from the intellectual point of view as it has been made to appear.

Books about People

Biography, which has not been especially active for a month or two, appears to have taken a new spurt, and there are now available many books about a great variety of men and women. One may read for example William H. Allen's *Rockefeller, Giant, Dwarf, Symbol* (Institute for Public Service), a wholly iconoclastic study of the head of Standard Oil, which the author says was refused by a number of publishers because they were afraid of it, and may learn there a good deal about the vast gifts to philanthrophy that have been given during the later years of this billionaire. Mr. Allen goes deeply into the origins of the Rockefellers and their fortune; he treats seriously a good many of the stories that are to be found somewhat flippantly related in John Winkler's *Portrait in Oils*. His is a badly written book, which may have had something to do with its rejection, but it contains a tremendous amount of interesting material, and will be enjoyed by all those who refuse to accept the Rockefeller myth at its face value. Mr. Allen contends that the elder Rockefeller has no intellectual interests, and is, in fact, a dull person, which is not at all hard to believe, for not even the best of public relations counsel have been able to make Mr. Rockefeller an attractive personality. There remains in this case the fascinating change in attitude on the part of the American public toward Rockefeller; once regarded as one of the greatest villains of our times, he has come to be looked upon as one of humanity's most important benefactors. Mr. Allen will not have it this way, and he is not at all without evidence to back up his conclusions.

Americans and Others

Howard K. Beale has dipped into American history for his *The Critical Year: A Study of Andrew Johnson and Reconstruction* (Harcourt, Brace, $3.75), a scholarly study of the times so hotly treated of in Claude Bowers' *The Tragic Era*, or so judicially handled in Robert W. Winston's *Andrew Johnson: Plebeian and Patriot*. Mr. Beale is another apologist for Andrew Johnson, and his book another sound reason for the reversal of conventional history's judgment of the Tennessee shoemaker. Owen Wister has written charmingly of himself and Roosevelt in *Roosevelt: The Story of a Friendship: 1880–1919* (Macmillan, $4), a volume made up largely of intimate letters, and a sort of combined biography-autobiography, with much material of the sort that should eventually get into history books.

Of outstanding European figures there are books about Briand and Von Hindenburg. *Briand, Man of Peace* by Valentine Thomson (Covici-Friede, $5) is an intimate portrait of the

The Virginia Quarterly Review *for July*

Can Religion Blend with Modern Science?
By H. M. Johnson

Sanctuary in Porcelain
By James Branch Cabell

England Has Lobbies Too
By E. Pendleton Herring

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French political leader, written by the daughter of one of Briand's most intimate friends, and from many conversations between the subject and the author. Madame Thomson has quoted Briand freely upon Clemenceau, Millerand, Joffre, Foch, Lloyd George, Kitchener, Poincaré, and Pershing, among others, and she has tried to clarify his aims, which are of such prime importance to the peace of the world. The book is the first full length study available in English. *The Biography of Von Hindenburg* by Rudolph Weterstetten and A. M. K. Watson (Macmillan, $2.50), is the full story of the German general who became President of the Reich, and who today at eighty-three is one of the most powerful figures in European politics. *Krupp* by William Bedrow (Lincoln MacVeagh — The Dial Press, $5), is a collection of letters from the founder of the Krupp works, edited at the request and with the assistance of the family, a sort of official collection that is more interesting than it might sound; it tells the story of the rise in business of one of the principal factors in the World War.

A biography in the modern manner is *The Madcap Queen* by Paul Rival (Putnam, $3.50), which tells the tale of Margaret of Navarre, and her amours. The translation is by Marvin McCord Lowes, and while the book would not appear to have too much value as a piece of scholarship, it is entertaining enough. General Max Weygand has done a life of *Turenne: Marshal of France*, (Houghton Mifflin, $3.50), which lays full emphasis upon the military genius of the man, but which also attempts successfully to set him in his proper environment and to make him human.

"The Little Review's" Story

Of recent literary biographies by all odds the most interesting the Landscaper has seen is Margaret Anderson's *My Thirty Years' War* (Covici-Friede, $4), which is the story of the life to date of the founder of *The Little Review*, and a fascinating history of the experimental side of modern literature. One doubts if it will give the Babbit-More group of New Humanists much pleasure, since the people with whom Miss Anderson has associated have all been engaged in setting up new standards and worrying not at all about the sin of excess, but to all those readers who have watched the rising influence of men like James Joyce, and, indeed, to all those who care for self-portraits of striking personalities, the volume will prove worthy of mention. In Miss Anderson's crowded pages appear not only the Irish god of Shakespeare and Company's shrine in Paris, but also John S. Sumner, who first brought *Ulysses* to the attention of the public — without his assistance one doubts that the book would ever have gone past its first printing, and now a new edition has to be done every spring to satisfy the American tourist, demand — Pablo Picasso, T. S. Eliot, Otto H. Kahn, Ernest Hemingway, Brancusi, Amy Lowell, and Gertrude Stein, to mention only a few of the cast of characters. Miss Anderson's own story is quite enough to make the book good reading, but because of her intimate association with the people mentioned, and others, it takes on added interest; as a matter of fact it is permanent value as a history of certain phases of contemporary literature. Perhaps the Landscaper has succeeded in conveying something of his pleasure in the perusal of the book; if not, he will add that it is one of perhaps a dozen books he has read this year that he knows will be read again. A generation from now it will be more valuable than it is today, and of how many books may this fairly be written?

The only other literary biography at hand just now is an excellent study of Baudelaire by Lewis Piaget Shanks, called *Baudelaire, Flesh and Spirit.* (Little, Brown, $3.50.) Mr. Shanks has devoted years of study to the life and works of the author of *The Flowers of Evil*, and has even made English verse of Baudelaire's poetry; his is a scholarly book, but by no means a dull one. Stefan Zweig's *Balzac, Dickens and Dostoevsky* (Viking Press, $3), is in a measure, at least, a continuation of the same author's *Adepts in Self-Portraiture*, in which he discussed Casanova, Stendhal and Tolstoi. The new book contains biographical-critical studies of the three great writers of the Nineteenth Century, and is brilliantly done, in fact one of the most readable and sound of recent attempts at literary interpretation. Zweig's position as a critic in Germany should assure him of a hearing in this country, although he has not as yet had the recognition he deserves. Eden and Cedar Paul are the translators of the new book, as they were of its predecessor.

Papini on St. Augustine

A recent religious biography is Giovanni Papini's *St. Augustine* (Harcourt, Brace, $3.00), the first book from the pen of this gentleman, so far as the Landscaper can recollect, since his overwhelmingly popular *Life of Christ.* Papini feels that he and the African saint have much in common, which is as may be; at any rate Augustine is of especial interest to our own time, since he has often been called the first modern man, and this new biography represents a great deal of research. One supposes that those who admire Papini will buy it in quantities. The most the Landscaper can say for it, after a somewhat cursory examination, is that it seems a better and far more important book than the *Life of Christ.*

A Light Fiction Crop

The current crop of fiction is a light one, with only a few novels worthy of any especial notice, the prevailing state of the book trade probably having exercised a restraining influence on some of the publishers, and caused them to hold back on their "big shots" until times are better. A few of the English novels that were attracting attention in London during the earlier months of the year are now available, among them one of the best, if not the best, story of circus life the Landscaper has ever read. This is *Red Wagon* by Lady Eleanor Smith (Bobbs-Merrill, $2.50). Lady Eleanor is the daughter of Lord Birkenhead, and has a passion for circuses and gypsies that must touch a sympathetic chord for all those who have a streak of the tramp in them. She has told an excellent story of the travelling circuses of England, weaving it around the figure of a circus-born protagonist, who eventually owns his own show. No attempt is made to drag in the color and glamour of the circus, but the author has managed to make her book a good deal more than a mere account of life among the circus-folk and the English gypsies; the red wagon becomes a sort of symbol of the eternal circus — a venerable institution the eternal appeal of which could not be better exemplified than by mentioning the excitement occasioned in New York upon the annual visit of our own mammoth circus, which even if it is not housed in a big top, remains strangely appealing. Not a great deal of literary skill has gone into *Red Wagon*, perhaps, but Lady Eleanor's characters are very much alive, and one must respect her evident knowledge of the life she writes about.

Well Liked in England

Helen Ashton's *Dr. Serocold* (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50), which has the good fortune of a book club choice, is the story of one day in the life of a country physician, very well done indeed, but hardly of the widest appeal because of its quietness. It will be interesting to this observer to watch the reception of *Dr. Serocold* by the American public. Kathleen Coyle's *Flock of Birds* (Dutton, $2.50) is an admirable addition to Miss Coyle's growing list of good novels, a story of Dublin during the terrible days of the Blacks and Tans, and a story, more especially, of a mother. Miss Coyle writes exquisitely; here is a distinctly feminine and minor talent, but the quality of it is excellent. The new book takes high rank among her fiction.

Two of the English war novels that have created sensations across the Atlantic are *Her Privates We* (Putnam, $2.50), and *War Is War* by "Ex-Private X" (Dutton, $2.50). Both are anonymous and wholly realistic accounts of the War, of the type which by this time has become quite familiar. They are among the best of the lot, and in a way it seems a pity to have them come along when the edge seems to have been lost from the public's interest in what happened during 1914–1918. *War Is War* comes nearer to being a pacifistic document than *Her Privates We;* R. C. Sherriff, the author of *Journey's End* has called the former book the English *All Quiet. Her Privates We* and *War Is War* are both said to have been written by men of established literary reputations, and argument in England over their identity no doubt helped to sell the books. There was a limited, unexpurgated edition of *Her Privates We*, which was bought up at once, and which no doubt had something to do with the popular demand for the book. What will happen to the two novels here would be very hard to forecast, although if they fall by the wayside, it will not be because of any lack of merit on the part of both. One suspects, though, that the public appetite for novels of the war has been satiated for a time, at least.

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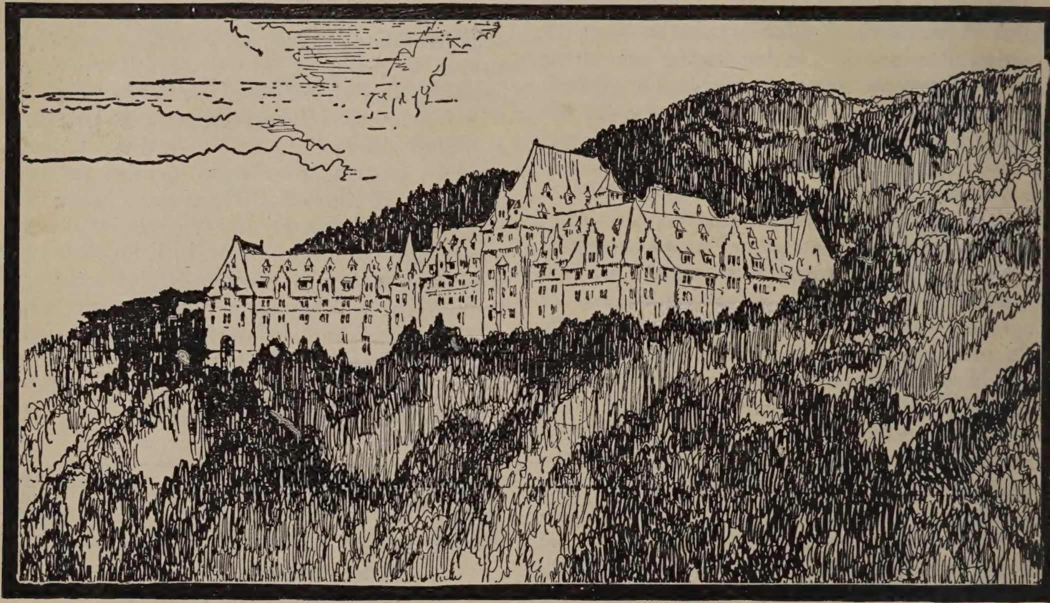

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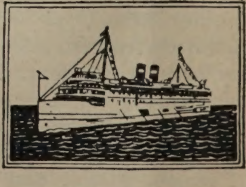

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Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

The North American Review

VOLUME 230 JULY, 1930 NUMBER 1

Mr. Hoover's Hair Shirt

BY JOHN PELL

WHEN Admiral Dewey returned from Manila, New York City and its harbors were bedecked for his triumph. Staten Island and the Jersey Coast were illuminated with flares. A triumphal arch was erected at Fifth Avenue and Twenty-third Street. Thirty-four thousand troops marched in the parade. A sword was presented to the Admiral and a special uniform designed for him. Congress passed a vote of thanks. But that was not enough. The newspapers of the country collected fifty thousand dollars, bought a house in Washington, and presented it to him. People were beginning to talk of his Presidential possibilities.

At about that time Dewey married. Like many other husbands he put the house in his wife's name. The newspapers found it out. They turned on the hero of a few months before and showered him with abuse and sarcasm. He was forgotten by the people and never again considered for any political office.

Herbert Hoover was swept into office on a tidal wave of enthusiasm. He was elected President by the greatest majority on record. A San Francisco paper of November, 1928, expressed the opinion of a great part of that multitude of voters:

> We predict that Herbert Hoover will enroll his name with those of the greatest Presidents the nation has had. We foresee under his guidance a constructive period likely to eclipse anything of its kind that has gone before. He is a constructive man. He will, we believe, drive so forcefully at the tasks now before the nation that the end of his eight years as President will find us looking back on an era of prodigious achievement.

A FEW weeks ago House Minority Leader Garner of Texas expressed the opinion of a great part of the country in these words:

> The titular party leader in the White House is either lacking in courage or capacity to lead, and the consequent bewilderment of Congressional leadership is a reflection of the deepening disappointment of the American people in the promised and expected major part the President was to play in shaping national affairs to the better ends of national needs.

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There is not a Republican leader in either House who has the faintest glimmer of what the President wants and, worse still, they haven't the slightest idea that he wants anything particularly constructive or progressive.

* * * * *

I WAS talking to the corner druggist. He belonged to the old school. He scorned lunch counters, candy counters, book counters. "I've been a lifelong Republican," he said. "I voted for Hoover. But I never will again — him or any other Republican."

"Why?" I asked.

"Look at the service!" he exclaimed.

"Whose — Hoover's?"

"No!" he expostulated. "Chain stores. We small independents give real service and honest goods. But the chain stores are driving us to the wall. We're being ruined by big business. What can you expect with Hoover as President?"

* * * * *

"How did the market close?" the taxi driver asked.

"Weak," I replied. I didn't know, but it was a safe guess. "Do you play the market?"

"Used to." He began to warm up. "Until I was sold out, of course."

"Of course."

"I had a nice profit. I was trying to decide whether to buy a Paramount or a Luxor. Then Hoover began to monkey with the tariff."

"I don't understand the tariff," I ventured.

"Well, the tariff was all right until Hoover came along. Here you are, sir."

* * * * *

There is the story about the millworker out of a job who asked a friend how Smith was getting along in the White House.

"Smith?" the friend replied. "Smith isn't President."

"Oh, yes, he is," the millworker insisted. "I was told that if Smith were elected, the stock I bought would stop paying dividends, the bank I put my savings in would bust, and I'd lose my job. They all happened. Smith must be President."

THERE are bankers and brokers who voted for Hoover because they knew that a Democratic régime usually brings a weak market. Now they realize that the consequences of a weak market would have been nothing compared to the consequences of the crazy bull market that followed Hoover's election.

There are Drys who voted for Hoover because he promised to try to uphold the Prohibition Law. The country is as wet as ever.

There are Internationalists who voted for Hoover because he advocated the World Court and Disarmament. We are not in the World Court and our delegates returned from the Disarmament Conference with neither reduction nor parity.

There are hundreds of thousands of farmers who voted for Hoover because he promised farm relief. Since his election the price of farm commodities has fallen heavily while the price the farmer pays for clothing, food, labor, automobiles and radios is nearly as high as ever.

There are millions of men and women who voted for Hoover because they were enjoying prosperity and wanted it to last. It didn't. Now they are feeling poor, discouraged, and sore. Do they blame "Economic Periodicity," "The Business Cycle," "The Law of Supply and Demand," "Speculative Madness"? No. They blame Herbert Hoover. Why? For the same reason that for hundreds of thousands of years the greater part of humanity has worshipped in some form or other a personified God. Can you love, hate, sympathize with, or blame an economic condition?

A YEAR ago we were sitting pretty. The United States was on top of the world. Everybody owed us money, everybody wanted our automobiles, radios, and credit. The world was scrambling for equities in our corporations.

Today we are bewildered and disappointed. We are having difficulty collecting our debts. Exports have fallen off. England and Japan have refused to let us decide the size of their navies. Even after the panic was over we thought it was an incident of the speculative mania, that business would go on as ever. Now we know that the slump in security values was only a symptom of the let-up in business.

Last year thousands of farmers grew too much wheat and cotton, thousands of manufacturers produced too many goods, thousands of speculators paid too much for securities, thousands of people spent too much money. Why? Because it was in the air. Everybody else was doing it. Money was easy to get. All you had to do was buy a stock, hold it for a week, and sell it to somebody else at a profit. Then you could loan your profits to other speculators at fifteen per cent. Well, it's all over now. Money is cheap, stocks are low, jobs are hard to get. Do we blame ourselves for our folly? Do we blame the over-enthusiastic airplane manufacturers who built planes for thousands of people who didn't know how to fly? Do we blame the Investment Trust magnates who told us about a New Era? No. We blame Hoover. He was President. He should have done something.

Well, he did. The Secretary of the Treasury advised us to put our money in bonds. The Federal Reserve Banks fought speculation with its strongest weapon, the rediscount rate. What did we do then? We cheered when the chairman of one of our biggest banks laughed at the Federal Reserve. Discourage speculation! The idea of such a thing!

AGAIN, after the panic, the President helped us in the only way he could by encouraging the national and State Governments to rush building programmes which would give employment to idle men and money. He assembled the leading manufacturers of the country and asked them to do the same thing.

What do we care about his stabilization measures? He brought us bad luck. That's all that matters. "Hoodoo Hoover."

Does the President know how the people feel? He does. "Presidents have plenty of hair shirts," he wrote to his friend, William Oxley Thompson. "A vast clamor of half truths and untruths and injured facts will always fill the air and intoxicate people's emotions."

Let us look at the man who wears the hair shirt. What is this man whom we chose so vociferously a year and a half ago and now blame for all our troubles? He is an engineer. What sort of an engineer? Well, he might be described as a Horatio Alger engineer. Do you remember when you as a child used to read and dream about engineers who lived in the open, built bridges and dams, dug mines and fought with Indians? That is the sort of engineer Hoover was. His life was pure Horatio Alger from the beginning until he reached (in his own words) "the highest office in the world."

His father was an Iowan blacksmith, his mother a Quaker farm girl. The boy Herbert fished with crooked pins, swam in the swimming hole, played hookey from the little red schoolhouse, hunted foxes and rabbits. Like all successful American business men, he was once an office boy. He worked his way through college and qualified as a mining engineer. From the start he possessed heroic qualities. He developed a talent, a mania for facts. In mine exploiting, even more than in other enterprises, a knowledge of the facts is the key to success. Rumors spread as far as London that at last a man had been found who produced nothing but facts. Big companies competed for his services. They sent him to Africa, to Australia, to China. At twenty-seven he directed twenty thousand employees, built a huge cement works, constructed railway lines, operated a fleet of ocean going steamers, built a Chinese harbor.

At thirty-four he retired, unaware that really his life had only just begun. He became one of the highest paid consulting engineers. The war brought his great opportunities: Red Cross; Belgium; Russia; Mississippi; finally the Presidency, the overwhelming victory.

Votes are cast by people. From the people the politician derives his power, and to them he is responsible. In a sense, this was particularly true in Hoover's case. The people chose him in spite of the professional politicians, who were against him from the start. But the people were fed up with oil scandals, property custodian disclosures, Senatorial campaign slush fund investigations. They were disgusted with politicians, they wanted a business man, an engineer. The engineer in the White House.

Now, the engineering method of doing business is to learn the facts, decide what needs to be done, pick the best man available for the job, give him responsibility, and back his decisions. The political method, on the other hand, is to guess what is likely to please the greatest number of voters, pick a man to whom you are already indebted or who may be useful in the future and then, if anything goes wrong, lay as much blame as possible on him. The engineering method is the method of big business, of the chain store, of oligarchies. The political is the method of pioneer communities, of corner groceries and country stores, of democracy.

Have you ever punched a time clock? So has Hoover. But he has done more. He has guided the destinies of big corporations, has seen their inner workings. He knows what lies behind the time clock, how much the success of the organization depends on the efficiency of the employees. Law is law. If the clerks don't get to work on time, fire them. If the laws are not obeyed, hire more policemen, build more jails.

The trouble is you can't run a democracy that way. The people aren't clerks afraid of losing their jobs, they are independent, taxpaying, vote-giving citizens. They won't obey laws they don't believe in. They never have and they never will. They don't want efficiency, they want flattery. The back-slapping, baby-kissing, gin-drinking, dry-voting, loud-mouthed politician is the natural product of democracy.

In a business, the executive is told to save money. The more money he saves, the higher his salary is going to be. The present administration has reduced taxes a hundred and sixty million dollars. If Hoover were the president of a corporation, he'd get a raise for that. Instead he's being blamed from one end of the country to the other. But he doesn't care, he is too busy looking for other opportunities to reduce expenses. There are the battleships, for instance. Every year we spend millions of dollars building battleships to replace other battleships which have become obsolete because other countries have built newer and better battleships. If we could only reach an agreement with the other countries to stop building so many battleships, our relative strength would remain the same and a great deal of money would be saved all around.

Again the trouble is you can not (so far, at any rate) run diplomacy that way. The London Conference was not a success, mainly because England and Japan, unlike us, were not represented by big business executives but by diplomats. The result is going to be that without saving money our relative strength will be weakened.

About all the executive of a big corporation does is to make decisions. His value to the corporation rests on the proportion of his decisions that turn out to be right. Some of these executives are paid a million dollars a year. That is cheap when you consider that any one of dozens of decisions may have made more difference to the corporation than that.

In order that his decision may be right, the executive must know the facts. Corporations never try to cut down fact-finding expenses. So Hoover, with his business training, established his famous fact-finding commissions. He wanted to know the facts before he made his decisions. But what have facts to do with politics? If he had pounded his desk and roared "The higher, the fewer," or "Prosperity is good for business," the press would have been delighted, the people satisfied.

The President is continually pestered by sight-seers with letters from their Congressmen, poetesses who want him to write prefaces, office-seekers and applicants for pensions. It is easier to see the President of the United States than the president of any of our larger chewing gum concerns. The professional politician is used to this sort of thing, expects and likes it. It is easier to shake hands than to think. But the business executive hates to have his time wasted, his efficiency reduced. People who are turned away are hurt in the tenderest spot in the human temperament — the self-esteem.

As stated above, when the business executive has a job to be done, he picks the best man available, gives him responsibility, and backs his decisions. When Chief Justice Taft was forced by illness to give up his duties in the Supreme Court, the President chose as his successor Charles Evans Hughes. This would seem to be an acceptable choice. Hughes was one of the best-known lawyers in the country, conservative, not too old, distinguished. But the politicians and the press were loud in their denunciation of this choice.

Another vacancy occurred in the Supreme Court. The President's advisers, the party leaders, insisted that politics be taken into consideration. Business methods might be all right in business, but they had notably failed in politics. The South had rallied to Hoover; it was time he did something for it. Why not appoint a Southerner to the Supreme Court?

He did. At last the politicians had him. The engineer was going to play politics, was he? They would teach him a lesson. Parker, the political choice for the Supreme Court, was rejected by the politicians. The President was officially snubbed by the Senate.

Did he mind? No. His opinion of politics and politicians was confirmed. It is doubtful if he will take much more of their advice. He knows that he is making what he can of his job. If he loses it, plenty of others will be offered to him. But he has the good fortune of having had his bad breaks early. Two years ago the people clamored for him. Now they are reviling him. Two years from now they may be clamoring for him again. Their fickleness is not a new discovery to him. Ten years ago he wrote:

> The crowd only feels; it has no mind of its own. The crowd is credulous. It destroys, it consumes, it hates and it dreams, but it never builds. Man in the mass does not think but only feels. The mob functions only in the world of emotion. The demagogue feeds on mob emotions . . .

What would he write about mobs and demagogues to-day?

* * *

Eavesdropping in Russia

By Joshua Kunitz

Random reports of conversations held or overheard which reflect varied phases of the common people's thought

"Comrade Militiaman, you are an idiot," comes the suave assurance from the heart of a small gathering on the corner.

"Citizens, you hear? He has insulted me." The delicate little militiaman sounds awfully hurt.

"Yes, you are a perfect idiot; and if you take me to the station house I will repeat the same thing there." (Gruffly) "What's your number?"

"I need not tell you my number; it is here for anyone to see."

An important looking citizen takes sides with the comrade militiaman; the latter, encouraged, escorts the offender to the station house.

* * *

It is a strange dictatorship, a most peculiar dictatorship. And the militia, that is, the police force, is the most incomprehensible in the world. Compared to our New York policemen these comrade militiamen look like frightened college freshmen! Compared to the austere, be-whiskered, red-nosed, palm-itching *gorodovois* of the Tsar's day, these apologetic, blushing youths are sweet cherubs. I can not imagine a Russian nursemaid, unless she be devastatingly ironical, attempting to frighten her obstreperous charge by saying: "Hush, here comes the militiaman!" Cherubs, regular cherubs — these iron hands of the implacable proletariat. Incomprehensible, incredible, absurd — yet true.

A cheerfully "lit" citizen, shaking his finger at a discomfited militiaman: "Comrade Militiaman, for such lack of civility I shall write you up in the paper tomorrow."

Hilarious laughter. "He can't write," tease the audience.

"Yes, I can, and I will, too," retorts the offended citizen, as he loses himself in the crowd, still mumbling some high sounding words about "cultural revolution" and self-criticism.

Plural pronouns speckle the average Russian's speech — us, we, ours.

"*We* are trying to outlive it; *we* are poor; *we* must learn."

The usual questions:

"How do you find *our* achievements? What does America think of *us?* Will you recognize *us?* Do you think America will again send soldiers to fight *us?* Have you seen *our* Red Army men; *our* schools, *our* children's colonies, *our* nurseries, *our* rest houses, *our* prisons, *our* workers' clubs, *our* peasant house?" And so on, always *our*, *us*, *we*.

* * *

"America, that's a land for you! There everybody has an automobile."

"No, not everybody. I'm a college instructor, and I can't afford an automobile."

He looks incredulous. In his knowing little Nepman smile there lurks a suspicion that I am a Communist.

* * *

"AND who might those gentlemen be?" reverently inquires the pot-bellied, serious little man at the Tsarskoe Selo railroad buffet. He passes a plump white hand over his beautifully trimmed whiskers.

"A delegation of American professors."

Profoundly impressed. "And you, sir, are their Russian guide?"

"No, I am a member of the delegation."

Significant silence, as he elegantly pours vodka into my glass. Then: "And why, little father, have you come to our poor country? What will you see here?"

I feel that this prim little waiter relishes conversation with polite and well-dressed gentlemen. Indeed, he himself has a dignified, aristocratic bearing. His very beard is a survival of those glorious days when he had the pleasure of serving at the tables of dukes and princes at Tsarskoe Selo. His very manner of pouring the vodka is a champagne manner. He disdains wasting his elegant breath on the desert air of proletarian unappreciativeness. These beer guzzlers who come here in endless excursion, what do they know about style and etiquette? But silver-haired American professors, that's different, that's more like it. He leans delicately forward to catch my precious words.

"We have come," I say, "to see how the workers run their own Government."

He smiles deprecatingly, though sweetly; then in a counter-revolutionary whisper: "You'll see nothing, sir. They'll show you nothing. We are suffering, sir. I can not tell you how we are suffering. A Savior — Russia is waiting and praying for a Savior."

* * *

THE doorman at the hotel interests me not a little, but he looks so forbidding in his gilded — though worn — livery, so inaccessible, so generalissimo-like, that I hesitate to start a conversation with him. He opens the door and salutes you with the majestic air of a man who knows his own worth, and who realizes his grave responsibilities. A splendid relic, in this city of museums. A delightful incongruity, in this city of Lenin. Yet even he, not unlike the hotel where he officiates, or the buildings that surround him, shows signs of wear and tear, traces of war and revolution. Two of his front teeth are missing. He opens his mouth — and harmony is restored — and one feels that, after all, his is not quite so incongruous a presence.

"Hey, thititheneth!" I hear him hail a little flower girl from across the street. His missing teeth and the word "citizeness" — though I am not quite sure that he used it in good faith, without any touch of irony — make him a little more human and approachable.

I LOVE to hear this word "citizen," in Russia. They all seem to enjoy it so much. "Comrade" strikes me as a little too intimate, too esoteric, at times even a little forced. But "citizen" — "citizen" has a true ring here. I express this thought to the doorman.

"It was fine to hear you call the little girl 'citizeness.' More than anything else, this form of address makes me realize the profound changes that have taken place here since 1914."

"Great changes, indeed, sir; great changes, indeed!"

"Yes, life does improve. Slowly, painfully, we do march forward!" I try to draw him out.

"As to that, sir, it's hard to tell; it's very hard to tell, sir."

"We certainly do march forward, and it is not hard to tell," butts in a youthful looking citizen, whom I had noticed before gaping at the hotel and the passers-by. His first vehemence is followed by an harangue that sounds like an editorial in the *Pravda*. Long words, "isms" and "ations," a whole string of them.

I stand aghast. What speech, what vocabulary! An American college boy would not dare to employ such a vocabulary for fear of being branded a "high-brow," or of being accused of having "swallowed a dictionary." The burden of his argument is "the darkness of the past, and the light of the present."

"Light, indeed!" sneers the doorman. "The children have become hoodlums. You can't tell them anything. They know more, they understand more. Religion is nothing to them. God never existed. We are old fogies."

"And they are right. Religion *is* opium. I had enough of it in my day. They crammed my poor brain with 'miracles' and 'saints' and your old Bible. No, thanks, our children will be spared this nonsense!"

"The Bible, nonsense; and your *politgramta* (political education — given in all schools) is sense!" The doorman looks angry, but he restrains himself.

"Yes, nonsense, silly nonsense, fairy tales and legends. Jesus Christ is a huge myth."

"Just so, just so. You see, sir, they throw out the Bible and replace it by *politgramta;* they banish Christ and enthrone Lenin. Some improvement, eh?"

"But Lenin we know; Lenin lived among us; he was our guide and our teacher."

"And two thousand years from now Lenin, too, will be a legend, you stupid!" flares up the old man. And waving his hand, as if to say "But what's the use?" he hastens to open the door and salute a snappy looking Red Army officer.

THE young fellow, a peasant, who works in a factory in a provincial town, and who has come to the city on an excursion, turns to me in despair.

"What can we do with such fellows. They simply won't change. We just have to wait till they die off; we simply have to live them out."

Aloof and majestic, the old doorman turns the door and salutes the passing guests, and it seems to me that he likes to believe that the Europa is the old Europa, and that the guests are the old guests.

* * *

The entrance to the Hermitage museum. A group of workers, excursionists.

"A delegation of American educators," whispers a worker.

"Hm, they have come to see how we are copying their methods," remarks a sturdy looking working-woman, two little pig-tailed girls at her side.

"Yes, we have come to study your achievements," I break in.

She flashes at me a mouthful of strong, white teeth, her blue eyes twinkle.

"We can't startle you Americans, I guess. It is we who are trying to learn from you. American technique, efficiency — we must acquire that."

And although I am not what you'd call a Simon-pure Yankee, I feel a little inflated. It is pleasant to have an illustrious name, even by adoption.

"Still, there is much that you can learn from us, too," continues the cheerful lady. "Our social organization, you see, our social order, is something you might well copy."

"Bolshevik propaganda, eh?" I remark, jestingly.

She laughs.

"Ha-ha-ha. Really, fair exchange is no robbery. We are helping ourselves to your technical sciences; you may as well get hold of our social sciences. The two'd go very well together."

Her point of view is echoed by another worker. I meet the peasant, whose acquaintance I had made in front of the hotel. A flash of recognition, a genial "Hello."

"When you get back to America, just tell them that we will fight to the last drop of blood, every one of us, man, woman and child, to save our revolution. Just tell them that."

I promise.

* * *

Diffusion of culture.

A young student, preparing to enter the engineering school.

"I love America—American technique, American jazz bands, American dances, the fox-trot, the Charleston, the black-bottom, heebe-jeebe."

"Heebe-jeebe? That's a new one on me."

I turn to my colleagues: not one of the American professors knows anything about heebe-jeebe.

The boy is appalled at our ignorance.

* * *

A Soviet steamer. The young sailors invite a group of Americans to their "red corner." A piano, a radio, numerous plectral instruments; dominoes, checkers, chess; a library, colorful posters, a wall newspaper; above all, a huge bust of Lenin.

Our hosts sing, recite, play. A Mongolian-looking cook, in apron and white cap, manipulates various kitchen utensils, producing a weird cacophony which, the sailors assure us, is an authentic Comsomol (Communist) march. This is followed by classical music, a duet — violin and piano. At the request of one of the Americans, *the Internationale* is sung.

It is hot, stuffy.

A well-known Pittsburgh music critic and composer, a bit under the weather, gradually lapses into a reclining position on a bench right below Lenin's bust.

An offended sailor boy in a whisper:

"Tell your friend to sit up. It is not proper to sprawl out here. This is a place for *rest* and *culture* [great emphasis on the words "rest" and "culture"]. Besides, there is the statue of Lenin."

My discomfited American friend, lugubriously:

"It never occurred to me that this was a chapel, and that the cook's music was sacred music."

* * *

A YOUNG peasant fruit vendor, near his basket of apples. Gravely, concentratedly, he performs a series of bodily contortions, something like our daily dozen. "*Fizkultura!*" (physical culture), he shouts, as he notices my amused interest. He winks to me, smiles, and dutifully resumes his contortions.

The Russians seem to have gone mad over physical culture.

* * *

Class will tell.

"I never carry a portfolio," says a Russian journalist, a former aristocrat, as he fumbles in his pockets in search of his note book.

From his tone I conclude that it is not a matter of whim, that a great principle is at the basis of such self-abnegation.

"Why? It's quite handy, particularly in your line of work."

"Too many nonentities carry portfolios in Russia nowadays."

An American tourist genuinely distressed:

"Gosh darn it! There is not a pornographic picture to be bought in Russia."

* * *

WHILE perusing a general information test given to a group of administrators risen from the ranks in the marine transport, I come across the following bit of Marxian dialectics:

Question — Name the author of *War and Peace*.

Answer — The author of "War" is Capitalism; the author of "Peace," the Proletariat.

This man may be a little weak in literature, he may have never read anything by Tolstoy, but he surely knows the fundamentals of Communism.

A confession—In the above general information test I scored sixty-four; the Russian worker, seventy-eight.

* * *

A slightly intoxicated Soviet seaman in a Leningrad café —

"You have licked Germany, you have conquered Europe, you even have the British Lion by the mane, but, by the R-R-R-evolution, there is one country you'll never conquer, neither by threats nor by cajoling, neither with armies nor with gold — and that is the U. S. S. R."

He leans back and begins to hum a nauseating, blatant American fox-trot, played by the four-piece jazz band.

Just so . . . neither by threats nor by cajoling, neither with armies nor with gold. . . .

An experimental school in the suburbs of Moscow. In addition to the regular high school curriculum, the children are taught agriculture, horticulture, apiculture, etc.

I have never seen such a lot of happy youngsters and proud teachers. Everybody is eager to show off his work, students as well as teachers.

HERE is a youngster of about fifteen, a typical peasant girl, barefooted, sun-burned, bright-eyed, standing before her plot of land in the school garden and explaining to the American professors her experiment in pollination. She goes into such infinitesimal details, now pointing to one flower, now skipping to the next, now urging the audience to bend down and examine the pistils, that the principal of the school, anxious to show a hundred other things, becomes a little impatient.

"Cut it short, Akulinushka," he whispers, "not so many details."

But the youngster does not hear. She is now discussing the bees, the butterflies, and the other factors in pollination.

"Briefer, Akulinushka, briefer — our guests are in a hurry," he whispers again.

She waves him aside. With excruciating seriousness, she goes on to say: "But, Mikhail Pavlovich, I can't be any briefer. The details are very important. They won't understand unless I show them all these things."

The principal shakes his head in despair; the biology teacher chuckles proudly.

* * *

The self-confidence of the Soviet children is amazing. To me the contrast between these youngsters and those of my own generation is a source of perpetual wonderment. The faith, the self-assertion —

An eleven-year-old, flaxen-haired little rogue in Shatsky's school is typical. A homeless waif, he came to this institution two years ago. His arms akimbo, his voice a basso profundo, this bright little man assures me that he will be a great and useful scientist and inventor. He will fly to China. He will visit America. He will —

"Take down my name," he suggests.

I stare at him questioningly.

"Take down my name, so that when I come to America as a great scientist, you'll know that it's me," he says without batting an eyelash.

Suddenly he looks up at me, and in the deepest voice he can manage:

"And are there many *burzhui* (contemptuous for bourgeois) in America?"

I, guiltily — "We have our share, I suppose."

"We'll kick 'em out," he consoles me, as he confidently marches off to the platform.

* * *

MOSCOW, the Lenin Hills. The city is seen in all its barbaric magnificence. Hundreds of ancient golden domes glitter in the sun.

The guide: "This is the beautiful Church of St. Basil; there over to the right looms the majestic Cathedral of St. Isaac, and further left . . ."

An elderly Russian intellectual, ironically: "He is boasting of Communist achievement."

* * *

A city park. A textile worker just back from his two weeks' vacation:

"At first you feel rather queer and uncomfortable. All this care and bother — one isn't used to it. Now they worry about your diet; now the doctor tells you when you should rest, when you should exercise; now they arrange some lectures, or readings, or theatricals for your amusement. You know, at times, when I think of the past, of my youth, I begin to feel as if the present were unreal, a dream, something that is bound to pass as soon as I awaken — and I grow afraid —"

* * *

I do not know the man's name. I just met him in a tram car. For three hours we walk through the streets of Moscow. Reluctantly, and in response to my persistent questions, he unfolds before me the gruesome picture of war, revolution, and hunger.

"Well, but it's all over," I say cheeringly. "Things do not seem so bad now."

"Things have certainly improved a great deal, and they keep on improving all the while. But, it isn't all over yet. We have still a long and painful road to travel."

"But you, as a worker, as a member of the privileged class, you must find it quite comfortable now. Much better than before the Revolution."

"Yes and no. I certainly am not better off in the matter of food and clothing. Wages are low and prices are high. The whole country is poor. We live in a besieged city. We stew in our own juice. No help from anybody, only interference. And there is always the danger of war. We are surrounded by a pack of hungry wolves, and we must make every effort to defend the gains of the Revolution. Think how much energy is consumed on that. We must liquidate the evil heritage of the past. You don't see any homeless waifs now. I mean you don't see many of them. But don't forget. We had hundreds of thousands of them. Where are they now? They are in homes, and in colonies, built especially for them. This alone shows how much of our strength was used up in fighting this evil.

"Our army is the best army in the world. I don't mean in equipment; we are poor, you understand; what I mean is, it is the most intelligent army in the world. It certainly is not the Tsar's army, made up of dumb, illiterate brutes. There is not an illiterate army man in Russia. The first thing we do when we get an illiterate recruit is teach him how to read and write. Our army is a colossal school. Just try to speak to a soldier, and he'll tell you all about the Geneva Conference, the Kellogg Pact; he will explain to you why discipline is necessary. Observe him on the street — how well behaved he is, how courteous. Yet, when off duty, he is perfectly free; he can go to the theatre, to concerts, he can have a seat in a street car, things he could never dream of under the old régime. He has clubs, and theatres, and libraries. And when he is through with his service, he goes back to the village a different man; he is a seed of culture thrown by us into the village soil."

Just as my interlocutor is reluctant to stir the memories of the past, just so is he anxious to talk about the present and the future. His talk sounds almost inspired. He is certainly determined to tell me everything, to show me everything.

"And our air fleet, it is already the third in the world in size! Russia is a vast country, aerial transportation is well adapted to our needs; we all realize it, and every worker, in every factory, in every shop, gives his last kopecks to build up the air fleet. Before you know it, we'll have more airplanes than any other country in the world. Yes, my friend, without means, with little experience, we are building, we are creating, we are making things hum. Not so rapidly as we would like to, not so rapidly as our awakened people demand, but we are getting there, just the same. Believe me, it was a full-sized job to start the wheels of industry going, but we have started, and the wheels are gathering momentum. Give us three years of absolute security and, by the Revolution, we'll erect here skyscrapers as good as any you have put up in New York!"

Here he grows abashed of this obviously too wild a boast. Smiling, apologetically:

"You see, one must have faith. It is this faith, it is this feeling that we are laying the foundation of a new life, that sustains us through the most crucial moments. It is not that we live more comfortably; materially, I and my family suffer more than before the Revolution. It is in our faith and in our feeling of human dignity that we find our compensation."

I look at his intense and furrowed face, at his short and stocky figure, and I myself become infected with his faith; though somewhere in the back of my mind I know full well that the fellow certainly exaggerates the blessings of industrialization and the cultural value of skyscrapers.

We come to the hotel, just as Dr. O is about to enter. I introduce my companion to Dr. O.

"This is Dr. O, president emeritus of one of America's famous colleges, and this is —"

"A Moscow worker," hastens my companion to my aid, and he utters these words with such genuine dignity and pride that both the good old Dr. O and I are startled.

"It is a great privilege, sir, to shake the hand of a real Moscow worker," says Dr. O.

"And I, sir," (all flustered with excitement) "I can not tell you how happy we are to have you visit us, we don't feel so utterly isolated. We feel that once you come here, you'll remain our friend."

Again a warm clasping of hands.

Dr. O, later:

"You know, that was one of the most thrilling moments in my life."

* * *

Sunday. The country. Accidentally, I stroll into the beautiful grounds of a children's home. Tanned little bodies dart helter-skelter about the brilliant green lawn, gleaming through the trees. There are also quite a few mothers, working-women who have come to visit their children. This, apparently, is an institution for orphans as well as for children who are not taken care of by their parents.

One cross-eyed little boy (nestling against a matronly, sweet little lady, the head of the institution), ruefully.

"I want mamas."

"Why, Vanichka, I am your mama."

"They all have mamas, I want mamas, too."

* * *

Professor Woody and I, dressed up in tuxedos, waiting for a tram. An intoxicated worker stumbles and bumps into Woody. He looks up, notices Woody's attire, and begins to mutter something about *burzhui*, enemies of the people, Nepmen, etc. His voice sounds threatening.

To forestall any possible attack, I straighten up and begin to speak loudly in English, emphasizing the word America.

The denunciatory harangue ceases. Our detractor becomes all smiles, he cries:

"I beg your pardon, citizens, for my very grave social and diplomatic error. I humbly beg your pardon. Have a smoke!"

He offers his last cigarettes. We thank him, and turn to a bystander, a youngster, for some information about cars and directions. But the persistent worker is not so easily disposed of. He bends over the youngster, half-admonishingly, and half-threateningly, shakes his finger at him.

"Be careful, boy. See that you give complete, correct and precise information. These citizens here are foreigners, I want you to know. Foreigners who did not disdain visiting our proletarian U. S. S. R., you understand? They are our welcome guests, our precious visitors. Well, and if, boy, you fail to give them the most complete, the most correct, and the most precise information, I, Ivan Granov, worker by profession and inheritance, will hold you personally and eternally responsible."

Professor Woody:

"It's great to be a foreigner in Russia, and to dwell under the protecting wing of the mighty proletariat."

* * *

Russia is a land of queues. Queues in front of the theatre, at the tram stations, at the railroad stations, in stores, in bakeries, everywhere. As soon as three people gather, they form a queue.

"When I see all your queues, particularly when I myself am at the very end of one of them, I feel an irrepressible longing to be on a subway station in New York," I remark to my Russian companion. "There reigns the iron law of the survival of the fittest. There, at least, a person who has push, initiative, ingenuity has a chance. There temperament can find an outlet. Here, things seem to be distressingly orderly. Where is the vaunted Russian's abandon, his love for chaos?"

My companion, a Moscow University student, smiles:

"You should have been here during the early years of the Revolution and civil war. We had plenty of chaos; we got fed up on it. That is why now we lean too much the other way. Order with us has become synonymous with culture. I love these queues, I am proud of them. Each queue, you see, is a symbol of the cultural revolution that is taking place here. And if we are a little pedantic about it, it does not really matter. We must break old habits, and form new ones. This is a painful process, and demands rigorous self-discipline. On some of the older people this is too much of a strain, and they certainly kick about it."

* * *

THE militiaman is giving us directions how to get to the Tverskaya. Suddenly another militiaman steps up, a neat little bundle in his arm. He uncovers it tenderly — a pink little body and clutching little hands. I look astounded.

"That's nothing," the militiaman reassures me. "We get them quite often. Some people are only too ready to shift their responsibilities on the State. The trouble is they know that their child will be well taken care of."

My American companion: "Perhaps their splendid children's homes are not quite such an unadulterated blessing."

* * *

The tram pulls out just as I reach the station. I run a few steps and leap on the platform.

A whistle. A militiaman.

"Fine, please."

As I pay the fine, I seek consolation in the thought that my punishment will serve as a deterrent to any "reactionary" who might take it into his head to impede the progress of the "cultural revolution" in Russia.

* * *

In my nonchalant manner, I ignore the refuse receptacle on the corner, and flip my cigarette butt into the gutter.

"You would not do it in New York; you would not do it in a *cultured* country," resents the pretty young actress at my side.

Culture has become an obsession here. Culture, culture, everywhere — I am sick and tired of this "culture." I long for a breath of American barbarism. When I get back to New York, I shall certainly delight in rehabilitating my crushed, injured, deflated ego by flinging burned matches and millions of cigarette butts any darn place I please. Yes, sir. . . .

* * *

THE railroad station is jammed. The weather is scorching.

The line in front of the ticket office is endless.

I resort to a ruse (histrionic ability and timely lapses of memory are occasionally very useful here; whenever I want swift service, I forget my Russian, I become intransigently American).

Gesticulating, smiling, and carefully mispronouncing a few Russian words, I endeavor to make the important-looking station master understand that I want a ticket for Kiev.

"*Ya . . . Kiev . . . billet.*" (I . . . Kiev . . . ticket.) I keep reiterating, holding out some money.

The official is really intelligent. He understands. Smiling politely, he takes my money, salutes, clicks his heels, bows, and vanishes. A few minutes later, he comes back with a ticket and a porter. He instructs the porter to take care of me, salutes, clicks his heels, bows, and is off.

The porter, a bearded peasant, scrutinizes my clothes. "*Amerikanetz?*"

"*Amerikanetz.*"

He grunts approvingly. With a shake of his head he summons me to follow him. We enter the carriage.

The place designated on my ticket is occupied by a haughty Ukrainian young beauty. She, too, is entitled to the same place. Something wrong, somewhere. The porter doesn't know what to do. He seems to be aware of a certain law in physics. He scratches his head, wipes the perspiration off his forehead with the sleeve of his shirt, and tries to persuade the Ukrainian beauty to relinquish her seat.

She is adamant. His store of arguments is exhausted, but she refuses to budge. Finally —

"But this citizen here is a foreigner, an American. It is a shame that he should see our inefficiency. . . ."

A miracle! The lady is transfigured. She is all graciousness and smiles. She rises with alacrity and offers me the place.

THE porter finds her a seat in the same carriage. After the train starts, I tell her of my little trick. She laughs. Everybody in the carriage laughs.

A Red Army officer moralizes: "Inefficiency? Certainly. But is there a country in the world, except our Soviet Union, where you could find a simple porter so socially minded, so socially conscious, so completely identified with the interests of the State?"

* * *

Revolt Against the Tariff

By William O. Scroggs

A poll of American newspaper editors reflects increasing public impatience with Congress for its long muddling with the tariff

As these lines are written there is a nation-wide protest against the Hawley-Smoot tariff bill. The extent and character of this movement have been indicated by a poll taken by The North American Review of the editors of 343 daily newspapers in forty-three States. Four of the questions submitted called for answers which could be counted and tabulated. These were:

1 — *Do you believe that enactment of the Hawley-Smoot Bill with approximately its present schedules is to the best interests of the American people?*

The answers were: Yes, 86; No, 238; undecided, 19.

2 — *Do you believe that our foreign trade will fall off if this tariff bill becomes law?*

The answers were: Yes, 219; No, 60.

3 — *Do you believe that farmers in general will benefit under the Hawley-Smoot Bill if it is enacted in approximately its present form?*

The answers were: Yes, 73; No, 209.

4 — *Do you believe that the long discussion of the bill in Congress has had an adverse effect on American business and prosperity?*

The answers were: Yes, 215; No, 63.

Queried as to what rates they considered particularly burdensome and unfair to the American family, the majority of editors attacked first and most vigorously the duty on sugar. This vote, cast by editors of every shade of political opinion, and in every part of the United States, shows that a great change has taken place in the temper of the country toward the tariff within the last few months. Less than two years ago there was great rejoicing among the devoted disciples of Protection. It appeared that the Democratic Party had at last seen the wickedness of its low tariff habits and with true faith and hearty repentance had embraced the gospel which it had so long denied and scorned. With both the major parties endorsing the protective principle in their platforms of 1928, it seemed that the millennial dawn had arrived.

There was only one thing to mar the prospect. With American industry enjoying the greatest degree of activity it had ever known, and with employment and wages at the peak, on what grounds could the advocates of still higher tariff duties build up a case which would enable them to "cash in" on this conversion of the Democrats? The Republican candidate for the Presidency, in his speech accepting the party nomination, chanced to give them a cue. He referred to the distress of the farmers, and then he added, "An adequate tariff is the foundation of farm relief."

THAT started something. In the months that followed no device which might whet the farmer's appetite for further tariff protection was neglected. Campaign orators told him that the country was importing annually two billion dollars' worth of farm products — some of them raised the figure to three billions — which it ought to buy from him instead of from the foreigner. Before long the farmer's political spokesmen were even demanding a tariff on bananas to help the apple industry, and the immediate freeing of the Philippines to aid the sugar, vegetable oil and dairy industries, and the revocation of the reciprocity treaty with Cuba to help domestic sugar and tobacco. The cure-all for every economic ill was to be more duties and higher duties.

While the agitation for agricultural protection was at its height, the House Committee on Ways and Means began to hold tariff hearings, in January, 1929, two months before Mr. Hoover was inaugurated. Before it had finished its labors it had listened to 1,131 tariff advocates, and their testimony filled 7,000 closely printed pages. But relatively few of these witnesses were pleading the cause of the distressed farmers. For the most part they were a solemn procession of manufacturers, each with a tale of woe and a confession of his inability to meet his foreign competitors on equal terms. The committee lent a friendly ear to their pleadings, and the result appeared in its tariff bill, which was driven speedily through the House under the effective party discipline maintained in that body.

The House tariff bill evoked a storm of indignation in the agricultural districts. The farmers felt that Congress had broken faith with them. Their leaders declared that instead of placing the farmer on the same economic plane with the manufacturer, this measure left him worse off than ever. When the bill reached the Senate an effort was made to eliminate its inequalities. Senator Borah introduced a resolution to limit the revision of rates to farm products, and this lacked only one vote of passing. Encouraged by this development, a coalition of Democrats and insurgent Republicans temporarily took the control of the bill away from the Republican regulars and succeeded in giving it more of the appearance of a tariff for farmers than it had when it emerged from the House.

BUT in the mean time a new storm was brewing against the tariff. After months of apathy the public finally began to show an increasing interest, and this was anything but friendly to the measure. The opinions on the tariff bill expressed by the editors in the poll conducted by The North American Review show what has been dinned into the people's ears in all parts of the country during the last few weeks. The newspapers have been conducting a campaign of education, and the voters have been wonderfully enlightened with regard to some of the current fallacies concerning the beneficence of super-protection.

The delays which hindered passage of the bill may have proved somewhat disturbing to business, as most of the editors think, but they also made it possible for some of the facts about the tariff situation to impress themselves upon the public consciousness. Nothing seems to have contributed more effectively to this reaction in public sentiment than the appointment of Joseph R. Grundy, a woolen manufacturer, as Senator from Pennsylvania. Mr. Grundy had long been known in Washington as the legislative agent of the industries of his State whenever the tariff was under discussion. Whatever he had to say about the tariff always made what the newspapers call "good copy," but the new rôle which he was now to play in legislation did not help the standing of the Hawley-Smoot bill in the eyes of the country.

Soon after Mr. Grundy's appearance in the Senate the Democratic Insurgent Republican coalition went to pieces, and, rightly or wrongly, this was attributed to his strategy. At the same time the tariff bill began to be shaped more along the lines desired by the industrialists. Mr. Grundy also appeared before the Senate subcommittee investigating lobbying, and with delightful frankness described the agricultural States as "backward," and expressed the opinion that representation in the Senate should be based on wealth and population. This aroused resentment in the West, more against the tariff bill than against Mr. Grundy. The newspapers opposing the measure immediately dubbed it the "Grundy Bill" and the new protectionist system was called Grundyism.

The altered attitude of the country toward the tariff and tariff-tinkering showed itself in the poll of the newspapers. In every section of the country editorial opinion was overwhelmingly against the Hawley-Smoot bill. In New England, once the very citadel of Protection, 81 per cent of the voting editors were against it; in the Middle Atlantic States the proportion against it was 79 per cent; in the Middle Western States it was 67 per cent; in the South and Southwest, a Democratic stronghold, it was 88 per cent; in the Northwest and the Rocky Mountain States it was 60 per cent, and in the Pacific States 59 per cent. For the country as a whole nearly three editors out of every four who were polled and expressed an opinion were opposed to the new tariff.

To those who would be intelligently informed concerning the sources of unrest now fermenting in the United States and their probable political effects in the near future, a careful analysis of this poll is important, regardless of the ultimate fate of the tariff bill. The reader will probably wonder to what extent partisanship has influenced the expression of these opinions. The editors were asked to express the political leanings of their papers, and most of them did so. That partisanship must have affected the vote to some extent is indicated by the fact that only four Democratic newspapers favored the passage of the bill. But the surprising thing is that nearly one-half of the representatives of Republican and Independent Republican papers were recorded in opposition to the new tariff. Of the editors of Independent newspapers, three out of four opposed the bill. If, therefore, we disregard the Democratic editors entirely, there still remains the palpable fact that 45 per cent of the Republican and 77 per cent of the Independent newspaper editors recorded themselves against a higher tariff.

THE opinions expressed by editors of Eastern newspapers reflected a strong conviction that the members of Congress had swapped votes and log-rolled the bill through both Houses with little regard for the larger interests of their constituents. The spokesman for *The Morning Mercury* (Independent) of New Bedford, Mass., the seat of fine-grade cotton manufactures, said:

> There is not a cotton manufacturer here who is not sorry he ever meddled with the tariff. Importations are falling off rapidly, but when everybody was grabbing, our manufacturers thought they might as well ask for greater protection on certain fine yarns and textiles. This was granted. Then came the compensatory tariff for the farmer on long-staple cotton. Our manufacturers went again for compensation and were given 10 cents a pound. The latter schedule is unworkable, and everybody will be worse off than before.

The Union, of Springfield, Mass., (Rep.) declared that "there never was a tariff less Republican in principle and policy than that which was shaped in the Senate and sent to conference," and it concluded that, on the whole, "the present tariff would be better for the country, its business and its prosperity." *The Kennebec Journal* (Ind. Rep.) of Augusta, Me., declared that "the best interests of the country can not be served by this method of tariff-tinkering."

FROM the Middle Atlantic States the editorial verdict was much the same. *The Journal* (Rep.) of Jamestown, N. Y., called the bill "a hodgepodge of political expediency," and expressed its conviction that "the present law is better than the proposed bill." *The Observer-Dispatch* (Ind.) of Utica, N. Y., said, "Voters feel that the whole thing is being juggled by certain interests who may be seeking advantage, and they lose faith in the whole Government structure. Any one who goes among workmen, farmers, small business men and tradesmen may hear their rumblings." *The Courier* (Rep.) of Connellsville, Penn., voiced the hope that the bill might die before it reached the President, and *The Evening News* of Newark, N. J., (Ind.) asserted that by signing the bill the President would "acknowledge his failure in leadership." *The Advance* of Staten Island, N. Y., (Ind.) regarded the country as caught "in a vicious circle of local selfishness, which precludes any sane or intelligent treatment of the tariff question on a national scale," and it urged that the Congressman who is forced to commit himself to undesirable tariff schedules in order to get support for his own should not be judged too harshly. He is the victim of circumstances beyond his control.

Editors of the metropolitan newspapers were equally hostile. In the opinion of *The Wall Street Journal* (Ind.) the bill was "decidedly not the limited revision of the industrial schedules which the President has declared to be the only revision justified by the existing conditions, and it has already begun to raise difficulties for all exporters, whether of farm products or manufactured goods." *The Brooklyn Times* denounced the bill as "economically unsound" and declared that its enactment would be fraught with "the gravest consequences." In the opinion of *The New York Telegram* (Ind.) the bill represented "the most unscientific public policy legislation devised in recent years," while *The World* (Ind. Dem.) condemned Congress for ignoring the President's plea for moderation.

The poll of the Eastern editors showed only 21 per cent in favor of the bill; 88 per cent believed that it would injure our foreign trade, and 80 per cent were skeptical of its ability to benefit the farmers.

In the Middle West, which is supposed to be the section most likely to be benefited by tariff revision, the editors voted two to one against the Hawley-Smoot bill. Iowa editors, representing *The Sioux City Journal* (Rep.), *The Webster City Freeman-Journal* (Rep.) and *The Dubuque Telegraph-Herald* and *Times-Journal* (Ind.), agreed that the higher industrial rates violated the pledges made to the farmer. The editor of *The News-Press* (Rep.) of Nebraska City said, "It is the worst tariff in our history. It adds to the burden of our people, gives Europe new reasons to distrust us, and is sectional and unfair." *The St. Louis Star* (Ind.) was convinced that the bill would injure "many of those it is supposed to benefit, especially the farmers." *The Tribune* (Ind.) of Coshocton, Ohio, called the bill "the crowning folly of the Republican party," and the opposition of *The Star*, of Marion, Ohio (Ind. Rep.), formerly owned by President Harding, was especially significant. According to *The Journal and Courier* (Ind. Rep.) of Lafayette, Ind., Congress should have attempted to give equality to agriculture and then have "quit tinkering," but *The Daily Times* (Rep.) of Bay City, Mich., thought that the farmers would be one of the few groups to receive more benefit than injury from the measure.

In the States of the Northwest and the Rocky Mountain region the poll showed somewhat less hostility to the tariff bill than was noted in the eastern half of the country, but there was much resentment, nevertheless, over the alleged unfair treatment of that section and the favoritism shown the industrial East.

The poll of the editors west of the Mississippi showed only 32 per cent in favor of the bill; 72 per cent believed that it would injure our foreign trade, and 68 per cent were skeptical of its ability to aid the farmers.

The Democratic papers of the South, as was to be expected, were almost a unit in opposing the bill.

Even in the agricultural communities the higher duties on farm products have made little appeal. Sixty-eight editors could see no benefit to the farmer from the bill, and only nine believed that it might aid him. The Florida editors were an exception, several of them seeing a benefit to their State in the higher duties on fruits and vegetables. Some of them also cherish the hope of seeing cane sugar raised on reclaimed lands in the Everglades, and the editor of *The Fort Myers Press* (Dem.) was convinced that "a sugar tariff will result in great developments in Southern Florida if it is high enough."

The defense of the bill offered by 27 per cent of the editors who voted for it in the poll was in strong contrast to the vigorous denunciation of its editorial opponents. Evidence of enthusiastic support was entirely lacking. In most cases the defense was apologetic. "The bill is open to many objections," said the editor of *The Hartford Courant* (Rep.), "but after a year of tariff uncertainties business and industry are entitled to have the question settled." *The Brooklyn Citizen*, one of the few Democratic papers favorable to the bill, declared that any loss of trade from its enactment would be offset by gains in the home market. A number of editors stated that the bill was not satisfactory, but that nothing better was to be expected from this Congress. Many more accepted the bill with reservations. Thus, at Moline, Ill., *The Dispatch* (Rep.), although believing that the bill should be passed, criticized the "increase in duties on building materials in a bill supposed to be written for farm equality," and in Iowa *The Shenandoah Sentinel* (Rep.) found the lumber and sugar duties "burdensome."

Indeed, in their enumeration of duties which they regarded as unfair and burdensome to American consumers or foreign producers, the editors by a large majority gave first place to sugar. The poll of the editors on this phase of the tariff question has been supplemented by newspaper comment obtained through two national clipping services. These have yielded 119 editorials which took sides on the sugar question. Of these 108 were opposed to the higher duty and only eleven favored it. No duty seems so capable of evoking sarcasm as does that on sugar. "The whole of the tariff on sugar can and will be added to the price of sugar for consumers," said an editorial appearing in one of the newspaper chains. "This will make the sugar tax $337,000,000 a year, or thirteen dollars a family. Let Congress levy a direct tax of thirteen dollars a family and never a Congressman will live to tell the tale."

The action of the House of Representatives in receding from its high rate of 2.40 cents a pound and accepting the Senate's rate of 2 cents was construed by *The News Press* of St. Joseph, Mo., as "a concession to the American housewife," whose wrath Congressmen would have to face at the coming election. Characterizing the act as the first indication of any consideration shown for the consumer, *The New York Times* exclaimed, "Throw a sop at the poor creature once in a while," but *The*

Cleveland Plain Dealer emphasized the fact that the duty would still be substantially higher than under the existing law, and *The Wall Street Journal* pointed out that the beneficiaries were more likely to be the planters in Porto Rico, Hawaii and the Philippines than the beet-growers of the United States. *The St. Louis Post Dispatch* at the same time warned the domestic industry that in seeking higher and higher duties it was "drawing up its own death warrant."

There can be no doubt that the tariff bill, at first received by the voters with indifference, is now the object of widespread animosity and resentment. Many influences have operated to bring about this change of sentiment. First, there was the disappointment of the farmers with the bill as it emerged from the House. This prompted the fight of the Senate coalition on the industrial rates, and this in turn delayed the passage of the bill and enabled the public to discover more fully how the measure jeopardized its interests. The coalition was finally overwhelmed, but its defeat coincided with the elevation of Mr. Grundy, a famed tariff lobbyist, to a seat in the Senate, and thus gave the opponents of the bill a new chance for a popular appeal by picturing him to the public as the villain of the piece.

But more effective than any of these, perhaps, was the gradual awakening of the people to the fact that tariff favors from which they might possibly benefit were to be obtained only by purchase — by conceding to others an equal right to tax all for the benefit of a few — and that the price which had to be paid was altogether too high. The press of the country for many months has been educating its readers with regard to the cost of protection. Even the newspapers which have advocated higher duties have been complaining of what their communities must pay in order to obtain them, and there is every indication, as these lines are penned, that the Congressmen who are committed to the Hawley-Smoot Bill, with its congeries of tariff bargains arranged among the spokesmen for various industries, no longer represent the will of the American electorate.

* * *

So This Is London

By R. H. S.

Notes on Recent News in England

In retrospect, the recent political events that stand out have been the Naval Conference and the Budget. The interminable negotiations of the former soon became tedious. As to Britain, America and Japan, the average Briton does not care two hoots which has most warships or what sort they are. The taxpayer's satisfaction at having his warship bill cut down is tempered with the sure and certain knowledge that the politicians will find some other way of squandering the money.

As to France, a different feeling prevails. Nobody here suffers from the delusion that the French intend to allow any Naval Conference to interfere with their plans, and no British Government would be allowed to let Britain's naval supremacy over France sink below an adequate margin. It is not that we fear or are hostile to the French. We simply realize that no deal can be made with them in which they do not expect to get everything and give nothing, and that it is accordingly better to do nothing.

The Dominions came in very handy as a reason for refusing the French a Mediterranean pact, but there was a much better reason for refusal — a strong belief that when it came down to the real meat of disarmament, France's idea of a *quid pro quo* for the pact would prove to be the scrapping of a brace of paper submarines and a projected cruiser.

As Britain and the United States can stop any large-sized war from materializing and should have no difficulty in agreeing how to do it, the whole subject seems academic.

* * *

Mr. Snowden's Budget excited some curiosity, as budgets do, and was proportionately disappointing to those who expect budgets to be miracles of financial agility. Snowden simply clapped a further whack of taxation on one-quarter of the 2,000,000 Britons who pay income tax and let it go at that. He rubbed it in by apologizing to the 40,000,000 who do not pay income taxes for not freeing them of all taxes of any kind.

Thus we reach exactly that state of affairs that begat the Boston Tea Party and subsequent events. Five per cent of the population find the money and 95 per cent spend it — on themselves. The 5 per cent do not mind paying — in their hearts they feel it is up to them to do it — but they reason that the spending should be a beneficent Conservative gesture, not an act of joyous Socialist spoliation. However, Lord Melchett says that in spite of the Budget we are really more prosperous than we think.

* * *

OTHER industrialists who are not, like him, in an international cartel and are feeling the weight of foreign competition, do not agree. And that leads me to say a word about serious English politics. Lord Beaverbrook has now got rid of Lord Rothermere who, it will be recalled, emulated the cuckoo and laid a lot of his own eggs in Beaverbrook's Empire Free Trade nest. In order to effect this, Beaverbrook was forced to jettison the United Empire Party on the obviously insincere plea that Baldwin's vague promise to hold a referendum on the question of food taxes wedded the Conservative Party to the full Empire Free Trade programme. Other Conservatives, notably Lord Salisbury and the Conservative Central Office, made it quite clear that Baldwin's remarks were merely eyewash intended to meet an awkward situation, and now Beaverbrook (with Rothermere safely in the discard) is marshalling his Empire Crusaders anew and telling Mr. Baldwin in no uncertain terms that they are not going to stand for any Conservative hanky-panky.

It is significant that in the only Conservative by-election that has cropped up since Empire Free Trade became an issue, the Conservative candidate has come out as a convinced food taxer. The Liberal Party, in pursuance of an agreement made between Lloyd George and Snowden, is leaving the Socialist candidate a free field, but the Liberal candidate at the last election has crabbed the show considerably by publicly advising his fellow Liberals to vote Conservative.

Meanwhile Lord Rothermere sulks, like Achilles, in his tent. If he harbors a grudge against Beaverbrook he does not show it, but he is determined that Baldwin shall not wriggle out of supporting Beaverbrook's food taxes, which incidentally he, Lord Rothermere, regards as impracticable.

* * *

ROBERT BRIDGES was a magnificent old gentleman and a scholarly poet, but not the stuff of which Poets Laureate should be made. He was seventy when he received the bays, and it was quite understood at the time that the honor was conferred in recognition of past services to literature, not in expectation of poetic favors to come. None in fact came. The King's canary, as an irreverent American sub-editor put it, refused to chirp. In fact, he said, "I don't care a damn," when his attention was drawn to the suggestion made in the House of Commons by Horatio Bottomley, M.P., that the Poet Laureate should "churn out a piece" in honor of the Armistice.

Our Grand Old Man of the Muses was no sooner dead than the report went forth, as it always does, that there would be no more Poets Laureate. So they said when Tennyson died, the poet who "uttered nothing base," but Alfred Austin was given the job — by Lord Salisbury, as some say, in a moment of cynicism brought on by indigestion. Alf. A. also wrote nothing base, but he beat all records for banality since the poet Pye, including a "pome" about the Jameson Raid with a line in it which stuck in my mind about the "girls in the gold-reefed city." They said it again when Alfred Austin passed on. Again there was an appointment, though the circumstances in which the Laureateship was bestowed on Bridges, who was quite incapable of churning out an ode to a royal babe or an epithalamium for the wedding of the Duke of York, were contrary to all precedents.

Now we have the appointment of John Masefield who, living on Boar's Hill as Bridges' neighbor, had some of the rights of possession. It counted against Masefield that he had sunk so low as to write fiction, and for him that he wrote a defense of the Dardanelles fiasco and that Mrs. Masefield has always been an assiduous collector of funds for starving Russians. He is, of course, our best poet, with the exception of A. E. Housman, whose influence on contemporary verse is greater, though his output is small. He was out of the running because he had declared his intention of writing no more poetry. His *Lines on a Mercenary Army* put him in the front rank as a performer on the heroic lyre.

Among other favorites before the appointment were Alfred Noyes, and a poetical railway porter in the West of England whose name has escaped me. Yeats was ineligible because not English; Walter de la Mare, W. H. Davies, and the best of the Georgians were somehow not in the picture at all. Kipling is alive, but though he is still in the sixties the imperial fire which he fanned to so bright a flame is dead and the hearth is cold.

Masefield, curiously, announced through his wife that he would accept the Laureateship because he understood it is now a mark of recognition and entails no responsibilities. If that is so, his claims were inferior to those of either Housman or Kipling. Personally I should have liked to see the Laureateship given to some bright young bard who would be willing to "churn out" the sort of poems on great occasions that the Laureates of old were expected to purvey.

* * *

Although it was an unofficial and altogether friendly match arranged between Miss Molly Gourlay, and Miss Glenna Collett, the early defeat of the visiting American women golfers by the English team was highly satisfactory. It was a personal vindication for Miss Gourlay, who played a magnificent game in spite of having been harassed by a campaign of vilification by persons unknown but not unguessed — some of it taking the form of abusive anonymous letters, touching her selection of her team.

Psychologically the unofficial victory was interesting because it shows that our women do not invariably suffer from that inferiority complex that seems to seize upon our male athletes as soon as an American competitor heaves in sight.

Of mild interest to Americans is a private Member's bill, shortly to be introduced into the House of Commons, empowering the Board of Trade to confiscate the certificates of Master Mariners who engage in the business of smuggling liquor into the United States. The proposal bristles with ethical and legal points and is not likely to get very far. The chief argument against it is that if the position were reversed it is highly unlikely that the United States would pass a law at the instance of its Prohibitionists penalizing American skippers who might smuggle liquor into Britain.

* * *

It is a maxim of the advertising fraternity throughout the world that you can not overdo it. We have, however, just had a striking instance of the fact that it can be overdone. For weeks we have been warned, with every adjective at Hollywood's command, not to miss the deep, the glorious, the inconceivable, wonderful and never to be equalled thrill of hearing Miss Greta Garbo in her first talkie, *Anna Christie*. Now she has talked, and while some critics refer to Miss Garbo's "exceptional speaking voice — low pitched, even and thrilling," others talk of "hoarse and guttural Swedish accents." The truth is that Miss Garbo's voice is quite good enough but nothing to rave about. The eulogists have clearly been impressed by the preliminary publicity on the loud pedal while the adverse critics have as clearly been antagonized by it.

* * *

We British are all for sport — some say too much so — but even we draw the line somewhere. A little time ago a howl of indignation was raised in certain quarters because the Home Secretary had refused visas to a Soviet football team which had arranged to play a series of matches with Communist teams in this country. The other day Mr. Clynes was asked about it in Parliament. Reading from a resolution of the Young Communist Internationale of December last, the Home Secretary pointed out that the avowed objects of the *Sportintern* were that it "should pay particular attention to the sport unions of the working-class youth. In these unions it must crystallize the basic kernel for strike pickets, proletarian self-defense, workers' fighting committees and Red Guards, and for work in the imperialist armies. It must utilize sport organizations for the military training of working-class youth."

The Home Secretary drily pointed out that he had refused the visas because there was no evidence that the proposed tour was undertaken for the purpose of genuine sport. Of course he acted rightly, but some of us think that a cup final between say the Sunderland Strike Pickets and the Woolwich Arsenal Red Guards would have its merits, particularly if the use of the knife were permitted in the second half.

The Shadow Business

By Howard McLellan

A one-time private detective reveals some of the methods of the craft

Recently the quiet, domesticated night air of suburban New York City was bored into by two pistol shots, and a young man on secret business doubled up with one of the bullets in his left side. There wasn't any mystery about it. A rich New Yorker merely had pinned his resentment of private espionage on his all-seeing shadow, and that part of the universe which lies thickly between the Hudson and the East River, and detests espionage of any kind but uses a lot of it, was aware that a private detective had been painfully interrupted in his peculiar art.

Casualties like this which crop up from time to time indicate, but only to a slight extent, how intently many Americans are being watched by others. During each twenty-four hours of an American day at least twenty thousand pairs of trained eyes, whose scrutiny is privately paid for, are watching the possessors of twenty thousand other pairs of eyes which almost always are totally unsuspecting.

I fear that the new census will not accurately reveal the number of private detectives in our midst, for an essential part of their business is to keep that business dark. My own experience in the craft, plus rather intensive research, leads me to conclude that Americans are more subject to the "eye," if I may use the trade term for private espionage, than the people of any other nation. This is due not to any greater criminality among us but rather to our broad-minded attitude toward divorce. I shudder to think of how many young and able-bodied men who have embraced private detection as a lifetime occupation would be reduced to pick and shovel were it not for the increasing demand for divorce evidence quickly and quietly produced.

There are two large and reputable detective agencies in the country whose ramifications are world-wide. Each has thirty branch offices in strategically located cities. Five thousand smaller agencies, ranging in personnel from ten men to one man, are scattered throughout the country. Altogether they employ about 30,000 operatives, and of these 2,000 are women. The game is not a steady one and probably only 20,000 enjoy full-time employment. For their services the public pays about $150,000 a day. It was with one of the two large agencies that I was connected, first as an operative, then investigator, assistant manager and finally manager. In these various capacities I saw enough of the work to convince me that the velvet, or easy money, in the detective business, comes from matrimonial work.

Fortunately for private agencies this type of work can not be undertaken, legally, by the regular police. Even if this were possible I doubt whether a divorce-seeker would entrust his secret mission to the police.

IN TIMES past private agencies eschewed divorce cases, widely advertising the fact that "divorce matters will not be undertaken." Even now reputable agencies would like to have the world believe that they do not handle such matters. The reason is quite obvious. Divorce work is considered dirty, unscrupulous and corrupt; and it is. Where wealth is involved, along with a woman's honor, private operatives (who get as much for their daily labor as a green cabin boy earns on a sailing ship) may be too susceptible. While working for one side they may sell out to the other, or they may be just humanly sympathetic for the woman. They are all romantic devils and out for the coin. Fiascos, resulting from these sell-outs, are reflected in the law of the land which permits a judge to charge a jury that the evidence of private detectives must be taken with a handful of salt, or possibly the same proportion of chloride of lime.

There is a method, however, by which the large agency maintains its attitude of apparent resentment against divorce work and yet loses none of it. Mr. A —, let us suppose, hastens to a reputable agency and, behind closed doors, unbosoms himself of certain suspicions concerning his wife. He asks the agency to find something concrete that will serve as evidence in a divorce court. The agency manager explains that he can not undertake divorce operations.

"Not even for a substantial fee?" the husband asks.

"Not divorce cases," the manager persists. "Our rules are strict. But if you are prepared to pay say $25 a day for the service of a shadow man, we'll shadow anybody for anybody."

That is all the visitor seeks. He quickly digs up sufficient cash to carry on a shadow job for two days, "to see what turns up." But the manager has not yet emptied his bag of tricks.

"Of course," he says, "you will be permitted to see the shadow's reports only in this office in my presence."

SHADOWS' reports make good reading. The client may appear surprised or disappointed, but few of them insist further. If they do, and they are clients worth cultivating, the manager may explain that no private agency cares to have its reports bared in a court of law with exposure of its methods and operatives.

In this explanation there is a grain of truth. I rather think though, from what is regarded as "agency lowdown," that other motives rule. In the first place, divorce operations are risky undertakings from the box-office standpoint. It has often happened that after an operative had worked for days on an investigation which revealed nothing of consequence, the client discontinued the work and forgot to settle his unpaid bill. But if a client is compelled to come each day to an agency to read the reports, the fee can be collected before he is shown them.

Still another sound, if unusual, motive exists. It is buried in the annals of the business, and amounts to tradition. Some years ago Mr. J—, a rangy gentleman from Texas who was possessed of a cactus temperament, retained the services of an agency to shadow his wife. The "op" tailed her about and finally found her "connecting" with a man, much her husband's junior. The "op" named the young man in his reports and gave his address. The Texan went to this address, found a young man who answered the reported description. He had the "op's" reports in one hand and a six shooter in the other. He killed the young man, but unfortunately it proved to be the wrong man. It is highly probable that this tragedy had much to do with the unwillingness of agencies to let reports out of their hands. It also had something to do with the form and style of the modern divorce report which runs something like this:

Chicago Operating No. 17685
Chicago, Ill., December 12, 1929

Chicago Investigator H–12 reports:

Pursuant to instructions from Manager X–2 I proceeded at 11 a.m. today to 0000 Michigan Boulevard to take up surveillance of subject.

At 11.10 a.m. I observed subject come out of a store at the above address. She walked to Randolph Street, went west and at 11.20 a.m. entered a blue Packard automobile which was run by a man about 30, brown suit, green tie, who drove away.

I hired a taxi. Subjects 1 and 2 went through Randolph to Clark, parked the car and entered a restaurant at No. 0115 Clark Street.

I waited until 5.35 p.m. and subjects did not come out. On telephone instructions from Manager X–2 I discontinued for the day.

Time	
One day	$25.00
Expense	
Taxi hire	$ 1.50
Tip to restaurant doorman	.50
Telephones	.15
Lunch	1.00

This report, typed on plain white paper, is the one seen in the office by the client. It is about as relevant as an infant's scribblings. However, the original handwritten report of the operative was quite revealing and conclusive and it told too much. In it the "op" gave the number of the Packard automobile, the name of subject No. 1, the suspected wife, while reference to motor vehicle registrations gave the name and address of the car owner. These essential facts were deleted by the manager for safety's sake and one other compelling reason. But like the beginning of a successful short story, the successful report must have strong elements of suspense. Subsequent reports, if the client cares to pay for them, will reveal more. A little later, when contact with the client has convinced the agency manager that he is an even-tempered person, capable of withstanding shocks and incapable of gun play, all the deleted facts are permitted to dribble through to him. Still the client must find witnesses, for the agency refuses to permit "ops" to take the stand. The client passes the witness quest on to his lawyer.

One should observe that the taxi ride described in the body of the report is actually about four blocks in length, yet it cost $1.50, according to the itemized expense summary. However, a client in the flush of excitement at discovering that his suspicions are well-founded, rarely questions an expense item. It is quite likely that the vehicle described as a taxi was the operative's own Ford, so that here his profit on expenses is nearly 100 per cent.

The expense item is of paramount importance to the operative. A shadow, whose rank is the lowest in private detection, usually receives $3 a day and expenses from the agency, while the agency receives from $12 to $25 a day and all expenses from the client. An investigator, who is a step higher than the shadow, is paid from $4 to $6 a day, and the agency receives from $15 to $30 a day for his services in matrimonial cases. Thus the profits for a detective agency come mainly from the difference between what the client pays per man and what the worker receives, while the worker, where it is possible, makes his profits on expenses.

The technique of shadowing has undergone vast changes in the last two decades. When only street cars or slow-moving hacks were available and a great many people walked, the shadow had a comparatively easy job of tailing his subject. But since modern courtship is carried on to a large extent in or with the aid of motor cars, the "tailing" job is not so simple.

Yet in spite of the motor car it is possible to maintain what are known as "close" and "rough" shadows on a subject. The rough "tail" is one which is maintained on a subject who may have reason to suspect he will be shadowed and the tail follows him at a long, safe distance. A close tail is carried on when the subject is without reason to believe he will be followed.

A rich and influential subject, who was being followed at the instigation of his wife, thought he was throwing off his shadow when he came out of the bank of which he was head and dived into a taxi waiting at the curb. The taxi shot away, the driver always managing just to get by the red traffic signal, thus leaving behind any car that might be following with an "eye" in it. The same taxi and the same driver were always awaiting the subject at the curb.

Yet the wife was in complete possession of her husband's daily movements by motor car, which invariably wound up at the door of the young woman in whom he showed an undue interest. He paid the taxi driver handsomely for always being in readiness for him and dodging past the red light. But the agency hired by the wife had "gotten to" the driver and paid him handsomely also for his daily reports on the banker's tours. In this case the driver was not a shadow man but a specialist in agency service known as a "plant." This trick, made necessary by the motor car, is employed again and again. Agencies maintain a list of live taxi plants.

The taxi trap does not always work. Men and women who are followed frequently use private machines and go to circuitous lengths to lose shadows. It may then be necessary to employ another type of specialist, indexed as a "rope." A proficient female "rope" who has that certain way with men, will first size up her subject, and, if he shows the slightest interest in her, contact results. An acquaintance thus formed leads to more valuable information than the old process of shadowing produced, and this information is relayed to the client *via* the agency. If the subject-in-chief is not susceptible to feminine wiles, the female "rope" may succeed, through sisterly offices, in engaging the confidences of the corespondent. If this can not be done, an operative is detailed to "go up against" either the subject-in-chief or the corespondent by seeking employment as a maid, cook, laundrywoman, stenographer or what not.

As straight operatives, women are not outstanding successes. As "ropes" no man is their equal. I have had college graduates, girls of good social position and smart appearance, plead for an opportunity to try their hand at roping. Invariably they offer the explanation that they have been fascinated by detective tales which they have been reading and want to see what sleuthing is like in real life. This, I believe, is more pretext than reason, for after the thrill of their first job is over they beg for more assignments. I suspect that many of them are really trying out their ability to win men, and in this there seems always to be an unending fascination for their sex.

Sometimes disaster overtakes them. The daughter of a banker wanted to try detective work. She was assigned to a matrimonial job and her "rope" subject was a suspect husband. Her reports which at first were interesting, gradually became meagre and at last were carefully worded defenses of the subject. Of course she lost her job and the divorce was obtained with other evidence; but afterward she married the husband. The former wife, slyly waiting, collected from the father of the girl $60,000 for alienation of affections.

There are times when none of the methods I have just outlined will produce results. A well-to-do and cautious old husband established the object of his affections in a mansion by the road, and to this mansion he hurried every afternoon when he was supposed to be at his office or club. He travelled to and from the mansion in a fast motor car and successfully evaded all efforts to tail him.

The law required evidence that he not only visited the mansion when the corespondent was occupying it, but required as well some evidence that they were actually together within the house. The mansion was surrounded by a high brick wall and hidden by trees. The chauffeur who drove the gentleman always stood guard at the gate and permitted no one to pass within. Servants and chauffeur proved unpurchasable.

Nevertheless the subject was quite continuously watched while he was in the house. First the electric lights went out of commission and a lineman appeared at the gate to restore service. He was welcomed within and he did his little job of fixing the wires. He came out with abundant evidence that the old gentleman and his youthful flame were not together in the mansion for the purposes of saying *paternosters*. The lineman was a duly authenticated agency operative who had cut the wires to gain admittance to the house. A few days later a taxi rattled past the gate and came to a dead stop at the side of the road. Its driver got out and meddled with the engine for an hour. Pretty soon the old gentleman's chauffeur left his sentry post at the gate and offered to help fix the engine. Well, there was no wrench in the taxi. The chauffeur started toward the house to get one. The taxi driver asked him if there was a telephone in the mansion and, if so, could he use it to call up the fare he was on his way to pick up when the engine went dead? The obliging and thoroughly trusting chauffeur invited the driver into the house and he was permitted to use the telephone in the hallway. As he phoned to a confederate he looked over the interior scene, and, like the light repair man, walked away with additional evidence.

The aggrieved wife demanded still more evidence, and was in a position to pay for it. So an operative was assigned to build a little roadside refreshment shack facing the gate to the mansion grounds where he might carry on a daily watch. This was too much for the old gentleman. Presently a moving man arrived with his van and the lady in the mansion departed with her *lares* and *penates*. Later it was a matter of great distress for both corespondent and the husband to find his flaming letters to her introduced as evidence at the divorce trial, along with receipted bills which the husband had paid for the upkeep of the corespondent. How these documents came into possession of the wife offers no mystery to the detective. The moving man was an agency "plant" who knew how to rifle the desks and dressing tables which he carried off in his van.

The detective service in this long-drawn-out operation cost about $25,000. The wife paid the bill out of money which came to her from her husband under a liberal alimony decree.

It is amazing what can be done with pretexts in private detective work. Many of them are as old as the institution of marriage, yet those who are trapped by them seem never to suspect their use. For instance, the Western Union Telegraph Company rigidly enforces the rule, which is protected by law, that messages which pass over its wires are not to be seen by unauthorized eyes. To most agencies such rules are made to be broken. The manner in which they are broken is simple though illegal. An operative engaged in watching a house observes a messenger boy deliver the telegram. He hurries away to the nearest telephone and calls the person who received the message, and representing himself to be an employee of the telegraph company explains that there was a mistake in time or wording of the message and would the recipient kindly read it over so that the correction might be made? Almost without exception the message is repeated over the 'phone.

One might suppose that the hegira of unhappily married couples to Paris, Mexico and other sources of the easy divorce decree, has considerably reduced the business of the private detective agency, robbing it of its best paying clientèle. However, the contrary is true.

MENTION in the press, by barest cable intelligence, that Mrs. J. Whatterwaite Townsley has won a Paris decree from her husband, the eminent banker and polo enthusiast, does much to promote the impression that they settled their differences without the aid of detectives. Yet Mrs. Townsley comes away from Paris with a decree and a handsome settlement. How was it possible for her to whip her hard-headed banker husband into accepting the decree and agreeing to the handsome settlement? It was a private detective agency on this side of the water that made it all possible. And the evidence was, no doubt, assembled bit by bit through the indefatigable efforts of a score of shadow men working on the job.

* * *

Prohibition's Absurdities

By Harry Hibschman

Some gems of inconsistency and paradox in the law and methods of enforcement

Voltaire once wrote to a friend that there was one short prayer he often made. "My God," it was worded, "make our enemies very ridiculous!"

Were he alive today and opposed to Prohibition, he would be happy without finding it necessary to call on the Deity for help. For the Prohibitionists are doing that job themselves; and, if ever any other proponents of a cause have surpassed them in that respect, historians have not done their duty to the rest of us and humorists have overlooked a glorious opportunity to win immortal fame. Nor has there ever been a movement or an effort to regulate human conduct by force that was more prolific in absurdities than Prohibition in these United States of the Anti-Saloon League, or else the name thereof has been buried with its too solemn advocates and defenders.

As a former Prohibitionist who can obtain considerable information on the subject by looking into my own past and who now has the grace to blush at some of my former antics, I offer the readers of The North American Review an inventory of some of the major of these absurdities. Of course, the specific enumeration of certain particular items does not imply the non-existence of others not named.

When the Anti-Saloon League was incorporated thirty-five years ago, its object was stated to be "the extermination of the liquor traffic." Nothing was said about the use of liquor. And its official spokesmen at all times both implicitly and explicitly created the impression that the League was not aiming to make drinking illegal.

This same impression was deliberately fostered when the Eighteenth Amendment was proposed. The things to be prohibited by it were "the manufacture, sale or transportation of intoxicating liquors within, the importation thereof into, or the exportation from, the United States — for beverage purposes." It was absolutely silent regarding purchase, possession, or use. And that was no accident. The proponents of the Amendment were running true to form. They centred attention on the traffic and concealed their real purpose.

But behold what happened as soon as the Amendment had been securely incorporated in the Constitution. Forthwith the Anti-Saloon League and its allies revealed their true aims. The so-called Volstead Act, actually the child of Wayne B. Wheeler though bearing another's name, was introduced and passed, carrying the bald pronouncement that its object was the prevention of "the use of intoxicating liquor as a beverage." And to effectuate this object the Act provided not merely that the five things named in the Eighteenth Amendment should be prohibited, but also that it should be a crime to deliver, furnish or possess intoxicating liquors. And that is the law now.

But why, if the object was merely to prohibit the traffic, are the provisions of the Enforcement Act enlarged to include matters about which the Amendment is silent? Why does the Eighteenth Amendment not explicitly prohibit the purchase, possession and use of alcoholic beverages?

The answer is as obvious as an office-seeker's affability at election time. If the Amendment had plainly prohibited drinking without excepting anybody under any circumstances, it would have had no more chance of adoption than one prohibiting the eating of apple pie by the American male or the wearing of silk hose by the American female.

Here is a riddle: when is a non-intoxicating beverage intoxicating?

The answer has been solemnly handed down by the Supreme Court. It is: when Congress says so.

What happened was that Congress in the Volstead Act defined intoxicating liquor as being any liquor or compound containing one-half of one per cent or more alcohol by volume, although the Eighteenth Amendment contains no definition but simply prohibits the manufacture, sale, transportation, importation and exportation of "intoxicating liquors — for beverage purposes"; and the Supreme Court approved.

The consequences are that, in spite of the literal provisions of the Amendment, any beverage containing over one-half of one per cent of alcohol is under the ban, and the man who makes or transports or possesses it is a criminal. Under the Jones Law he may be branded as a felon for selling beer with an alcoholic content of three-fourths of one per cent, though not a man could get drunk on it if it were as plentiful as rainwater in Western Oregon.

That this is not an idle assertion is shown by the case of Mrs. James McHaney, of Birmingham, Alabama, fifty-six years of age and the mother of six children. She was recently sentenced to six months in jail for owning five bottles of home-brew of one and one-half per cent alcoholic content, for possessing a non-intoxicating beverage arbitrarily made into an intoxicating liquor by legislative enactment and judicial decree.

Having usurped the power to extend the prohibitions of the Eighteenth Amendment to liquor not in fact intoxicating, Congress proceeded next to lay its hands upon liquor not intended for beverage purposes. It assumed authority to dictate to the medical profession when and to what extent intoxicating liquors might be prescribed for the country's sick.

Malt liquors have been entirely prohibited; and of vinous and spirituous liquors a physician may prescribe only so much once in ten days for one patient as contains not more than one-half pint of alcohol. In other words, Congress in its ineffable wisdom has decided that when alcohol is necessary at all in the treatment of disease, six and four-tenths teaspoonfuls a day is the proper maximum dose. In actual practice, however, because of a provision limiting the alcoholic content of the liquor that may be so prescribed to twenty-four per cent by volume, and because of the "cutting" of even medical liquor, the amount mentioned is more than cut in half. The patient is lucky if he gets three teaspoonfuls a day.

There is a difference of opinion regarding the therapeutic value of alcohol. But in 1927 the House of Delegates of the American Medical Association, after a lengthy debate, voted unanimously for legislation permitting physicians to prescribe "whatever amounts of alcoholic liquors may be needed for their respective patients."

Dentists are not permitted to prescribe alcohol at all for their patients. But they have recently joined in a nation-wide appeal for a change; and in that connection one of them has said: "Experience has taught us that there is only one antidote for novocaine, and that is whiskey."

But, of course, legislators know more about these subjects than the dentists and the physicians. They have confidently expressed their superior judgment in the Volstead Act and supplemental laws. It will be a glorious day when they become as wise in matters of government as they assume to be in these matters of human life and health.

It is an old and long-established rule of American law that criminal statutes are to be strictly construed, and that an accused person is presumed innocent until proved guilty.

But in the prejudiced minds of the Prohibitionists the Eighteenth Amendment is of such over-shadowing importance that these traditional rules and guarantees appear not as bulwarks to be respected but as barriers to be destroyed. Bills of rights and long accepted guarantees, therefore, become mere scraps of paper when they stand in the way of the Prohibitionist crusade. This is evidenced by a declaration in one of the first sections of the Volstead Act to this effect: "All the provisions of this Act shall be liberally construed to the end that the use of intoxicating liquor as a beverage may be prevented."

However, the ultimate in absurdity and mediævalism is reached in a later section of the Act, which provides that the mere possession of intoxicating liquor shall be *prima facie* evidence of guilt, and that "the burden of proof shall be upon the possessor in any action concerning the same to prove that such liquor was legally acquired, possessed and used." In other words, if you are charged with a violation of the National Prohibition Law and there is evidence that liquor was found in your possession, though it may have been stuck in your pocket by the arresting officer or planted in your house by a stool-pigeon, as in the notorious Etta May Miller case in Michigan, you are not protected by the American presumption of innocence, but are back in the days of witch-hunters and are presumed guilty until you prove yourself innocent.

With the Prohibitionists abrogation is a logical doctrine and a consistent procedure.

As already pointed out, Congress, aided and abetted by the Supreme Court, has violated both the letter and the spirit of the Eighteenth Amendment, by a process of extension, forbidding what the Amendment on its face does not. But Congress has gone just as far in the other direction and violated the Amendment by a process of exclusion, permitting what the Amendment on its face does not.

The Volstead Act, marvelous joint product of the Prohibitionist and the legislative mind, having stretched the Amendment, operated next to emasculate it, being so drawn as to permit the manufacture of cider and fruit juices in the home for personal use. In this case the one-half of one per cent limit does not apply; and the cider or fruit juice must be intoxicating in fact to sustain a criminal prosecution. It has, therefore, been judicially decided that home-made wine with a strength of twelve per cent is within the law. In short, home brew with an alcoholic content of more than one-half of one per cent is intoxicating and subjects the maker or the possessor to the penalty of the law, but cider or wine as strong as old-time champagne may be made and used in the home with impunity. The former is intoxicating by legislative fiat. The latter is not intoxicating, by legislative sanction, the verdict of juries, and judicial interpretation. What a glorious example of consistency and of equality before the law!

Recognizing this state of affairs with becoming sympathy, the grape-owners of the country have kindly done everything possible to help the home-owner to satisfy his thirst. Not only do they ship him wine grapes, now piously called "juice" grapes, but they even prepare the juice for him, deliver it at his door and carefully instruct him what steps to take in order that nature may do its work efficiently and give him a palatable product.

Where the grapes themselves are shipped, our Prohibition Government accommodatingly steps in and certifies the grapes at the car; and from the certificate issued the purchaser can tell just what to expect. For the certificate gives the sugar content, and it is just twice what the alcoholic content of the juice will be if treated with due care and affectionate anticipation. The growers and the users both rejoice.

Official Governmental nullification in its highest form, however, manifested itself when the enforcement of the Volstead Act against foreign vessels was imminent. As was to be expected, the owners of these vessels raised the cry that nationality followed the flag and that the Eighteenth Amendment could not interfere with them.

The Supreme Court decided against them, and held that the Eighteenth Amendment applied to "all territory subject to the jurisdiction" of the United States, including the adjacent waters for a distance of three miles, without any exceptions or preferences whatsoever. For any vessel, foreign or domestic, therefore, to enter the ports and harbors of the United States, having on board alcoholic beverages, was held to be a violation of the Eighteenth Amendment and to render the vessel subject to the penalties of the Volstead Act regardless of the flag it flew.

International complications naturally followed this decision and gave the President and the State Department some uneasy hours. But eventually, some astute person, versed in legalistic circumlocutions, proposed a way out of the dilemma. Following his suggestion, treaties were negotiated, which the Senate duly ratified, providing that foreign vessels might enter our territorial waters with liquor on board, provided it was kept under seal, and that no penalties should be applicable to the liquors, the vessels or the owners. In short, the teeth of the Enforcement Act were painlessly extracted, and the Eighteenth Amendment was nullified to that extent.

Respect for law, like many other things, might well begin in Washington.

An ordinary criminal statute reads: "Whoever does thus and so shall be guilty of such and such crime and shall be punished by imprisonment for so long or a fine of so much."

On this model a Prohibition law, embodying the exact language of the Eighteenth Amendment, could be drawn in fifty words.

But the members of Congress and their ready advisers knew well enough that such a simple law would be altogether inadequate as an enforcement Act for the Eighteenth Amendment. Such a law suffices in ordinary cases because there is a practical unanimity of public opinion as to the nature of the act condemned — the law has a moral sanction.

The uncommon character of Prohibition stands revealed in the very length of the Volstead Act and in the complicated and unusual means, methods and penalties invented and adopted to make its provisions effective. The Act itself contains more words than the two chapters in an average State code covering all crimes against the person and all crimes against property, as for instance, in New Jersey; and the elaborate and distinctive measures provided for its enforcement are such as have never been thought of in connection with any other criminal statute. They constitute a positive admission that a mere Prohibition law cannot be made to prohibit. The supplemental acts, including the Jones Law, and the new measures recommended by the Wickersham Commission, all constitute additional official confessions of this incontrovertible truth.

To the layman the danger and viciousness inherent in the extraordinary provisions of these laws may not be immediately apparent. The gist of them is that they enable the Federal Government to proceed against an alleged offender, not merely by a prosecution in a criminal court, but also by a suit in equity. And the object is to bring about the punishment of the offender without giving him a chance to submit his case to a jury. Not satisfied with depriving a defendant of the traditional presumption of innocence and loading on his shoulders the burden of proof, the Prohibitionists sought in addition to contrive a way to deprive him of his right to a jury trial. The injunction and padlock proceedings are the result.

This, however, is not all. The Volstead Act further provides that where any automobile or other vehicle is used for the illegal transportation of intoxicating liquor, it may be ordered sold and the proceeds paid into the United States Treasury.

This takes us back to the days when an object, like a tree or a sword, that was instrumental in causing the death of a person, was punished or forfeited to the king. Were we to apply the same procedure to other cases, an automobile in which a murder was committed or which was used in violating the Mann Act, would be confiscated, a hotel in which an act of adultery was committed would be subject to padlock, and the train on which a pickpocket or a gambler operated would be laid up for a year.

But even the drastic penalties and the despotic procedure already described proved to be inadequate for the purpose of those Government officials upon whom fell the duty of making the country dry. So they resurrected a provision of the old revenue laws under which a building or vehicle may be seized and confiscated if taxable articles on which the tax has not been paid are found concealed in it. Under this law it is not necessary to find anyone guilty of a violation of the National Prohibition Law. But if an officer finds liquor in your car on which no tax has been paid, the car may be confiscated even though you knew nothing about the liquor and though no one is prosecuted or convicted for a violation of the Prohibition Law. And the joke is that you could not pay the tax if you wanted to. The Government of this free and glorious Republic takes your property on the ground that you have failed to do what there is no possible way for you to do.

But there is still worse to come. For Judge Charles E. Woodward, sitting in the United States District Court at Chicago, held recently that where contraband liquor is found in a home, the Government agents, proceeding under the Internal Revenue Acts, may seize all personal property that they may find with the illicit liquor. In other words, if liquor on which the tax has not been paid is found in your home, the officers may confiscate, not merely the liquor itself, but also your piano, your kitchen range and the baby's crib.

Not only in the case of the seizing of a car under the revenue laws, but also in the ordinary Prohibition cases, especially those involving padlock proceedings, is the penalty wholly disproportionate to the offense. For failure to pay a theoretical tax of a few cents, a new and costly car may be forfeited, and for making a sale of a highball or even for furnishing the "set-up" — ice and ginger ale — a hotel dining-room may be padlocked and a year's profits lost.

Leaving aside, however, these extraordinary penalties, it is startling to compare the other penalties imposed in Prohibition cases with those imposed in other criminal cases.

THE maximum punishment for violation of the Prohibition laws, exclusive of the extraordinary penalties already discussed, is five years imprisonment in the penitentiary or a fine of $10,000, or both. The following are the maximum penalties for other Federal crimes:

Breaking into a postoffice: 5 years and $1,000 or both
Stealing mail: 5 years and $2,000 or both
Using mails to defraud: 5 years and $1,000 or both
Transporting stolen auto: 5 years and $2,000 or both
Perjury: 5 years and $2,000 or both
Extortion by an official: 1 year and $500 or both
Conspiracy to violate any law: 2 years and $10,000 or both
Seditious conspiracy: 6 years and $5,000 or both

But it is not merely on the books that the penalties vary so extremely. In the meting out of punishment the courts discriminate similarly against violators of the Prohibition laws. Hundreds of actual cases could be cited in support of this statement; but there is space for only a few:

Last November in the United States District Court for the Eastern District of Missouri, Judge Davis sentenced a bartender, who had sold a Prohibition agent a drink of whiskey, to a year and a day in the penitentiary and fined him $500. A few minutes later the same Judge sentenced a former policeman, who had raised Post Office money orders, to six months in jail.

On September 27, last year, two men were convicted for two different crimes in the Circuit Court of Mackinac County, Michigan. Noah Bailey had killed a man by hitting him over the head with a shot-gun and then using an ax to finish the job. Perry Gish had made and sold whiskey. Bailey was sentenced to two and a half years in State prison, and Gish to seven and a half years.

As we have already seen, there is only one part of the Constitution over which the Prohibitionists show any concern, their own pet Amendment. When they preach loyalty to the Constitution, they have that one part in mind. For the instrument as a whole they have no particular regard or devotion; and in the interest of the Eighteenth Amendment, they are ready to scrap it. The guarantees of the Bill of Rights must give way to the crusade for a dry America.

How this attitude has expressed itself in the evasion of trial by jury we noted in our analysis of the Volstead Act. Just as vicious in its remote as well as in its immediate consequences is the flagrant disregard of the rights of the citizen under the double jeopardy and the search and seizure clauses of the Bill of Rights.

UP TO the time National Prohibition went into effect, comparatively few cases arose where double prosecution took place. Now, however, every violation of the Volstead Act and the supplemental acts also constitutes a violation of the State law in any State that has a Prohibition law of its own. Hence, thousands of people are constantly laying themselves liable to be thus doubly prosecuted. One case will suffice to show the possible results.

In 1927 four men, found with three quarts of liquor in their possession, were arrested in Atlanta, Georgia, and arraigned in both a State and a Federal court. The first was sentenced by the State court to four months in the chain-gang, and by the Federal court to six months imprisonment and a fine of $500. The second got one year on the chain-gang in the State court but was found "Not Guilty" in the Federal court. The third drew six months on the chain-gang and a fine of $50 in the State court, but was never tried in the Federal court. And the fourth was given one year on the chain-gang by the State court and fined $50 while in the Federal court he was given four months in jail.

The Fourth Amendment guarantees that "the right of the people to be secure in their persons, houses, papers and effects, against unreasonable searches and seizures, shall not be violated." From the time of its adoption until the adoption of the Eighteenth, there were less than a hundred and fifty cases involving the question of unlawful search and seizure in all the Federal courts and in all the State appellate courts. Since 1920 there have been over eight hundred. That fact alone speaks to the world of the flagrant abuse of power that characterizes the Noble Experiment.

The Fourth Amendment applies, not merely to one's house but to one's person, property and papers. Yet there is not a day that the newspapers do not contain stories of arrests and searches without warrants, especially searches of the person and of automobiles. Furthermore, the Supreme Court of the United States has put its stamp of approval on the practice of tapping the telephone wires of suspected persons, even where under existing State laws to tap a telephone wire is a criminal offense.

Truly, we are a peculiar people. We praise liberty and complacently bear tyranny.

Red Hansen's Romance

By Don Knowlton

What lay behind the mask of a kitchen-hermit and his jug of cider

Just beyond the east bridge, where the Loyalton Road crosses the creek and winds along toward the rising sun over the hill to Northfield, there stands a low, rambling house, all set about with lilac bushes. In this house lived Henry Hansen. At least he was christened Henry, but that name had long since been forgotten. He was called Red, and had been so called, they told me, since he was two years old.

In the days when I was a young man, rambling about the hills of Loyalton of a week-end, I often came upon Red Hansen in the woods, with a rifle over his shoulder. I liked Red. He lived all alone in that long, ramshackle house. Now and then he invited me in to have a nip of cider.

A strange man was he. He was completely bald except for a dab of actually pink hair above both ears. He had a pinkish-red mustache, and a pointed pinkish-red beard with a brown streak of tobacco stain down the middle of it. I judged that he was somewhere between thirty-five and forty years of age.

That old house among the lilac trees was a place of uneasy fascination to me. It was utterly abandoned save for the one room which Red Hansen occupied. That room was the kitchen. Red lived, slept, cooked, ate, drank, read and dreamed in that kitchen. It was a long room. In one end was the cook stove, and above it a shelf with food, dishes, saucepans and the like. At the other end stood a cot and a much worn rocking-chair. Old clothing hung upon pegs stuck in the walls — overalls, hunting coats, torn shirts, socks, moth-eaten hats, ragged trousers. If Red Hansen ever got any new clothes, I never saw them.

The rest of the house was in complete disrepair. The roof leaked. The plaster had fallen off the walls. The windows were broken, and the floor boards themselves worn into ridges. The dust lay thick along the halls. Yet there was a certain dirty orderliness about Red's kitchen. Everything was distinctly in its place.

Red Hansen worked now and then, but most of the time he merely lived. He raised his own potatoes and corn. He had a few sheep and butchered one now and then, but they say that as a rule he actually depended upon his rifle for fresh meat. His books were mostly those left him by his father — standard classics sixty years ago. Every one was worn and thumb-marked. Now and then he got a book from the Loyalton Public Library.

The good ladies of the Loyalton W. C. T. U. objected to Red Hansen, because he was known to keep a jug of hard cider handy at all times under his kitchen table. The mothers of Loyalton's young ladies often advised their daughters to cross the street when they saw Red Hansen coming. The God-fearing, hard-working men of the town disapproved of him, and asked the Township Trustees if there were not some way to eject him from the village.

But Red Hansen lived on year after year, all alone, hunting, drinking, reading, adding each season a bit more gray to the pink in those tufts of hair above his ears. I rather liked him because he never said anything. He would invite me in, and get out the cider and a couple of glasses — and then we would just sit and drink — and smoke.

ONE day, in early May, after a long ramble up and down the hillsides and through the bramble bushes in search of the yellow lady's slipper, I dropped in on Red Hansen — and as we sat there saying nothing, with the cider jug between us, I happened to notice, hanging upon the kitchen wall, over the table, a faded photograph of a curly-haired girl. I stood up and examined it more closely.

There was something about the thing which held me. I believe it was the girl's eyes. They had an appealing wide-open look, as if she had just found out what the world was all about and asked you to protect her from it. Or perhaps it was her lips — full lips with just the right bow to them, and a suspicion of a pout. I never have seen a more provocative face than the one which looked down upon me from that old photograph.

I have no tact. I pointed to the picture and asked, "Who is this?"

Red did not answer me. Instead, he said, "Do you like it?"

"Immensely," I replied.

I waited — but Red, staring far off out the window, merely poured himself another glass of cider.

AMONG the business men whom I happen to know in the city, Jake Frisbee is the most distinctly urban. Mr. and Mrs. Frisbee live on the fourteenth floor of a downtown hotel. They have no children. She drives a limousine and he drives a roadster. They belong to seven clubs. Their observations upon bridge are accepted as authoritative. They dress for everything. I expect to see Jake buried in a Tuxedo, with a carnation in his buttonhole. Yet I do not hold that against him. He lives as he does, not because he wants to create an impression, but because that to him is the ideal existence. We fell into a discussion of this very subject one night at the University Club, and in the course of it I began to amplify upon the method of living of Red Hansen, just by way of complete contrast, to see what Jake Frisbee would have to say. Much to my amazement, Jake said, "Yes, I know Red Hansen. In fact, I happen to know him far better than he has ever suspected."

Naturally I was all curiosity. What possible connection could there ever have been between the sartorial artist, Jake Frisbee, and Red Hansen, kitchen-hermit?

Jake Frisbee has his own manner of telling a story, and I shall endeavor therefore to recount the tale to you in the words in which he told it to me.

"You know," Jake Frisbee began, "my mother, bless her soul, was a bit nuts on æsthetics. She was always strong for appreciating something, and she could jump from Handel's *Largo* to a barnyard without even taking a breath. So one summer nothing would do but to go out in the country to see the apple blossoms and breathe the pure air, and wiggle our naked toes in the mud, or rather, my naked toes. When it got down to brass tacks, mother had to take her mud second-hand.

"Anyhow, mother and I went out to Loyalton, and we boarded on the Hansen farm. Red Hansen was then just twenty-one years old. His father had died two years before, and I guess the old man had never accumulated much wherewithal for his family, his chief claims to glory having lain in his inordinate capacity to imbibe whiskey, and his Aurora Borealis of pink hair, which, according to the natives, also grew all over him. He must have looked like a futuristic teddy bear.

"Mrs. Hansen was an honest-to-God, lovable sort of a farmer's wife, who made the right kind of dumplings and worshipped strictly fresh eggs. She couldn't do much with that red-headed son of hers. He didn't want to work on the farm.

"He was always roaming around, or dreaming about something, or staying away for days at a time. He would hide books in the hayloft, too, and lie up there reading all day when he ought to have been hoeing potatoes. Oh, he vexed her terribly. Many a time I have seen her getting all ready to scold him, but she didn't seem to have the knack. All she would say would be, 'Dear boy, have you had enough supper?'

"Well, as I was going to tell you, mother and I stayed out there on the Hansen farm all that summer — and though I was just fourteen years old, I was quite curious about things, and a bit wise for my age if I do say it myself.

"With which I introduce you to two other boarders at the Hansen farm that summer — Mr. and Mrs. Archibald McKay. And I don't mind telling you that at that time I would have given my right eye, three toes of my left foot, and a seat on the Stock Exchange, just to have Constance McKay turn in my direction the kind of a smile she kept shooting at Red Hansen.

"She'd been married only that spring, and she'd been married too young. Darn the girl — she still bothers me, just in the recollection. She was only eighteen. Her husband was about thirty. He was one of these precise boys. I hoped he would break a leg. You know, he always knew exactly how much anything cost. He could tell you the date of the Battle of Hastings and how old Coleridge was when he died. He was slim and and trim and set up just so-so. That bird could have walked through the Everglades and never got a speck of mud on him. He was the most immaculate male in Christendom.

"Now this is a queer thing — I hated him because I didn't have the knack of keeping clean as he did, and Red Hansen also hated him because he kept so clean! Isn't that a peculiar thing to have in common?

"But that was only one of many reasons why Red Hansen hated Archie McKay. Archie talked to Red only when he needed service. 'Red, would you mind carrying my suitcase upstairs?' or, 'Red, get me some hot water, will you please? I am preparing to shave!' or, 'Red, don't you think it's a bit chilly? Can we have some more wood, please?'

"Well, Red never said anything. He just went ahead and did what he was told to do. But it was a good deal like requesting a Viking to serve the canapés at a tea party. I can't say that Red did it with what you call good grace.

"Now, McKay got there every Saturday afternoon and left on Monday morning — and no sooner did McKay get on board the train for the city, than that sugar-coated wife of his, Constance, began to do her stuff.

"As I said before, I had seen a few things even if I was just fourteen years old, but believe me that girl had something about her that just tied me up in hard knots and kept me lying awake from sunset till morning. I don't know what it was. She was what you would call nowadays a baby doll. Childish, soft spoken, had to be protected. 'Would you mind closing the window, Jake? That's a dear. The night air is so drafty.'

"I have often said that if you would give a woman a stick of dynamite, she would set it off just to see what would happen. So this newly-married peaches and cream, this Constance McKay, couldn't help trying out her technique between Monday morning and Saturday afternoon on Red Hansen — and believe me it was deadly, especially to a boy who had been raised on the farm.

"And there was something about that boy, too. Six feet tall, broad-shouldered and narrow-hipped, clear blue-gray eyes and rosy cheeks, stubby chin, red lips, and such a shock of curly pink hair as you never saw in all your life.

"I don't suppose Constance knew it was dynamite. You see for quite a while this boy, Red Hansen, didn't say anything. He just went about his business as best he could. She used to call him over and ask him to sit next to her on the steps in the moonlight, and then she would sing songs to him and talk baby talk. She would ask him to drive her up to the Center and back, just to go to the store, and then after she got him up there she would make him take her for a long ride, and all the time she would chatter about what a big strong man he was. She would climb up in the cherry tree and sit there swinging her legs, and then she would say, 'Oh Red, dear, I can't get down. Won't you be a darling and help me?' And then she would give him a pat on the cheek and say, 'You're just the sweetest thing!'

"And that wasn't all. She kept feeding him a lot of applesauce about how romantic he was, a big strong man, and all that, a regular he-person.

"Well, it wasn't long before they got to sitting together in the hammock, and then Red did begin to talk and she just let him talk. I heard some of it. All he did was to promise her his body and soul and the new cow, too; and she just sat there and took it, as casually as she might have gobbled up a bag of chocolate creams.

"It wasn't long before the dynamite began to explode. I heard Red talking to Constance a few nights later out under the big apple tree. His voice was a little louder than usual, and he certainly meant what he said.

"'Now look here,' he told her. 'I've promised you everything you asked me to, and so far you haven't really promised me a thing. You have told me that you loved me, Constance, but do you? Honestly, now?'

"And I heard her baby talk come back, 'Why Red, darling!'

"'Answer yes or no!' he went on.

"She waited a minute and finally said, 'Yes,' in a very soft voice.

"'All right. Then you are going to divorce McKay and marry me. Are you, or aren't you?'

"She didn't make a sound.

"'Are you or aren't you?' he repeated.

"CONSTANCE was scared, I could tell that. She had got in deep and didn't know how to get out. This was on a Friday night and her husband was coming the next day; but you know how these women are. They always think everything is going to be all right in the morning, so once more she said, 'Yes.'

"'You swear it?' Red asked.

"She just nodded her head.

"'Say, I swear it,' he insisted; so she repeated, 'I swear it' in a weak sort of voice, and started to run away, but he grabbed her.

"'Constance,' he said, 'you've got to tell your husband about this tomorrow. Will you promise that?'

"'I promise,' she said, half crying, and ran into the house.

"WELL, Saturday came, and with it McKay, and I was all ears because I expected some fireworks, but nothing happened. Nothing happened on Saturday or on Sunday, and on Monday McKay went back to the city as usual. On Monday afternoon the news came out that on the following Wednesday the McKays were leaving the farm for good — McKay was coming out from the city on Wednesday morning to take his charming wife home.

"Red didn't say a word. Constance stayed in her room most of the time. Of course she had to come down to supper on Monday evening, and after supper she went out on the porch. Red followed her out there, took her by the wrist and started off for the orchard, dragging her after him.

"'Red,' she said, 'I'm tired and I have an awful headache. I've got to go right to bed.'

"He didn't pay any attention to her.

"I trailed along after them, dodging behind the trees. As soon as they got out of sight of the house, Red grabbed her by the shoulders and shook her. She began to say, 'Let me go, let me go!' and started to cry, but she stopped crying all right when

Red began to talk. She turned white and began to shake all over, and I can tell you that Red's voice frightened me, too.

"'I thought you were a decent, self-respecting woman,' he told her. 'I thought you were a woman of your word. You lied to me, didn't you?'

"She couldn't say a thing.

"'Well,' Red went on, 'I'm going to keep you honest. You made a promise, and by God you are going to live up to it!' and with that he threw her over his shoulder like a sack of meal, and started off over the hills on a dog-trot.

"WELL, believe me, there was excitement around the farmhouse the next morning. Red and Constance had disappeared. Everybody had slept soundly the night before and no one had noticed that neither one of them had come in. The only people there were Mrs. Hansen, my mother and myself, and McKay was due there the next morning. Mrs. Hansen went around wringing her hands and weeping about the disgrace to her home that this woman had brought upon her. My mother got a big kick out of it without caring a darn one way or the other — you know, it was like a good show to her.

"The question was, of course, where were they and how in the world could we find them; and I kept my mouth shut. I didn't say a word about how I had seen Red carry her off, for the simple reason that I was afraid of what Red might do to me if he found out that I had told on him.

"The women used up all the time by talking, talking, talking. They didn't do anything until about three o'clock in the afternoon, and then they finally called the constable at Loyalton Center. He didn't know what to do. By that time it was six o'clock at night, so they decided to wait until the next day and ask McKay. The constable went home and of course I was packed off to bed early. I don't know how long my mother and Mrs. Hansen talked — it must have been hours, because they both slept late the next morning.

"I was the first person up in the house — it was about eight o'clock. McKay was due at nine. I started out for a little ramble around before breakfast, and the first thing I saw was Red and Constance coming back through the orchard.

"I shinnied up an apple tree mighty quick, and watched them.

"WHEN they got to the edge of the orchard they stopped, and Red put his arms around her and said, 'Well, dear, I don't know how long a divorce takes, but it can't take awfully long, and I'll be waiting.' And she wrapped her arms around his neck and said, 'I'll come just as soon as I can,' and then she kissed him on his forehead, and his cheeks and his chin and even his ears, and called him all the sweet names in the calendar, and then she broke down and cried and said she couldn't leave him, even for a day, even for an hour.

"Well, he broke it up finally. He said, 'Your husband is coming and we've got to go back and face the music.'

"Just then there was the noise of a rig coming down the road.

"'There he is,' said Red. 'Come on, we'll talk to him together.'

"'No,' she said, 'not together. You let me do it, Red. I want to do it my own way. I've got to see him alone, first. You stay out here. Promise me you won't come back for a whole hour or more.'

"Red shrugged his shoulders. 'Whatever way you want it,' he told her, 'only I can't just sit here. When do you want me to come back?'

"'In about an hour and a half,' she said. 'You see, by that time we will have it all talked out. I'm so afraid you two men will lose your tempers if you come face to face all of a sudden. Now you be a good boy and run along and come back in about an hour and a half, won't you, Red darling?'

"So she walked slowly toward the house, and he started off over the hill as if he was going to a fire.

"I got back to the house before Constance did. I didn't say anything — only watched and listened.

"McKay had just arrived. Mother was sitting on the front porch.

"'Good morning,' McKay said. 'Where's Constance?'

"My mother smiled and said truthfully enough, 'I don't know.'

"Mrs. Hansen was out in the kitchen. McKay started into the house, but just then Constance came around the corner.

"'Hello, darling!' she said.

"McKay kissed her. He reminded me of a rooster pecking at a kernel of corn.

"'Well,' he said, 'are you all ready?'

"She looked absolutely surprised.

"'Are we going home today?' she asked. 'Why, I thought it was tomorrow we were leaving.'

"McKay looked a trifle vexed.

"'I told you Wednesday morning,' he said. 'I was sure you understood it perfectly. Now I suppose you are not even packed up.'

"'Oh,' she answered, 'I can do that in half an hour. I'll do it right now.'

"Constance ran upstairs and Mrs. Hansen came out on the porch. McKay remarked that it was a pleasant morning. Mrs. Hansen nodded, folded her hands and sat down.

"There they were on the front porch — my mother, Mrs. Hansen and McKay. Mrs. Hansen opened her mouth, looked at my mother, and then closed it again. Mother looked at Mrs. Hansen, then at McKay, and then turned away. You know, kid that I was, I never wanted to snicker so badly in all my life. Both of those women certainly felt that McKay ought to be told, but neither one of them had nerve enough to do it, and for half an hour they sat there and talked to McKay about the birds and the trees and the blue sky and the news from the city, and all the time Constance was upstairs throwing her stuff in her trunk, and Red was off ranging over the hills.

"Then Constance called down the stairs sweetly, 'I'm all ready, Archie.'

"They piled their baggage in the hired rig and away they went. My mother and Mrs. Hansen sat there staring after them.

"'Why didn't you say something?' Mrs. Hansen asked my mother.

"'Why didn't you?' answered my mother.

"And then Red came home. . . ."

That was Jake Frisbee's story. Naturally I asked Jake what happened when Red came home. It was just like Jake to leave a person hanging and not say anything about that.

"Oh," he answered, "I don't know, because the minute we saw Red coming Mother took me up to her room and shut the door."

"Well," I asked, "did Constance ever come back to Red?" and Jake laughed. "Don't be a ninny," he said.

SO THAT was the story of Red Hansen. That was the story that explained the photograph of the girl with the curly hair and the petulant lips, which I had seen hanging on the wall in Red Hansen's kitchen.

I thought little about the matter until I happened to notice one Sunday, in the society columns of a New York paper, that Mrs. McKay, widow of Archibald McKay, wealthy stockbroker who had recently died in Paris, was sailing shortly for New York with her daughter. But that served only to recall Jake Frisbee's story. I little dreamed that I would ever be witness in person to the sequel of that affair.

But it so happened, later in the summer, that after tramping over the hills of Loyalton, as is my custom, I stopped in at Red Hansen's house. I had not seen Red for years.

There was no change in the man or in his house. He still spoke as little as ever. His kitchen still presented the same air of dirty orderliness. The rest of the house was still in as complete state of disrepair as before. The customary jug of hard cider still reposed beneath the kitchen table.

Red did not seem surprised to see me. He lifted the jug upon the table, brought out a couple of glasses, and sat. Just sat and smoked.

While we were sitting there, I heard the screeching of brakes, and looking out the kitchen window, saw a big car driven by a colored chauffeur come to a stop before the house.

IN THE back seat were two women — one a very large blonde of middle age, the other an amazingly beautiful girl with a tremendous shock of brilliant pink hair.

The girl remained within the car. The woman, however, got out and came uncertainly up the path to the kitchen door. She knocked on the door and Red Hansen opened it.

She stared at him for a full moment without saying a word.

"Is this where Mr. Hansen lives?" she asked finally.

"I am Hansen," Red answered, quietly.

I could see her glance taking in his bald head, and his pink beard with the tobacco stain down the middle of it. I could see her eyes ranging rapidly over the kitchen, noting the sink, the dirty clothes, and the jug of cider under the table.

"Oh," she said, "I was looking for Mr. Henry Hansen."

She must have weighed a hundred and eighty-five pounds, I thought, as I observed her standing there in the sunlight. I noticed her trim ankles and tiny feet — her abundance of curly yellow hair, a bit too yellow to be entirely natural. Her eyebrows were plucked. She most certainly had a double chin. Her cheeks were painted. Her lips were exquisite, with a little touch of petulance about them, though they had been given careful treatment with a lip-stick. Her blue eyes had an appealing wide-open look which hardly belonged with the puffy lids above them.

"I am looking for Mr. Henry Hansen," she said again.

"Oh, Henry Hansen!" Red replied. "He left here about fifteen years ago — went West. I'm his cousin. He hasn't been heard from since."

The woman's hands went fluttering to her second chin.

"You — you don't know his address?" she quavered.

"No," Red said, "I don't."

They stood there silently facing each other, this overfed woman made up in imitation of youth, and this bald-headed, trim-bodied man, who hunted and drank cider and lived by himself.

The pink-haired girl in the back seat of the car stuck her head out of the window and called, "Mother, for the love o' Mike, why in hell did you ever want to stop at this God-forsaken farmhouse, anyhow?"

Her mother turned, and started out toward the car. Half way down the walk she suddenly took out her handkerchief. She began to cry before she reached the machine, and her daughter, infinitely disgusted, helped her into the car and said to the driver, "Step on the gas and get out of here."

When I looked back toward Red Hansen, he was sitting calmly at the kitchen table, sipping a glass of hard cider and looking up at the photograph on the wall.

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New Things in the Air

By Howard Mingos

Summarizing Aviation's Recent Progress

Not since men first learned to use mechanical wings twenty-seven years ago has flying been subjected to such exhaustive and fruitful scientific research as that which has marked every phase of aviation in recent months.

Airplanes have flown faster, higher and farther than ever before. A machine has taken off with 169 persons and kept them up an hour. Another, under full control of its pilot, has shot through space at a velocity of nearly 6 miles a minute — more than 500 feet a second. Another has climbed up through the thinning atmosphere to a point nearly eight miles above the earth. Less than two years ago such feats were believed to be impossible.

Today scores of experienced engineers are turning out new planes, improved engines and other ultramodern auxiliaries. No less than fifty allied industries — ranging down the alphabetical scale from aluminum to Zeppelin — are devoting their extensive laboratory facilities toward making us full-fledged creatures of the air. Some of the machines have tripled in size. Others are much smaller. All are vastly more efficient than their predecessors. And now we are hearing serious and expert talk about fool-proof airplanes that anybody can fly.

Bad weather always has been the principal menace to flying. It is being eliminated by radio. Special sets possess the light weight, small size and great power required for aircraft. When storm or fog blots out all landmarks, the pilot winging his way over an air route is protected by the radio beacon. It is a wireless beam sent out from ground stations located along the route about 100 miles apart. This directional wireless ray is the path on which he flies. It conveys to the pilot two separate signals, one coming in from the right and the other from the left of his machine. When they merge and blend as one he knows he is on the true course; but when one signal grows shorter he knows that he is swerving off course from that side; so he swings back until the signals become normal again. Use of the radio beam has caused a 30 per cent increase in regularity of operations on the air transport lines.

Two-way radio telephone and telegraph are coming into general use.

By this the pilot keeps in touch with the surface at all times, receiving reports of weather conditions ahead; and if mechanical trouble forces him down to an emergency landing, he can talk with the people on the ground, find out the location of the nearest available field, and be guided to it.

Recent tests promise to provide him with another device. A radio beam sent up from a mist-shrouded field forms a guiding pathway down which he glides to a designated safe spot on the ground, even though he may not be able to see the surface until after landing.

When mist obscures everything outside his plane the pilot must have an infallible means of knowing his altitude at all times, otherwise he may bump into mountains, tall buildings or trees. Many of the aerial tragedies have resulted from the pilot's inability to see where he was going. The old barograph altimeter recorded only approximate heights above sea level and varied with the temperature. A new radio altimeter sends out waves from the plane and these reflected back from the surface record continuously the exact height of the machine.

Another recent instrument is the gyroscopic robot, weighing less than fifty pounds and so small that it can be installed under the pilot's seat. Similar in principle to the automatic helmsman used aboard ocean liners, the robot when attached to the controls of an airplane keeps the machine in level flight and on the course set for it at all times and without the slightest variation.

An Army bomber flew from Sacramento to San Francisco, circled over the city for twenty minutes in darkness and bumpy air, and then went back to Sacramento, without the pilot touching the controls until he was ready to land. The robot had kept the ship on a level keel at the desired height and had steered it on the course as laid out and occasionally changed by the navigator.

The gyroscopic principle has contributed still another instrument most important to the pilot who finds himself in blinding mist, snow or rain. This is the artificial horizon. One must see the horizon if he is to keep his ship constantly level. Many planes have crashed because they slipped off on one wing and fell into a spin before the pilot knew it.

Now he has a tiny airplane as an indicator fixed in flying position on a dial. Across the dial is a straight white bar controlled by a little gyroscope which keeps it absolutely parallel to the true horizon outside. When the airplane indicator starts keeling over and off the white bar the pilot knows that his ship is performing likewise, and he can correct it in time to prevent spinning. Radio and gyroscopic instruments will soon make all aircraft virtually independent of the weather.

But nothing in an airplane is so vitally essential as its power plant. Unless the motor functions the machine can not fly. It must come down. For decades the engine designers have been improving the internal combustion engine, and obviously they have made amazing progress. On refueling tests, motors have remained running in the air for weeks without once stopping.

When in 1903 the Wright brothers sought a motor for the first airplane, they had to build it themselves because no manufacturer believed it possible to construct an engine of sufficient power yet light enough for a flying machine. That first Wright engine weighed 16.6 pounds per horsepower. The average today is 2.36 pounds; and some internal combustion engines develop more than 1,000 horsepower.

Still the engineer is not satisfied. He wants more power, must have it if the huge air liners are to fly efficiently, that is, carry paying loads at moderate rates. The main trouble with the big internal combustion engine is that much of its power is dispersed in the gearing. It must be geared down to turn the propellers efficiently. This waste of power results in an uneconomical use of fuel, and fuel displaces a large part of the paying load. Both the water cooled and air cooled engines have other disadvantages which partly offset their more desirable points. Thus the present effort to improve the power plant.

The long-sought Diesel type engine has been developed by the Packard Company and is now standard equipment on many airplanes. It is an internal combustion engine using ordinary furnace oil, weighs less than 3 pounds per horsepower, and has fewer mechanical parts to play out.

The fire hazard is practically eliminated. The fuel is injected into each cylinder separately; there is no carburetor, no electrical ignition system, the seat of most fires in the air. Invariably, however, a plane catches fire only when it crashes and the broken gasoline tanks and pipes spread the fuel over the engine. The use of oil in place of gasoline renders fire virtually impossible.

Other engineers are working toward the perfect engine. The Pratt and Whitney Wasp, a radial air cooled gasoline motor, was recently flown with furnace oil in place of the usual gasoline; this was made possible by a new system of injecting the fuel into the cylinders without increasing the weight of the engine.

The chief criticism of radial air cooled engines has been that they must present so much frontal area to the air in order to be cooled, thus cutting down speed. The difficulty with water cooled engines has been the weight of the water and need of distributing it properly through the engine; the motor is heavy and cumbersome. Both problems are being solved by chemical substitutes for water. They eliminate the water weight by about 70 per cent and require only a fourth of the space. This permits the design of thinner, lighter and much more powerful engines which offer very little resistance to the air. All the cylinders can be set in a single row, one back of another.

The airplane designer, accordingly, has more latitude in building his ship around these new power plants. They can be set in the wings or in narrow nacelles far removed from the passenger space and relieve the occupants of much noise and vibration. Being lighter and still more powerful they provide for heavier paying loads, safer construction and more comfortable passenger accommodations.

Here we should not forget the new metals which are constantly leading to similar improvements. In the early days only ordinary metals went into the planes, engines and fittings. Today new alloys, lighter and in some respects more enduring, make possible airplane types which only a few years ago would have seemed fantastic and utterly impractical.

Copper, manganese, magnesium and silicon when combined with aluminum alloys can now be worked into any shape and heat-treated to make such metals as tough as steel, with only a sixth of the weight. Other alloys which can be cast and machined like iron or steel have a third of the weight. Only five years ago most designers condemned the all-metal airplane because they believed the excessive vibration caused crystallization which weakened the machine. Now all planes have metal skeletons and many have no wood or fabric whatever except the trimmings in the passenger cabins.

AT THE same time the builders have improved their methods of working with the new materials and assembling them into machines which can endure the strain of flying at high speeds or with heavy loads. The greatest strain that can be put on a plane is to send it diving toward the surface with its engine full on. Its momentum is terrific and the air thus packed against the wings and other exposed parts exerts an opposing force which can be as effective as a stone wall.

Yet a few weeks ago a Navy shipboard fighter was taken several miles high where the pilot tipped its nose toward the earth at an 80-degree angle and left the power on in an official test to see if the machine would withstand the strain and qualify as standard equipment. He kept the plane in the straight dive for 10,000 feet and then pulled it out under normal control and landed safely. It showed no sign of wear.

While the military value is obvious, such a machine having a tremendous advantage over an enemy which can not fight in that manner, the real significance lies in the progress made with materials and methods of construction. That is why we now have giant air liners carrying from eighteen to fifty passengers hundreds of miles without stopping.

THESE transport planes weigh between 4 and 28 tons and some of them carry loads nearly equal to their own weight when empty. Many are flying daily over the 26,000 miles of airways in the United States. Their equipment differs, of course, with the climate and length of the route. Some have Pullman berths for night flying, others reclining chairs which make the occupants comfortable at all hours. Some have electric kitchens where fancy dishes are prepared. All have hot and cold running water, electric lights, lavatories and other modern conveniences. The cabins are well-ventilated and kept warm by means of radiators which throw off fresh air heated by passing through an ingenious system in the hot exhaust pipe of a motor. The *de luxe* cabins on an ocean liner have no more elaborate interior furnishings than these liners of the sky.

Yet the men who operate the air lines have not been at all satisfied.

They have not been able to make ends meet by carrying passengers. Until early this year, when they reduced their rates to approximately the same as those charged for first class railroad travel, they could not get the passengers. Traffic at such low rates is not a paying proposition unless each machine carries a certain number of persons. The operators assert that they must have planes carrying fifty or more before they can make a profit. They also insist that the speed of these transports be boosted from the present average of 100 miles an hour to at least 150 miles. Otherwise, they say, there is very little incentive for most persons to travel by air.

So the builders are projecting airplanes much larger than those now flying and approximately 50 miles faster. To achieve their purpose they may have to design machines radically different in shape, size and appearance. The best thought on this subject seems to be toward the flying wing, a machine with no body to speak of, with engines, passengers and all other equipment housed within the wing. Smaller planes of that type have been flown experimentally and several designs are now being developed.

BUT THE widespread and popular use of small airplanes does not depend upon the development of these flying wing types. The conventional biplane or monoplane familiar to most of us is rapidly becoming a safe and practical machine, even when flown by amateurs. At least fifty different types are sold in the United States, each with its own peculiar characteristics to distinguish it from the others and to make it especially desirable for certain kinds of flying.

Colonel Lindbergh's new low wing monoplane, a Lockheed Sirius, in which he and his wife spanned the continent in less than 15 hours, was designed primarily for mail and express carrying. Its 450-horsepower Wasp engine gives it a top speed of 190 miles an hour.

At the other extreme we have the Aeronca, a little high wing monoplane built close to the ground and weighing less than 400 pounds. Its 20-horsepower engine takes it through the air at about 80 miles an hour and it can land at slow speed in small fields. This plane has flown from Cincinnati to New York in 9 hours on about $8 worth of gasoline and oil.

The other standard planes take their places somewhere between those two extreme types. Some carry two persons, others three, four and up to eight. Almost daily something is done to make them more reliable and safe in the hands of a private owner.

MANY builders are trying to produce a fool-proof machine which can not get out of control or fall helplessly to the surface. The chief difficulty has been to keep the machine right side up and capable of being landed in small places. The danger lies in losing control while trying to land slowly or climb sharply in case of necessity. In either event the pilot must tilt the nose of his plane at an upward angle which also tilts the wings. At a certain point, depending upon the power and other characteristics of the plane, it reaches the angle of maximum lift and lowest speed. Now if the wings are raised ever so slightly above that angle, they lose all their efficiency, the controls are useless in the pilot's hands, and he is at the mercy of a dead thing stalled in the air and about to spin helplessly earthward.

THE progress made in preventing the stall is best illustrated by the Curtiss Tanager, the winning plane in the Guggenheim safe aircraft competition. The Tanager is a two-seater cabin biplane with a 170-horsepower air cooled engine. It resembles the conventional type of airplane. Among fifteen entries, some of them of radical design, the Curtiss ship was the sole machine to meet all the rigid requirements of the contest.

Wing slots on the front edges of both wings tend to eliminate the stall. When the machine is near the stalling point the suction of the air automatically pulls forward from the slot a shutter which becomes a substitute for the front edge of the wings and restores normal efficiency.

Now the lifting power of a wing is largely dependent upon its curve, and the larger the curve the slower the landing speed. But that also retards the plane when it is necessary to make speed through the air. The wing curve of the Curtiss ship can be varied by the pilot. He can operate flaps running along the rear edges of the wings. When the wing slots are opened automatically and the flaps depressed by the pilot, the lift of the wings is doubled and the plane can be landed at very low speed, yet under full control.

Ordinarily the pilot would find difficulty in keeping his machine absolutely level when flying slowly. The ailerons, the hinged surfaces on the wing tips which he shifts to restore the ship to a level keel, do not respond to the controls when moving through the air below a certain speed. Here on the Tanager he has extra ailerons so attached that they always float freely in the windstream and are therefore responsive to the controls at whatever speed the ship is flying.

The Tanager won the Guggenheim prize by landing under full control at a speed as low as 30.6 miles an hour. The average commercial plane of its type must land at about 45 miles an hour. The prize-winner could be stopped within 100 feet after its wheels touched the surface, take the air after a very short run, and climb steeply while under perfect control at all times and without danger of stalling and falling into a spin. All signs point to a development of the Tanager as the nearest approach to a fool-proof machine available with the present knowledge of aerodynamics. Though none can forecast the future nor state definitely that some new invention will not revolutionize the flying machine, for the time being the engineer must labor under the laws of the science as first discovered and applied by the Wrights when they invented the airplane.

BUT that should not retard popularity. The present state of the art means this: we shall soon have planes which we can fly as slowly as 30 miles an hour, yet perk up to two miles a minute when we wish to make speed; machines which we can control under all conditions, even at night and in storm or fog, landing at will in almost any small space so slowly that even should we trip over a fence or bump a tree, the damage would be only a bent wing or propeller.

All-metal planes of enduring strength will safeguard the occupants from serious injury. And with the growing demand the builders will be able to produce them by quantity production methods and sell them at prices comparable to those of low-priced cars.

THROUGHOUT the United States those who handle or supervise transportation are preparing for the flying public. They believe that people will soon be flocking into the air, though not in such numbers as those who use motor cars. There may come a time when flying machines will be used to take persons from one corner of a city to another as in the manner of taxicabs; but that day seems to be in the remote future. The present value of the airplane lies in its ability to save time flying from one town to another, between town and country and for pleasure jaunts.

Its military value is another thing. It is rapidly becoming the nation's insurance against war. Any conflict now or in future possesses such horrible possibilities for all the belligerents that well-informed persons can not conceive of a nation resorting to armed force in any international controversy.

Only a few weeks ago 19 Army planes soared to a height of six miles over California. They kept in perfect formation, the pilots receiving orders from the leader who in turn received his instructions from the ground by radio. They carried machine guns and used oxygen to sustain life in the high altitudes. Each pilot wore fifty pounds of clothing to keep him from freezing to death in a temperature forty degrees below zero. Yet they remained high enough to avoid the best anti-aircraft guns from the surface, were entirely out of sight at all times and could have waged destructive battle against anything encountered during their flight.

On another occasion Army radio engineers took a plane over San Francisco. While a military observer aboard drew maps and diagrams of everything important about an assumed enemy position, the others placed his maps on a radio-sending machine weighing less than 25 pounds; and within five minutes the maps were received back at headquarters many miles distant. Meanwhile the observer was also talking on the radio telephone describing to his superior officers important details noted on the maps.

RADIO controlled planes have been flown more than a hundred miles in the United States. The British Government is now experimenting with a robot plane which is a veritable aerial torpedo operated by means of a clocklike mechanism controlled by radio from the surface and capable of being exploded the instant it reaches its destination.

Only in the last four or five years has public enthusiasm made available the money with which to carry on expensive research. While part of it is military and the rest commercial, the objectives are identical; they are to make flying and flying craft wholly reliable and efficient in war or peace. The progress noted here is but a very small beginning of that promised in the near future.

Sport Psychology

By J. B. M. Clark

The workings of the mind in the realm of sport sometimes bring about curious results, and a wrong psychological attitude is often half the battle. If an individual player gets imbued with the notion that he can always beat a certain other player, the idea will go a long way towards helping him do it. It is the same thing with teams. A right frame of mind is essential.

Sometimes the fact that "ignorance is bliss" saves the situation. I remember seeing a suburban cricket team in Scotland playing a match against a scratch eleven from one of the big Glasgow clubs. The visiting team was understood to be a sort of nondescript and third-rate gathering, and on this understanding the local batsmen made quite a good showing. Unknown to the home players, however, the visitors had brought along the crack bowler of the city club, an English professional, and perhaps the best bowler in Scotland at that time. So long as the local men were in ignorance of this man's identity all went well. They played his bowling quite confidently and he met with no particular success. But presently the news leaked out that this was the great so-and-so. Almost immediately a collapse ensued, and presently the wickets were going down like ninepins.

The "hoodoo" or "jinx" is another form of the same thing, and most students of sport know how frequently players are upset by trifles. As a class American ball players are possibly more susceptible to "jinxes" than any other body of professional players in the world. Although the jinx is what the late Christy Mathewson called "the child of superstition," it does not seem to be a question of education, for, according to Matty, college men fall the hardest for jinxes. A jinx is something that brings bad luck to a player, and all ball players have lucky and unlucky omens. In his interesting book *Pitching in a Pinch* Matty devotes a whole chapter to the jinx, which, he says, can "make a bad pitcher out of a good one and a blind batter out of a three hundred hitter."

Luck, Matty says, is a combination of confidence and getting the breaks. Ball players get no breaks without confidence in themselves, and lucky omens inspire this confidence while unlucky signs take it away. "Red" Ames, once of the Giants, although a great pitcher, was almost invariably unlucky and began to be spoken of in the newspapers as the "hoodoo" pitcher and the "man who could not win." Then one day when in Boston there came to him through the post a necktie and a four-leaf clover, presents from an actress. The four-leaf clover had to be worn on both uniform and street clothes, and the necktie, a very vivid one, worn with street clothes and hidden in the uniform. Ames followed instructions faithfully and started to win. He did not lose a game the whole trip, and kept on wearing the necktie till it was worn to a frazzle.

THE different things that affect different ball players are wonderful and without end. Some will never sleep in "lower 13 berth;" others will sleep in nothing else. "Give me a stateroom for luck," says John McGraw. Matty himself confesses that he never would warm up with the third baseman between innings or while the catcher was getting on his mask. He would, he said, rather freeze to death than warm up in this way. Another man never likes to hear anyone hum on the bench, while still another believes in a favorite seat. Cross-eyed people are anathema to nearly all of them.

The bats must be laid out in a neat row before the bench. If they happen to get crossed there is sure to be trouble. The Philadelphia Athletics, however, throw the bats wildly into the air to change the luck and let them lie around in confusion. A hunchback is regarded by ball players as the best luck in the world. If a man can just touch the hump before going to the plate he is sure to get a hit. The Phillies for several seasons carried a hunchback boy with them on all their trips, and voted him a half share of the prize money after one world's series. They claimed he won two world's pennants for them.

To pass a load of empty barrels on the way to the ball ground is a sure sign of base hits, and Mathewson relates an amusing tale of how John McGraw broke up a batting slump of the Giants by such means. The batting of the team had fallen to pieces. One day a player came into the clubhouse all smiles. He had just seen a load of empty barrels, he said, and was going to make hits. He made them, getting four out of a possible five. The next day three or four more players saw the barrels and came in smiling. And they, too, went in and made hits, and the first win for a week was registered. One day two of the players in comparing notes about the barrels discovered that they were drawn by the same team of horses — one sorrel and one white. "Sure they were," said McGraw. "I hired that load of empty barrels by the week to drive around and meet you fellows on the way to the park, and you don't think I can afford to have them change horses every day, do you?"

WITHOUT confidence the best player is nothing. With it he can work miracles. It may seem strange that it should connect itself with empty barrels or hunchbacks, but the reason is something very old, something lying deep within the emotional nature. A wise manager does not laugh at it; he tries to turn it to account.

Hell's Shootin'

EDITED BY CHARLES WOOD

A veteran's narrative of a thrilling but unrecorded battle during the Boxer Rebellion, when American Marines faced the greatest numerical odds in their history

"HOLD fire to three hundred yards!" The order passed down the line from man to man.

I snapped back the sight on my Lee-Enfield, for three hundred yards was battle range, open sight, and wormed a little deeper into the shallow shell each man for himself had scraped out of the ancient, time-hardened soil of China.

The steel rails of the Tongku-Tientsin Railroad, together with the slight elevation of its roadbed, offered an additional though meagre protection. I rested my rifle on the rail, and in the lull, which for some strange reason preceded the attack, peered over it at the landscape of which we were an almost invisible part.

We were in open formation, five yards apart, with our front extending fully a quarter of a mile; however, only a glint of steel here and there along the line was all that could be seen of 131 men of the United States Marine Corps.

But what I could see of the enemy was more than enough. At the break of dawn the whole panorama, from left to right, had come alive with the color and movement of men. Only in our rear, where stretched the broad marshes of the Pei-Ho River still flooded by the spring rains, did the landscape retain its natural drab monotony.

THROUGHOUT the night a circle of fires had gleamed upon the distant hills, and from a small walled village about half a mile to our left we had been constantly threatened by attack. Now, in the light of day, over five thousand fanatics, vowed to exterminate the "Foreign devils," were hemming us in.

They were members of the "I Ho Ch'uan" Society, the "Fists of the Patriotic Union," or, as they were usually called, "Boxers."

What the Boxers lacked in the way of arms and equipment, they made up in valor, inspired by religious and mystical patriotism, and the belief that they were invulnerable to the bullets of foreign devils. For the most part they were armed with antiquated firearms (among them a huge old musket of 50 caliber, called a "Gingal"; it took two men to carry this piece, the first with the barrel on his shoulder, the second, the stock; it was notable for noise, rather than execution), and with all manner of knives, spears, and two-handed swords, deadly in hand-to-hand fighting. However, there were a number of modern rifles among them, judging from the heavy fire that had held up our advance the evening before.

Beyond the Boxers' positions, and mingling with them, were two thousand Imperial Chinese troops, headed by General Nieh, and acting under publically issued orders of the Empress Dowager to suppress the Boxer uprising. What that wily old woman's privately expressed orders were, history can only conjecture from the scores of her pig-tailed soldiers stretched flat on the sun-baked earth that day.

Now, I could plainly see, the Boxers were massing to rush our position.

"Fifty to one, hey, Sorge?" The man at my left, Pie Kinney, carefully aimed a shot of tobacco juice at the farther rail: "That ain't no odds. Hell's shootin'! no odds at all."

That's the way we were talking to each other, pretending this was just target practice, a day's outing. In the Marines we were used to giving long odds, but there wasn't one among us — and we had been in some pretty tight jams in the Philippines, too — who didn't realize that, once this show got started, we were in for a real big-time scrap.

One hundred and thirty-one to over five thousand! It was going to take more than hell's shootin' to overcome those odds.

In the light of the following events, the order given us, and that which got us into this mess, was the height of folly and ignorance. A detachment of Marines, with one three-inch Navy landing gun, which we dropped into the Pei-Ho as a useless incumbrance, and one Colt automatic, the pet of the service, ordered to the relief of Tientsin, and, beyond that, of Peking!

Two days before, the Boxers had chased Admiral Seymour of the British Navy, with a force of three thousand Allied troops, within the walls of the foreign city of Tientsin. There, the best he could do was to hold out against the murderous fire from the adjoining walls of the native city.

We didn't know this when we started out — not that it would have made any difference if we had. Our orders were to relieve Tientsin. We had come from Cavite, in the Philippines, to do the job. Our force was absurdly small, but that wasn't the fault of the Marine Corps. Ignorance and folly had something to do with it, but perhaps more than that, jealousy and ill-will between two Admirals of the United States Navy.

In time the truth of this affair may be revealed. I, however, am not one of those "Now-it-can-be-told" historians — I spent too many years with the old Leathernecks, whose job, as the war posters had it, was to make history. What happened behind the firing line, at H-Qs, and aboard flagships, was not a Marine's business.

We landed at Tong-ku early on June 19, 1900, under the guns of the Allied fleet; immediately made up a work train, and pulled out, bound for Tientsin. Nothing had been heard from the interior in fifteen days; the wires were down, the railroad out of commission. An anxious world awaited news of the fate of foreign legations, missions, and concessions, in the capital and other cities.

We were to clear the line as we advanced, but if the repair work proved too heavy, to abandon the train and push on to Tientsin. Other troops, we were told, would follow as soon as landed, and would promptly overtake us.

We covered eighteen miles before a blown-up culvert ended our ride. Then in a column, headed by the Colt gun crew, we shoved on, along the railroad track. Occasionally we passed a cluster of deserted houses, or from a distant mud wall a shot would be fired, to warn us the country was aroused, and in no friendly mood.

Five miles had been made, when we approached a railroad bridge over the Pei-Ho, which swung a wide circle at this point, to cross our line at right angles. Facing the stream, on a sloping hillside commanding the bridge, was a fair sized Chinese village, gathered behind a mud wall. The village was strangely silent, apparently deserted. But we were not taking any chances — later on we learned by experience the strength of Chinese mud walls, Chinese armor-plate, we used to call them — and, since it was rapidly getting dark, our idea was to put the river between us and that village for the night.

We were sliding quietly by, and were within about four hundred yards of the bridge-head, when suddenly, as though at a given signal, a heavy fire burst upon us from both the flanking village and the sheltered banks of the river ahead. It was a well managed surprise attack, and if noise could have killed us, not a man would have survived, for the din was terrific.

One minute we were moving along in the silently gathering dusk; the next, we were in the midst of all China broken loose. Immediately our faithful Colt opened up ahead, to keep down the fire from the river bank, while we shifted our front to face the village, and threw ourselves prone behind the railroad embankment.

Shortly after taking position we sighted another column of troops circling the hill, to a point about a mile back along the railroad track; they were Allied troops, but before we could discover their nationality, the column was lost in darkness.

The Chinese made no attempt to rush our position, and with nightfall the heavy firing died down.

A short time later we were joined by the column, a detachment of Russians, numbering about four hundred. They were not, however, fresh troops from Tongku, but a bedraggled lot, half starved, exhausted, separated from Admiral Seymour's force. For two days they had been wandering, lost, and fighting constantly, in an effort to make their way back to the sea coast.

The Russians hooked up with our right, and quickly consumed all the provisions we could spare them. With four hundred more men we felt somewhat better about holding our advance. But the feeling didn't last long. The Russians heard of the work train, an S.O.S. depot, only five miles back. At midnight their Colonel, the ranking officer in our combined force, called our Major into conference.

It was a strange council-of-war the two officers held that night in the muffling darkness, squatting behind the embankment for protection from the intermittent hum and flick of Boxer bullets. They were merely two voices emerging out of the void of absolute blackness; still, from the voices it was possible to construct the men behind them: the Major, incisive, trim, hard-bitten, given to "snap" rather than intelligence, and judging all men by the standards by which one judged Marines; (witness the contempt coloring his voice in replying to the Colonel's less forceful expressions), but a good soldier of his type, alert for a fight, for the honor of it, and the chance to show what his Leathernecks could do. The Colonel, of more human material, elderly, suave, ambitious only, after years of Far Eastern service, for creature comforts, an unsoldierly figure in his loose white smock and cumbersome half-length boots, his voice amiably weary, but nevertheless tactfully determined.

The Russian suggested a withdrawal. His men had had enough fighting. Their ammunition was about finished; they were dispirited, hungry, exhausted. It was, he felt, not so necessary to hold this position in face of overpowering enemy forces. And behind them was all China in arms, mad with blood lust. In the morning it would be a massacre. A few thousand Boxers might be killed, but what was that to the millions ready to replace them?

And what was to be gained by fighting there to the last man? Not one of them would live to tell the tale. *Nom de Dieu*, he had lost enough men, and every one who had fallen, he had, with his own eyes, seen hacked to pieces by these bloodthirsty demons. He had seen, and his comrade, the valiant American Major, must be assured that it was not a pleasant sight. Not even a dead body would be left to tell the tale of their heroism.

The American Major was there under orders, and not to be frightened by tales of dead men. He could not retire in the face of what, so far, had been merely an enemy demonstration. The Russian Colonel was under no obligation to remain, if he felt otherwise. But the United States Marines would not retire without being forced to. He had every confidence in his men, and in their ability to check the enemy until the arrival of fresh troops promised by the Allied commanders.

Thereupon the Russian Colonel bade his valiant comrade-in-arms an affectionate farewell. He, personally, would see to it that the world was told of our heroism. He himself would be happy to die among such brave soldiers, but he had his own men to consider. The responsibility of a commander. He was desolated. But he must depart. And depart they did, those four hundred Russians, silently, under the cover of that black Oriental night.

The night itself, however, was not so silent. All through its hours the village was in an uproar. To an accompaniment of drums, of huge gongs, firecrackers, and the inhuman howling of the Boxers, the time dragged on.

The Chinese have a traditional theory of warfare that the enemy can be frightened to death. It probably originated in a warrior caste grown weary of the exertion of fighting. A brave and fatalistic people, certainly they were not afraid of death. Rather it was the business of killing the enemy, the physical energy involved in it, from which they shrank. So the warrior of old dressed himself in a fiendish costume and mask, made fantastic contortions, and the most harrowing noises possible, with the idea of frightening his foe from the field, and thus saving himself the necessity of coming to blows.

Some of this theory still clung to the Boxers. They would raise the most ungodly din in the village, and then come rushing forth, *en masse*, to see if we had been destroyed by the noise. Each time we were aroused, expecting an attack, only to have our sentries, with a few well directed shots, turn the mob, yelping back to shelter. At least every hour during the night this performance was repeated.

Morning found us keyed to a pitch of exasperation, of recklessness. Any thing, we felt, would be better than the constant threat, the suspense, though we knew the longer the attack held off, the better chance we had of being reinforced.

We were a cocky outfit. Still, looking at the number of Boxers surrounding us, we were willing to admit we could do with a few more men.

"Let 'em send us anything but hungry Roosians," a private called out, "an' we'll take the shootin' crackers away from them crazy Chinks."

"Tie 'em to their pig-tails."

"Save 'em for the Fourth of July."

The Boxers drew nearer about us, though still at a safe distance. Watching them was like looking at a crowd gathering at a county fair; they preserved no sort of order, but gathered in clusters here and there. In the midst of each cluster would usually be some grotesque figure haranguing them, like the barker before a sideshow, save that his hearers would answer with wild shouts, the brandishing of weapons, and a great waste of gunpowder. Occasionally a group would line up to march back and forth a few times, then suddenly break into a howling dancing horde.

It was a fiesta in celebration of death.

Still the attack held off.

We learned later the cause of this delay. The Boxer leaders were calling upon General Nieh to lead his Imperial troops against us.

Nieh was in a ticklish position: his men were Boxer in sympathy to the last man; he knew, as well as the Empress knew, when she ordered him to suppress the insurrection, that his troops were momentarily on the point of becoming "Fists of the Patriotic Union."

He hesitated to refuse the Boxer leaders. If aroused they could, at a word to his men, stampede his command, and toss his headless body into the midst of the fiesta outside.

On the other hand, to lead his men against us was no better choice. He knew something of the fighting qualities of the Marine Corps. Whether or not we were destroyed, there would be few left of his command, and those few swallowed up in the Boxer mob. Then, in her turn, the Empress Dowager could toss his headless body to the Allied commanders, as evidence of her good faith.

In either event he stood to lose a valuable head.

IT WAS, however, a situation to delight his Oriental mind. Long he thought upon it — hoping, meanwhile, that some turn of events outside would come to his aid — then, astutely, with flowery phrases, he worked his way out of the dilemma:

"To destroy this nest of foreign vipers, is an honor due the exalted members of the 'I Ho Ch'uan Society'," he said to the leaders. "I could not think of aspiring to so much felicity; my men are lowly soldiers, mortal and vulnerable; the foreign devils would kill great numbers of them, and exult in their destruction. But you, glorified patriots, are, as you say, invulnerable. Do you, therefore, in your omnipotent wrath and valor, exterminate these contemptible enemies, before they can rejoice in the death of a single son of Han."

It was beyond the cunning of the Boxer leaders to reply to this. They returned to their followers.

The sun by now was high overhead. Relentlessly it beat down upon us: there was no possible escape. The hard clay beneath closed its pores and reflected with added force to the heat rays. Not a breath of air stirred. At the slightest movement of our bodies against the earth, a cloud of dust, choking, blinding, enveloped us. The steel rail, our rifles, everything we touched, was blistering hot. Each shallow dug-out was an oven in which a man lay, roasting, basted in sweat, and seasoned with dust.

"TAKE a look at that big fellow, Sergeant." A young lieutenant from his scoop-out next to mine tossed over his field glasses. "Draw a sure bead on that hombre, or you'll never see your 'Dolores under the western palm' again."

At that time I was supposed to be one of the best shots in the Corps. At any rate I had made the Marine team, and had won a few prizes in the Philippines.

It was easy to spot the fellow he meant. He was directly in front of me, and in advance of his own men. Huge in every proportion, and one of the finest built creatures I have ever seen in my life, he was marshalling his men for the attack, whirling, leaping, dancing up and down the line of them, darting into their midst and flicking out hesitant warriors as easily as I might deal cards. All the time he kept brandishing over his head, waving it as one might a switch in one hand, an enormous two-handed sword. Further to mark him apart he wore a bright red bandolier across a white tunic. The long sash of the bandolier, the skirt of his tunic, and his extraordinarily long pigtail, stood out straight from his body as he whirled like a dancing Dervish.

Gradually he got his men in some semblance of order, and the whole line in a semi-circle about us, joined up to present a wall, four or five men deep, with here and there an open space.

"No snubbing, men," the officers called along the line. "You want penetration — make every bullet count for three."

At that the Boxers started. With wild howling and brandishing of arms, with their leaders in front, waving them on, they gradually got under way.

Their advance was slow at first; slowly, inexorably, they closed in upon us. With each step the wall encircling us became more solid, more ponderous.

As they drew in, they opened fire.

There was no movement on our side to distinguish us from the khaki colored earth. In his shallow oven, each man twitched tense, cursed impatiently, as he watched the slow oncoming. The seconds dragged into hours.

I know that to me those few minutes, during which we had to lie inactive and watch that Boxer wall crushing in upon us, seemed a lifetime.

The Boxers' pace increased.

Officers shrilled up and down the line:

"Steady, men, steady!"

"Wait for three hundred."

"Each shot has to count, boys."

"Hell's shootin'! three a shot — hell's shootin'!" I could hear Kinney repeating his litany.

"Drop the big Boxer, Sergeant," the lieutenant called.

The Mongol leader was dancing at the end of my rifle. As I closed down on him, the whole wall before us broke into an onrushing wave.

"Here they come!" the shout went up.

"Steady, men — hold it!"

No mistake — they were coming! Howling, leaping, discharging their guns, all in the same movement, they came rushing on with maniacal speed.

The frenzy, the headway, of that charge would carry them far. What chance had a handful of Marines against thousands? How could our few pounds of lead affect the onrush of this tremendous force, in three hundred yards stop an avalanche of as many hundred tons? By weight alone we should be ground into the dust of China.

Onward, in the forefront, leaped the big leader.

The scene before me faded out; I could see now only the white figure of the leader, momentarily growing larger, as he came charging on at top speed.

With this fading out of the scene, the mark at the end of the sharpshooter's rifle is magnified tenfold; at the distance the Boxer still was, I drew fine to the point of the breastbone, and, gauging his speed, waited for him to come within range.

The rat-a-tat of the Colt opened up on our right. Following, accenting its rhythm, came the nearer, sharper, crack of rifles. I heard them vaguely, my whole attention on my mark. By now our entire line was firing. My time had come.

Deliberately, calmly — and never

have I felt more confident of hitting a target — I pressed the trigger. I did it with the pride of an expert craftsman, sure of his skill, certain the result would be a job well done. I was prepared to nod with satisfaction, as I watched for the big fellow to crumple and fall.

There was not the slightest pause, the slightest change, in his movement.

Again I took careful aim. A bit to the left, at the heart, I fired. The Boxer shook himself slightly, it was more a shrug, a gesture of contempt. I watched him cover ten, twenty, yards, still he didn't fall. At thirty yards he was running even faster; I realized he had no intention of falling. He had been hit by a steel bullet at high velocity, but to him it was no more than the sting of an air rifle.

BY THIS time the Mongol warrier was within a hundred yards. He was still waving the two-handed sword overhead, whirling about, as he ran, exhorting his men, shouting at them in a voice I could hear above the rattle of rifle and machine gun.

Behind him the wall of his followers was wearing thin. But still they came with unabated fury, inspired by their leader's proof that a Boxer was invulnerable.

At that moment the whole battle became a personal one between me and their leader. So far he had done nothing to me, and I had, calmly, and beyond his reach, been trying to kill him; it was hardly a fair fight. But I didn't think about that then. I only realized that in a few paces he would be upon me, the two handed sword, the great bulk and might of him, and what chance would I have? What chance would any of us have with that horde of Boxers in hand to hand fighting? It was kill or be killed; but I don't suppose I then thought about that so reasonably.

The next shot I hurried. I was nervous; that fellow was beginning to get the best of me. I aimed higher, and missed him. The miss gave me a better grip on myself. There was no superhuman miracle about that leader; it was my fault — Christ! what a rotten shot!

I could see his face, the slit eyes, protruding, unnaturally round, the skin drawn taut over high cheek bones, the mouth, distorted, foam-fleck, the frenzy of battle hate — I saw the eyes, staring, wild — I fired.

It was an amazing macabre dance of death. He bounded, stiff legged, arms waving disjointed, loosely, the two-handed sword in a parabola hurtling through space, his face turned to the heavens in ghastly distortion, and with one last convulsive leap, he plunged forward to hit the earth about twenty paces from where I lay.

At his fall the Boxers, still some distance behind him, paused. An instant they stood, huddled together in swaying groups, shaking under the hail of bullets we poured as fast as our arms could work.

An instant — irresolute — and they turned, to flee in a mad race from death.

OUR losses were heavy; thirteen men, a tenth of our force, among them the whole Colt's crew, except the lieutenant, who alone had manned it to the last, his hands burned crisp, the skin in stripes on the red hot breech of the gun.

In the semi-circle before us death had struck as though with the curved blade of a huge sabre. A thousand bodies lay in mangled heaps, in patterned windrows, tortured splotches of color beneath the indifferent summer sun.

Kinney and I went forward to where the big Boxer lay. His body was rigid, stretched flat, the face, of pure Mongol, rather than Chinese, features, ground into the earth by the force of his fall. It took both of us, tugging, to roll him over.

"God, what a man!" exclaimed old Pie, forgetting for once his usual expletive. "A damn good thing you hit him between the eyes, Serge, or he'd be coming yet."

That final shot had gone true. But to judge from his wounds, he should have dropped at least two hundred yards earlier. There were five in all; each shot of mine had found its mark, and another stray shot. Each one of these should have been enough to stop him; they were all vital spots: two through the abdomen, two in the chest, one of them direct at the heart, and the fifth, the final head shot.

WE STOOD looking at the powerful body in amazement. Here was a warrior out of another age, a Mongol Chieftain worthy to rank among the famous warriors of his ancestor, Kublai Khan. A modern rifle had finally killed him, but the spirit of a valiant patriot had carried him close to denying death itself.

The Chieftain's body marked the high spot reached by the Boxers; behind him lay the serried ranks of his followers, silent, motionless. If there was a conscious one among them, he gave no cry of pain. But I doubt it. A Boxer fallen was a Boxer dead.

Twice again before sunset that day, the Boxers attempted to take our position. But without the inspiration of their big leader these attacks quickly wilted under fire.

With the coming of dusk they changed their tactics. Sheltered by the dead surrounding us, they began creeping forward. It was impossible to distinguish them from the fallen. We were about to be crushed by the weight of the slain.

STILL there was no sign of the promised reënforcements. Without help, exhausted as we were, we could not hold our line another night. When it became sufficiently dark, we began withdrawing. It meant abandoning our dead to the mutilations of the Boxers, but it was all we could do to carry our wounded, as we stumbled, feeling our way along the rails, through the black night.

We had a sharp fight to break through the Boxers' left, where they held the railroad track; and from that point on, we were six hours fighting our way back to the work-train. It was a constant rear guard action, in which we progressed like an inch worm, extending, then drawing up to extend again. About every half mile the Boxers would swoop down upon us, to be met by the death rattle of the faithful old Colt, while we opened up and drove them back.

In sight of the work train we came upon a battalion of British troops coming to our relief.

It was time; in thirty hours of constant fighting, we had had enough "hell's shootin'."

The Crisis in Cuba

BY THE RT. REV. H. R. HULSE, D.D.,
Bishop of Cuba

How the island for which we were to do so much when we freed it from Spanish rule was raised to prosperity under our tutelage, only to be dashed again into desperate destitution

WHEN Spain turned Cuba over to the United States in 1898, that Island was suffering painfully from the effects of a long and destructive war. Its factories were in ruins; its cities were hot-beds of disease; its fruit groves had been destroyed and its cane fields were overgrown with jungle. Its country population had been herded into the larger cities and there gathered into concentration camps. In these camps families had been separated and children deprived of the fostering care of their parents.

The story of how this hardy, intelligent and industrious people, inured to hardship and well acquainted with poverty and hunger, worked its way out of so wretched a condition is familiar to all. Under the guidance of men like General Wood and General Gorgas, cities were cleared of their accumulated filth; yellow fever was driven out; cane fields were replanted; commerce and industry encouraged; and the old laws of the Spanish régime revised and codified to give greater protection both to property and to labor. The railroad system was put in order and augmented; schools were established; and by 1902 President Don Tomás Estrada Palma took over the reins of government in a free and independent Cuba — that is, free and independent beyond the provisions of that famous Platt Amendment, which left certain highly important powers in the hands of the men at Washington, without, however, really interfering with the sovereignty of Cuba.

THAT Cuba has prospered in the thirty years since its first census in 1899, is indubitably true. Aside from the fortunes made by individuals, the proof lies in the fact that its population has more than doubled in the one generation — from a million and a half to three million and a half.

At the beginning of its independent career, Cuba was poor. Its inherited capital had been destroyed by war, but foreign capital was quick to recognize the possibilities in the rehabilitation of the Island. Investments from the outside poured in, especially from the United States, till today it is said that Americans have over $1,000,000,000 invested in Cuba. Although much American capital has been sunk beyond possibility of return, and although many corporations have been greatly overcapitalized, it is true that a large part of productive Cuban enterprises is still in the hands of Americans, as are the telephone system, the street car systems, the electric light plants and a large part of the railroad mileage. Much of the banking business, likewise, is carried on by American corporations.

Whether American investment in Cuba is a billion or less, it is sufficiently large to control the industries which furnish livelihood to the majority of the Cuban people. Furthermore, political, economic and social reasons make the tie between Cuba and the United States very strong. This is generally recognized in the Island. When the United States declared war on Germany, Cuba at once followed suit and placed her resources on the side of the United States.

Because the Allies urgently needed sugar, the United States requested Cuba to increase its capacity for the production of that commodity. This was done, and the product was turned over to the United States Sugar Commission, at the price which the Commission set, though it might have been sold in the open market for a much larger price.

Soon after the war was ended, that Commission went out of business, and the price of sugar soon rose to dizzy heights, only to drop rapidly as the sugar from the world was dumped on the New York market. This brought about in 1920 what is called in Cuba the "dance of the millions," when the price of sugar rose to such heights that speculation was encouraged, and then dropped suddenly, so that many people lost all that they had. This, the first set-back, was however felt more by the wealthy classes than by the workers of the Island, who soon recovered from its worst effects. The price of sugar, while it remained low, sufficed to give a modest profit and the production of the crop furnished employment to a large part of the population, at wages and salaries large enough to give them a living. This condition was reflected in increased activity in all lines of business.

In 1921, the United States imposed a considerable duty on Cuban sugar, which now amounts to more than the Cuban producer receives, so that for every pound of sugar produced in Cuba and sent to the United States, the United States Government collects more in taxes than goes to Cuba to pay for the labor, capital and management needed to produce the sugar.

In 1925 and 1926, partly because of this tariff and other similar tariffs imposed by European nations, the world began to produce more sugar than it needed. Cuba speedily felt the effects of the lower price. An attempt was first made to restrict the crop, but it was soon seen that Cuba was sacrificing itself for the benefit of other nations. The restricted crop meant less employment, less money to spend by workmen, and consequently less business. The trade of Cuba with the United States had been growing by leaps and bounds until, small Island that it is, it amounted to more than one-quarter of all of the trade of the United States with Latin America. But as the economic depression developed, it swiftly declined.

For the last two years conditions have been growing worse. Sugar is selling today at the lowest price it has reached in nearly thirty years. None of the sugar companies are paying dividends. The largest of them went into bankruptcy last year, and another has just defaulted on its bonds and is now being reorganized. Stockholders in the United States see their investments wiped out, and their dividends ended. Some bondholders have already suffered the same thing, and if the depression keeps on, others will soon follow.

While this reduction in income may be said to affect Americans only superficially, the consequences of the depression are far more serious in Cuba. There, it means that many people are on starvation wages; they have no work for eight months in the year; can not buy supplies nor pay their debts; and consequently, the business houses in the city either go into bankruptcy or close their doors. Their employees are thrown out of work and must tramp the streets looking for jobs.

A few years ago one of the Protestant Episcopal schools in a large town in the central part of Cuba had a very successful night session attended by clerks in the stores in the community. Two years ago this night session was given up, and I was informed by the teacher that there were no more clerks in town — the owners of the stores had discharged them all, having no money to pay their wages. Smaller towns, depending on sugar, felt this even more keenly. One that I know had three doctors a few years ago. When I went there last February I was told that they had all left because they could not make a living. There were more sick people than ever, but no fees were forthcoming.

Many of the mills stopped grinding sugar some time ago and now they have all ceased work. Most of their workmen have been paid in kind this year. The mills, not being able to borrow funds from the banks to pay their employees in money, have given them sufficient rice and beans to keep them alive. That support is shut off now that the mills have closed, and the men will have nothing for the next eight months. It is hard to see how they will keep alive.

In addition to these difficulties, the Congress of the United States has finally decided to raise yet higher the existing duty on sugar. The immediate result of this is not likely to affect seriously the price of Cuban sugar, though ultimately, as it encourages the importation of sugar from the Philippines, it will drive Cuban sugar out of its natural market. The sugar produced by the United States and its dependencies falls about three million tons short of supplying the demand in the United States, so that if Cuba were to go out of the business of raising sugar, the price would become prohibitive.

While the economic effect of its increased duty is more likely to be felt in the United States than in Cuba, the psychological effect on Cuba is great. The Cuban people feel that in time of distress an old friend has failed them, and this increased tariff is felt as though it were a slap in the face.

The Government of Cuba recognizes the difficulty of the situation and is doing what it can to help. It has borrowed money to finance public improvements. It is building a great central highway which will connect the two ends of the Island. While these public improvements furnish employment to many men, the laborers are only a small part of those who are out of work. Old taxes have been raised and new ones levied, but the income of the Government is lowered in spite of them, because the business that is being taxed is falling off. The Government is trying to reduce expenses. Salaries of officials have been reduced; those over $100 a month, fifteen per cent; those under $100 a month, ten per cent. But while this helps the Government to balance its budget and is a necessary economy, it is a great hardship, as salaries were not large at the beginning, and it reduces the purchasing power of the Island, so that it can buy still less from abroad.

The laboring people of Cuba are law-abiding and industrious; they are not given to rioting. There was a general strike in Havana in March to protest against conditions which the unions felt were unjust. Although it was generally observed to the extent of discontinuing street cars service, there was not the least disorder. However, there are limits to the capacity of any people to suffer protracted hunger. And poverty in Cuba with all its accustomed suffering, misery and sickness is on the increase.

In a strike, some time ago, I asked a man what he expected to gain by striking. "Well," he said, "I was starving anyway, and if I have to starve to death, I had better do it idle than working." That kind of desperation, even though it does not lead to violence, is not pleasant to contemplate.

It is sometimes asked, "If it is not profitable to raise sugar, why not raise something else in its place?" That is not so easy. Sugar cane is not replanted every year like corn or wheat. When it is harvested, the cane is cut close to the ground; it springs up from the roots, like grass, and is ready to be cut again the next year. Fields grow without replanting for from ten to twelve years. Moreover, the development of a plant for the production of cane sugar requires the investment of a large sum of money. It demands: a mill, costing several million dollars; cane cars, locomotives, railroad tracks, bulls and carts — all of which investment is useless for any other purpose.

And while Cuba can raise anything in its fertile fields — corn and potatoes, coffee and hennequin — it is ideally adapted to raising sugar cane. Its soil is good and the climate gives the cane plenty of rain in the hot growing season, with cooler, dryer weather later on, which is required to mature the cane.

It ought to be remembered that one reason why Cuba increased its capacity to produce sugar was that the Government of the United States requested it to do so, and Cuba is now suffering because of its compliance.

What can be done? That is very difficult to say. Cuba is suffering from a world-wide over-production of sugar. Other sugar producing countries are not at such a disadvantage because sugar is incidental to them, but it is the life blood of Cuba. One thing can be done, however, and that is to recognize the situation. Cuba is our nearest neighbor, our closest friend, our best customer. We are responsible, in a peculiar way, for its existence as an independent republic; we must not shut our eyes to its condition, nor treat it as though it were no concern of ours.

We have a two-fold responsibility for Cuba. There is the responsibility which a strong nation has for a weaker one which it has called into existence. And in addition to this, we have the responsibility of ownership. American investors control the corporations which furnish a livelihood to the majority of the Cuban people. It is true that few of them are making much from their investment at present, though, in times past, many have reaped fortunes. But that does not prevent those who own an industry from being responsible for the condition of those who are working for them. The owners and managers of the sugar mills are the most intelligent, the most capable and the most highly paid men in the Island. Their task certainly should be not only to run their mills as cheaply as possible, but also to find a way out of the present ruinous condition, so that the laborer, as well as the stockholder, may have a decent reward for what he has put into the common task.

The Government can do little beyond removing the artificial barriers it has placed on trade and stop encouraging the over-production of sugar. It is not really benefiting the American farmer to encourage him to engage in the production of an uneconomic crop that simply makes him depend more and more on the Government for a living. It is not a good thing to be engaged in a business which waits for its success on the action of the Congress of the United States. If the over-production which the American Government is encouraging can be stopped, all alike — the growers at home and abroad — will profit and our troubles will gradually come to an end.

From the lowest standpoint, it is poor business to drive one of our best customers into bankruptcy. Cuba wants to buy many things from the United States: automobiles from Michigan; canned milk from Wisconsin; hams from Nebraska; but she can not because the Cubans have no money. It is safe to say that Michigan loses far more from the decreased sale of automobiles than it gains through the development of its sugar industry.

The United States did much for Cuba thirty years ago. But we have about exhausted the credit which is due us for our unselfish action in the last generation, and it is time we did something to help in the present emergency.

Mint Tea and Couss-Couss

By Eleanor Hoffmann

Pleasant adventures enjoyed among the Moors by one who, in defiance of advice, travelled as a solitary merchant through the Moghreb

ALLAH is indeed great, and if Mohammed, who is his only Prophet, contrived with Allah to send me across the deserts and mountains of the Moghreb, known to the people of the North as Morocco, I shall praise henceforth his ninety-nine different and holy names.

Many weeks before I reached the shores of this land my ears were filled with tales of the cruelty and treachery of its people. To trust the Moors was madness — so said my friends — to travel among them without masculine protection an even greater madness, and to drive a car across their lonely country the greatest madness of all. Hearing these things, I decided to drive a car across the lonely country of the Moors and to see if my friends were right.

I went the way of the tourists from Casa south to Marrakesh and north again to Rabat and to Fez, but not, Allah be praised, in the manner of tourists, for I went among the people of these cities as a merchant among merchants. In the rush-covered bazaars of Marrakesh, I bought the rugs of the tribes of the Atlas, the loosely knotted ones of the Glaoua, the fringed and banded ones of the Aït Ouarain, and those with the long pile and the diamond patterns of the Beni Zemmour. I had not come to buy their rugs, only the less bulky handicraft of their country, their leathers and their silks and their jewels, but as I walked through the bazaars where the sellers of rugs were sitting cross-legged in their tiny dens, one called to me:

"Madame. *Arrouah; shouf.*" (Come; look.)

AND, of course, I came and looked at the Glaoua shaken out at my feet, and the merchant said: "Only five hundred francs, Madame."

And I answered: "*Yallah, Ya Sidi*, what a price! Do you take me for a dog of a tourist? I am a merchant like yourself, but I am buying no rugs." Whereupon he said: "Four hundred francs for you, Madame. *Shouf*, it is very ancient." And I saw by the little holes, and the softness of the colors and the silkiness of the wool that it had not been woven this season nor the last, but I shook my head and said: "*Lala.*" (No.) And he said: "How much, Madame?" And

I to quiet him and get away, for I had other things to buy, answered: "Seventy francs." That is scarcely three dollars and for three dollars I did not think that any merchant would part with his old soft-toned Glaoua. And he said: "By Allah, that is too little." And I replied: "Yes, it is too little, but it is all that I can give."

I STARTED to walk to the other side of the bazaar, for someone there was calling: "*Venez, Madame, arrouah; shouf.*" But before I had crossed there was the voice of the first merchant behind me saying: "Take it, Madame, it is yours." I returned to him and gave him the paltry seventy francs and sat with him while he showed me other rugs, and tea was brought for me full of green mint leaves, hot and sweet and fragrant. By the time the morning was over I had collected many rugs from him and from other merchants, and my rugs preceded me through the labyrinth of alleys, piled high on the little shaven heads of Mohammed and Abd el-Aziz, who between them did not number twenty years.

In the room of my hotel these rugs of mine, covering tables and scattered on the tiled floors, looked impressive. I tried not to think of what I should do with them when the day came for me to leave. When the day came, I summoned Abd ur-Rahman who brought my breakfast and made up my bed and washed the tiled floor, and Abd ur-Rahman summoned Ali, and Ali went back into the bazaars and returned with coarse bags and stout string and a needle that was half a meter in length and curved like a scimitar, and they rolled the rugs very tightly in pieces they had cut from the bags, pieces scarcely large enough to cover them. They then sewed them in with the string and the needle that was like a scimitar, and I sat there watching and wondering to myself whether the customs' officers of my country, when they had unpacked and looked suspiciously at my three dollar Glaouas, would know how to sew them up again as cunningly and as patiently as Abd ur-Rahman and Ali.

SO I bought rugs in Marrakesh and looked longingly at its leather and its crude silver jewelry and wondered whether I should buy these things there or wait, for before me lay Rabat and Meknès and Salé and above all Fez. There was Casa, too, where I had first set foot in the Moghreb, and where I again stopped *en route* to Rabat. It is best to see Casa before one has seen the other cities of this land, and it is best to watch Casa, not from the Café de la Roi Bière, edging the new city with its swift growth of tall buildings, but from the Café Zanzi-Bar with one's back to France and facing the old Casa Blanca — the *Dar el-Beidha* — with its low roofs, its all but naked water carriers, its camel caravans and its little stalls of bright green mint leaves, of oranges and — if it is April — of the wild flowers that carpet the fields. It was here that I spent the hours of the *apéritif* after spending my afternoons in the bazaar of Elkamar ben Abd Salom buying his tables of cedar inlaid with juniper and lemon and other fine woods, his *babouches* — canary yellow and pomegranate red — richly embroidered in gold and silver, and other things of such charm that choice was difficult. At intervals glasses of hot mint tea were brought on hand-hammered trays of brass from a nearby café, and the old white-bearded father of Elkamar and I drank in silence, for we had no common language.

THE last morning when Elkamar and I were working — I making lists of what I had bought of him, and he sewing with the skill of my friends Abd ur-Rahman and Ali of Marrakesh — he said to me: "You will come home with me at noon and eat *couss-couss*." But because I knew that at the far side of the city my friend was expecting me for lunch and that there was no way of reaching her by telephone from this side which seemed of the time of Haroun Al Raschid, I explained sorrowfully that it was impossible for me to come. When I returned in the afternoon, I found to my even greater sorrow that, due to my little Arabic and his little French, he had misunderstood me and had thought that I would come, and had ordered the *couss-couss* prepared with more than the usual number of chickens. And because there was more than the usual amount, he had sent back a bowl of it to the children, Ahmed and Kaddour, who ran his errands and guarded the shop in his absence and were learning the art of bargaining. And they invited me to sit with them and eat, which I did for a minute or so to please them and myself, picking up clumsily between thumb and forefinger the elusive grain and bits of chicken. Later in the afternoon Elkamar himself went with me to the post-office to help send off the merchandise I had bought of him and, because the bank was closed on that day, I had as yet not paid him one single sou, and I thought: "If an Arab can trust a Roumi, certainly the Roumi can trust the Arab." And when I came back next morning to pay him his thousand francs, he said: "I shall give you a card to one whom I call my brother in Rabat; he is not really my brother and you must bargain with him." With Elkamar I had not found it necessary to bargain and we had saved each other much time.

I CAME to Rabat through fields of purple iris, of scarlet poppies and blue statice, with fat cattle grazing, white ibis stalking among them, and the sea at times visible in the distance. At Rabat I put off the pleasure of buying until my second day, for the pleasure of seeing all there was to be seen. So on my first morning I had walked through the Street of the Little Souk and seen the slender flower vases hanging in the stores of the sellers of meat, and little else because of the mud underfoot in this roofed alley where there was no sun. And I turned a corner into the Rue des Consuls, which led into the Souk of the Charcoal Sellers which was, as the guidebook promised, lousy and picturesque; and into the Souk of the Dyers, lined with hanks of dripping wool — orange, vermilion, green and purple —; and into the Fondouk el Kyatine or the Tailors' Bazaar, where there were old rugs wrapped about the marble pillars of its patio and other tempting things to buy.

But I passed by these and hurried

on to the great ochre fortress that hangs over the sea and looks across to snow-white Salé, the fortress called the Kasbah of the Oudaïa, built by Abou Yakoub Yousef the Victorious eight hundred years ago before his illustrious dynasty was robbed of its power. In days gone by it had served as a training school for piracy, but now it housed all that was beautiful and best in the art of the old Moghreb and it was that which I had come to see.

While I was absorbed in these wonders an Arab came to me and said: "A friend from Casa wishes to see you in a nearby bazaar." Having no friend in Casa I followed out of curiosity this Arab who had little French. As we reached his bazaar there sat the old white-haired father of the merchant Elkamar ben Abd Salom, and I was ashamed to realize that I had said to myself I had no friend in Casa. When we had shaken hands and wished each other peace, the owner of the bazaar handed me his card which read: "Abd el-Krim ben Mukhtar Dinia. Merchant in Leather. Moderate Prices." It was he with whom I had been told it was necessary to bargain. How he found me so soon after my arrival Allah alone knows.

Aware that he had interrupted me in the midst of seeing the museum's treasures, he returned with me to show those things I had not seen, telling me that in his bazaar there were equals and better. When we had exhausted the patience of the guardian, he led me out across a terraced garden and through a wall hung with white jasmine and blue solanum, into a second garden edged with little tables and seats covered with the rush-mats of Salé. When we had chosen our table, Abd el-Krim clapped his hands and the *quahoudja* shuffled across in his flapping yellow *babouches* and brought us glasses of mint tea. All was still in this spot except for the clattering of the storks' bills in their nests along the high wall behind us. In front we looked out to sea and across the river to white Salé and on all sides of us was a riot of color where geraniums, red, pink and magenta, sprawled over the walls and climbed the low trunks of palm trees.

As time passed I conveyed ungraciously to Abd el-Krim that this was my only Friday in Rabat and that I wished, above all other things, to watch the Sultan and his attendants go from palace to mosque, as was the immemorial custom of the descendants of the Prophet at noon on the Holy Day of Reunion. So he left his bazaar in the hands of underlings and drove with me to the far end of the city. It was already noon when we arrived, yet there was no sign of true believers or Roumis to see the sight. On benches before the palace gates sat the viziers, fat and round in their snowy burnouses with pointed hoods, and they told us that that day the Sultan was in Fez. To offset my disappointment at the inhospitality of the Sultan towards me, Abd el-Krim conveyed to me in his meagre French that if I came to his bazaar at three that afternoon he could show me something that few Roumis ever saw.

By three I was in his bazaar. He pulled on the gray broadcloth burnous that served him for the street and, followed by the old father of my Casa friend, and by two other Moors, we set out through the narrow, twisting streets. And when I could no longer have found my way back to the outskirts of the city, we stopped in front of a great door, and the tallest Moor took from his pocket a heavy key, the length of a dagger, and opened the door, and we all entered; whereupon he closed the door and bolted it. And I found that I was in an empty house where the rugs were rolled up in the corners, and coverings were over the furniture, and with my little Arabic and their little French I learned that I was in the house of a Pasha, not the First Pasha, but the Second Pasha, and that the house was very new and richer in beauty than the Dar el-Makhzen or Palace of the Sultan itself, and that at present the Second Pasha and his harem were inhabiting their palace in Casa.

As we passed through the halls of this palace, music issued suddenly from a nearby room, savage drumming of tom-tom and the bitter sweetness of flutes and reed pipes, and I thought, "Perhaps I have been bewitched and this is Bagdad ten centuries ago." We passed on into the room from which the music was coming and there were no musicians, and I was sure that it was all a dream, with the glow of the soft colored light from the jeweled windows, the carved and painted arabesques, and the tall, draped merchants with their dark skins and silky black beards. The tallest of them looked at me and saw my amazement, and smiled and went to the wall and turned off the radio, because, he said, the Casa Blanca station would now stop playing the music of the East and the music of the West was not fitting in this palace.

I went on to Meknès, which the Spaniards call Mequinez, and which the Arabs call Meknassa ez Zitoun, or Meknès of the Olives, for it crowns a hill surrounded by other hills and these are covered with the blue green of agaves and the gray green of olive trees. Thence I passed on to Fez.

As I entered Fez through the Bab Seba, which is one gate among many, and was feeling my way slowly and anxiously with my foot on the brake because of the old men, the women, the children and the little asses that passed slowly and indifferently in front of me, I came into a great square with high walls and so filled with people that I was forced to turn a corner to find room to stop in this crowd that was evidently waiting, and to wait with them.

Suddenly it came to me that it was a week ago in Rabat at this same hour that I had waited in vain outside the palace of the Sultan; perhaps he had come again to Fez, and it was for him that the crowd was waiting. As I thought this, I heard the beat of tom-toms and the shrill piping of fifes and around the corner rode a vizier in white on a snowy stallion, whose saddle and saddle cloth were vermilion, bearing the green banner of the Shereefian Empire, and after him came the Black Guard, in blue baggy trousers and red coats and green turbans, and it was they who played the music and twirled their fifes in mid-air between measures. They were followed by seven stallions with brilliant velvet saddles and led by slaves, and then, on the whitest and most beautiful of all stallions under his crimson umbrella, the young Sultan himself.

At his coming there arose from the veiled women along the walls the shrill sound of their *you-yous* until he passed on, followed by more martial music with the deep throb of the war drums. As the crowd closed in behind and followed the descendant of the Prophet to prayer, I thought: "If I see nothing else in Fez, I shall praise Allah that he has let me see this."

The next morning, long before noon, I passed through the Bab Bou Jeloud, the great blue gate which is the entrance to the Rue Zekak el-Hadjer that leads to the Souk Nejarine where the bazaar of the Mahmoud Lamrani was situated. And on the Rue Zekak el-Hadjer I passed many other bazaars, and in one I saw yellow leather tooled in gold for which I had been looking everywhere and had as yet not found, and the merchant who was standing in the doorway said, "Enter, Madame, not to buy but to give pleasure to your eyes." I looked at all his things and soon beside me on the floor was laid a pile of leather and silks and brocades. Suddenly I saw that it was almost noon and so I said, not quite innocently: "I shall return later, but for the present I must go, for I have been invited to eat *couss-couss* at noon with a friend." He divined rightly that the "friend" was a merchant like himself, so he said: "This afternoon you will come and have tea with me. I have a very magnificent house." And I said "With pleasure," and went off to eat *couss-couss* with the noble Mahmoud Lamrani, for so his title of "Shereef" designated him.

And when I had met him at his bazaar we started out, I trotting like a dog behind his swift heels, up and down hill through the dark, crowded streets of Fez, and, after we had passed the sanctuary of the holy Moulay Idriss, at whose gates no Christian dare linger, and after we had passed the fourteen bronze gates of the mosque of Kairouine, I no longer could have retraced my steps, and I continued to follow Mahmoud Lamrani in the shadows of the streets, and continually I was flattening myself against a wall or bending back into the hollow of some small shop when the cry of "*Balek*" (Take care!) sounded in my ears and a mule with crimson saddle and haughty rider had the way cleared by the slave running at the stirrups, or when I encountered men who had on their heads trays of sweet-smelling bread, trays that all but touched both sides of the street. And finally my host and I came to an alley darker and narrower than all the rest, so dark, indeed, that I had to put a hand out against the moist wall to guide me, and avoided with difficulty the piles of rubbish underfoot. This alley ended in greater darkness than before, and for a moment I stood seeing nothing.

Then there was light, for my host had unlocked the door that led into his dwelling as bright and gay as the streets had been sombre, and one could see more of the blue sky above his courtyard than from all the streets of Fez together. Around this court were three high rooms, to the right, to the left and opposite the entrance. I was ushered into the room to the left. At each end was a great bed of brass topped by a crown, and along the wall between them ran a low divan covered with cushions of Fez embroidery. I took my place on the divan between the beds and was left alone by my host. On the other side of the courtyard, indifferent to my presence, the women of the household were going about their affairs. There was one who was old and imperious and she, I decided, was the mother-in-law. There was one who was young seated at a sewing machine ornamented with the hand of Fatima, and she, I decided, was a wife. Another sat on a cushion beside a pile of bright silk, and she I decided was a second wife. From the third room from which smells of cooking were beginning to issue, came and went women with darker skins, and these I decided were servants. And for a long time I sat and watched their feminine activity and thought how it contrasted with mine, for mine resembled that of the master of the house.

After I had waited a long time for the master of the house to return, he came and with him his white bearded father, and a Moor from his bazaar, and another Moor whom I did not know, and they sat beside me on the cushions, and the long embroidered curtains of the room across the court were pulled so that we could neither see nor be seen by the women. Then the servant brought a low, wooden table worn smooth by scrubbing, then a brass bowl and a brass pitcher, and poured water over our hands and handed us a bath towel to dry them with, and then gave us bath towels for our laps and placed before each of us a round loaf of bread, hot and sweet smelling. And my host took a knife and cut each loaf in four triangular pieces. When the servant returned again it was with a great brass platter under a tall pointed cover and inside was a stew of mutton and eggs yellow with saffron. And my host saying: "*Bismillah.* In the name of Allah!" took a piece of the hot bread and dipped it into the hot sauce and I did likewise and found it good, and then my host took with his thumb and forefingers a bit of the tender mutton and I did likewise and found it excessively hot, but gradually my fingers became accustomed to the heat, and I was eating greedily and thinking: "This is better than *couss-couss.*"

And when I had eaten twice the amount that it is my custom to eat at noon, and when my host could not persuade me to take more, the dish was removed and another put in its place, of the same size and shape, and under the tall cover of the second sat four chickens stewed with olives, and whenever my host or his friends came upon a morsel particularly tender it was passed to me until I could eat no longer. And that dish was removed, and a third put in its place, and under the cover of the third sat a fifth chicken in a nest of *couss-couss* and raisins and stewed orange peel. My hosts made balls of the loose soft grain and tossed them skillfully and gracefully into their mouths, and I tried to do likewise but my soft balls fell into a hundred fragments between my fingers and my mouth, so I said I was full and could eat no more, and that was the truth.

Then the servant came again with the water and the soap and the bath towel, and scrubbed the table and washed the floor about us. Then she brought the samovar and fresh mint leaves and the silver pitcher for the tea, the silver box which held the tea, the silver bowl with rough lumps of sugar; also crystal glasses which had come from China, and a great raffia dish with pointed cover which held the cakes of almond meal known as horns of gazelles. And we talked for a while as best we could, and I learned that this servant was a slave who had been bought secretly for two thousand francs, and that she was fed and clothed by my host but given no money. And because one does not ask an Oriental details about the women of his household I learned nothing about the others who were now eating what we had left them, behind the long embroidered curtains across the court. Then the slave brought a little boy of three who was the pride of his father and his grandfather, and the two other men, who were stretched out at ease among the pillows like pythons after swallowing goats, let the child crawl over them.

WHEN I had exhausted my Arabic and they their French, and when I felt that if I stayed another instant I, too, should be overwhelmed with sleep from all that I had eaten, I took my leave, and was escorted back through the crooked streets to the painted doors of Moulay Idriss, where I could get my bearings, and, after thanking my host most gratefully, I treacherously passed on to the bazaar in the Rue Zekak el-Hadjer belonging to El-Hadj Ahmed Roudias and finished spending my money. And when I had finished choosing among his silks and brocade and soft leathers, I followed behind him at a swift pace to his part of the city. And we passed through a street which was musical with the noise of the brass hammerers and came down to the river where the dyers dwelt with their great wools dripping into vats of rich color and where the tanners hung their soft skins of sheep and goat, stained green and black and blue and red and many other subtler colors. And we crossed the river and climbed another hill to that part of the city where the Moors of Spain took refuge in their exile and which still bears the name of "The Quarter of the Andalusians."

THE Hadj Ahmed Roudias had not boasted vainly when he said his house was magnificent. The carved plaster of his walls, the marble pillars of the court, the tiled fountain, the carved wooden railing, none of these things were surpassed in the house of the Second Pasha of Rabat. Here was no radio, but there were other luxuries; in the long bedroom where tea was served stood three tall grandfather clocks side by side. No women were in evidence, only the little slave who brought the tea and the gazelle horns and the embroidered napkins. While we drank, purple swallows swooped low over the blue tiles of the courtyard floor. When we had finished drinking we mounted to the top of the house to look on Fez and its flat white roofs, for this was a tall house high on the hill. The whiteness of the roofs was broken here and there by the lustrous green of the minarets of mosques and sanctuaries. On the outskirts of the city rose the massive *bordjes* and as far as one could see the distant hillsides were covered with the gray green of olive trees. In the top floor of his house my host pointed out empty rooms and said: "The house is too large for us; my brothers, my father and I built it five years ago, but we do not fill it." And I said half jokingly: "Some day, *insballah*, God willing, I shall return to Fez, and I shall come to you and ask for an unused room in your beautiful house, for to live the life of the Frank in your country is a dull thing and I learn neither your customs nor your language." He answered in all seriousness: "The room is yours when you return and may that be soon."

Too speedily, with a grief, whose greatness Allah alone can measure, I left this Moghreb, its bright flowers, its flat white cities and blue sky pierced by pale green minarets, and its tall, black-bearded merchants who looked so treacherous and fierce and were in reality so trustworthy and friendly. And I came to other lands to the Far North where I pass bazaar after bazaar and no merchant asks me to enter "to give pleasure to my eyes," and no merchant, if I should enter, would order me mint tea and invite me to feasts of *couss-couss*.

An Algerian Nightfall

By Jo Hartman

Amethyst heavens, vermilion-fringed; dusk glow.
  Drunken with brightness,
Stars flaring from space.
Desertward caravans,
Magic-drenched moonlight
Weaving through shadows like rich, tawny lace.
Hushed to a lute song the wind in the palm trees,
Sea voices sobbing
Their low, weird unrest . . .
And who was heedless of Allah at noonday
Hearing muezzins within his own breast!

Curse or Coincidence?

By P. W. Wilson

"King Tut's curse" leads one who considers himself a man of common sense to unearth an even stranger chapter of fate from Chronicles of the Occult

Here, in my study, I am sitting, this day like any other day. The frequent tinkle of the telephone delights the expectant ear. Along the parkway, automobiles are rumbling, and overhead, an airplane is whirring its way with bags of mail. Across the swing-bridge, a freight train is thundering interminable, and there is the distant clatter of an elevated. With sticks of dynamite, builders are blasting the rock nearby, and, the schools being on holiday, there are also boys on our block playing with the explosive. Above, below, and on every side superstitions are thus happily obliterated, and I thank my stars, including Professor Shapley's tenth planet, that I live in a Twentieth Century when, at last, the modern, the mechanical, the juvenile, has triumphed thus completely over the mysterious and the mystical. Long live our era of enlightenment!

Finding myself thus in tune with the finite, I turn to a litter of clippings from the newspapers which happen to be débris on my desk. Being a person occasionally methodical, it occurred to me that these cuttings might be dismissed to their appointed folders according to the regular routine.

Yet I hesitated. Fingering these scraps of what, after all, were only wood pulp, I was conscious that they radiated a peculiar fascination. As a man of common sense, I was ashamed of surrendering to it. Yet I could not deny that my curiosity was aroused.

In the land of Egypt, one day, certain excavators discovered the tomb of a king called Tutankhamen who died in his 'teens, and for the time being the sensations of archæology surpassed the thrills of aviation. It is true that there had been novelists like Rider Haggard and Marie Corelli who had suggested, in their romantic way, a certain misgiving over the investigation of these tombs. Indeed, there was the Egyptologist in France, Professor J. S. Mardrus, who declared outright that no good ever came of it. Over investigating a monarch in his mausoleum, King George himself was a little sensitive, but happily a spirit of true research prevailed.

The leader of the expedition, Lord Carnarvon, was among the most resourceful of noblemen. Even on Wall Street he had outwitted a notable financier. When, therefore, Carnarvon, immune to transatlantic millionaires, was bitten by a merely Egyptian mosquito, everybody made light of the matter. It had always taken more than a mosquito to worry Carnarvon. But Carnarvon took a turn for the worse.

Near Newbury there is a hill, notable in the landscape, where in the days of good Queen Bess they kindled a beacon to warn old England of the Spanish Armada. On that beacon Carnarvon himself had lit a patriotic blaze to celebrate the Armistice. Little did he think that it was to be, in a sense, his funeral pyre, and that, alone in his glory, he was to be buried on that Beacon Hill as the discoverer of the tomb of King Tutankhamen.

Lord Carnarvon had a half brother, a member of Parliament, also quite a wit, Colonel Aubrey Herbert. Naturally he visited the tomb and, just another coincidence, he fell ill and died.

THERE was a millionaire, with a name known throughout the world, George Jay Gould. He also did a little sight-seeing around the tomb and, a third coincidence, he died. Another man of means, Woolf Joel, yachting on the Nile, gratified his curiosity, examined the tomb, and became the fourth coincidence. The leading specialist, Sir Archibald Douglas Reid, was selected to apply x-rays to Tutankhamen's bones. But he died. The director of the Egyptian Section at the Louvre, Professor Georges Benedite, was enthusiastic over the tomb, and he died. Professor Lafleur of McGill University happened to be at Luxor and visited the tomb. At Luxor, he died. H. G. Evelyn-White, scholar and Egyptologist, left a letter with the words, "I knew there was a curse on me," and he committed suicide. M. Pasanova, who had helped to excavate, was another victim. The toll had reached nine, yet even so it was far from complete.

THE leader of the expedition was Howard Carter. His secretary had been the Hon. Richard Bethell, a man of forty-six years and therefore in the prime of life, an Etonian, also of Oxford and the Guards, eldest son and heir to Lord Westbury. He was the tenth who died. His aged father, crying that there was a Curse, threw himself from an upper window, and so became the eleventh. At his funeral, the hearse ran over a boy of eight years, and so killed the twelfth. At the British Museum, Edgar Steel, aged fifty-seven years, after handling certain of the relics from the tomb, was mentioned as the thirteenth.

We know that

> To every man upon this earth
> Death cometh soon or late.

But let us suppose that Admiral Byrd and Sir Hubert Wilkins were to arrange a joint expedition to some South Sea island, that the expedition were to be a brilliant success, but that two peers of the realm, a peer's brother-in-law, the heir to a peerage, two millionaires, and eight distinguished specialists, with a boy in the street, were, one by one, to die by illness, suicide, and accident; would not people begin to raise their eyebrows?

Historians tell us that the aristocrats of ancient Egypt were experts on immortality. They were most careful, therefore, to be buried, at once with the utmost splendor and the utmost secrecy. With such safeguards, indeed, the Egyptians did not rest satisfied. There was added what, in the language of the occult, is called a Curse. It was a Curse sometimes written on paper and buried with the dead. Anyway, it was a Curse levelled at anyone who at any time should be so impious as to disturb the sleeper and rob him of his possessions. Over every such tomb, so it was firmly believed, there brooded an unseen guardian, charged with the duty of enforcing the solemn imprecation.

The question is this, in what did this Curse consist? That the Egyptians were experts in embalming, in fragrant perfumes and in potent poisons, is demonstrated by overwhelming evidence. But the idea that all of these thirteen victims of the Tutankhamen Hoodoo were affected by such material influences, has to be dismissed. True, the grain taken from these tombs, if planted today in soil, is — though this is also denied — said to grow. In thousands of years, it may not have lost its vitality. True, the atmosphere in the tombs invites ventilation. True, the climate of Egypt can be exacting. But it was no poison, it was no heavy air, it was no African sun, it was no dust of the desert — to cite one instance — that knocked down a boy in the street and killed him. Others of the victims had the best of doctors, the best of nurses, the best of medicines, yet — it has to be repeated — they died.

What we have to consider, then, is not merely a kind of burglar alarm, devised by a priesthood to which magic was no more than a name for toxicology. It is of the essence of a Curse that, however it is fulfilled, it be itself no more than a word.

Doubtless, the early Victorians tried to kill curses with ridicule. Over the Jackdaw of Rheims, they laughed till their sides ached. The Cardinal Archbishop might fortify his curse with his candle, his bell and his book, but "nobody seemed a penny the worse," and even the Jackdaw which stole the episcopal ring only suffered a momentary moulting of the head feathers. But what about the curses where a good many people seem to be a good deal more than a penny the worse? It is the Last Laugh that wins, and they who jest at the Jackdaw discover sometimes to their cost that he is near kinsman to a more dreadful bird of omen. Of late years, not a few mourners have caught the chuckle of the Raven in the shadow and have cried with Edgar Allan Poe: "Take thy beak from out my heart and take thy form from off my door!"

Curses have a way of fulfilling themselves. In the minds of individuals and of the community they create a sense — call it a conclusion if you like — of destiny. Of the victims of King Tutankhamen, there were two who were driven to self-destruction by a dread of impending doom.

The evening has drawn on to darkness. Even the boys on holiday have betaken themselves at last to bed. I can not suppose that, within the limits of New York City, there are many owls. But it happens that one has his dwelling in an elm near our house, and this owl is hooting.

As the clock on my table ticks away the rapid minutes, I am overcome, as it were, by the miracle of time. Five thousand years ago, a youthful king in the land of Egypt fell ill and died. Amid wail of dirge and solemn dance and colorful pageantry, he was attended by shaven priests and borne to his sepulchre. Five thousand years ago and five thousand miles away! Yet here, amid the automobiles, the airplanes, the builders and their dynamite, and the boys on holiday, are clippings from the newspapers which suggest that, to people here and now, these obsequies have been, somehow or other, a matter of life and death.

Does the Curse of King Tutankhamen stand alone? I wonder. If we credit the Arabian proverb, we must believe that, in every generation and in every country,

> Curses are like young chickens
> And still come home to roost.

Discard these clippings that tell of King Tut. What else have we on this flat, glass-covered desk? A rare book from Scotland? Very rare, and it is only by courtesy of the Congressional Library that I am able to make use of it. It contains records, little known, indeed, to a new world, but on that account none the less authentic. Stuff and nonsense? The family concerned did not think so.

In the highlands of Ross and Cromarty, turbulent and romantic, there has been no clan more famous in history than the Mackenzies. From Mackenzie Bay in Canada to Mackenzie River in Australia, the name of that clan has become a household word, and what would *Who's Who* — what would the telephone book be — without it?

Illustrious among the Mackenzies has been the peerage of Seaforth. At the court of King Charles II, the third Earl of Seaforth was honored as a nobleman who had ever been loyal to the Stuart Dynasty. His Countess also belonged to the clan. She was Isabella, daughter of Sir John Mackenzie of Tarbat and a sister of the first Earl of Cromarty, about which names there is no element of myth. At this moment, a Mackenzie is Countess of Cromarty in her own right and her eldest son is Viscount Tarbat.

On business of state, King Charles II sent the Earl of Seaforth to Paris. The business was unaccountably prolonged. There at Brahan Castle, the feudal stronghold of the Seaforths in the north of Scotland, a Countess, proud, jealous, and affectionate, possessed her soul in impatience. For months her husband had been absent. For months she had not received from him one line of tidings.

Under these somewhat uncertain circumstances, the lady decided to consult an eminent specialist. She sent a messenger to Strathpeffer, and summoned a clansman of humble station but great repute, called

Coinneach Odhar, which being interpreted is Kenneth Mackenzie. The man came to Brahan Castle.

For years, he had been famous as a prophet. Peering through a hole in a white stone that he carried, he would display no little shrewdness in telling what was happening at a distance, what would happen in the future, and people would take down the predictions in writing. "English mares," said he, "with hempen bridles, shall be led round the back of Tomnahurich"; and in due course, fullrigged ships were in fact led through the Caledonian Canal. This Tomnahurich, he added, "will be under lock and key, and the Fairies secured therein." In due course, there was a cemetery, unique in situation, on the top of that Fairy Mountain. Many sayings of Kenneth Mackenzie are extant and in the Highlands there are Gaelic families that still wait and watch for further fulfilments.

THE Braham Seer, as he is called, was more feared than beloved. Through shams and deceits, his sharp tongue cut like a dirk, and, on one occasion, so it is reported, it was only his second sight that saved him from poison. It is with this reputation that he arrived at the Castle.

It happened that the Countess was surrounded by guests from the countryside. In full hearing of the company, she asked Kenneth Mackenzie to say whether the Earl was alive and where he was to be found. The Prophet, having looked through his white stone, burst into loud laughter.

"Fear not!" he cried, "Your lord is safe and sound, well and hearty, merry and happy."

Her suspicions aroused, the Countess demanded further particulars.

"Be satisfied," said Kenneth, with a return to gravity, "ask no questions. Let it suffice you to know that your lord is well and merry."

Pressed further, he confessed that the Earl was in a very magnificent room and far too agreeably employed at present to think of leaving Paris.

As the cross-examination continued, the Seer sharpened his sarcasms and, after entreaties, threats, and offers of money from the Countess, he astounded his audience with what, as he believed, had been revealed to him.

"AS YOU wish to know that which will make you unhappy," he said bitterly, "I must tell you the truth. My lord seems to have thought little of you, or of his children, or of his Highland home. I saw him in a gay gilded room, grandly decked out in velvets, with silks, and cloth of gold, and on his knees before a fair lady, his arm round her waist, and her hand pressed to his lips."

At the disclosure, the curiosity of the Countess turned to rage. Shamed before her guests, she accused Kenneth Mackenzie of defaming a mighty chieftain and declared that he must die. The wretched man endeavored to escape. But he was seized, accused of witchcraft, and carried to the Ness of Chanonry for summary execution.

At this interesting moment, who should appear at Brahan Castle but the Earl himself! What a greeting this — between him and his Countess! He hears at least a hint of what had happened. He leaps on his fastest horse. Unattended by one retainer, he gallops from the Castle. He rides that horse till it falls dead. Somehow he manages to reach the fatal promontory. There, before him, lies the sea. Above him, already there arises a black cloud of smoke. He is too late. In a barrel of flaming tar, Kenneth Mackenzie, bound hand and foot, has perished, and, for centuries, a slab of stone has marked the spot.

IT WILL be agreed that the victim of this awful vengeance, awaiting his doom, might have been in a mood not wholly out of touch with mystical realities. Of every weapon Kenneth Mackenzie had been deprived, except what they had consulted as prophecy and condemned as witchcraft. That weapon, at least, he was still free to use. For the last time, he looked through the round hole of the white stone. Then, he uttered what came to be known as the Doom of the Seaforths, and verbatim, the record is as follows:

> I see into the far future, and I read the doom of the race of my oppressor. The long-descended line of Seaforth will, ere many generations have passed, end in extinction and in sorrow. I see a chief, the last of his house, both deaf and dumb. He will be the father of four fair sons, all of whom he will follow to the tomb. He will live careworn and die mourning, knowing that the honors of his line are to be extinguished forever, and that no future chief of the Mackenzies shall bear rule at Brahan or in Kintail. After lamenting over the last and most promising of his sons, he himself shall sink into the grave, and the remnant of his possessions shall be inherited by a white-coiffed (or white-hooded) lassie from the East, and she is to kill her sister. And as a sign by which it may be known that these things are coming to pass, there shall be four great lairds in the days of the last deaf and dumb Seaforth — Gairloch, Chisholm, Grant, and Raasay — of whom one shall be buck-toothed, another hair-lipped, another half-witted, and the fourth a stammerer. Chiefs distinguished by these personal marks shall be the allies and neighbors of the last Seaforth; and when he looks around him and sees them, he may know that his sons are doomed to death, that his broad lands shall pass away to the stranger, and that his race shall come to an end.

In Lockhart's Life of Sir Walter Scott, it is stated positively that this prophecy had been in existence long before its fulfilment, and Scott was not only aware of it but watched its sequel with wondering regret.* Yet it would be difficult, surely, to devise a malediction more exacting than this in its clauses. Its fulfilment would have to depend on circumstances affecting at least a dozen persons, and the mathematical odds against the coincidences, so challenged, were indeed formidable.

It has to be confessed that, for more than a century, the fell fame of Kenneth Mackenzie as a prophet was somewhat discredited. He had died soon after the restoration of King Charles II in the year, 1660, and during the Jacobite rebellions it is very true that the Seaforths lost their titles. But there was no concatenation of events that could be identified as a fulfilment of the curse. Indeed, it seemed as if the curse had been definitely reduced to an impossibility.

But after long delay, there occurred a series of incidents that somewhat startled even the skeptics, if such there were, in Scotland. The facts are comparatively recent, fully recorded, and do not admit, apparently, of dispute.

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* Andrew Lang has expressed some doubt on this point.

Among the direct descendants of the third Earl of Seaforth and of the Countess who ordered the death of Kenneth Mackenzie, there was a boy, Francis Humberston Mackenzie. If anyone on this planet seemed to be beyond the range of the Curse, it was he.

FIRST, he was in possession of all his faculties. Then he was no more than the younger son of a collateral branch of the family. In any event, the title of Seaforth was already extinct. The Curse, so it was assumed, had been cancelled!

At his boarding school, one evening, Francis woke up with the nightmare. He had seen a witch, walking through the dormitory and, like Jael, the wife of Heber the Kenite, she had driven stakes into certain of the boys' heads. Francis was found to be in a high temperature. It was scarlet fever. Pass by the suggestion that the boys, honored specially by the witch, subsequently died. The point for us is that Francis himself emerged with hearing destroyed, and with impaired speech. In later years, he uttered scarcely a word. By the accident of an infectious disease, *a Mackenzie had become deaf and dumb.*

One by one, there were other Mackenzies who died, and an elder brother of Francis became chief of the clan. Then he died, and *Francis, though several lives removed from the succession, found himself master of the ancestral estates.*

Still, the title of Seaforth being extinct, he was no more than a Mackenzie. However, this detail was arranged by a grateful sovereign. For his public services, including the enrolment of the famous regiment called the Seaforth Highlanders, Mackenzie was created Baron Seaforth of Kintail. *Once more, there was a peerage in being.*

Seaforth married a lady called Mary Proby, a daughter of the Church and a niece of Lord Carysfoot. She brought him a fine family of ten children. If ever the succession to a title seemed to be safe, it was here. But it was noted that, of the children, six were girls; *the number of Seaforth's sons was thus four.*

One boy died in infancy. But there were three left. A second died and that left two. When a third died, Seaforth himself said that he did not expect the fourth to live. He was right. He followed his last son to the grave and was left without an heir. *Once more and finally, the peerage was extinguished.*

As for Seaforth's own condition, Scott describes it as "truly pitiable — all his fine faculties lost in paralytic imbecility."

Of the four lairds, *it was Gairloch who was bucktoothed, Chishom who was hairlipped, Grant who was half-witted, and Raasay who stammered.*

THE chieftainship of the clan passed to a very distant Mackenzie and was thus separated from the estates. These were inherited by Seaforth's eldest surviving daughter, Mary Frederica Elizabeth Mackenzie.

She was, of course, a Scottish lady. But in 1800, Seaforth had become Governor of Barbadoes. This office had brought him into touch with the British Navy and, in 1804, his daughter had been married to Sir Samuel Hood, Bart., K.B., Admiral of the West India Station — a husband older than herself. Just as Seaforth died, so did the Admiral, and *his young wife returned from the East wearing a widow's bonnet, white-coiffed and, as it was noticed, white-Hooded, for that was now her name.*

She married a second time, so alienating the estate, and much of the property was actually sold to Sir James Matheson, *thus passing to the stranger.*

The heiress shared her home with her younger sister, the Hon. Caroline Mackenzie. One day the ladies were thrown out of a pony carriage. Both were injured, but Mary recovered and Caroline died. It was noticed that Mary, once the white-Hooded lassie from the East, had been driving the pony, and that in this sense *she had killed her sister.*

What old Kenneth Mackenzie was thinking about it all, I don't know. But that, surely, was a series of events, as remarkable in every way as the sequel to the Tutankhamen superstition. At points of the drama, the actors were quite unconscious of what was to be the meaning of it all. Mackenzie, had he realized, would never have accepted a peerage. His daughter, had she realized, would never have married her middle-aged Admiral. But why continue?

The Ball no question makes of Ayes and Noes
But Here or There as strikes the Player goes;
And He that toss'd you down into the Field
He knows about it all — He knows — HE knows.

It was not merely a melancholic like Cowper who told us that —

. . . many a crime deemed innocent on earth
Is registered in Heaven; and these no doubt
Have each their record, with a curse annex'd.

Shakespeare also was one who dared to believe in all that has ever been included in life, however it be explained. He did not belittle Banquo's ghost. He did not ignore the Ides of March. As I sit, gloomily contemplating these clippings, sleepily pondering over this rare volume from the Congressional Library in Washington, I am conscious of the strange presence of one who, perhaps, was something of an expert on Curses. The Prince of Denmark is again on his midnight rounds and is looking over my shoulder as he mutters: *There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy.*

What Price Baby-Tending?

By Avis D. Carlson

Dismissing sentimentality, a modern woman seeks sounder values in motherhood

Not long ago a young woman watched me bathe a ten months old baby. At the end of the operation she asked, "What do civilized women get out of baby-tending, anyway? No sentimentalizing, please."

The question was startling for the very fact that it was seriously asked. Until recently women did not ask what they got out of baby-tending. They had babies and they tended them. Now that every mother's daughter knows that she probably can decide whether or not she will have anything to do with babies, she is disposed, if she is by nature a bit prudent, to throw a canny question mark in their direction. But the query was still more startling because it cut through so many soft swathings of sentiment and commonly accepted generalities, to ask bluntly for a new evaluation of the very oldest, most respectable "job for women."

I knew my questioner was thinking of the long years of training one spends getting ready for professional life; of the genuine interest many women feel for their work, which usually must be at least temporarily abandoned when they begin baby-tending; of their eagerness for travel, varied contacts, and the other good things of life which babies inevitably curtail. Thinking of that, she had watched me undress a wriggling creature intent on getting his hands on anything and everything within two feet from the dressing table; had seen me stoop to the tub and endeavor to scrub him off while he endeavored to put the wash-rag into his mouth and to splash all the water out of the tub. Then she had chuckled over the struggle to dry, powder and dress a body thrilling with a desire to bounce from a sitting up to a standing position and then down again. Fifteen minutes of routine chore and tussle that bath meant for me, with not a single necessity for more than the lowest type of cerebration.

Furthermore, my questioner had been around babies enough to observe that those fifteen minutes (thirty in my case, because my baby is twins) were only one small item in a typical day of baby-tending. Meals to prepare in the careful way pediatricians prescribe, naps to insist upon, squares to change and habit-building to carry on, "no's" to be said and enforced, laundry to be done or closely supervised, night-time tours of inspection to see that covers are right — a multitude of duties with which the qualities of mind which make for professional and business success and which are carefully built into women's make-up nowadays, have very little to do.

WHAT good, for instance, is the ability to drive rapidly and efficiently toward the completion of a set of examination papers or the solution of a marketing problem to a woman trying to teach a baby to drink from a cup, when he lacks both the muscular coördinations involved and the desire to stop making the engaging noises which can be made with a bit of liquid in a cup? And what mental or emotional exhilaration is to be found in buttoning and unbuttoning shoes every few hours all day?

Next year, to be sure, some of these duties will drop out of the picture, but new ones (question answering and more intensive inhibition building, for instance) will take their place. The third year the same story. Baby-tending lasts a good five years. And before that time is over another baby may have started one at the job all over again.

"What do women get out of it anyway to make it worth their while? Are there any values in it for the civilized, sophisticated type of woman?" Asked in that spirit, it is a brand new question.

The early feminists, militant or otherwise, might dispute every other point in the accepted view of the female place in the sun, but not one of them ever thought of asking if baby-tending is indeed the work through which women find their supreme self-realization. Their cry was not, "Do we get anything out of it?" but "Why may we not add other interests and vocations to it?" In general they were more social-minded than we, less given to inquiring of a proposed activity what it would mean to them as individuals.

But that is a question both inevitable and legitimate in a day when we are reëvaluating everything from romantic love to the jury system of trial, and doing it from the standpoint of the individual instead of the group. If there are no values to be had from baby-tending by the woman the modern world is building and idealizing as the finest of feminine types, moralists may storm and story-writers cajole, but baby-tending will naturally come to be turned over as many household duties are already delegated, either to more placid, less civilized women who lack the ability to do other work, or to highly specialized workers outside the home.

IN THE startled instant when I groped for something at least half-convincing to say for the way I was spending my energy, I realized that despite the quantity of paper and breath spent in rapturous encomiums, there has been said about the job next to nothing that would appeal to a modern miss who happens to be both ambitious and critical, who is not to be taken in by gush about "small pink toes" and "helpless little form."

She knows, if she has seen a few of us at it and heard us talk about it, that one can be deadly bored with cooking spinach and shaking sand out of shoes, manœuvring a sleepy child into the bed he invariably shuns, or even with answering the seven hundred and eleventh question of the day. It won't do to try to be sentimental with her about a job like that.

I don't blame her. Most of the values for which sentimental story writers and verse makers have cooed and glowed over the care of small children as a vocation are not essentially worthy of respect.

Part of them are purely sensuous. All the talk, for instance, about the thrill of hearing the "patter of little feet," smelling the "delicious sweetness of a baby freshly bathed," and feeling "a little head in the crook of one's elbow," or "the touch of a rose-petal skin," or "the clutch of a tiny aimless fist over one's thumb," or "a downy head nestling against one's neck"—all of that sort of thing sounds very poetic but is really an assertion that through the senses comes the good to be derived from the care of young children.

Now that is certainly putting the whole thing on a low basis. I am not so foolish as to suggest that the hoary old clichés represent phases of baby-care which do not exist. Sensuous pleasure of a high order is to be had from touching one's lips to a baby's skin or one's nose to a baby's neck — else why should it be such a task for the modern mother to keep people from partaking of these pleasures?

The trouble is, that kind of argument ignores the fact that for every one of these pleasant sensations the human infant provides a handful of the opposite kind. If his head cradled in one's elbow makes one's heart swell gladly, the dead weight of him which must be lifted from crib, table, tub, and floor, lifted and then lifted again, keeps one's arm and shoulder muscles always dully sore. If his skin is like a rose-petal it is also susceptible to measles and chicken-pox, scratches and grime. His feet may patter musically along the hall, but they can and do stamp wildly in dreadful tantrums. His gurgle and squeal may be entrancing, but no parent enjoys the cry which is faithfully set up at six each morning, no matter what adult preoccupation has kept one up until after midnight.

Most decidedly no one with a grain of sense would deliberately choose baby-tending as a vocation just for its sensuous delights. One is conscious of them, just as one stops to admire the bowl of pansies on one's desk and finger their velvety softness. But the value of any work worth the doing at that desk is not the opportunity to enjoy the pansies.

Most of the rest of the values usually advanced are not much more respectable, because the modern intelligence recognized them as ego-ticklers. Take the much vaunted "sense of the child's helplessness and utter dependence." The converse of that is, of course, the feeling of God-like power and responsibility which suffuses one's being so often during the first years of parenthood. It is deeply exciting to know that we are God to another creature. The ego expands and soars in something very like ecstasy. Because it is so delightful to play God, the temptation is to cling to the rôle long after it has any justification and to over-do it even while it is to some extent necessary. That way lies tyranny, the worst possible state for both child and parent. To feel too keenly the feebleness of the flame of life in its first stages is merely a neat way of augmenting our own importance in the universe. If that is a value to be had from baby-tending, I don't want it.

Hardly less respectable is the one enthusiastically urged upon the new parent, "It will be such fun to watch yourself repeated, to see your own traits and characteristics come out again." Undoubtedly there is a breathless interest in tracing one's own lineaments in the child. I even think there must be a sort of primitive pride in having successfully reproduced oneself, something of the feeling the family tabby seems to show when her nest of kittens is discovered.

But the joke-books are full of stories about the parent who is convinced that all his child's desirable qualities were inherited from him, whereas the undesirable have come from the other side of the house. That in itself is enough to arouse the suspicion that much of the resemblance-tracing is a pleasant little way of patting oneself on the head. While it is pleasant to say, "Ah, he loves music, just as I do," or "The very way John smiles!" I doubt if it is as important a value in baby-tending as it has been said to be. There are only a limited number of human traits and characteristics, and psychologists today are busy showing them to be not so much inherited as socially learned. And so I put the fun of saying, "He takes that from me" in the same class with the fun of cuddling a curly crop against one's shoulder: immensely pleasant, but not particularly valuable.

Another type of sentimental effusion, happily not now so common among fiction writers as it once was, glorifies the feeling that inasmuch as the parent has given life to the child, it is his in a peculiarly intimate sense, almost as his thumb is his to waggle at will. Thus all the child's antics and clever remarks reflect creditably on the parent, much as the tricks and good looks of his dog give him cause for pride. It is this pride of possession which is so mortified when baby misbehaves shockingly before company. His tantrum hurts us in the same way we are hurt when the radio whose perfection we have boasted takes to infernal squawking on the night when guests are present.

This pride of possession also makes mothers trick out their charges in frills absolutely incompatible with the child's native habitat of sandpiles and play yards. For many a mother the afternoon walk with a beruffled, meticulously groomed little figure beside her is the same kind of an experience that the Sunday afternoon promenade in her best get-up used to be in high school days. The smiles and admiring glances now cast at the little one give her the same sort of a glow that other smiles and admiring glances did.

A well-cared-for, bright looking child probably attracts more attention than any other creature in the universe. It is natural to swell with pride when people show their interest in him, to feel that because the tie between us is so close and he so clearly a newer edition of ourselves, he must be our possession.

But, as a matter of fact, he belongs only to himself, and the more we baby-tenders play with the notion of possession, the more trouble we are laying up for ourselves — and for the child, who can receive from it only a handsome training in the art of showing off and a possible emotional fixation which will make life one long unhappiness for him.

Like most ego-ticklers, this one has an enormous recoil. It isn't a value that any sensible person would seek to cultivate. Instead of thinking too much about the tie which binds the child to us, we had far better be saying to ourselves, "Here is a little person with a varied, complex life of his own, sure to grow more complex with time. I am only his most important teacher."

Having come so far, I am conscious of stern eyes upon me. "Well, then," they ask, "is anything left?"

A number of things, I think.

In the first place, the modern woman finds in a baby anything but an easy bridge to withdrawal from personal ambition, that attitude which says with a little sigh of relief, "Now, I needn't keep plugging along trying to get some place. I'll just give myself to Dickie, and then he'll do for me the things I thought I wanted to do."

Plenty of fathers as well as mothers have taken this easy way out of the ache that comes with realizing that outstanding or even ordinary success demands more than one has to give or wishes to give. The relinquishment of keen personal ambition and building of a defense mechanism in the belief that Dickie and Mary Lou will go on to achieve the marvellous deeds we aspired to do have gone on from time immemorial. To a certain extent they will always go on.

But economic pressures combined with mounting standards of living are creating a new attitude in the woman conscious of her earning power. Babies are so frightfully expensive. Much has been written and said recently about the initial cost, but that is the smallest item in the whole expensive game.

Every single one of the regular household bills leaps upward — food, help, fuel, light, department stores, every one of them. The essentials of nursery equipment run into money. For thousands of couples the coming of the first baby means moving into larger quarters, really the setting up of an establishment for the first time. And on top of all that, the new parents usually feel that they must take added insurance and begin upon a systematic savings plan to provide for the college bills to come pouring in by and by.

Now, no baby-tender ever went through her daily routine without determining to get for her charge every advantage and opportunity humanly possible. If economic pressure is as stiff in her household as in most American households, the coming of the baby, far from being an easy way to slip out of the fray, is a new prod toward activity. Once she has got back her strength and emotional equilibrium, she will do five times as much work as ever she was able to do, and in the good old Yankee phrase "manage" five times as well, because she has an incentive with more driving power than any she has ever known.

A SECOND value is the abiding sense that one is engaged in creative work. The canvas is broad and no dead-lines mark the day it must be completed, but I do not see how any woman with imagination can keep from feeling that she is creating something. Basically it is "the stubborn will of animal tissue to live and mature" which is causing the daily and weekly changes I note with pride, but I know also that my faithfulness in holding to a routine, my care that food is right, and my protection from exposure to infections, *my tending*, if you please, are helping to make the children's physical development take the course I desire.

It is the same way with their mental development. Forces over which I have no control will leave their impress. Natural bents will assert themselves. But no one will deny that because I am to be the children's closest associate during their first six years, I can have more to do with the shaping of their minds than any other person ever can. There is something steadying and inspiring in the thought.

Outside the arts, I think there is no occupation to be compared with baby-tending as creative activity. If any one is disposed to smile at me and inquire what creative energy is required for the five hundredth recitation of the adventures of Peter Rabbit, I can retort by asking what the finger exercises Beethoven must have run thousands on thousands of times have to do with the Fifth Symphony. The details which make up creation are never very inspiring. It is the sense of the whole which keeps one going.

Moreover, no other creative work is so free from strain, once one has learned the routine and become accustomed to it. The very fact that it is all on such a long-time basis, with no mistake except the catastrophic one which ends in death irreparably made, gives one a chance for poise and spiritual conservation that many other types of creative work do not offer.

A THIRD value is a sense of being linked to the future. As I work with the babies, I find myself thinking again and again, "I am getting them ready for 1940 and '50 and '60." I have always expected to live through those decades myself, but until the last year I never felt any practical necessity for trying to visualize the changes that will come before and during those years. My own living has been in the present with only vague attempts to foreknow and foretaste the future. But now I must think of the future as clearly as it is in me to think.

Not long ago I heard a lecturer say to a group of teachers, "We are educating for 1950." Lecturers are given to saying that. I must have heard the sentence many times in the years I was teaching, but for the first time every nerve in my body came to attention as I waited for his suggestions about that education. I have now a big stake in the second half of the Twentieth Century and hence all at once I feel that I belong to it. If I am lucky I may live to feel the same vital, immediate concern with the first quarter of the twenty-first, through helping my daughter and daughter-in-law with their baby-tending. My school days gave me several centuries of the past; my babies are giving me almost a full century of the future.

WHICH brings me to another value. In this day of youth and expressionism cults and mechanistic psychology I almost hesitate to mention it, for fear it may smack of the Middle Ages. But since it undoubtedly exists and since it honestly seems to me a valuable experience, I make bold to name it, self-discipline.

Parents hear a lot about discipline, and they talk even more about it, always giving the impression that it is the child who is being disciplined. Nonsense. The child gets enough of it, no doubt, and better ways of giving it to him are constantly being evolved, but the baby-tender's biggest disciplinary undertaking is always with herself. A year ago a friend whose saucy mind and emotional unrestraint I had always enjoyed wrote me, "This little lady of mine is making me take to the harness, I can tell you." At the time I smiled at the notion, but I am beginning to understand.

Little human beings are like big ones in their contrariness. To get them to do as we want, we must be unfailingly diplomatic for about twelve hours out of the day. Now, diplomacy has not been a quality very carefully cultivated in the women of my generation. We are more accustomed to charging full-tilt, trusting to our wit or charm or impudence or what not to win our purpose. That way works pretty well with American men, who are used to it, but it does not go with babies.

Of course some people deny that this is a good thing for us. "How can we express ourselves," they ask fiercely, "if we must be always inhibiting ourselves? Are you arguing for the old-fashioned mother who made herself a doormat, always mild, always patient — well, the kind of a mother who is celebrated in the 'popular hits'?" Of course not. That kind of a baby-tender may have sentimental songs dedicated to her, but she never managed to win her children's respect, much less to influence their behavior.

I MEAN the deliberate self-discipline that allows us to use our intelligence instead of being fuddled by every stray impulse, the kind that keeps our wits free for the work they ought to be doing and thus gives us some slight chance at getting what we want from and for the child. Unless we have a definitely formulated programme in view, self-discipline may be mere self-immolation, always a barren and stupid gesture. If we have the mechanistic conception of life as something we are pushed and hauled through, then this effort at self-control is not only futile but cruel.

But if we think of life as something over which we have a degree of control, of our own personality as something we may build according to a pattern of something like our own choosing, that is, if life has some of the qualities of an art, then the tendency of some moderns to rule out self-discipline is utterly silly. It is a good thing for a generation of baby-tenders who have kicked up their heels at their own sweet whim to have to take to the harness.

THE last value which I shall mention is the hardest of all to get into words, because it is the most intangible. It is the sense of maturity which comes with knowing that one belongs to the great biologic stream of adults fostering the young.

Young women today are thoroughgoing individualists. They have been schooled to apply their energy to the carrying out of their own projects. They have been trained out of the habit of thinking of themselves as belonging to the race. Or perhaps they have only not been trained into racial consciousness. Perhaps it is merely the way of youth. But in any case, I think the spirit carries deep down in its centres a restlessness, a kind of nostalgia for the race. Undoubtedly a personality is the precious high spot in evolution. But individualism is loneness, and the keenest individualist has moments of wanting to be resolved back into the race.

We never think of ourselves as belonging to the race until our first love affair overwhelms us. Before that we think of people only as the persons we know, respecting some, disdaining others. We simply lack a concept of humanity. It is doubtful if we should ever have it without that primal experience.

The job of baby-tending carries with it an emotional uprush quite as tremendous as first love. That in itself is a valuable experience, as writers have always been pointing out. What has not so often been said is that baby-tending, like first love, resolves one into the race, gives at least temporary relief from the importunities of the self. It is profoundly satisfying to feel oneself part of the long, long stream of adults caring for the young.

The modern woman is an individualist and no doubt will always be. All the more valuable then is the experience of belonging for a time to something vastly larger and more important than ourselves, and of knowing that we have finally reached adulthood because it is now our turn to help initiate a new generation into some of the intricacies of life.

I AM aware that if "sentimental" is defined merely as emphasizing feeling rather than reason, I have failed to obey the direction, "No sentimentalizing, please." But at least the values I have set forth attempt to render unto reason reason's dues and to maintain some kind of decent emotional detachment. I am aware, too, that what I have called values may not seem valuable to every one. A woman not yet through with girlhood might, when she found herself in the rôle of baby-tender, resent every one of them instead of cherishing them as values.

But for the type of woman I have been describing, they are, I do believe, what is to be had from the occupation which provides more monotony and more change, more boredom and more thrills, more ecstasies and more anxieties than any other. If they are not values such a woman covets for herself, she should think long before she lets herself in for a five years' turn at baby-tending.

The Great Word War

By Louise Maunsell Field

Those who don't understand or care what this row over Humanism is all about will understand a little more, care a little less, and hugely enjoy themselves, reading the following dispatch from the front

The World War is over, though reverberations still linger. The new Word War is not merely going strong, but is daily going stronger. Literary gentlemen are busily engaged in throwing rocks and bombs and hand-grenades and letting loose any amount of heavy artillery of ink and paper.

If epithets could kill, the carnage would be simply frightful. Since they can't, the supposedly demolished antagonists leap up gaily, in no way abashed, and organize counter-attacks as swiftly and frequently as editors will allow. Through all the shrill shrieking of the mêlée, the words "Humanist" and "Anti-Humanist" come forth like battle cries. Allen Tate, writing in *Hound and Horn*, objects to the New Humanism in the name of religion; whereupon Robert W. Shafer utilizes the pages of the New Humanists' special organ, *The Bookman*, to call Mr. Tate a contemptible creature possessed of "self-confident readiness in the art of misrepresentation." Irving Babbitt, Professor of French Literature at Harvard since 1912, whose special subject is the errors of Rousseau and his disciples, courteously remarks that the effect of H. L. Mencken's writing is "nearer to intellectual vaudeville than to serious criticism," and Mr. Mencken makes no less courteous response that the New Humanism is "a somewhat sickly and shamefaced Christian mysticism," composed, one gathers, principally of "blather"; while C. Hartley Grattan goes so far as to accuse the New Humanists of being "skilled practitioners of the literary racket."

In magazines and weeklies and even in daily newspapers the battle rages. Universities sit up and take notice. Even denizens of scientific laboratories are becoming aware of the advancing barrage. Mr. Average Citizen, most of whose attention is customarily given to an earnest pursuit of the elusive wherewithal to satisfy rent and radio, butcher and bootlegger, has suddenly realized that a new and, amazing to relate, fundamentally philosophical discussion is lending acerbity to his magazines, ensnaring his favorite columnist, and even challenging the preëminence of the Wet-or-Dry debate in his pet newspaper. His surprise and confusion increase when he discovers that in this age, when "academic" is a term of reproach and youth is worshipped beyond the verge of idolatry, the two men whom the Humanists proclaim as leaders and adore as demi-gods, Irving Babbitt and Paul Elmer More, are university professors well over sixty.

NOR is this all. With the machine-gun fire of literary critics rattling in his ears, Mr. Average Citizen suddenly hears the exploding of bombs in a somewhat different direction. Dr. Charles Francis Potter, one-time Baptist and later Unitarian clergyman, launches what he calls the Humanist Society, crowds Steinway Hall in New York at a first meeting, turning away more than four hundred would-be hearers while other ministers are bewailing empty benches, and moves to larger quarters the following Sunday, when he addresses two meetings at which hundreds more are unable to find even standing-room. Forthwith, Rabbi Israel Goldstein, Dr. W. Russell Bowie, of Grace Episcopal Church, Dr. Don O. Shelton, speaking at the National Bible Institute, and various others denounce Humanism and the Humanist Society, in terms varying from polite disagreement to accusations of attempting "to foist on the world the sins and horrors of ancient heathenism."

Thus the battle rages from press to pulpit, from rostrum to magazine. All other dissensions are forgotten. Freudism is ignored. Behaviorism is forced into a back seat. Humanists proclaim that in literary criticism of their own particular brand lies the hope of the world! It wouldn't be at all surprising if the next Congressional elections turned on Humanism, with perhaps a Humanistic Congress presently prohibiting all but Humanistic literature. Seward Collins, who owns and amuses himself by editing *The Bookman*, predicts that soon "there will be some highly talented literary critics pounding the pavement," simply and solely because, though they may be talented, they are not Humanistic. And think of the enthusiasm with which the public will absorb the forbidden literature, and the fortunes that will be made by those who bootleg the productions of, for instance, Sinclair Lewis, H. L. Mencken, or Aldous Huxley!

THE future possibilities are delightful; the present assaults fast and furious. No quarter is asked or given. Mr. Average Citizen, while enjoying the row, is too puzzled by the conflicting denials and accusations to be quite sure who is fighting whom, and why. Although it is perilous in the extreme for any war correspondents to venture into the battle area, let us, as humbly, unobtrusively, and peaceably as we may, try to discover what all the shooting's about.

The term Humanist is of old and respectable ancestry, dating back, as Walter Lippman of *A Preface To Morals* reminds us, some five hundred years or more; those who are today battling on the literary field are perhaps best distinguished as "the New Humanists." While some of these have long been busily propagating their doctrines, the tumult and the shouting would seem to have begun quite recently, the first shot in the present warfare having been fired in January, 1928, by Paul Elmer More, ex-teacher of Sanskrit, ex-literary editor, ex-editor of *The Nation,* now dwelling in the retirement of Princeton. His article mentioned a little group of critics who, "with full knowledge of what has been thought and done in the past, are trying to lay the foundations of a New Humanism for the present. Of these, the outstanding figure is Irving Babbitt, of Harvard, perhaps the most powerful intellect, as he is certainly the most virile figure, in the whole realm of criticism and scholarship." In this same paper, Mr. More lamented that at present "the critical ideas of the immature and ignorant are formed by brawling vulgarians like H. L. Mencken."

The moment was propitious. Volunteers rushed forward, scenting possibilities of publicity and profit. Writers of every degree sharpened up their pencils. Typewriters were called into action. The battle was on! Since that hour there have been published more than twenty-five Humanistic books, and two or three times that number of articles dealing with Humanism, pro and con. At a modest computation, therefore, between two and three millions of words concerning the Humanists and their rather unorganized opponents have been written during the last two years, to the profit of the ink and paper manufacturers, if no others.

But before the fight between the strictly literary opponents could get fairly under way, Dr. Charles Francis Potter complicated matters by starting that other Humanist movement which Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick of the Rockefeller Baptist Church has described as "Religion without God." This especial deviation seems greatly to have annoyed the Anglo-Catholic Paul Elmer More, who recently made acidulous remarks about Dr. Potter's "saccharine simplicity," and upbraided "the muddle-headed critics" who confounded his doctrine with that genuine Humanism, pure and undefiled, of which Messrs. Babbitt and More are the High Priests and the Prophets.

This Babbitt-and-More, simon-pure Humanism is, it seems, about to do some exceedingly startling things to the world we live in. William Carlos Williams, M. D., critic and imagist poet, author of *Kora In Hell* and other volumes, has informed the universe that: "The greatest work of the Twentieth Century will be that of those who are placing literature on a plane superior to philosophy and science. Present-day despairs of life are bred of the past triumphs of these latter." While science and philosophy were still reeling from this cruel blow, there appeared a volume of essays entitled *Humanism in America*, which is, we are told, the manifesto of the embattled Humanists.

In its opening article Louis Trenchard More, physicist and brother of Paul Elmer More, tells science, to use the vernacular, precisely where she gets off. Psychology and sociology, he insists, are mere pseudo-sciences. "The scientist should follow in his investigations the phenomena of the objective world only until their special forms of energy are absorbed by the nervous system. It is the province of the Humanist to study the phenomena of the subjective world after these stimuli have been translated into thought and sensation." Not content with thus throwing psychology and psycho-therapy, sociology and psychiatry out of the window, Louis T. More turns his attention to physics, and remarks that "Whitehead, Eddington, Einstein, have pictured a phantasmagoria, instead of a real world, as non-sensical as the hallucinations of the mediæval monk driven mad by the fevers of asceticism."

HAVING recaptured our breath after thus summarily disposing of a considerable portion of modern science, we turn to the next article, one by Irving Babbitt, who informs us that moderation and restraint are a most important part of the Humanist doctrine, and then proceeds to assure us that Humanism will soon concern itself with reforming education, since "if the Humanistic goal is to be achieved, if the adult is to like and dislike the right things" (which means, presumably, what Messrs. Babbitt and More regard as the right things), "he must be trained in the appropriate habits almost from infancy." Our educational policies of today, it appears, are "being controlled by Humanitarians," who "proclaim the gospel of service," a gospel the true Humanist repudiates and abhors, austerely denying himself the indulgence of bothering about anyone but himself. Exit modern education.

All this in only two essays! And there are others in the volume; several others, one of which declares that "the teacher of literature may well turn out, in the end, to be the sole means by which society and literature can be raised from their present depression." In professors and literary critics is salvation to be found.

IN TRUTH, the sacrosanctity of Messrs. Babbitt and More seems to be the first article of the Humanist creed, as the second is hatred of H. L. Mencken, and the third an abhorrence of the great English essayist and champion of Darwinism, Thomas Henry Huxley, an abhorrence so great among the Humanists that they have apparently been unable to bring themselves even to read his books. G. R. Elliott, author of *The Cycle of Modern Poetry: A series of Essays toward Clearing our Present Poetic Dilemma* (some title!), after declaring that the Twentieth Century has already "succeeded in making itself a triumphant bore," and that "we gentle readers are bored with nature, inner and outer" (alas, poor nature!), waxes enthusiastic over Mr. More: "We must go to Milton's prose works to match the analytic power, the wealth of investigation and the solidity of statement that appear in More's *Greek Tradition*." Yet even these remarks seem mild when compared with a statement in a recent number of *The Bookman*, whose owner-editor informs us with youthful, not to say juvenile, fervor that Messrs. Babbitt and More excel "the great critical intelligences of the past century and a half in wisdom and insight," since "Even Goethe, even Emerson, even Arnold, even Sainte-Beuve, were caught in the conflicting currents of their time and were unable to win through to the deeper insight," as the above-named gentlemen have done. And as if that were not sufficient, "they have in their work destroyed the modern world," which strangely enough seems, poor dear, to be quite unaware of the fact.

MODERNISM, it thus appears, has received its death blow. Much of the science, all of the criticism, save of course the Humanists' own, practically the entire output of fiction, most of the philosophies of life, and a few other once cherished possessions of the Twentieth Century, are to be thrown on the scrap heap. It does seem rather a large order, but since salvation is to be found only by obeying the New Humanists, obey we must. "They have concluded that the modern world has gone wrong on first principles. . . . They saw also that the unbridled arrogance of science and the unbridled dreaming born of romanticism had united to form the most conceited and pernicious notion evolved by man; the idea of progress." Instead of going forward we must imitate the admirable crab by going backward. Gorham S. Munson, a critic exclusively and all the time, who though not of the sacred inner circle and mutual admiration society is yet an ally of the New Humanists, writes in his recent book, *Style and Form in American Prose*, that for really great literature we must turn to Pythagoras, Lao-tze, the authors of the Bhagavad-Gita, and "the author of the Egyptian *Book of the Dead.*" (According to Dr. Budge, who translated it, *The Book of the Dead* was in process of being written during a period of some three thousand years. Its "author" must have attained considerable longevity.)

But what really is Humanism, apart from reverence for Messrs. Babbitt and More and the "author" of *The Book of the Dead?* Professor Babbitt's own exposition should be official. First he declares that "'Nothing too much' is indeed the central maxim of all genuine Humanists." Nevertheless, "One should not be moderate in dealing with error;" error, of course, being any disagreement with the views of Prof. Babbitt. He goes on to inform us that "Humanism differs from religion in putting at the basis of the pattern it sets up, not man's divinity, but the something in his nature that sets him apart from other animals;" that something being the sense of decorum.

THIS desirable decorum is to be achieved "by the exercise of the higher will" in checking the natural or animal part of the dual constitution of man, the higher will itself being something which "must simply be accepted as a mystery that may be studied in its practical effects, but that, in its ultimate nature, is incapable of formulation . . . one may define it as the higher immediacy that is known in its relation to the lower immediacy . . . as a power of vital control." If this seems not perfectly clear to all readers, we must refer them to Seward Collins, who insists that properly to present the case for Humanism would entail "copying the score of closely reasoned and closely written volumes in which for a quarter of a century the proof has been packed," by Messrs. Babbitt and More. To understand the New Humanism, then, one must read a dozen volumes of More's *Shelburne Essays* and his five on *The Greek Tradition*, to say nothing of half a dozen other books largely concerned with French criticism, by Professor Babbitt. It is greatly to be feared that few persons will ever attain to a really perfect understanding.

But perhaps, after all, it doesn't matter if they don't. For while Malcolm Cowley asserts that the doctrine of Messrs. Babbitt and More, "economically, socially . . . is based on nothing and answers no questions," Paul Elmer More, himself, he who is "the supreme critical intelligence," has this to say: "I ask myself . . . whether those who advocate Humanism, as an isolated movement, are not doomed to disappointment. It is not that the direction itself is wrong; every step in the programme is right, and only by this path can we escape from the waste land of naturalism. But can we stop here in security? For purpose that will not end in bitter defeat; for values that will not mock us like empty masks, must we not look for a happiness based on something beside the swaying tides of mortal success and failure? Will not the Humanist, unless he adds to his creed the faith and hope of religion, find himself at the last, despite his protests, dragged back into the camp of the Naturalist?" So the way of escape offered by Humanism is not in truth any way of escape at all!

In which respect it is very like any number of others. Not so long ago we were being informed that to be perfectly well in mind and body we must get rid of all our repressions, inhibitions, etc., and "express ourselves" as freely as the police would permit. We might have known that the next thing we'd be told would be that we must practise decorum!

Classicism, Romanticism, Realism, Expressionism, Behaviorism, Modernism, and now the New Humanism. Tomorrow —

Sarajevos in Asia

By Raymond Fuller

In the new Balkans shall we have to contend for Chinese trade with the "Bear that Walks Like a Man"?

It's an odd world! Here we are a nation of "business getters," at a point in our development when salesmanship is far more important than production, and — so far as the record reveals — we are all looking on at war and famine in China as if we were idly watching a motion picture.

In the United States millions of farmers struggling to get a remunerative price for the foodstuffs they have produced; in China a hundred million farmers likely to starve because they can not buy foodstuffs. In the United States the near-perfection of the quantity-production system heaping up unemployment at the steady rate of 200,000 a year; in China the utter lack of that system keeping 200,000,000 consumers at the destitution line. Twenty-five American weavers today do the work of 60,000 in 1830; twenty-five American agriculturists today feed one hundred Americans, while in 1800 it took ninety. Weaving and agriculture are two of the most important crafts in China, and there the *per capita* production is actually far less today than a hundred years ago!

At the two ends of the Machine Age ladder: the United States and China. Each must take a gigantic economic step if their populations are to remain static — not to say contented. Let us then cast a glance at the problem of America's relationship to China. Unfortunately for brevity, a glance at China must take Russia and Japan into the picture, too. For over there that group still remains one family which the trend of modernism is not likely to break up.

The first threat to the Kellogg Pact came to light in China over the Chinese Eastern Railroad's seizure. In future, if the Pact fails, it will be because of conflict over trade; or over foreign investments; or over theories as to the distribution of wealth. And where else than in China (and in India) will this triple threat be likeliest? What of the present and future of China as a market for American exports? Will Soviet Russia be in a position soon to dominate that market (as well as the Indian market) and take it from us? Are these questions of any particular moment to Americans? Yes. For The

Man In The Street today may be tomorrow The Man In The Ranks. China (and India) are the new Balkans, the Balkans of Asia.

The working out of "the Russian Experiment" — if it is successful — will hold many surprises, no doubt; not the least of which will be the stern competition Soviet Russia develops with the manufacturing industries of America and Europe.

There are three factors not to be lost sight of in estimating the possibility of such competition:

(1) That the chaotic state of industry now in the Soviet States and the lack of workmen equal in skill to the workmen in other Western countries are not criteria by which to judge of the future — is only too clearly shown by the record of Japan. If we consider that the totally un-machined Japanese saw, met and conquered the modern industrial system in the astonishingly short space of two generations, what can we prophesy as to the time before Russians will do likewise? Russia steps into the highly developed industrial arena of today. Russia's key policy for regeneration is a determination to accomplish mass-production by and of machinery. At the outset, Russia has a large nucleus of educated and experienced engineers; while Japan had none. Russian technical colleges and schools, though few, are of high grade, while Japan had nothing of the sort and had to send men to Germany and England to learn the rudiments. Moreover, Japan started to imitate the West at a time when the West little knew in what direction the machines were going, or how far. Today Japan is making not only its own electric railway equipment, marine and stationary engines, nautical instruments, delicate scientific apparatus, printing presses, radios, motion-picture machines; but also is producing textiles, glassware, ceramics, wines, and countless other complicated things at par with the best. Japan had a dictatorship of intelligent leaders to direct its industrial revolution — so has Russia.

(2) That Soviet Russia has hardly tapped the natural resources within its boundaries, which enclose one-sixth of the habitable area of the globe!

(3) That a few years hence, their costs of production seem likely to undercut those in the United States, Germany, England and France. Stalin boasts that they will. If the present ideas of the Soviets continue to function, their industries will not have to bear the high overheads now burdening Western production. They will largely eliminate such price-raising factors as high-salaried executives, watered stock, advertising which creates unnecessary "wants," production of identical yet competing articles, and distribution-costs pyramided upon each of these foregoing surcharges *plus* the rates necessitated by competitive transportation lines run for private profit.

To these factors, add the high morale of workers laboring for their own share in the wealth produced and you have almost a certainty that when Russia attains mass production she will undersell the world.

Now let us look at China again. A country, yes, but not yet a nation because she is not the result of a century of growing economic institutions — factories and science, etc. So far the Chinese have not become industrialized. Scientific knowledge and practice are not in them. And transportation still remains the key to the Chinese puzzle. There are today easily less than 500 miles of real highway in a land exactly as large as the United States. There are no long roads. There are wheelbarrow lanes and stepping-stone trails hollowed by centuries of treading. Except for the four long east and west rivers, the five single-track railways, and the now decaying Grand Canal, no important arteries of transport exist. How can a central government control from Nanking under such conditions? How can adequate interchange of trade or travel take place?

THE present Nanking Government is going through all the national motions dignified by use in the West, but ineffectively, because there is no nation behind it to heed or obey its resounding dicta. The enthusiasts at Nanking have worked out codes for child labor, agricultural relief, judicial procedures, which are modern models — but to put them into practice is quite another thing. The Government has — with the best will in the world — functioned largely on a slogan: "Don't Fight, Telegraph." Telegraph poles are the only lanes of communication open to them. China's telegraph system is very good, and her postal system fair; but both deliver only words.

Probably one-half of the Chinese are engaged professionally in carrying the other half — or the other half's goods! Transport is by man rather than by beast, and not at all by machines. Coolies, men and women, are the draft-animals of the city streets. Four coolies deliver a piano! Think, please of buildings being erected whose every shovel of sand and hod of brick have been brought to the sites by human muscles. Compare that with work by gasoline and steam in America.

IT WAS a mad and foolish thing that the struggling coterie at Nanking did in bringing about a clash with the Soviets over the Chinese Eastern Railway. They have emerged with a distinct loss of prestige. By force of arms China could not have hoped to withstand any determined effort on the part of its vast northern neighbor. No Chinese "army" could for a moment carry on warfare against a "modern" foe. Except for two or three picked and trained regiments in the pay of certain military *tuchuns*, none of the so-called armies has either adequate modern weapons or any money with which to back them.

Apparently the idea behind it all was to arouse a unifying patriotism in the face of a foreign menace, for there is no patriotism among the masses in China. At most five per cent of the Chinese are active or interested in such movements as boycotting Japanese and British trade, or establishing a modern political state. The sand-like heaviness of the inert ninety-five per cent is a weight no modern *theories* can budge. Soldiering is a despised occupation. The age-old traditions of China are against militarism — and China is a militarist's easy prey. Undoubtedly a large proportion of all the men referred to euphemistically in news dispatches as "soldiers" are in uniform because they must starve if they stay at home.

In Peking last winter I encountered thousands of Chinese soldiers. They were the ragged and loafing remnants of the Nationalist army which had driven Feng out of Peking. Without apparent regulation or discipline at all, they roamed about the city and vicinity, curiously staring at its wonders and at the white people they encountered. Many were not over sixteen; more were obviously over forty. A few carried guns or bayonets or holsters, handling them as though they were as proud of them as they were obviously unaccustomed to their use. It seemed that they carried them about because afraid of having them stolen if left at barracks. A majority were country lads never before off the farm. Soldiering was at least a chance for them, to "see the world." Since that time, the masses of all China north of the Yangtze are on the verge of starvation. Up and down, east and west, mobs of bandits mostly remnants of unpaid or disbanded "armies" have marched and looted and levied for more than ten years. These men about Peking were, in their desperation, futility and misery, epitomes of the rural population.

I HAVE been told by an American who had lived a long time in China that certain statistics showed more millionaires there than in the United States. It seems likely that this statement is true, or nearly true. Certain families have had fortunes handed down for centuries. Alone among the peoples of the world, China has never passed through a Feudal stage of lord, knight and serf; yet she has had an aristocracy of wealthy families which has had remarkably little part in politics. But the condition of the vast rank and file gives an entirely new definition to the word poverty. It is hard for Americans even to imagine that poverty. The coolie or laboring class numbers about sixty-two per cent of the population — in another land they would be classed as serfs. An emperor at the top, serfs at the bottom; yet somehow the rule has been paternal and the acceptance democratic. The force of passive resistance and social disapproval has managed to keep unpopular governors restrained and oppressive laws nullified — until the fall of the Manchu dynasty, the last emperors.

BUT of late years what? Floods, droughts, plagues, and constant warfare between rival *tuchuns* (provincial military dictators), added to the increasing over-population of the country, have pressed the interior districts nearly to the line of hopelessness. And among the workers of the towns where all crafts are performed practically as they have been for the last 3,000 years, conditions are scarcely better.

The present long drawn out turmoil in the enormous area of China is a token and a warning that the race is trying to accommodate itself to the meaning of machinery. It is only a question of time before China will be dominated by machinery, as is most of the rest of the world. Of this there can be no doubt. And there can be no doubt but that in the process the machines will throw into starvation millions of hand-workers. Until the Chinese race realizes that the inevitable must be accepted, there can be no peace and no unity among the scores of isolated sections in the Land of Han. The beginning of this struggle is a bloody debate as to whether the outcome shall be Communism or Capitalism. Beneath all the swiftly changing situations and alignments runs this undercurrent — let those who write the news dispatches and magazine articles for Americans disguise it as they will.

ESSENTIALLY, Chinese village and rural life has always been of a communal nature, and the management of city affairs a purely local concern. Both the recent abject misery of the masses and the teachings of Soviet emissaries and native Radicals have sown a new discontent everywhere. China is, therefore, struggling in an economic revolution, and in the Soviet's way out the people are being well instructed. It would be futile for foreigners to sit back and hope for peace and order for some years to come. Doubtless peace and order will come, even as they have arrived in every other land which has gone through revolution. But will Sovietism stretch from the North Sea to the southwestern province of Kwangtung — embracing one-third of the civilized human race in communism? That is something to think about.

Four hundred and fifty million Chinese already have proved themselves a big market for American products. Petroleum, cigarettes, canned goods, railway supplies, munitions; these things China is buying steadily. The interior is hardly aware of Henry Ford, Charlie Schwab, Mr. Farrell and Mr. Dupont. What the Chinese have bought is but a drop in the bucket compared with what they must buy when China becomes a nation.

In the present series of Chinese revolutions the interests of both England and France are antagonistic to our own. Louis Fischer (*The Nation:* December 11, 1929) has put it aptly:

> Japan, England and France have well-defined spheres of influence in China. The United States has none. America, moreover, disposes of sufficient surplus capital to invest in large quantities in China's natural wealth, whereas England is interested primarily in *trade*, and Japan concentrates on the resources of Manchuria. America gets less from special rights on the coast, and is in greater need of peace in the interior. Washington consequently favors Chinese unity; Britain, France and Japan oppose it. They must oppose any movement, be it nationalism, communism, or American imperialism, which threatens to unite China and thereby weakens their regional footholds.

That herein is material for "Balkanizing" China is evident.

MAY we look to a future China as affording us a huge and eager market, or will we have to dispute it with the European Powers as well as with Soviet Russia? Presently England, Germany and France will be likewise facing Soviet competition. Can they and we afford to impede the unification of the Chinese provinces?

The startling jump in over-production in America, with its consequent increase of discharged workers, makes the future of our export trade all-important. Our industries must sell what they are so abundantly able to manufacture. The domestic market is reaching saturation; with increasing unemployment, buying-power in

America is lessened. After all, hardworking Americans must look forward for foreign markets fifty years hence to only four large areas in the world: China, India, South Africa and South America. The last two are going to be well taken care of by their own industrialists. If we do not beat the Soviet workers at our own game, remember that through Afghanistan on the one hand and Manchuria on the other, Soviet citizens dwell at the very gates of two of these areas!

JAPAN? I have hardly mentioned Japan. Industrially, despite her uncanny competence, the rivalry of Japan with us in China does not compare at all with that of the Soviets. Her real importance is that, with whatever Power she allies herself in a struggle on the Pacific, Japan will tip the scales.

The Russian War, which made Japan into a "Power," was lost in St. Petersburg before a shot was fired. Without adequate iron and other metals, and without room for agricultural expansion, as she is, Japan could neither fight a first class war nor dominate industrially a first class market. The implacable dislike of both China and Korea is her perpetual handicap. Iron and agriculture are her vital stakes in Manchuria but where will she get either oil or rubber? The first from China? No, China will hold on to that, somehow, for modern China is past bullying by Japan. And who controls the world's rubber?

However, just at present, Japan is one of the jealous players in the new Balkan chess game; a player who can cause many checkmates. But let not the business man nor the worker of America be misled into overwhelming fear of over-populated Japan. Let them not build bigger and bitterer navies because of that spectre. Wiser, if their sons and daughters should keep their learning faculties intent upon the Bear Who Walks like a Man: for the brute may presently be walking like a man, indeed, a workingman "in business for himself."

IN ASIA are ten times ten Balkans. We who can pile up seventy-story skyscrapers, tunnel and bridge the mighty Hudson, curb the Mississippi, erect a Boulder Dam, need not hesitate to help China with goods rather than guns. The price of one battleship would feed every Celestial north of the Yangtze for six months. General Motors and Ford, the United States Steel Products Company, Standard Oil, Goodyear and other American manufacturers could get better returns from a thousand miles of automobile highway in China than from any style or price competition in the United States. Two new railroads east and west through China will sell more products than an elevated motor drive from New York to Boston. A power plant at Nanking would yield future dividends to rival Muscle Shoals. America, as a Government, or as an aggregation of manufacturers, can well afford to "invest until it hurts" in a land which has no funds to invest itself. If we can not introduce China to the Twentieth Century, who will?

High School Poets

By Nellie B. Sergent

The mind of the new generation as reflected in its verse

The writers of every period mold their age and are molded by it. Homer has set forth for all men of all time the character and the ideals of the early Greeks; Shakespeare's love of life and love of language were of, by, and for the Elizabethans; Tennyson, Dickens, and Thackeray were the Victorians, and the Victorians were Tennyson, Dickens, and Thackeray. So the writers of the Younger Generation that has but recently passed its majority, expressed the reaction of recklessness and cynicism that follows every war. Now we have a newer generation, the beneficiaries of a rich legacy of knowledge and experience; and they have their spokesmen in the large number of young poets to be found in the high schools.

Since 1925 there has been a remarkable development of verse writing among high school students. In that year the first anthology of high school poetry was published, at the Los Angeles High School; the next year one appeared in New York City. Almost simultaneously poetry began to spring up in high schools and in private schools everywhere. The first attempts have sometimes been crude; but the second volume is always better than the first, and this year's harvest better than last year's. At the present time there is a good deal of high school poetry that ranks with the best magazine verse. I have in my own collection more than fifty volumes devoted exclusively to such verse, beside magazines and newspapers. I am going to point out some characteristics of these young writers whom I have known personally or through their poems, and so derive the philosophy and the ideals of the generation represented by the poets.

The outstanding quality in all of them is love of beauty. This is their great prepossession — beauty in nature, in human nature, in art, in ideas, in little things. It is a kind of religion with them and is reflected in their conduct, in courtesy, gentleness, and good living. With this love of all beautiful things is a keen awareness of the qualities of these things and of their significance. This awareness has been developed in them by the arts which they practise, for many of them have been artists of some kind since their early childhood. This is the new education.

Here are nature poems, from three different States:

REVERIE

There is so much of beauty in the world
That life is never long enough to see it all.
It must be hard to meet death bravely,
Knowing this. And even if, as people say,
There is an after life, what can it offer
In exchange for trees, and cool night rain,
The stormy roar of surf,
And sunlight glancing on a sea gull's wing?

MARTHA HARMON
High School, New Haven, Connecticut

BOUNDS

You can revisit places where a fence
Holds back the woods, and not expect to find
Things altered much, but there's a difference
As soon as wheel-marked roads are left behind.
Some spots are never twice the same. The sun
Slants through a clump of birches and is lost
Forever; stones change color, webs are spun;
Then, like a silver shadow, comes the frost.
Nature's a chary giver. We must go
Watchful and wise beyond our own domain,
Piecing together what she'd have us know
And what we may not ever meet again —
A flash of winged scarlet, unforetold,
Or a far hilltop turning into gold.

ELEANOR PRICE
Evander Childs High School, New York City

RIDING ALONE*

It is not fear that fills my wondering heart
When, flashed across the snow-choked way
Before the swinging lantern of my sleigh,
Two startled deer like tawny shadows dart
In wild dismay.
It is not fear, but rather some
Strange craving for a truth unknown,
That, swept against my soul, is blown
Beyond my reach, while leaves with dry laugh come
To mock in whirling gusts — frost-crisped array —
The one who rides alone.

ROBERT McCONNELL HATCH
St. Mark's School,
Southborough, Massachusetts

Often the poet identifies himself with nature, as in these two:

TO A CAMPUS OAK

Very young and lovely, she
Unfurls green banners to the rain.
Thrill not so madly, little tree —
Spring will come again!

MURIEL HOCHDORF
George Washington High School,
New York City

PROPHECY

These mountains long to show their worth;
They dream that they run!
But wake in the sun,
Held down to the earth.

Some day, no doubt, they will all arise,
And shaking with sand
Will wander the land
And sniff at the skies!

JOSEPHINE MILES
Los Angeles High School, California

CITY poets write as sympathetically about the city as country poets do about the country. They have accepted the modern world of machinery and so-called materialism that made E. A. Robinson and others of his generation so discouraged. The younger poets see beauty and meaning in it, and even humor. It is as much their background as Wordsworth's lakes and hills were his background.

UMBRELLAS

High in an office building,
Eyes on the glistening street,
Watching the purple turtles crawl
In a queer chaotic tangle — all
A mile below my feet.

An orchestra of color,
An endless, irresolute line;
Each in its bent and crooked course,
Crawling away from its twisted source
In a path like a trickle of wine.

HERZL FIFE
Evander Childs High School, New York City

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* From *The Magazine World.*

Babel

I see a city glistening in the sun,
With pyramids and towers climbing high;
And in its harbor ships from strange ports lie,
While gems and silks are bartered, lost, and won,
That men may live and women smile. I see
A thousand thousands toiling in this mart,
As worker, banker, teacher. There is art,
Conjoined with hope and wealth and poverty.
Ye scoffers of the new are wont to call
This city Babel, preaching that its sin
And seeming mammon-worship have begun
To cause decay. Ye predicate its fall!
Tear off your veil! See beauty there within
This strong, new city glistening in the sun.

Jean F. Bristol
High School, New Haven, Connecticut

Like young people of all times, most of them are religious in a very real way. They seem not to be worried over the reconciliation of science and religion; that has been settled for them by their predecessors. They are not atheists or cynics or pessimists. There are no poems defying or challenging God, a popular subject with poets a few years ago. Their attitude toward religious dogma is a kind of cheerful skepticism, but they see the truth behind the dogma. They appreciate the beauty of the old religion — they "believe it poetically" — and they use the old imagery to talk with.

"A Travelled Route"

Gethsemane is a consoling place
With all its footprints eloquent of pain.
Before me and behind me greater griefs than mine,
My imprint is so light, shall I complain?

Helen E. Murphy
Evander Childs High School, New York City

A Sonnet

The sun comes forth, the city is astir.
The office buildings fill with workers fresh
From suburbs near. There is a general rush
To manage man's machines which clang and whir.
The hammers from the nearby riveters
Resound among the turmoils of the day.
A rush of human life; no time for play;
The traffic streams in never ending blurs.
Amid this great confusion let us wait,
And see if we approach our end long sought:
To live for Him and be as He was once,
And try in part ourselves to consecrate
To Him who loves us when with troubles fraught,
Who speaks to all alike in His response.

Fred Bolman, Jr.
The Hill School, Pottstown, Pennsylvania

Love of things; not in an acquisitive way, but delight in the beauty and charm of homely, familiar things, characterizes some of the loveliest of these poems.

Keepsakes

Now I am my neighbor's friend,
For she has shown me her possessions:

Shells from Pensacola and shells from Catalina,
That her grandfather carried about in his pockets
When he was old and childish;
Gray shells,
And white star-shells
That none might touch until he died,
When they were divided among his grandchildren.

She showed me a compass
For keeping straight with the earth,
And a little red clay god
Some ancient priest had lost
In the Peruvian forest.

Her Angora cat lay in my lap and purred
And dug his claws into my knees.

She gave me a pale pink shell
For my own.

Now we are friends.

Beatrice West Borst
Junior College, Fullerton, California

Touching the Things I Loved Lightly

I departed
Touching the things I loved lightly.
For soon, I thought, I should return.

They fell from my hands
Like petals falling from a rose
On a sultry day.

I went away slowly,
In the heat of noon,
On a lazy day,
Puffing the dust of the road
With my child's shoes.
I need not hurry;
For nothing would be changed:
I should return soon.

Ah! A day, a year, many years!

I had forgotten time that changes;
I must hasten, straight as the crow flies.
The dearest one of all that I touched so lightly,
Has gone;
And I do not know where to find him.

Beatrice West Borst
Junior College, Fullerton, California

Besides this love of beauty, awareness, and joy in life, these poets seem to possess keener intelligence than the two preceding generations have displayed. They discriminate between good and bad and also between better and best. They are without that externality — obsession with money, luxury, and amusements — that has characterized their predecessors, but are interested, rather, in the things of the mind and the spirit. Instead of the fear-hedged morality of their parents and grandparents, they have a new morality based on beauty and health. They will work out their own salvation, not with fear and trembling, but with interest, intelligence, and coöperation. They will take what makes for growth and will reject all that does not make for growth.

This new variety of intelligence and self-reliance is the opposite of selfishness. Besides "making this much loved earth more lovely" in their poems, they make people more interesting and lovable. They have sympathy and tenderness for all sorts of human beings — parents, children, old people, queer persons, derelicts.

There is no such chasm between them and their parents as existed between the two previous generations. This is due to both parents and children; they have met each other halfway. The parents have kept themselves young and creative and have treated their children as friends and equals. A great English educator, Sir Michael Sadler, says, "A liberal education should make us sensitive and keep us creative." Sensitiveness and creativeness will annihilate differences in age as well as other differences. That there is a great deal of sympathy between these two generations is suggested by this group of poems:

Heritage

If your father had walked on the cold coast of Clare,
With only the wind and the rain and a smile,
If he heeded the laughter in eyes that were fair
Yet thought of one woman mile after mile;

If your mother had danced in a sun-patterned patio,
With a rose in her hair and the sun on her throat,
If her eyes were the night, star-littered and slumbrous,
And her lyrical voice held the nightingale note;

You should have more than a failing for beauty,
More than a smile for a star in the night,

More than a kinship with crimson and scarlet —
You daughter of laughter! You child of delight!

HELEN E. MURPHY
Evander Childs High School, New York City

THE FATHER *

Hearing his son and daughter
Laugh, and talk of dances, theatres,
Of their school, and friends,
And books,
Taking it all for granted —
He sighs a bit,
Remembering wistfully
A certain mill-town
And his boyhood there,
And puts his arm
Across his son's broad shoulders,
Dumbly, as fathers do.

JOHN HOLMES
High School, Somerville, Massachusetts

INEXPERIENCE

Oh, I will go with carefree laugh —
A lilting song,
And you will smile a sad, wise smile,
Knowing I'm wrong.

Then I'll come back with drooping head,
Hurt and burned,
And you will smile a sad, wise smile,
Knowing I've learned.

JUNE BREINING
High School, Williamsport, Pennsylvania

Even their love poems are amazingly free from sentimentality and egotism. There is good psychology in the first two:

PRUDENT APRIL

If I can only come safely through April,
And keep my eyes detached and cold,
And keep my dreams behind my lips,
And on my heart a firm, sure hold;

This would be different from other Aprils,
This would be peacefully quiet, and then
I could go softly the rest of the year —
But, oh, my heart is high again!

HELEN E. MURPHY
Evander Childs High School, New York City

MEDITATION WHILE DANCING TO A WILD TUNE

Come, let's dance away,
Abandon ourselves to this red, maddening tune
Of hot jungles, teeming life,
Murky, carved undergrowth,
Yellow wildcats and laughing lizards,
Gaping monkeys, hairy and chatty,
And the wild, endless note of a crazy tom-tom
Whose owner, painted grotesquely,
Leering, aims a poisoned arrow at our hearts.

RAYMOND McMAHON
High School, Williamsport, Pennsylvania

NO MATTER!

It doesn't matter if you didn't mean it,
You said it so beautifully.
I shall always remember
The twist of your lips
And the deep, soft look in your eyes.
You didn't mean it; I know, I know.
But it doesn't really matter —
You said it so beautifully!

BEATRICE MAZER
South Philadelphia High School
Pennsylvania

A TRIFLE

Nothing there is to ask of you,
I begged not long ago,
I wanted — oh, why say again,
As well as I you know.

Only a tiny thing to ask
That you would understand —
I did not hope to hold your heart
In my so trembling hand.

KATHRYN MERSHON
High School, Williamsport, Pennsylvania

LACK of prejudice and intolerance is another new thing under the sun. There is no sentimentality or condescension in this tolerance, but acceptance of other races and other classes without race or class consciousness. A California girl, who might be supposed to dislike both Japan and Germany, writes these poems about her "enemy" countries:

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* From *Progressive Education*

Japan

People of Cipango with their slanting almond eyes
Call to us, across a depth of sea
With their faëry cherry orchards and their low, sun-gilded rice fields
And their painted poetry.

Statued bronze and incense and high-roofed twisted temples,
And the white-robed goddess mountain with her unchanging smile
Call us gently for a little to their beauty, half remembered,
On the far, fantastic isle.

Josephine Miles
Los Angeles High School, California

Germany

Little things make Germany a lovely place:
Small square fields where cabbages grow red,
Fire glowing golden on blue tiles,
Flowered cloth around a feather bed.

White geese that cackle and a cock that crows
Lustily as the old fables told,
Terraced grapes grown purple in the sun,
Blue smoke rising slowly through the cold.

Little things make Germany a lovely place,
Time does not change them but goes gently by,
He does not wish to wake the old gray towers,
The low thatched roofs against a low blue sky.

Josephine Miles
Los Angeles High School, California

And, to show how far-flung is her sympathy, I must add this one, by the same poet:

Persia

Let us who are friends be adventurers together
In an ancient, quiet, half-forgotten land
Where the desert prays in monotone to Allah smiling
On the wide, gold sand.

Let us climb now together the high, white mountains
Where shepherds and poets talk with the sky,
And all things sleep in a daze of sunshine
While countless years go by.

Josephine Miles
Los Angeles High School, California

Here is another expression of internationalism, coöperation, or "togetherness," to use a new word for the same thing:

Happy to Be

Happy to be, happy to be,
My joys like the sea currents flow through me;
And I will go swimming swift and far —
Out to the edge of the morning star
With the whole human race as company.

Happy to be, happy to be,
My joys like the singing winds blow through me;
And I will run o'er the waving grass plain —
Out where the sun is a flaming red stain,
With my hand in the hand of humanity.

Mary Tanenhaus
Evander Childs High School, New York City

It would seem that the new material and spiritual bonds between countries — news, radio, travel, poetry, art, philosophy — are dispelling fear and prejudice and creating an interest and an understanding that will make another great war really "unthinkable." These young people write much about war, but they never glorify it or suggest any of the old-fashioned "compensations for the horrors of war."

Heroes

He had to be brave
To meet the clipped ranks
Black against the red.
He had to be brave
To feel that last
Swift rush of pain.

But what of her?
She had to be brave
To meet the long, long lines
Of people marching, marching down the street

To see those thousand weary eyes
And not a pair, not a pair
To light to a flame
As they met hers!

Lelia Kauffman
Los Angeles High School, California

War Time*

I was a child when first they marched away.
I held my nurse's hand and watched them pass,
Dim shapes against the sea-fog's rolling gray,
So far beneath my window's misty glass.

How brave they were I was too young to know.
I only saw the flags and heard the cheers.
I watched the band; I did not hear the low,
Tense sobbing, or the hidden bitter fears.

Sylvia Gardner
High School, Boise, Idaho

Their depth and sincerity of feeling and their intelligence give a "remarkable rightness" to their judgments. There is none of that standardization of opinion and behavior that we have come to expect in young persons. Nor can we discern any self-consciousness or artificiality, because they have genuine interests outside themselves. They actually seem to "see life steadily and see it whole." I shall prove, or illustrate, these rather sweeping statements by quoting one more poem:

Christmas Night

Before an altar a nun is praying.
Her face is the color of fallen snow,
And its wrinkles are like the finest tracework.
Her slender fingers accent the rhythm of her voice,
As they tell the beads at her wrist.
The beads stand out as silver 'gainst the rich blackness of her robes;
And yet seem purer than any silver.
Within the chapel her prayer is the only sound,
And as it rises and falls the altar candles flicker,
And the light passes and repasses over the marble-pure image of the Virgin.

A room of the Travellers' Hotel in New York
Filled with cigar smoke, whiskey bottles, shouting men.
"Ain't this a roaring brawl?" cries a fat man in his shirt sleeves.
"Reminds me of the time I had in Chi last Easter.
We had a case of rye, and say, by two o'clock. . . . . ."
"Gee, she was some looker," whispers a little pimply man.
"Not skinny — naw I don't believe in this here dieting."
"But as I was saying. . . . .big blue eyes. . . . ."
Some one throws a bottle through the window.
It bursts and splatters on the snow outside.
"I call you!" cries one of the group of card players.

"Why do we have Christmas, Mummy?"
"I have told you about the Christ Child, dear."
"But can I stay up an' see Santa, Mummy?"
"Why, I suppose so, dear, if you stay awake. Can't she, John?"
The tired-looking man, who is reading, makes no reply.
"Aren't you feeling well, John? You seem so tired."
"Oh, I'm all right if you'll keep that kid quiet."
The child starts nodding. She curls up in the chair and falls asleep.
As the mother tenderly takes her in her arms the man looks up,
And a smile sweeps his care-worn face, "Let me put her to bed, Jane."

"Here's to Hades with bottoms up!" shrieks the orchestra,
And all Harlem seems swirling in and out on the dance floor.
Suddenly, the motion slows as the tune changes to a blues rhythm.
Dark colored lights, swaying bodies, make the scene sensually beautiful.
A giant black man leans across his table.
He whispers in the ear of a beautiful yellow girl,
And then shouts across to some friends at another table,
"Weah gettin' mahied tomorro and you all invited!"

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* From *The Scholastic*.

They shout and he takes the girl's hand,
"C'mon kid, less dance!"
And the two swirl in and are lost among the writhing bodies.

The nun finishes her prayers and kneels silently for a long time
While the candles burn low.
Finally she rises and bows her head,
As she whispers the prayer of her own making.
"Thy mercy on thy people!" and she moves slowly from the chapel.

GILBERT MACPHERSON
The Hill School, Pottstown, Pennsylvania

Most of the poems quoted in this article are careful works of art as well as criticisms of life. In the last poem, the concreteness of the descriptions makes them extraordinarily vivid, the use of contrast heightens the effect of the pictures, and unity is given to the whole by having the poem end, as it began, with the praying nun. As artists these writers have the good qualities of the *vers libre* school, with more willingness to work over their poems. Free verse is the easiest way, and a poem that has beauty of form and sound as well as the "modern" requirements is a higher achievement. So we find them going back to rhymes, regular rhythms, and the old patterns. But not always; free verse is better suited to some types of material. These poets are good critics and understand the medium in which they are working. They will not confine themselves to any form or school, but will use all forms according to their needs.

It is interesting to speculate what this youngest generation will do to the future of America. Their creative and intellectual superiority promises much. The initiative and the originality which our ancestors have displayed in the settlement of this country and in its material development, these youngsters, I prognosticate, will carry on into the artistic and spiritual realms of our national life. To judge by their freedom from prejudice and their attitude toward war, World Peace will be safer in their hands than it has been at any previous time in history.

* * *

A Magazine of No Importance

Stuff and Nonsense

By Donald Rose

A Monthly Magazine of No Importance, Dealing Lightly
with Matters Pertinent and Profound, and Weightily
with Those of No Consequence Whatever

JULY, 1930 VOL. 6, NUMBER 7

BLADES OF GRASS

THE majority middle class of America is made up of approximately forty-three million men, women and children whose summer programme revolves around a lawn mower. On other matters they are variously disagreed, but the care of the lawn is the least common denominator of their national family likeness. The length and breadth of their grass plot is their pride and their affliction. All through the summer they are cutting the lawn, or contemplating cutting it, or wishing it were cut.

The philosophy of their devotion to a personal patch of green is not particularly lucid or intelligible. As a rule they have no definite need of a lawn sufficient to justify its enormous labors and responsibilities. They do not expect to roll on it or sleep on it or even eat it. They may play a little croquet on it, croquet being a murderous game invented by the devil, but croquet comes to a bad end when the man of the house first falls over a forgotten wicket.

Yet the lawn is an essential to the truly suburban scene. It is the green and grateful setting to the home, the velvety carpet edged and adorned by smiling flowers, the skin-deep beauty that glorifies the fruitful soil. Nothing looks so cool to summer-weary eyes as the verdant green of a well-tended lawn. Nothing is so cooling to the innocent bystander or the neighbor across the street as the spectacle of you cutting it.

THERE is a technique to this perennial process, which may be acquired by grim experience or through kindly advice. The latter is preferable, since self-restraint is better than repentance and a word of warning may induce you to be content with your neighbors' lawns and devote your own surplus acreage to cabbages or chickens. We are in an admirable position and condition to offer such advice. We have had a lawn and no longer have one. Nor shall we ever have one again, until kind Providence supplies us with a colored man to cut it.

In order to cultivate a lawn you will need a lawnmower. A lawnmower is an undersized and domesticated harvesting machine with an unfortunate habit of staying out in wet weather. If you fail to leave it out in the rain, your neighbor will borrow it and do so for you, so that after a single season every self-respecting lawnmower is good for nothing. It has coagulated, congealed and ossified; its joints are stiff with rheumatism, its transmission is jammed, its bolts are shot, its back teeth are all gone. It can not be rejuvenated, though you bathe it in oil and swear at it. It can not be repaired, for by the cunning contrivance of American industry there are no spare parts to lawnmowers and the twin to your own machine was never made or is vanished beyond discovery. So every season you will buy a new one, and give the old one to the Salvation Army or the American Red Cross.

BEFORE cutting the lawn, you should borrow your neighbor's rake or a fine-toothed curry comb, and remove all foreign matter from the grass. Foreign matter, of course, is everything but the grass, and the average suburban lawn will yield a ton of it per season. Even though you live in a select and restricted neighborhood, sticks and stones and bricks and bones will sprout like mushrooms on your lawn throughout the summer. Cinders and fragments of broken bottles will crawl for miles to hide in your grass and die at last between the jaws of your lawnmower. And if you miss but one, the lawnmower will go looking for it and find it just as you reach top speed across the grass. And the mower will clamp its iron jaws upon it and the wheels will stop and the handle will go on, and you will be hurled like a comet through the air into a rosebush. And the lawnmower, having accomplished its worst ambitions, will break all its blades and die happy.

But patient preliminary labor will postpone this calamity until the end of the summer, when you will no longer particularly care. In the meantime, the lawn must be cut. The wife says so, the neighbors say so, each waving blade of grass seems to say so. So grit your teeth, spit on your hands, arch your back like a small-scale dinosaur, and charge down the lawn. The lawnmower will rattle, the grass will fly behind you, the grasshoppers will get out of the way and the children get into it. It will be great fun for as much as five minutes, after which the charm of it will diminish geometrically as the square of the distance until your enthusiasm is fifteen degrees below absolute zero. It becomes at last a question which will hold out the longer — your personal vertebræ or the lawn.

WHEN you are done, you may stop to gaze with pride, and will find that your lawn is studded all over with the decapitated stems of weeds which have been hiding in the grass and are now mocking you. It is better not to pursue them any further with the lawnmower. Get down on your hands and knees and stalk them with a pair of nail scissors or a razor.

This programme is to be repeated once a week throughout the summer and twice in rainy weather. Drought brings another problem. Somewhere in every summer comes an arid spell, when the lawn goes suddenly bald and brown. So let us get out the hose and water it.

A garden hose is by no means as simple as it looks. It comes fresh and fair from the department store, but it immediately begins to cause trouble. Its initial offense is that like a snake it sheds its first coat, whether of red rubber or black, all over your hands and white flannel pants and Christian disposition. Then it gets itself dirty. Next it gets lost, crawling away into the long grass and lying quiet while you call it pet names and accuse the children of mislaying it. Then your neighbor borrows it, casually and without troubling to tell you about it, and loans it in turn to another neighbor across the fence, who passes it on to his brother-in-law at the other end of town. By the time you catch up to it, it doesn't look like a member of your family at all, and you are practically charged with petty larceny of your own hose. But perhaps you establish your right to it and start to take it home.

TO GATHER up fifty feet of hose into a manageable bundle calls for the anatomy of an octopus and the agility of a slack-rope walker who is thinking of falling off. The same section of hose which will kink at a thought while you are watering the lawn with it, becomes totally unbendable when you try to carry it. Its head and tail come suddenly alive, and its coils wriggle madly in your arms. While you are getting a half-nelson hold on twenty feet of it, the other thirty are undulating like a sea serpent down the street or climbing up the leg of your trousers. In about ten minutes of trying to carry a fifty-foot hose, you have learned to sympathize profoundly with Laocoön and his relatives, and are partially strangled and entirely and profanely inarticulate.

But perhaps a kind bystander comes to your aid and drapes the hose around you in graceful folds, at which time you discover that there is still water in it and that by some gravitational miracle it is all running down the back of your neck. And so you stagger away with it, and it grows heavier and wetter and meaner every minute, and slips down around your ankles and tries to run away from you, and pulls your shirt off and gets into your hair. And at last you get it home and throw it on the lawn, looking around for a hatchet with which to break its back. By which time it is suddenly dead and quiet again and limp as last year's garter; and so are you.

So you hitch its tail to the water supply and straighten out its detours and right-angle turns, and then discover that the nozzle is gone. It is altogether gone. Every member of the family has seen the nozzle in as many places, but the nozzle is in none of them. So you resolve to obtain the scattering and sprinkling effect by plugging the hose with your thumb, which will be more fun anyway, and order the water turned on.

Nothing happens. There is a faint gurgling within the esophagus of the hose, but no water. You shout at your wife and children to turn the water on and they all shout back. So you investigate the source of supply and find that the so-called union or connection between hose and house is spouting like a Senator or a playful whale, and that water is pouring merrily through the cellar window and into the gas meter. You wrap the joint with tape and string and hospital bandages and try again.

BUT your difficulties are not over. If you squeeze the hose or foreclose it with your thumb to contrive the fine arching spray which your soul yearns after, a dozen leaks break forth at once throughout its length, and water is spread generously on the gravel path, on the bird bath and the wash on the line, and none at all on the lawn. But if you remove your thumb the stream simply pours into your shoes and practically drowns you in your tracks. Moreover the children all come around and all the neighbors' children come around, and three dogs turn up from nowhere and get wet and shake themselves, and your wife's mother drops in to call and is only saved by artificial respiration. And at last the lawn is thoroughly drowned out, together with most of the adjacent scenery, and you wade wearily in to supper. And within half an hour a thunderstorm comes up, with torrential rains and cloudbursts, and your wife says, "I told you so."

Begging the Issue

Since the world first began to call itself civilized it has been in a mess. The pride of progress and achievement has hardly ever been for final victory over disorder and distress but for the hope of it, which has very often seemed justified. Again and again men and nations have nearly solved the riddle of peace and happiness, and as often the answer has been postponed. The world is always in a mess and always hopeful of getting out of it. That mood is civilization, and without it the world would die laughing or weeping at its own blunders.

So it is with politics, which are nothing but the ferment of new remedies for old diseases, which will not stay long enough in one place to be cured out of existence. Politics are always a mess. If order were established and peace and prosperity assured there would be no space or function in the world for politics. But so long as one generation of politicians has made a mess of things, another will be ready and willing to make a new mess out of the leavings.

But sometimes it seems to the innocent bystander that the present mess in American politics is a superlative mess, a monumental mess, a mess so comprehensive and complete that it defies the parallels of the past and the competition of the future. The political arena of today is become like the parade ground of a lunatic asylum. The political discussions of today are like the jabberings of intoxicated jackdaws. The political strategy of today is like the scrambling of small boys for peanuts. There must be particular cause for a condition without apparent precedent in American political history. There has always been stupidity in politics, there have always been corruption and self-interest and trading and treachery. There have always been little men in big hats and wolves in cutaway coats and striped trousers. There have always been public indifference and political astuteness to take advantage of it.

But there has not always been Prohibition. And whether Prohibition be real and earnest or ridiculous and outrageous, it must be held responsible for much of what has happened to American political life during the past decade. The eighteenth afterthought to the Constitution was intended to provide us with a prisonless peace, with moral order and social sanity. It may do so yet and it very likely may not, but in the meantime it has made a wagon-load of monkeys out of our public servants and political aspirants.

That is, unfortunately, only a part of the prodigious mess of the present, with whose full proportions posterity must reckon. It is possibly permissable to anticipate a little. Some day the school books in American history or the more serious records of what is done and can't be helped, must say something about these times. What will they dare to say? Will they tell the coming generation, which we hope will have more sense than this one, that in the Year of Grace 1930, the Supreme Court of the United States was called upon under the law and its own solemn authority to declare a cork a criminal and a can of malt extract a misdemeanor? Will it be believed that bottles were once banned and cracked ice officially condemned? Will the history books of the future show pictures of the public burning of corkscrews and the arrest by armed police of cases of ginger ale, under suspicion of criminal intent? Will our descendants credit the report that we padlocked hotels because soda water flowed too freely within them, and packed our jails so full with offenders against the liquor laws that they each had waiting lists like the Union League or a high-hat private school?

One generation will believe almost anything of another, if only to make itself as complacently comfortable as possible in its own indiscretions. But the politicians of today will be hard to explain away, supposing that anyone thinks it worth while to do so when their day is done. For they are caught today between the devil and the deep sea, which is the last place a politician chooses for a parking place. Damnation waits for them on both sides, whether it be from the embattled Drys or the embittered Wets. They are used to walking warily, but not to walking on a tightrope above a free-for-all fight.

When there was but one militant minority to be reckoned with, a politician could get along. But now there are two of them. For every rousing Dry there is a wringing Wet, while between the two ebbs and flows the opinion of the muddled majority. If Wets and Drys would have it out with each other like the Kilkenny cats, the politicians would be able to stand aside and saw wood, ready with suitable applause and fair promises for the winner. But in the incredible circus of American politics today the opposing cohorts are intent not on each other but on the political gentry, large and small, who are consequently quite uncomfortable.

Therefore we have all over this nation the spectacle of public aspirants attempting to carry water on one shoulder and whiskey on the other, and running their political races with one foot in the water bucket and the other on a brass rail. Never were politicians so anxious to please, or so uncertain who should properly be pleased. Never was so much dodging in and out of the wet, or such sudden panics of drought. Never were so many or such varied attempts to be all things to all men and a number of others to all women.

The cause of such confusion, at which Socrates would split his sides and Alexander reach for his sword again to cut the worst Gordian knot in history, is the sudden intrusion of a real issue into a political system which had nearly triumphed over issues. An issue is something which concerns the citizen, and there are very few of them. The tariff, for example, is no longer an issue, for nobody can understand it and nobody cares about it in good times or can do anything about it in bad. Prosperity is only an issue when we haven't got it, and public ownership is a dead horse which can hardly be whipped back to life.

Free silver, Wall Street, the full dinner pail, preparedness, disarmament and a dozen other matters which could once start a fight are skeletons in the American political closet or have been made too complex or too respectable for politics. But Prohibition is an issue. Whatever else it may be — and a number of suggestions have been made — it is an issue. The public is awake to it, and wants it settled, even though it was supposed to have been settled before. By all the signs, unless we quit dodging the issue soon we shall be nationally and indvidually crazy.

Wanderlust

It's daffodil time in New Zealand,
It's artichoke season in Gaul;
The wandering breezes
Bring vagabond sneezes,
While visions and vapors enthrall
Withal,
Which isn't important at all.

My heart's in the highlands, or somewhere;
My arteries yearn for the sea;
My soul has its eyes on
A purple horizon,
Where romance is waiting for me,
To free
My spirit from gloom and ennui.

The zephyrs sing soft in my whiskers
From off of a piebald plateau,
The wanderlust itches,
Let's hitch up our breeches,
And buy us some tickets and go,
What ho!
To the land where the daffodils grow.

The Inlaying of the Linoleum

My wife has purchased some new linoleum.

Linoleum, it may be explained for the benefit of those who were born to the purple and the Persian rug, is a product of cork, burlap, linseed oil, and applied geometry, and is intended to be spread on the floor and mopped continuously. If you can believe the advertisements, linoleum also supplies the final touch of distinction to the halls and rooms of the stately residence, which is probably why you never see it there.

We make no secret of the fact that we use linoleum, even though we know that there are women who would cry for a week if they could not spread a conglomeration of poisonously colored rugs all over their house. We use it, for instance, in the dining room, because the baby or one of his next-of-kin upsets his refreshments on the floor not less than once a day. We use it in the kitchen, in the bathroom, and for patching our oldest son's pants. We are, in fact, one of the largest investors in linoleum acreage that the world has known.

There is no recriminatory bitterness in this narrative. It is simply an exposition of one way to buy linoleum, and the wrong way at that. There is nothing personal in the fact that the incident is ascribed to my wife; it might as well have happened to hundreds of other women, and probably has. One has only to say "linoleum remnant" in the average home to arouse the conscious blush and perhaps precipitate a family fracas.

There stops a truck at the gate. From it emerges a squat and swarthy gentleman, faintly reminiscent of Jerusalem, Dublin, Rome and garlic. Over his shoulder is a roll of linoleum. The door is opened to his confident knock, and the roll which is thrown skilfully across the threshold makes it impossible to shut the door. A torrent of words breaks enthusiastically from his lips, on the crest of which he rides irresistibly into the house. His remarks are in part as follows:

"Lady, you wanter see this here wonderful piece of genuine inlaid linoleum what will cover two floors, never wear out, last you a lifetime, beautify your happy home, and us practically giving it away less than it costs us just to advertise, and that's a fact what I'll swear to. We just done finishing the floors of Mr. Wanamaker's house — conservatory and music rooms both — with this same wonderful made-to-order pattern, and if Mr. Wanamaker wouldn't want the best linoleum in his house, why, who would, and that's what I want to know. This here is a remnant of that same linoleum. Lady, if Mr. Wanamaker saw me selling his own exclusive pattern of genuine inlaid linoleum, and two yards wide, mind you, to anybody in his own neighborhood, he wouldn't never forgive me, and that's why I'm here with it out in the country as you might say. Mind you, I ain't offering this here pattern to everybody; no sir — I mean, no ma'am — but I says to myself — there's a home what will appreciate our linoleum; there's a home what deserves a nice snappy remnant, two yards wide and big enough for two rooms, and which will last you a lifetime and me just giving it away.

"Lady, if you live to be a hundred you ain't never going to have an opportunity like this, and I can't hardly bring myself to tell you the price I'm going to offer you on this wonderful piece of floor covering for fear you'll think I'm joking like, but with an intelligent lady like you I'm just going to make a rock bottom price which you can't turn down if you're going to treat yourself right. I'm just about going to give you this here piece of linoleum because I can see that you've got the artistic nature which can appreciate it and I'd sooner give it to you than take a hundred dollars from somebody what would think it's only a bit of floor covering and not something what will beautify your home. Look at it, ma'am — there's the makings of two big rugs, and all I'm asking is twenty dollars.

"Well, ma'am, if you ain't got twenty dollars, for the sake of these here beautiful children of yours I'm going to make the price eighteen dollars, and that's less than it cost me, and would make John Wanamaker cry, it would. Look, lady, I'll scrape it for you; see the quality of this linoleum goes right through to the back; stuff like this don't know how to wear out. You surely ain't going to let this opportunity go, and as a gift to the children I'll give it to you for fifteen dollars.

"Madam, I ain't going to let you live to repent for letting this chance get away from you. I've set my heart on your having this piece, and the price is twelve dollars, and that's what two yards of it would cost you down town. Think of it, ma'am; enough for both these here rooms, and for twelve dollars — for ten dollars.

"Ma'am, it ain't right; it ain't right to me, and it ain't right to you; it ain't right to the children. If it wasn't that I see how much you need this linoleum, and what a wonderful beautiful thing it's going to be for your home, I wouldn't spend my time talking about it to you. Smell it, ma'am; look at it; scrape it; give me eight dollars for it. All right ma'am. I'll take seven fifty."

WE HAVE laid the linoleum. We approached the job with misgivings, contemplating the problem of fitting it to corners and around doorways. We need not have worried. The piece sits disconsolately in the middle of the room, surrounded by wide strips of bare floor. It must have shrunk since it was last measured. We have had it three weeks and it has gone bald in spots; the pattern comes out in the wash, and we are now wondering what its end will be.

SILENCE IS REQUESTED

The man who sits silent at a noisy meeting will eventually be suspected of wisdom above the ordinary. Distinction will gather imperceptibly about him, and when all foolish things have been said it will appear that the most cogent comment of all must be hidden in him who has said nothing. If he speaks at last he may wreck this illusion, but at least he will be listened to.

SO THE silence of Charlie Chaplin amid the mad racket of the speaking films has been something portentous in its considered calm. He has said nothing while all his companions and competitors in celluloid have been saying everything. And though the greatest of all talking and singing films has been forty-seven times announced within the past six months, the name of the screen's greatest comedian and pantomimist has been attached to none of them.

But now the Sphinx has spoken. While he was about it, he has said something. Item, he has said that he will never participate in a talking picture. Item, he has said that his forthcoming film is silent as a sunset. Item, he has announced that he will incorporate, finance and forthwith equip himself to produce the biggest and best pictures of his career, and they will all be speechless. Doubtless he has heard somewhere that silence is golden, and proposes to prove it.

This is news, and very comforting to those who can not stomach the raucous barbarities lately practised in the name of drama. The silent screen story is not dead while one of its greatest interpreters will do it so much honor. It may yet fulfil its destiny, which was in danger of being talked to death. There will still be sanctuaries somewhere for the art of pantomime, a very ancient art which waited until the Twentieth Century for its ideal instrument.

This is Chaplin's message to his times, and it clarifies not a little the confusion created by all the mechanical devils of today in the temples of the muses. It is the message of an artist and a gentleman, whose æsthetic sensibilities are at least as keen as his box-office instincts. It may mean that some of us can determine now whether we like the talking pictures or not, and why. It may compel a shade more honesty among producers and a shade more discrimination in the audience, both of which are desirable commodities.

The movies, we maintain, were made to order for the art of pantomime. They gave it greater scope than it had ever known, they adorned it with settings of magnificence and significance, they freed it from every limitation of space and time. But they did not change its character nor much threaten its artistic integrity. The thing that mattered was the actor and his action, from the least lift of an eyebrow to the behavior of a crowd of ten thousand. There were subtitles, of course, as a somewhat noisome necessity, but the better the film the briefer were the captions. And at their best, the silent films demanded pure acting, or something approaching it.

Charles Chaplin did much in this direction with his genius, his medium, and its amazing opportunities. So did many others. The films were getting along very nicely when they were so suddenly interrupted by their own noisy voices. And since then, nobody has known what would come of them, except that their growing pains were terrible, and their artistic manners worse. Undoubtedly they will eventually achieve something so fine, so true and so artistically honest that our mechanical wisdom will be justified even of its noisiest offspring. But these bastard products of mismated arts, these incredible alloys of golden beauty and sordid themes, these emasculated dramas and overdressed vaudeville acts are far removed from so desirable an achievement.

They have tried everything, because the folk who fashion them know nothing about them except that the public is easily pleased. They have reduced Shakespeare to two dimensions and glorified the American girl in full colors. They have given melodrama a new absurdity and made passion ridiculous. They have revived every threadbare gag and every vulgar wisecrack, offering them as new goods to a public which has had too little theatrical experience to hold them accountable. They have imitated everything worthy of it and a great deal that isn't. They have borrowed or stolen every plot within reach. They have got away with it all because the mechanical marvel of the achievement is still great enough to prevent calm consideration of what it is worth. They have made the screen talk, and while this miracle is fresh nobody complains that it has so little to say.

There are many things correspondingly to the credit of the talkies, including the fact that their best seats cost something less than a full week's wages. They tell some excellent stories, even though we may have heard them before. They have broken the theatrical drought in the great American desert of the hinterlands, and absorbed a large share of the leisure which is a problem of this second industrial revolution of modern times. But they still don't know where they are going, and not even their best friends can tell them.

Res.

North American Review

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August

Prophet of Prohibition
Ray T. Tucker

She Gets the Job
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Literary Lobbies
Harry Hansen

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Silver Lotus . . . . H. M. K. Smith
Is Life Worth Living? . . . . Florence Finch Kelly
Dakota Pioneers . . . . Marguerite Owen
Bush Camp . . . . Louis Kaye
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Education for Discontent . . . . Poppy Cannon
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Walter Butler Mahony
Editor

John Pell
Associate Editor

Kenneth Wilcox Payne
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ONE-HUNDRED-SIXTEENTH YEAR

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The Literary Landscape

By Herschel Brickell

The style, said a wise Frenchman a good many years ago, is the man. If this be true, and one suspects that it is, there may be detected a slight limp in the Landscaper's manner this month, attributable to a conflict with the Machine Age. Not many days ago the managing editor of The North American Review, himself busy mastering the intricacies of driving an automobile, said to the Landscaper that as he and your humble servant were perhaps the last two adult males in the United States to learn to handle cars, something might be written on the subject. This remark was made after the Landscaper had related one of the minor accidents of his own difficulties with a lot of horsepower on four wheels, which was simply this: Landscaper and car rolled gently down a steep hill around a sharp curve and fetched up in a flower bed and also in the midst of a most astonished tea party, the owner of the flower bed and the tea party having neglected to mark the road leading into his grounds with a sign indicating their somewhat private nature.

This was a situation not covered specifically by Emily Price Post, although from the manner of the invaded proprietor it was common enough to call for some comment from the people who know what is to be done in any circumstances. Fortunately the Landscaper managed to extricate himself from the flower bed and the tea party with no very grave damage to either; perhaps his self-respect was slightly wounded, but this is so common a tragedy that he has become fairly well inured to it. The cause of the possible limp, is, though, as the Spaniards say, *una otra cosa*. Without going into too many details, for automobile accidents are far too commonplace in this great and glorious republic of ours to merit much comment — Monday morning newspapers should suffice for those with a morbid interest in such matters — the Landscaper is willing to testify that there is something depressingly solid about a Connecticut stone wall, something immemorial, like an old oak tree. Struck at just the proper angle with a moving automobile, the results are interesting, if somewhat disagreeable. The lesson for today, my children, is to beware of soft shoulders on new concrete roads; they are treacherous, and should not be tampered with at a speed of more than five miles.

In the middle of one's aches and pains, however, there are some thoughts that arise, all of which no doubt have been thought by a good many other Americans, since nearly all members of our population have had the opportunity at one time or another to think them, if they were left able to think anything. First of all, there is the frightening suddenness with which a happy, sunny Sunday morning can take on an atmosphere of dark tragedy. The whole aspect of life can be changed in much less time than it takes to write a monosyllable on this typewriter. Second, there is something pleasant to remember in the kindness of contemporary good Samaritans, who do not even think of passing by on the other side, but who are not only willing to spoil their own Sunday mornings, but to go to any end to help their distressed fellows. Third, from this accident, at any rate, there is the other pleasant memory of a banker in a small town not too many miles away from New York who paused in the middle of a busy morning's work to relieve financial distress, after another banker had refused, and refused in a not especially agreeable manner, either. One expects kindness and efficiency when one comes to doctors and hospitals, nor is one often disappointed; the Landscaper is not one to worship the medical profession as a whole, but like the rest of the human race — or at least a very large part of it — he has to pocket his prejudices when there is trouble, and as often as not is left ashamed of them for a time, at least.

If the author of this department had not strayed many times from the subject of books, about which he is really supposed to write, to discuss every topic under heaven, he would feel like offering an apology for these random remarks, but after all the managing editor suggested that something might be said on the subject of learning to drive an automobile. There is a good deal to be said, and a good deal would have been said when the car rammed the stone wall already mentioned, except that it was all over before there was time for utterance. Unfortunately, it is not possible to carry over into this mad business of motor cars one of the first rules of horseback riding, which to this old-fashioned and very much dated American remains a pastime in every respect superior to scuttering about over crowded highways in company with millions of his fellow-beings, this rule being that when tossed from a horse, one must remount at once if alive, and keep the remounting up until man or horse gave in or passed out. The car was in no condition to be remounted after the collision. . . . Perhaps by the time this department is printed it will be running again with the same chauffeur, *Deo volente*, but it was not remounted at once. Indeed, if it had been a horse there would have been nothing to do but shoot it, but parts for this particular vehicle are made by a gentleman from Detroit who specializes in standardization, not by the Almighty, who worked things out on a slightly different plan. This is not meant for irreverence; the Landscaper quite frankly prefers the older method.

The Price War

AND now to our muttons, with only an occasional groan by way of a chorus. This is about the slackest time of year in the publishing business at best, and this year the books are scarcer because of the "price war," a good many of the older houses who still labor under the illusion — or delusion, if you like, that there is a difference between books of definite values and toothpastes and cigarettes of little or no value, having postponed some of their important summer volumes until the business of selling books has reached a more normal state. A large part of the existing upset is definitely psychological, which is not a statement by a politician, to be followed by the somewhat familiar saying that conditions are fundamentally sound. It is true that whatever comes out of the present effort to change the prices of books and to discover new outlets in those astonishing modern emporia, cigar stores and drug stores, what has happened already has been greatly exaggerated and greatly misunderstood. Part of the misunderstanding is directly attributable to careless reporting in New York newspapers, which, as always, went largely uncorrected after the facts had made themselves plain; part of it to comment by editorial writers who know as much about publishing as they do about the other topics upon which they comment — as an ex-member of the Editorial Writers' Union the Landscaper speaks freely and feelingly — and part of it to the downright panic with which a section of reputable publishing met the price changes. News of this sort inevitably radiates from New York, and whatever mistakes are made here are repeated from one end of the country to the other; a few brave souls stand out against the metropolitan tide of misinformation, but they are few. As matters stand, publishing firms, one large and old, another young and quite successful, are principally concerned in the price-reductions; two others are planning some experiments, and a few others are trying to cash in on the publicity. At least ninety per cent of the publishing business in the country is as yet unaffected in so far as price schedules are concerned, although there has been a sharp reduction in lists for the autumn, and a very wise one.

This cut will be carried over into next spring, so that we shall certainly have fewer, if not better, books, as a result of the price-cutting, although as a much more direct result of general business depression. Beginning authors will probably have to stand a reduction on royalty, and those bright young men who have been purchasing Rolls-Royces with the advances on their first novels will probably have to be content with cars such as the one the Landscaper tried to run through the stone wall in Connecticut. They are good enough cars, too, if any of the budding authors who read this department are concerned about the prospect; they just weren't intended to take the place of tanks. It is very tempting to continue this informal and somewhat disjointed discussion of the present publishing situation, but perhaps the public is already a little tired of it, and as the Landscaper has suggested before, it is not a simple subject or one that can be gone into with any thoroughness in a brief space. The Landscaper, donning his prophetical robes, and forgetting that he is usually wrong, is willing to predict, however, that within two years decent publishing will be in a better position in this country than it has since the bad years that followed the World War; that most of the racketeering elements in the business will vanish when the large and sudden profits depart, and further, that there will still be bookstores. . . . Even if Brentano's does have to adopt a patron's suggestion and put in a sodafount and a line of garden hose, stationary engines, airplane parts and cough-drops.

Available Fiction

IT HAS been a good while since the fiction shelf looked so deserted, but there are a few novels that deserve attention. This is as good a place as any to mention again Lady Eleanor Smith's circus story, *Red Wagon* (Bobbs-Merrill, $2.50), which is one of the most readable of recent novels, and one that really should not be passed by by anyone who likes the "big top." The Landscaper has read a good many better written novels in a long lifetime of fiction-reading, but of the contemporary output he has read very few that were any more convincingly and entertainly done, any more sincerely felt. An unusual novel is Tiffany Thayer's *Thirteen Men* (Claude Kendall, $2.50) — the author himself calls it the damnedest book in the world, or words to that effect, wherein he flatters himself, to be sure, but it is worth a shelf full of the run of fiction, whatever its faults. It is probably selling as pornography, with the help of Mahlon Blaine's exotic illustrations, and Mr. Thayer's own frankness about sex, but this reviewer does not look upon the book as pornography. The author's intentions are serious enough, if his manner isn't, and after all there are ample precedents for the free-and-easy manner in which he tells the story. The novel concerns a jury and the defendant, and is built around the lives of these worthies. It is satirical in many of its implications, Rabelaisian, if you like, but what is more to the point, the book has vitality, and it is masculine. It is hardly necessary for the Landscaper to explain himself on this point to anyone who has read the praise of women novelists that appears regularly here, but there is room for Mr. Thayer's rougher vigor, too; in fact, present-day writing would do with a lot of it, the Sumners to the contrary notwithstanding.

There is some more satire in Joseph Anthony's novel in verse, *Casanova Jones* (Century, $2), Mr. Anthony having recently retired from publishing to do his duty to literature in another manner. Willy Pogany has supplied entertaining drawings, and before Mr. Anthony has finished his task, at least one round of shot has been fired into each of the current American foibles. The main target, however, is Prohibition. The Landscaper is sure we have all heard of the subject, Dr. William Lyon Phelps's recent suggestion that we all stop talking about it for a while having fallen on deaf ears. Usually Dr. Phelps's suggestions are practical, and they are all kindly meant, but this one is not practical, and would just about put social intercourse in the United States out of business. Not everyone can talk about backgammon yet, although before this ancient and honorable game finishes its present course, we may all be able to; but show me the man, woman or child in the United States who hasn't at least one bootlegging story to tell. . . . Even the Landscaper knows a few. As we were saying, Mr. Anthony's novel is about Prohibition, and if it isn't unfair to give away the point of the story, the whole question is solved by a Congressman's wife, who discovers that Prohibition is a religion, and can therefore be ignored or adored as one sees fit. Mr. Anthony's book is amusing in an inconsequential manner, and should find a place in the currently slack season.

A novel of solid values is Margaret Ayer Barnes's *Years of Grace* (Houghton Mifflin, $2.50), Mrs. Barnes having made her début as a writer of short stories with *Prevailing Winds*, and having distinguished herself some time ago as author and co-author of successful plays. *Years of Grace* tells the story of the marriage of a Chicago girl, Jane Ward, to a proper Bostonian, and follows the history of four generations in America. It is done against a rich background and might almost be termed an historical novel of our own times, although it does not depend upon background for its interest, the story being well handled. This is too good a novel by too promising an author to be overlooked in the rush to the drugstores, although one feels that it probably will be neglected by a great many people who might enjoy it. It is a good bit too good for the dollar counters. . . .

Another novel that deals with us and our times is *Jackdaws Strut* by Harriet Harry (Morrow, $2.50), which is the tale of Stephanie Dale, a young girl on her own in New York, quite evidently done by someone who knows her subject, and written without any desire to shock. One feels that Miss Harry has drawn a true picture of a type that is perfectly familiar, entirely characteristic of our own age, and interesting from every angle. If not a novel of first importance, *Jackdaws Strut* deserves a high ranking in the second flight.

The Foreign Flavor

NOT much has come to us recently in translation, although there is available a new work by Ilya Ehrenbourg called *The Extraordinary Adventures of Julio Jurento* (Covici-Friede, $2.50), which will appeal to lovers of the curious in literature. This is a long and complicated satire on European affairs, done in a slightly mad Voltairean manner. Gustave Frenssen's *The Anvil* (Houghton Mifflin, $2.50), is a long, important, and rather dull story of the last four decades in Germany. One is safe enough, perhaps, in saying that this is the sort of novel that ought to be translated because of the reputation of its author, and the valuation of the work itself by foreign critics, but there is small chance that any vast numbers of people are going to read it. The only other novel about is called *The Young Cromlech*, and it is by Hugh de Blacam (Century, $2), a story in the Donn Byrne manner about a lad and a lass in Ireland. At a glance, it looks as if it might serve very well for summer reading.

Before detective fiction passes into the hands of the cigar store people, and so far as this observer is concerned, they are welcome to it, we might mention a few titles that are handy, and which look as if they might be up to standard. Tyline

Perry's *The Owner Lies Dead* (Covici-Friede, $2), concerns itself with the murder of a mine owner far below the ground; *The Melamare Mystery* by Maurice LeBlanc, carries on the adventures of Arsene Lupin and shows this redoubtable detective in love himself; and *The Piccadilly Ghost* by Erle Spencer (Macmillan, $2), as might be suspected, is about murder in London, and is not remotely related to the Cock Lane Ghost of Samuel Johnson's time; the Landscaper has tried for a glimpse of this latter worthy, but Cock Lane is now deserted. It may not be necessary to suggest that anyone in search of a lightish novel that makes no pretensions to literary merit need look no further than Alice Grant Rosman's latest contribution, *The Young and Secret* (Minton, Balch, $2), Mrs. Rosman having already pleased thousands of people with *The Window* and *Visitors to Hugo*. She has the secret of popular fiction that is respectably written and by no means to be scorned, since it is written for nothing more than entertainment. The new book seems to this observer to live up to its predecessors.

American Scene

The most arresting and able work of a biographical nature that has recently come to hand is James Truslow Adams's fine study *The Adams Family* (Little, Brown, $4), a recent selection of one of the book clubs, and a thoroughly engaging narrative of the clan that was founded by John and Abigail Adams, and which continues in the present Secretary of the Navy. John Quincy Adams, Francis Adams, Henry and John Quincy II, Charles Francis, Jr., and Brooks, are among the members of the family who have distinguished themselves; the record is certainly unequalled in American history, and the author has used his splendid knowledge of the story of this country for the background of his work. One suspects that no matter what books are forthcoming in the autumn, this volume will retain its relative importance. It should be of interest to every one who is really concerned with American phenomena. There are no other biographies at hand that demand attention; this is hardly an indication that we are finished with the vogue for life-stories, but is merely another indication of the dullness of the current weeks.

Another good book of American history is Samuel Eliot Morison's *Builders of the Bay Colony* (Houghton Mifflin, $5), one of the several important volumes published this year because of the Massachusetts tercentenary. Among the characters that troop through the pages of Mr. Morison's book are Captain John Smith, John White, Governor Winthrop, Thomas Shepard, Nathaniel Ward, Anne Bradstreet, Robert Child, Henry Dunster, and John Eliot, to mention only a few. Mr. Morison is also the author of *The Maritime History of Massachusetts.*

Knowledge and Skills

Of books of a general nature that have passed this way recently one of the most interesting is Bernard Jaffe's *Crucibles* (Simon and Schuster, $5), the work for which Mr. Jaffe was awarded a prize of $7,500, and the Francis Bacon Medal for the Humanizing of Knowledge. In it Mr. Jaffe tells the story of the great chemists, and Dr. E. E. Slosson, whose recent death removed one of the most admirable of the American popularizers of scientific knowledge from our midst, left behind him the verdict that the book was "brilliantly written, full of interesting personalities, and with the necessary explanation deftly worked in with as few repellant technical terms as possible." *Crucibles* begins with Trevisan, who looked for gold in a dunghill, tells of Paracelsus, Becher, Priestley, Lavoisier, Dalton, and many others, coming as far down as Langmuir, who, in the words of the author, made us see the dance of the atoms. The author is a New York man; at present on the faculty of Girls Commercial High School in Brooklyn. He spent altogether four years on the work.

Another book that is scientific in nature and popular in interest is *Exploring for Plants* by David Fairchild (Macmillan, $5). It relates the adventures of a rambling botanist, who has searched the world over for plants, many of which have proved of great benefit to the human race. There are 190 illustrations, and the book is full of adventures, as it well might be. It should prove interesting to anyone, and unless the Landscaper's memory has gone wrong on such matters, especially so to older boys. It is a real contribution to an important subject.

Dean C. Worcester's standard volume on *The Philippines: Past and Present* has just been reissued by Macmillan in a new and revised edition at $6, with Ralston Hayden responsible for the changes; the large book has everything in it that any one might wish to know about our most important possessions in the Pacific. Meade Minnegerode has contributed another of his highly readable books in *Some Mariners of France* (Putman, $3.50), which tells the story of such worthies as Jean Bart of Dunkirk, and which is also a history of the maritime exploits of the French. Mr. Minnegerode writes in the most popular manner, which is another way of saying he writes with color and life, but he does not neglect his research, either, and a lot of digging into dusty town archives and little known documents went into the present volume.

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Prophet of Prohibition

BY RAY T. TUCKER

The story of Dr. Clarence True Wilson, Field General of the Drys, who sees yet more sweeping reforms ahead

DR. CLARENCE TRUE WILSON is, without a doubt, the most sensational moral and political reformer of the United States. There may be those who resent his manners and methods, but this quite pardonable prejudice can not obscure the fact that the pugnacious pulpiteer of the Board of Prohibition, Temperance and Public Morals of the Methodist Episcopal Church exercises an inestimable influence over his flock. If millions of Methodists, right or wrong, constitute the shock troops of the reform movement that produced the dry laws, the white-haired and blue-eyed clergyman with the silken goatee who marshalled their field forces in thirty-six States long before swivel-chair leaders capitalized his victories in Congress, deserves a prominent place in the non-alcoholic Valhalla.

As the Senate Lobby Committee recently disclosed, the late lamented Dr. Wayne B. Wheeler, while legislative representative of the National Anti-Saloon League, dominated Presidents, Cabinets, Congresses and political conventions. Nevertheless, it was Dr. Wilson who set the stage for Brother Wheeler to do his stuff. Though Wheeler may have beaten the politicians at the Capital, it was Wilson who beat the tom-toms among the people.

SINCE 1910, when he became executive secretary of the newly organized Methodist board, he has been scourging the saloon in every State of the Union. In the years when a Prohibitionist was a battered object of scorn and stones, he carried "the cause" into the highways and lowways of the West, and subsequently had the satisfaction of seeing twenty-six of the thirty-six States adopt Prohibition long before the nation succumbed. While Carrie Na-

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tion fought with a hatchet, Wilson warred against rum with his tongue and tracts.

Rigging up a gift automobile as a "Prohibition water-wagon" in 1912, he chugged out of Topeka, Kansas, his field headquarters, and for almost eight years he rode herd on a rotating troupe of speakers who barnstormed through lands then bathed in booze. In his *Adventures of a Street Campaigner* he says:

> My speeches were delivered from the rostrum of Methodist Conferences and university chapels, and from the pulpits of city and country churches. Some were made thousands of feet down under the earth in mines, many feet up in the air at mountainous points, in remote logging and fishing camps, on street corners and curbstones, on steam and sailing vessels, from automobiles, trucks and dry goods boxes. Some of the best were made from beer barrels, which, by the way, served as excellent pulpits. Standing on end, they took up very little room, gave correct elevation and were a picturesque symbol of the day when the beer industry would be trampled under the feet of civilization by Prohibition agitation such as ours.
>
> In Minnesota and Nebraska we have stood on a snow bank in the dead of winter and addressed Saturday afternoon throngs while a blizzard was raging. We have campaigned in the Golden West beneath genial sunshine and sped onward by soft breezes that made it a kind of heaven to go to heaven in. We have listened to loud hurrahs and storms of friendly handclaps; we have faced the scoffs, the scowls, the yells and the united threats of hostile mobs.

THE training acquired during these frontier experiences has obviously had a deep influence upon Dr. Wilson; it fortifies him in his present encounters with the ancient enemy. If he exhibits a weakness for sensational and unrestrained outbursts, it should be remembered that a beer barrel orator must think quickly and express himself forcibly if he is to hold and convince his crowd; he can not permit himself a pause for considered thought and sober statement. He must meet intemperance with intemperance, and he is lost who would be polite, parliamentary or punctilious. If, too, there appears to be a trace of the dissembler in him, it may undoubtedly be attributed to the days when he campaigned among rude folk who looked for edification as well as amusement to circus side-shows and itinerant medicine men. Then, as now, Dr. Wilson deemed it advisable to temper his tracts and his tongue to shorn mentalities and limited outlooks.

THOSE ten years of wandering warfare also spoiled him for settling down in Washington as the squatter guardian of our national morality. A nervous and fluttering gentleman, he must be ever on the march; not for him is the joyous job of talking to elected and appointive officials, although select subordinates undoubtedly devote themselves to this field of angelic activity. He is, preëminently, a Field General, a pulpiteer, a propagandist. Even now he spends five nights of every seven on the road, and during 1929, when he might have rested from his labors in view of the Prohibition triumph in 1928, he travelled 56,000 miles to invade thirty-eight States and deliver more than 500 addresses.

With an astuteness discernible at every turn in his career, he early hit upon the idea of engaging in debate with his enemies, in order that he might speak before unbelievers, and if he has not converted more than a handful, he has given them something and somebody to denounce. Denunciation, he philosophizes, is more desirable than disinterest. At the worst, he solaces himself with the thought that he has left with them a memory of a striking figure — one newspaper said "weird" — and proved that a Prohibitionist need not be a mild or mollycoddlish man, or even a judicious one. Indeed, those who listen carefully, or peruse his written works with some discernment, may conclude that Dr. Wilson, though publicly professing an aversion for an alliance between Church and State, yearns to strut the national stage as a Richelieu, a Bishop Matthew Simpson, or a Savonarola.

BEFORE the Senate Lobby Committee his able assistant, Deets Pickett, may devoutly deny that his lordly leader desires such a union, or thinks the Church should mingle in politics, but hear him as he exhorts the brethren in an unguarded moment. To the Southern California Methodist Conference in 1924 he said:

> We have overemphasized the separation of Church and State. A great deal of nonsense has been talked about how preachers should keep out of politics. Get into politics! If the forces of God — the saints — can't present as strong a lineup and wield as much influence as the forces of evil — the devils — there can't be much doubt of the outcome. We modern preachers are not priests. Jesus Christ was the last priest. We are prophets, the prophets of God, who plunge into every great battle, who mix into everything.

Dr. Wilson, it must be admitted in all sincerity, practises what he preaches. In his annual reports he repeatedly stresses the need for more laws to penalize the buyer of liquor, to make the first offense a prison penalty, to furnish additional funds for enforcement. "We have had practically no new legislation either to simplify or make more effective Prohibition enforcement in six years," he italicized in his 1926 report. In 1928 he lacked sufficiently purple language with which to call upon the church to demand dry planks in both party platforms and to crush any candidate who dared to advocate repeal or modification. He lists defeats of Wets as any tradesman would chalk up sales on the right side of the ledger, and he records setbacks to Drys on the opposite page. These policies he advocates from the pulpit and platform nightly, but always, he maintains, as a moralist rather than a politician.

ALTHOUGH he concedes that the Prohibition question has not been satisfactorily settled, he has already outlined an even more ambitious programme, which requires laws to outlaw the cigarette, to compel teaching of the Bible in the schools, to indigo the Sabbath, to prohibit prize-fighting, to clean up the motion pictures, to banish all forms of gambling, and to eliminate the "social evil." As if this were not a sufficiently elaborate project for a church which, he insists, holds aloof from politics and government, he would have it strive for laws withdrawing protection to Americans engaged in "unconstitutional traffic" abroad, compelling the use of the English language as the exclusive medium of education and publication, and, as a tail-end proposition, installing the direct primary, the initiative, the referendum and recall.

Despite these prodigious demands, Dr. Wilson manages to maintain that neither he nor his church participate in politics, and Mr. Pickett, who appeared as his spokesman, apparently won the Lobby Committee to this view. To less naïve individuals than members of the Senate's inquisitorial body, however, it must seem that in this instance the Doctor dissembles. In this connection, it may be of interest to contrast his committee contention with his ideas as set forth in his remarkable biography of Bishop Simpson, who was Lincoln's close friend and adviser. It is clear that the Bishop is Dr. Wilson's great hero and model, and it is quite impossible for the biographer to conceal his envy of the political and personal influence which the Methodist of an earlier day possessed.

Bishop Simpson, Dr. Wilson informs us, served as Lincoln's substitute when the President was unable to fill speaking engagements, and was frequently summoned to the White House that his advice might be sought. Bishop Simpson, his worshipper notes, obtained the appointment of Stanton as Secretary of War, and subsequently as an Associate Justice of the Supreme Court. Likewise the ecclesiastical influence was behind the nomination of Chase as Chief Justice, if Dr. Wilson is to be believed, and in Grant's controversies with officialdom, including those caused by his weakness for alcohol, the Bishop acted as the warrior's patron. Writes the latter-day Methodist:

> It is well known that Grant wound up as head of all our armies by appointment of this same man (Lincoln). How did it happen? Why, when Grant was in trouble, he always turned to his friend and relative, Matthew Simpson, for the parents of Grant's wife were in Simpson's first charge, and the name of the General was Ulysses Simpson Grant.

Dr. Wilson asserts that "every President from Lincoln to Garfield looked upon Bishop Simpson as a trusted friend and adviser." With the same words utilized by Wilson in demanding that the Government mobilize the Army and Navy to enforce Prohibition, the Bishop, according to his Boswell, urged Lincoln to emancipate the slaves. Simpson's words as recorded by Wilson were:

> We are doing many things now that in peace time would be unconstitutional. For instance, we are shooting down American citizens. The Constitution gives them life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. When the Constitution is imperilled and a rebellion is on, the first right of the Constitution is self-preservation; and if granting freedom to the slaves would help to preserve the Constitution, I care not whether it goes over the Constitution, or around the Constitution, or under the Constitution, or through the Constitution. If it is to preserve the Constitution, it is constitutional.

This same attitude doubtless explains the Doctor's demand, as voiced in a magazine article, that the President "call out the Marines" to establish martial law in New York and Maryland, and thereby enforce Prohibition over the Federal and State constitutions and the prostrate bodies of "Nullifiers" Smith and Ritchie. For Dr. Wilson there is no difference between the crises of 1860 and 1930, between the preservation of the Constitution and Prohibition. Were he to have his way, the Marines would be transformed into a body of commuters between New York and all points wet.

Nor does he confine such inflammable advice to his magazine articles, his books, his reports, his speeches and his daily comments on Prohibition doings and desirabilities. Week by week, month by month and year by year such militant and extravagant suggestions issue from his G.H.Q. to members and ministers of the M. E. Church.

His board publishes a monthly bulletin known as *The Voice*, through which he sends warlike *communiqués* to 25,000 embattled evangelists. Its effect upon their thinking can hardly be estimated, although evidence of its detonative qualities may be heard on Sabbath mornings when the pulpit phalanx swings into action. Wilson also supervises publication of *The Clipsheet*, a compilation of dry claims and statistics, which is broadcast through 14,000 newspaper offices weekly. If it may be thought that editors are more discriminating than ministers, Dr. Wilson quickly dissipates this impression. In six months material from *The Clipsheet* was reprinted to the extent of 40,000 inches, and this, he hastens to enumerate, represents sufficient space to fill forty-six issues of an ordinary-sized newspaper, not to mention advertising value appraised at $100,000.

Thus he generates an undiminishing flow of Prohibition propaganda, supplemented, if necessary, by statements timed to meet changing conditions at all hours of the day and night. For if there is one public figure in Washington upon whom the correspondents can depend for headline comment, it is Dr. Wilson. Volstead he once ranked with Abraham Lincoln, and he characterized Mabel Walker Willebrandt as "that magnificent little woman who inspired the Jones law." In his expressed opinion, "Al Smith was as crooked a traitor as ever scuttled a ship of state." He has assailed every President since Taft, with the exception of Herbert Hoover, for indifference to Prohibition, and he once asserted that "though the Secretary of the Treasury is a Mellon, he is no watermelon." He even named poor Papa Stearns as "the sinister influence" which prevented Calvin Coolidge from neglecting all other Presidential problems for that of Prohibition enforcement. His only reaction to the life imprisonment sentence imposed on a mother of ten children for a one-pint sale of liquor was that "she should have been jailed before the birth of her first child"; and the dry agent who killed Mrs. Lillian de King while she was seeking help for her wounded husband should have been "commended rather than condemned," in his opinion. He first urged the Drys to "pack" *The Literary Digest* poll, on the ground that the Wets were stuffing the count, but second thought led him to give more ethical counsel.

His secret report declaring that the Pope had mobilized the nuns behind Mr. Smith's Presidential candidacy in order to elect a "son of the church" was too recently disclosed before the Lobby Committee to require repetition. He insists, however, that he was attacking "a Catholic wet and nullifier" rather than the Catholic Church, and he cites his political support of Senator Thomas J. Walsh of Montana in refutation of suggestions that he was animated by religious prejudice. He does not, nor do his friends, explain away his belittling of Dr. Henry Van Dyke for his part in the 1928 campaign, or his comment that Dr. Van Dyke's father was "a Presbyterian minister of the same stripe." A charitable interpretation, perhaps, is that these unfortunate utterances were due, in part, to the heat of battle in which they were made, and to his early training in the rough-and-tumble school of rabble-rousing rhetoric. Though privately he expresses regret at some of his excesses of speech, he condones them with the argument that a warrior on the field of Armageddon can not mince words:

> I am a fighter in the dry cause. That is my life, and it would be meaningless if I did not fight to win. If the question were settled, we would merely be amused at the fellow who went wet. But any one who leaves us now is a traitor, and any one who opposes us is an enemy, and I would be a Judas Iscariot if I did not try to strike him down, whether he be an "Al" Smith or a Dwight Morrow.

A shrug of his shoulders and a hard, dry laugh are his response to suggestions that he must grow weary of condemnation and isolation from the haunts of genial men:

> I have been defending Drys, dry laws, dry agents, dry officials, and dry principles for many years. Of course, I expect to be attacked. A man can't participate in a fight like this without hitting hard and being hit hard. But I would hate that the Biblical curse — "Woe unto ye when all men speak well of ye" — should fall upon me. I have no fear, though, that I will ever qualify for that.

Nevertheless, he has an engaging side. He is a man of distinguished presence, either on or off the platform; his snow-white hair, goatee and mustache, his baby-blue eyes and his peaches-and-cream complexion contrasting strangely with the red flame of "living fire" that consumes him. On the stump he impresses audiences as a polished speaker, even though he resorts to frequent and forcible gestures and permits his coat tails to fly about.

It is regrettable that the votes of visible and invisible listeners have gone against him in most instances, but it suffices for him that he obtains a hearing in the houses of the Philistines. As he warms up to his subject, a large gold cross dangles from his vest pocket, rimless glasses tremble on his nose, his face becomes flushed and the fiery words pour forth from between mustache and goatee. He presents a picture that commands attention, even though his arguments may not win agreement. Off the platform he discusses Prohibition a bit more sanely and sensibly, recognizing that it "was designed only to stop the public liquor traffic, while total abstinence is the remedy for the private drink habit." He has, for instance, conceived a great affection and admiration for his debating partner, Mr. Darrow, and he admits that the unbelieving lawyer would make an excellent preacher, "if soundly converted." For him "conversion" was the beginning of his Prohibition career, and therefore it is the beginning of all things.

Nevertheless, "conversion" did not come to him in the thunderous form in which it fell upon St. Paul on the road to Damascus. Though he was the son of a minister, and a member of the ninth generation of God-fearing English-Scotch-Irish settlers to be born in that part of Delaware which forms the eastern enclosure of Chesapeake Bay, he showed no inclination toward the church in early days.

His awakening came one night while he was riding past a country chapel on his way to an evening party; misgivings concerning his conduct beset him as he flicked his whip across the horse's broad back and asked, "Whither goest thou?" As always, action accompanied, or even anticipated, thought, and within a week he was delivering sermons in the rural churches round about. He attended St. John's College, an ancient and historic institution at Annapolis, until his health forced him to migrate to the Pacific Coast, where he completed his education at the University of Southern California and the McClay College of Theology. In 1904, when only thirty-two years old, he became pastor of the Grace Methodist Church in Portland, Oregon, and it was there that he entered upon his first Prohibition crusade in local and State contests. Despite pastorates in the East, it was in Oregon that he rose to the position of Superintendent of the State branch of the Anti-Saloon League, and it was from here that he was summoned to Chicago as secretary of the Methodist board on May Day, 1910. From that moment to this he has labored under no inspiration except "the cause."

So he can afford to smile at the taunts of his foes. He does not, for instance, worry over their jibes at the "Million Dollar Methodist palace," so "providentially" located across the plaza from the Capitol, and though he denies their assertions that it represents an expenditure of $1,000,000, insisting that it cost only $700,000, he informs the brethren in soul-stimulating messages that the former figure is correct. He will be forgiven, doubtless, for such well-intentioned dissembling since he has frequently found these tactics helpful. It is traceable to his beer-barrel period, perhaps, for it is reminiscent of the episode in which he challenged a jeering gang of factory workers to compare the callouses on their hands with his own. Telling of the incident to a Methodist audience years later, he added: "I am glad they didn't accept the challenge." There were, it seems, no callouses on the crusader's palms.

He can, belatedly, even smile at this example of childish charlatanism. For, sitting in his "palace" and poring over the blue prints of a $500,000 addition, he contemplates a country from which "legalized temptation" has been removed, and, as he suggested in his 1928 report, he rejoices at the election of "a Quaker President and a Methodist Vice-President."

Were it not that the "hounds of heaven" drive him ever onward, he might indulge his hobbies of spreading the simplified-spelling movement, of breeding fine cattle, of a bucolic existence on his Maryland farm, or compile his evidence, that John Wilkes Booth, Lincoln's assassin, was not shot in a Virginia barn but escaped to live to a ripe old age in Enid, Oklahoma. These simple things this man of strangely mixed motives longs for, but he must, unfortunately, lay them aside until he has finally freed America of wet agitators, speakeasies, bathtub gin, the bare legs of chorus girls, high-low-jack-and-the-game, cigarettes, unnaturalized aliens, prize fights, and many other pressing evils.

Sage

By Margaret Münsterberg

You have but little beauty, tiny flower,
And if you have a perfume, it is faint.
My foot has almost crushed you as you cower
Beneath the towering grasses — humbly quaint.

I wonder, were you gone, if I should miss you,
Your purple-bluish petals in the field?
Yet I believe the butterfly must kiss you,
And that your blossoms, too, sweet honey yield.

I know a life, like yours, so quaintly humble,
With little beauty for the careless eye,
And almost unperceived until you stumble
Upon a bit of kindness, passing by —

A life that seems monotonous and lonely.
Yet I believe that when its breath is spent,
This earth will be the poorer far, if only
One heart will miss the faint and sage-like scent.

She Gets the Job

By Catharine Brody

Comparing the girl's opportunities in the modern business world with the boy's

There was one short period in a life of toil and pessimism when I almost succumbed to that illusion of American womanhood marching upward and onward, which no hoariness of age seems to stale and no amount of denial to wither. It happened some six years ago. A newspaper had sent me to twenty cities and towns through the country to learn whether or not an unskilled girl, without family, friends or money could easily get work to do. Upon a day, therefore, in the course of my wanderings, I found myself in the employment office of a Philadelphia department store, in the midst of a group of girls and boys in their teens. One glance — and the exhilarating quality of that illusion went to my head.

There was no comparison between the girls and the boys. The former were nearly all attractively dressed, facing the world with some confidence, even the little messenger girls, in contrast to the very awkward and adolescent boys of their own age. To see the latter fumbling with their application blanks, stumbling all over each other on four, six, it seemed eight legs, to hear them stammering their inquiries at the information desk, to watch them being unceremoniously ordered here and there, was calculated to make even a member of the competing sex feel a twinge of pity. In the mean time, the girls walked briskly in and out of the employment office; smiling and poised, they conferred with the manager. They were not afraid to ask questions about work and pay, while they were answering questions as to their fitness. And if the answers did not suit them, as I learned from later conversations, they did not hesitate to jerk thumbs down. It was in this store that a co-worker informed me, "It's easy for a girl to get jobs around here; it's hard for a man because he knows he has to stick, but if a girl doesn't like her job, why she can go round the corner and get another one."

This attitude, amounting to a toss of the head in the face of the world, became more and more apparent and more and more heartening as I travelled on. It was no red-letter year. Times were good in some parts of the country and very bad in others. The seasons of the year — fall, winter and very early spring — seemed to be favorable to job-hunting in the East and South and more and more unfavorable as one went to the West and North. But everywhere these girls I met — who were generally in their teens — kept their air of assurance, a certain consciousness that they were young and neat and often pretty, a certain feeling that they would get quarter.

INDEED, it seemed that they were justified. My reception in most factories, accustomed as I was to periods of desperate job-hunting among newspapers, left me flabbergasted. I was needed. I was wanted. Why, even in Detroit, in the slack inventory-taking time, hadn't I, the only girl, been immediately picked out of a crowd of boys and men to master the simple and very monotonous business of pinning together the frames for automobile cushions? I did feel so sorry for the tow-headed boys and the heavy-handed men who waited in such helpless awareness that they could hardly hope to appeal to the dramatic instincts of the community as did the poor little working-girl. Heaven will protect her — I remembered the prophecy. Nothing was said about him.

Whether it is actually easier, in normal times, for the unskilled or semi-skilled girl to get a start in the working world, as compared with the boy of her age, seems to be a question which can be answered only by opinions and general impressions. The best figures available are those compiled by Claire Lewis, head of the Junior Placement Bureau of the New York State Department of Labor; but these hardly form an accurate basis for a review of the country as a whole, since New York ranks high among the States with protective labor legislation, laws which automatically discriminate against girls in some occupations.

AN EXAMINATION of Miss Lewis's report for three months of the current year shows that the boy of from fourteen to eighteen had a better chance to get the job. However, his chance was only about eleven per cent better on the average, and the figures do not include either the boy or girl of eighteen nor are their comparisons extant for the latter teens. This leaves some room for doubt, for though it is agreed that the girl of from fourteen to sixteen in this State, certainly, is a problem for the employment bureaus, while the boys of such ages can be placed as office, errand and messenger boys, the handicap on the girl's side is lessened after sixteen and in the case of one employment bureau, that of the Heckscher Foundation, the shoe seems to be decidedly on the other foot. Edith Odes, the head of this bureau, which deals with a specialized group of juniors, says that it is the boy of seventeen and eighteen, the boy too old for errand work but without trade or training, who is her particular problem, while the girl of the same age, proportionately more mature, often with a longer period of schooling to her credit and more varied skills, is fifty per cent easier to find work for.

Throughout the country, it is my impression, from my own experience and from the attitude of the numerous unskilled and semi-skilled girls with whom I worked and hunted for work, that they normally get a foothold, albeit a most unstable one, in the working world with less trouble than the boys. Girls are preferred in factories wherever there is any chance that they can do the work and particularly where they are not safeguarded as to hours, conditions and age — there seems to be no doubt of that. Girls are preferred in all the lesser-paid forms of clerical work and, of course, in domestic service, though no inexperienced girl need think that she is going to be at all popular with housewives. To the adolescent boy of this class are left the trades (and the girls have a few of their own such as millinery, dressmaking, beauty shop work), errand boy jobs of one sort or another — in New York State half of the jobs available to boys through the Junior Service call for work of this sort, while half of the jobs open to girls are in factories — the exclusively male industries, machine shops, foundries, etc., and all the forms of rougher labor where the hours may be longer than they are for girls.

THE most striking point, in view of what happens later, is that in earning power boy and girl start even. There appears to be no dispute about that. In New York State each gets a beginner's wage of from eight to twelve dollars a week, depending on the district and on whether times are good or bad. I gather that wages for the comparatively unskilled have not changed since my time, so, from my own observation, I might add that these are good average rates for the country. Except as a servant, nowhere, not even in the South, was I offered less than eight dollars a week, and in only three instances more than twelve.

Even in the better educated groups, those of college boys and girls, there is no marked economic difference at the start. As nearly as I can find out, each sex gets much the same pay, from twenty to twenty-five dollars a week. Some college graduates earn more, no doubt, to begin with, and lucky they are, too; but these are average salaries.

AS FAR as opportunities are concerned, the girl of this class feels the first premonition of that cold air of which she is going to get such large quantities later on. To be sure, she has what amounts to a monopoly of some professions, of nursing, for instance, of teaching in the elementary grades. A college graduate with stenography is no white elephant in employment offices. On the other hand, one hardly needs to point out all the doors which she will have to pry open with a jimmy and many in which even the jimmy won't work. These factories, for instance, which are so hospitable to girls — what use have they for the feminine college graduate? The stock answer to this question is that she isn't willing to "start at the bottom" like her brother and learn the business. But what provision has been made for her to do so? One reads very encouraging stories from time to time of girls who have donned the figurative overalls, gone to work in factories and taken the steps of the ladder two at a time; but unfortunately these are all fiction stories. My own idea is that if a college girl did wish to undertake one of the endless pasting and pinning and pressing and picking jobs relegated to women in factories, she would have to lie her head off in the first place to avert suspicion, and that, even if she advanced to the high estate of handling a machine at a piece work rate, she would still come out at the same door as that in which she went. It doesn't seem to be an unusual idea. When I asked Lucy Connor, National Industrial Secretary of the Y.W.C.A., whether, in the course of her visits through the country, she had ever stumbled upon any of these wondrous up-from-the-ranks-to-the-top-of-the-factory college girls of fiction, she just laughed.

It is with precisely that sort of hearty laughter that I now regard my own deluded sympathy with the poor, gangling, helpless-seeming male of the species in his teens. He may not be so sure of himself as the girls, he may take whatever offers while the girls know what they want, grimace at factory work and demand clerical; he may have no advantage at the start either in pay or in the chance for a job. Nevertheless, in ten years' time it will be these girls one must feel sorry for, and the older they grow the sorrier one must feel. Their briskness and brightness can't fool anyone who has seen and is seeing them ten, fifteen, twenty years later. They may be marching upward and onward. From where I stand, however, it looks more as if they were marching round and round.

A decade later, what becomes of these brave, bold, independent damsels — the little Polish fifteen-year-olds who flung on cheap fur coats over their stained overalls and swaggered down the road away from the automobile accessories factory in Detroit; the bored working-girls in the Baltimore underwear shop, one of whom cheerfully informed the employment manager in my presence that "No, of course, she didn't work every day"; the pretty girls in the Boston shoe factories who made eyes at the boys across the streets, then turned and giggled among themselves, "The fools! The saps!" So many of them said, very seriously, "A woman has it worse when she marries." But, of course, the great majority of them do marry, and they marry sooner than the white-collar girl, possibly because the men of their economic class reach their best earning powers at the earlier and more susceptible ages.

Between the very early twenties and the late, there seems to be a peculiar hiatus among factory girls. Nineteen is a very common age in factories, so are twenty and twenty-one, but it used to amaze me to see how few of the girls who worked with me, judging by looks as well as by admissions, were in the middle twenties. The latter ages, it would appear, cover the years when they stay out, married, getting supported, bearing children. In the near-thirties they begin to drift back to the factories — sometimes only for the autumn months "to buy things for the children's Christmas," sometimes only for a few years, "to save money for a home," but more and more often, indefinitely, because their husbands can't get work or because they've been separated or divorced or widowed and have to support themselves and their children. Therefore, in a decade, those who have not been able to withdraw absolutely from the world of the pay envelope are back exactly where they started from, doing more or less the same work at more or less the same pay, from an average of fifteen dollars weekly to a high rate of twenty-five, and with two jobs to hold down instead of one — an unpaid job at home as well as the job in the factory.

I remember a foreman in Troy who, in the process of painting for me in glowing colors my opportunities as a shirt-presser — some foremen even felt it necessary to tempt me thus — inadvertently let slip a scornful comparison between the earnings of men and women. There was one among the small group of male pressers, he said, who made as much as forty dollars a week, but none of the large group of women had ever made so much: "One woman makes thirty dollars a week, but she's an exception." What he forgot to mention, what I learned for myself afterwards, was that perhaps not a single woman in the room could give her entire energy to the business of pressing shirts for a living. Most of the women were married and washed, cooked and cleaned at night; some of them had children and had to add the job of being a mother to their other duties; even the unmarried ones helped with the housework.

It is trite to repeat that, though the girls had an equal start, a decade later they are earning less. From a recent investigation of the National Industrial Conference Board in twenty-five lines of work, one gathers that factory women earn a median wage at least twenty-five per cent lower than the wage of unskilled men. The only position to which women can, as a rule, hope to rise in the factories, is that of forelady. I have heard of foreladies who earned as much as forty dollars a week — when not laid off. Most factory earnings, of course, are very sensitive to lay-offs and seasons.

And what happens to those girls who clamor for clerical work, jobs in stores, who are not only insistent upon keeping their white collars ungrimed but who really appear to be sensible in their choice, considering the slight chances for advancement in the factories? The righteous little Southern girls with whom I clerked in a Birmingham five and ten cent store; the telephone girls with whom I trained in Kansas City; the girls with whom I fished for advertisements in San Francisco; my roommate in Cleveland who was an usher, and further back than that, the girls with whom I typed form letters in an office in New York City — what becomes of them? A few may rise to the heights of a profession. Otherwise, if they are lucky and highly expert, they are holding down jobs that pay at the very most fifty dollars a week — thirty-five would be much nearer the mark. In nearly all branches of clerical work the men are paid more than the women, often a good deal more. Concluding its study of these workers four years ago, the National Industrial Conference Board neatly, if unconsciously, summarized the whole situation in regard to women's salaries. After pointing out that in the highest paid group for each clerical occupation, the percentages of all the women employed were, with one exception, smaller than those for men, the report explained that in the case of file clerks the two percentages were approximately the same, "which would appear to indicate a special adaptability on the part of women for this particular type of work." In other words those women who hope to reach equal earning power with men must be not merely equally good but better.

As for those white-collar girls who marry, more and more of them are returning to what they call "business," and if they do so, they are in the same position as their factory sisters. They are two-job women on half-pay dividing their energy between home and office, for, if they do not literally cook the dinner after work (a great many do) and clean the apartment, all the details of a household devolve upon them, and that is no mean burden.

Nor are their futures, so far as business advancement is concerned, much more hopeful. From below they are pressed by the hordes of girls, the annual high school quota and others, who want office jobs and nothing else; for the better positions, such as that of secretary, college girls have the advantage, and the very best jobs, head clerk, head bookkeeper, office manager, etc., are mostly relegated to men.

STENOGRAPHY used to be considered the best stepping-stone to a career — for a girl — but that was in the days of old when an office afforded a much better chance for initiative on the part of the employee and personal choice and judgment on the part of the employer. This basis for a future, it seems, is being destroyed. Technical changes, the introduction of new mechanisms, do not appear to have affected the factory women as much as they have the clerical workers, perhaps because the latter were much more accustomed to the security of a definite weekly wage and the less impersonal treatment.

MARGARET WILLIAMSON, National Business and Professional Secretary of the Y.W.C.A., paints a gloomy picture, particularly at present when there is so much unemployment. Older, experienced girls are being discharged in favor of youngsters who can handle uncanny new machines just as well. Central stenographic offices are set up where the workers either circulate among the executives of a company or transcribe from dictophone records and have, therefore, as little chance of learning the business or forming helpful connections as workers in a factory. She tells of the idea new to business girls of payment by production, piece work — in other words, dictophone operators paid by the cylinder, bill clerks by the number of invoices, typewriters being equipped with cyclometers and the typists being paid a base rate with the remainder dependent on the number of "points" recorded by the cyclometer. This trend toward mechanization and standardization is, according to Miss Williamson, rather more pronounced so far in the Middle West and, of course, it probably will not be practicable for the small office. At the same time it is transforming the work and the hopes of many women and is leading to an increasing maladjustment in jobs.

Men feel the pinch of the shoe, also, but one must remember their higher salaries and the generally accepted theory that among them will be found the stuff for promotion. In spite of all the wives and children men are supposed to be supporting (no one ever takes into account the parents, disabled relatives, younger sisters and brothers, children and even husbands whom women are supporting), they have much the better chance to provide for themselves. The amount of money which these women can put by out of their salaries is something pitiful. I know one who has been working for twenty-five years, quite steadily, and has risen very high up to one of the fifty-a-week-jobs. All she has to show for it is two thousand dollars painfully accumulated in the bank.

AND what becomes of them in the professions? This drives home so close to me that I hate to say. To see the smart parade of girls and women in restaurants that specialized groups of them frequent, one would think that they owned the world. Women triumphant! Yes, indeed, completely triumphant from the business-like brief-case or envelope or portfolio she carries to the trim and completely fashionable hat she wears, to her sleek stockings and the shoes that must match her costume. Alas! this appearance of prosperity and dominance is just her stock in trade; it is like the affluent show window of one of those tiny shops which one enters only to find that all the merchandise has been displayed in the window.

One is struck by the special sort of gloss which covers so many of these better-class working women, these more or less professional women, in the later twenties — a sort of mask of hardness and alertness superimposed on scrupulous grooming. This mask is becoming almost a typemark of young women who "get around a lot," who are much in evidence and whom one would consider successful. They seem much superior to the men of their age and class. The women make much the better appearance, they seem to be much more brisk, much more intent on their jobs — much too intent, in fact — and they work like demons. When they are aggressive, and they often are, their aggressiveness and persistence are frightening. They are "go-getterettes," but they should not be confused with the male "go-getter." They have no spirit of get-together, no blandness; tact and shrewdness, perhaps, but no cheerful suavity of demeanor. They are made of sterner stuff because they have learned that in order simply to be as successful, they must be more in every way than the men. They must be harder than nails, they must be hard as diamonds. They must be more grasping, more calculating, more determined. Even in order to be less successful, they must be more in every way.

THE best example of the type, to my mind, is found among the stylists, with advertising women a close second — professions in which one would imagine women stood more than an equal chance. Unfortunately, plenty of men have no objection to designing, describing and manufacturing articles to be sold to women, though they might object to women's so much as purchasing neckties for them. And besides the competition of the men there is also the competition of the armies of their own sex who naturally prefer the doors which are wider open to those just ajar or completely barred. It often seems as if all the smart young women were trying to do some form of writing or drawing or acting.

In some branches of the artistic or pseudo-artistic professions, women are burdened with no handicaps. In many others the doors begin to bang almost as soon as they have been pried open. An example that springs to mind immediately is newspaper work, one of the most backward and unfair trades in that respect.

I remember that when I had had five years' experience on papers in and out of New York and had just completed for one of them a series of articles which attracted sufficient attention to bring compliments from the editor, there was a question of rewarding me by taking me back on the staff. This the editor did not care to do, but when I was leaving he kindly inquired: "Do you know stenography? I think I could find you some secretarial work!"

Experiences like this are a great deal more responsible for those much-published neuroses among women than the sentimental potpourri of causes usually set forth. I, myself, because of this incident, am marred for life by a dreadful repressed desire. For, unfortunately, it was not possible to obey one's natural instinct and shoot the editor.

Some professional women have done well. In the majority of cases the mask of prosperity hides the fact that they are not doing nearly as well as their male competitors, though way down at the bottom boys and girls start at the same pay and with greater self-confidence on the part of the girls. Three thousand a year is no particular mark of distinction so far as men are concerned, but a woman who earns that amount on a job feels a sense of accomplishment. When she earns five thousand, she might as well call it a day, unless she is a super-woman, a very Colossus of her sex. I know numbers of girls who make so much and some of them reached this position of affluence quite early in their careers — five years after leaving college, perhaps. But no matter how little or how often they may change jobs thereafter, their salaries remain at about the same level. And when a woman makes fifteen thousand a year, she is certain to get her pictures in the papers at one time or another.

The actual money earned by many women who are pointed to with pride, particularly by the newspapers, as having broken into professions usually closed to their sex, is often ridiculous. Of course, in the process of individual bargaining, men and women of this class find it wiser to exaggerate their salaries, so it is difficult to be precise on the subject. But a year ago there was a great hullabaloo in the papers about a woman whom I happened to know well, one of the very few women and one of the best known in a certain dominantly masculine business. She had worked for a very wealthy firm for about thirty years, worked with an irritating loyalty considering the treatment meted out to her, and so conscientiously that she was on the verge of a breakdown. If money talks, her pay envelope certainly did not join in the general fanfare of wonder and admiration, It held just a hundred dollars every week. There was no question of her mind, her education or her value to the firm. Neither was there any question of her being offered a partnership. Also, she had to stay on her job, for it would have been too difficult to obtain another one in the same field.

On the surface, the records of applicants and placements of the New York State Department of Labor for the first four months of this year — a time of critical unemployment — show that women did have the better of it. A higher percentage of them were able to "find something to do," in the winter months a much higher percentage. Only, here is the catch: the percentage jumps ahead for women because of "day work," fragmentary jobs of cleaning and cooking and scrubbing. When one comes to consider the earning power of these women who found "something to do" more readily, that is another story. The Manhattan office of the State Labor Bureau has embarked on an analysis of the wages of the men and women placed from the first of January to the first of May in the current year. The first fact it uncovered was that among the men, ninety-seven were to get paid from thirty dollars a week up, while the women to be paid twenty-five a week or more amounted to exactly six. The highest salary among the men, mostly men with trades, was seventy-five dollars, that of an engineer; the highest paid woman was a statistical clerk at forty dollars a week. Keeping in mind the probability that highly skilled women, generally of the white collar and professional class, are less likely to apply to the State employment office, it is still interesting to figure out the low wages earned by this higher percentage of women who did obtain some sort of work and hard work, too — scrubbing floors is no joke.

I know of no research as to whether the men or the women are more likely to find employment, disregarding wages, in normal times, so there would appear to be plenty of room for surmise. It is my opinion that, normally, women on the whole are at no disadvantage and, in some lines, may even have the advantage, so far as merely getting work is concerned, up to a certain point. Arbitrarily, I should set that point at the fifty dollar a week job — rather high, too. In other words, the lower the wage or salary (always excepting certain occupations for which women are not fitted and others on which they have so far made no impression) the easier it is for a woman to get the job.

The handicap of the average woman, it seems to me, is not lack of ability in general but an inability to plan her whole life in relation to herself and only to herself. It is not that marriage or even motherhood definitely interferes — the unmarried woman has no longer the illusion that a wedding ring necessarily means support, and the married woman knows too many friends divorced and obliged to reënter the working world or leaving their children in the care of relatives or nurses and marching back to factory and office. But few women can really believe and fewer still like to think that they will have to work all their lives. Something, some vague something, must happen — their husbands may be able to support them in time, or they may remarry, or they may meet eligible millionaires — or — oh, something will rescue them. It is noticeable how even in the "modern" books of contemporary women writers of the supposedly most emancipated variety, the books by ex-wives and black sheep, the happy ending of marriage to a rich man and, one presumes, a good provider, is tacked on as a sort of wish fulfillment, for the reality is very different.

The subconscious realism that lingers on in women quite apart from their actions or their philosophies causes them to take a skeptical attitude toward the whole helter-skelter business of making a living. One can hardly blame them. And then, most women still lack sufficient egotism to delude themselves with the idea that the world revolves around them and their work. They can't really feel that to become a master mortician or a master builder or a master realtor will move the stars one jot or tittle from their courses. Not even the "go-getterette" can feel that for she, as a rule, is only a poor imitation of the male ego, her assurance only a topcoat to cover all sorts of economic fears which men, with their sense of importance, take much more lightly.

Many other subtle disadvantages thwart the woman who works instead of waiting and weeping. Even the superficial business of being a woman is much more complicated than the business of being a man. The energy spent merely in washing out and mending silk stockings, for instance, if harnessed to a power machine would probably turn out goodness knows how many automobiles per hour or furnish electricity for goodness knows how many cities. It takes little effort for a man to look after himself and keep his clothes decent, when his loving wife or mother or the laundry doesn't do it for him, but the efforts women are obliged to make to keep themselves as attractive as possible are terrific. I don't mean that they must be seductive in order to get work, but it is absolutely essential for them to look as well as they can. After all, it is still chiefly men to whom they must apply for jobs. Even when men do not do the actual hiring, employees are often chosen with reference to some man or men higher up, the foreman, the head of the department. One girl who has charge of employment in her office told me that she always hired blondes for the information desk because she understood that men preferred them and the firm had to make a good impression on the men who came there!

Then — and this looms large among the reasons why women mark time — a man acquires concrete objects to provide him with the necessary incentive-power, a wife, a home, a family. Women, who, as I have pointed out, retain certain cynical doubts as to the rewards of toil, need concrete flesh-and-blood to work for much more than men, but their dependents are apt to be of what one may call the obstructive rather than the constructive variety. It is not customary to work to support one's husband and when it's done, according to the confessions of the female providers, the husband by no means furnishes the admiring helpmate quality. That is why divorcees and widows, with children to support, so often make extremely successful business women — the children furnish an unquestionable stimulus. One of the shining examples in that respect, one of the very few feminine capitalists in her own right and by her own efforts, was left a widow with two children.

However, some hope lies in the fact that a new sort of feminism seems to be growing up from sheer necessity. There is an incipient *sub rosa* alliance among women, particularly professional women, who must work and expect to keep on working — the same sort of alliance in force among men, for the purpose of helping each other, lending each other money, getting each other jobs, putting things in each other's way and most important of all, for the women's standpoint, of keeping up each other's courage. And perhaps the difficulties of gold-digging, of getting alimony and of obtaining suitable support will in time become acute enough to force women to plan their lives from beginning to end as self-sustaining human beings.

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Mother Catherine's Castor Oil

By Edward Laroque Tinker

Visiting the High Priestess of a Negro Cult in New Orleans

Out beyond the Industrial Canal, where the cypress swamp meets the New Orleans city limits, is Mother Catherine's Church of the Innocent Blood. It stands in the centre of a wilderness laid out by realtors and tenanted only by broken-down mules and a few thin, grazing cattle. The roads leading to it are deeply rutted and full of great holes. After one of the frequent tropical torrents they are impassable and the "manger," as the members call their church, wallows in a sea of mud.

Roofs of rambling buildings showed above a high board fence, and white pennants, streaming from their peaks, gave the place a festive air — made it look like a miniature county fair-ground. As we approached, weird singing became audible, punctuated regularly by thumps on a big drum. Skirting the whitewashed fence we reached the board gate. It was locked, but at our knock a black eye appraised us through a small hole.

Evidently we were considered innocuous, for we were admitted by one of Mother Catherine's apostles, a gingerbread Negro dressed in a white "cover-all" not unlike those worn by surgeons when operating. One sleeve was embroidered with a band of cabalistic characters, and on his head was a small tight cap like a misplaced tonsure. Another apostle joined him and told us, apologetically, that one of Mother Catherine's rules was that gentlemen must be searched for firearms and knives, and "all sich" must be left at the gate. Politely they "frisked" us and, finding no weapons, we were ushered into the chapel, the "startin' of de manger," whose door stood open before us.

It was a frame building of scrupulous cleanliness. A *bénitier* faced the entrance and, dipping his fingers into the water, our apostle made the sign of the Cross. Crudely constructed narrow benches filled the body of the church and, in a small alcove at the right, towered the figure of a bizarre, black Jesus, superhuman in size. It had a gaping red wound in its side, and our guide explained that "sence de Bible didn' specify He was white, we gin Him us color." Strangely enough the accidental deformations due to lack of craft-training on the part of its maker gave an emotional reaction akin to that received from the intentional distortions of some modern sculptors.

The small square windows of the chapel were hung with cheap white material, crudely embroidered with Biblical characters and incidents done in colored thread. They were naïvely interesting and had all the directness and simplicity of peasant art. Spanish moss festooned the exposed rafters, and before the lace-covered altar were tiers of unlighted candles in a multiple brass standard whose base was covered by a mound of sand as a fire protection. To the left stood a large table with rows upon rows of glass kerosene lamps, whose bulging chimneys were clean and shining. The apostle explained that, for a small donation, we might choose a candle or, for a trifle more, a lamp and make a wish on it, and that Mother Catherine would light it and say a prayer that would result "mos' ginnelly" in causing our desires to be fulfilled.

Later, we were informed, the lamps and candles were never actually lighted. They burned spiritually, not materially — a symbolism possessing economic advantages. It was quite evident that Mother Catherine, inspired by the strength of the Roman Catholic Church, had borrowed generously of its ritual.

SOON a small black acolyte arrived and announced that the high priestess was ready to receive us, and we went out by a side entrance upon a balcony at whose end loomed a colossal image, vaguely human in outline. It was *teinte pomme cuite*, as the Creole Negroes describe "high yaller," and seemed made of clay surfaced with burlap to prevent cracking and erosion. Two terrible arms stretched out in ghoulish benediction and, in spite of the rosaries which dripped from its long, bologna-like fingers as silent symbols of its conversion to Christianity, it gave the impression of some monstrous heathen idol, implacably awaiting a human sacrifice. In the reassuring light of a sunny afternoon it looked terrible enough, but it must have been truly awe-inspiring by moonlight, when Mother Catherine held her nocturnal services lasting from midnight to dawn.

WE WENT down some wooden steps and walked, like a file of ducklings, along a double row of cypress boards across a wide yard of sun-baked mud. Passing a pigmy pool of yellowish water from which arose an abandoned well-diggers' scaffold, we learned that this was the "Sea of Gethsemane," and that Mother Catherine had not been satisfied when the diggers struck fresh water. Only a salt liquid could properly typify the tears of Christ, so the work was going on until brackish water should be obtained. She intends to line the "Sea" with "lead an' copper an' all de precious stuff," and use it as a font in which to baptize the faithful.

The sound of whining sing-song voices, accentuated by rhythmic drum-beats having all the savage insistence of a Haitian *bamboula* calling votaries to Voodoo worship, increased in volume as we approached a large pavilion-like structure, with permanent top and striped canvas sides, which stretched across one end of the enclosure.

At the entrance we were stopped by a young Negress dressed in a white robe. A green veil, covering her head and falling to her shoulders, was kept in place by a white fillet, on which was embroidered I AM HOLTED.

She sprinkled a little salt in each one's palm, telling us to swallow it and make a wish on Mother Catherine, for it would "sho' come true."

In return for this blanket promise we slipped a coin in the child's bank obviously exposed on the table beside her, and made our way to the line of backless board benches. The music continued insistently, the savage thudding of the tom-tom in queer contrast to the peaceful picture presented by the bedraggled chickens which picked the ground near our feet, the nondescript puppy that sniffed our heels, and the incubator on our right which seemed to be imperturbably fulfilling its purpose of bringing new generations of poultry into the "Church of the Innocent Blood."

FACING us was the altar, a large low dais which filled the end of the tabernacle. Dominating this stood a stout middle-aged Mulatto woman, who was no other than Mother Catherine, herself. The smooth, coffee-brown face wore, at times, an expression of quick shrewdness, too bold to be crafty, as the woman directed the activities of her "saints." The fact that they were all women showed her feminine bias. She radiated vitality, self-confidence and resourcefulness; and a white headdress patterned after that of a Red Cross nurse added to her air of authority. A large starched apron covered the ample rotundity of her figure and its bib bore the word MOTHER embroidered in big red letters across its top.

The singing ceased, and a line of Negroes formed itself in the open space between the altar and the benches. Mother Catherine took her stand between a kitchen table covered with heavy glass tumblers and quartered lemons, and a charcoal furnace upon which simmered a tin wash-boiler with a huge brown bottle in it.

IN A mellow voice, never hesitating for a word, she said: "I wants to gin yo' all a preachmen' of mysef, an' I wants to tell yer dat evvythin' I says an' evvythin' I does comes straight from God, cause I'm an ignant nigger an' don't know nothin' from mysef, an' dat's why I preaches clean an' sanatarium. Why yer think dis castor oil Mother Catherine goin' gin yer heals an' de common kind don't? I tell yer. De Lawd Jehoviah done tole Mother Catherine a secret, an' she done pray over dis oil. I ain't goin' tell yer what de Lawd tole me to say, cause den you know as much as me. But de sperit of sweet Jesus done enter inter dis oil an wid de he'p of de Lawd it sho' goin' chase yo' misery."

Evidently the oil was more than a mere remedy; it had become a ritual.

"An now dat's why yo' mus' all come ter Mother. She sho' he'p yer," continued the high priestess, as one of her handmaidens lifted the brown bottle from the hot water and filled a tumbler to the brim with the nauseous oil.

A tiny colored child, the first in line, stepped up and Mother Catherine, putting a pinch of salt into the glass, held it to the girl's lips. Without a quiver she gulped it down but sucked gratefully at the section of lemon the Mother handed her afterward.

An epileptic boy came next. He appeared to drink his potion greedily, while one of the apostles stood behind him rubbing his back and another rubbing his stomach. After he had drained the last drop Mother Catherine wiped his mouth with a paper napkin and handed him his piece of "taste-killer." Then, his limbs jerking in every direction, his eyes rolling horribly, he was led from the tabernacle.

THE communicant who followed was a pleasant contrast. She was a strapping young Negress, black, fat and good-natured; clothed in the white robe and head-veil of a member. As soon as she saw the menacing glass she threw back her head and began to laugh so infectiously that everyone joined her.

Mother Catherine insisted, saying: "Stop yo' giglin' an take yo' anointmen'. I'll have a hard time but I goin' raise yer to saintdom yet."

"I cain't help it," gasped the girl between paroxysms, as the apostle assiduously rubbed her back, "De onliest way I kin take it is laffin'."

The sickening dose down, she skipped out in religious exaltation, her thick lips bulging over her share of lemon. As one by one the other supplicants swallowed their loathsome potion and disappeared, it seemed to me that their faith must be very real indeed to make them accept such a revolting ritual.

While Mother Catherine was ministering to her flock she kept up a running fire of good-natured talk.

"You all 'members dat white genelman dat live up on Millaudon Street wid dat misery in de stomach? De white doctors done pass him up. He was mos' daid, but I cured him wid de help of de Lawd. I sho' did."

A chorus of affirmation came from her congregation:

"Amen. Das sho' true!"

"Bress sweet Jesus!"

"Amen!"

"Wid jes' one anointin' of he innards, didn' he git freed of a black cat, claws an' all?"

"Yo sho' is right, Mother!"

"Amen!"

"Amen!"

"An' yo' 'member dat colored man dat los' a oyster wid a thousan' laigs?"

"Yas, an don' forgit dat woman what git shet of a wapses nes', Mother," called a voice from the audience.

NOT to be outdone, one of the "saints," who had been busy wiping out tumblers with pieces of tissue paper, took out of a dilapidated ice-box a small glass bottle containing a collection of what looked to be horrid white slugs, and handed it to her superior who continued her monologue as she held up the bottle.

"An' look at dis. See what dis lady done los' las' week. Dat oil sho' brung out de pisen."

"Amen!"

"Amen!"

"Wid de help of de Lawd I kin heal evvybody. Ef you in love-trubble, come to Mother. I kin git yer a job or help yer in business effen yer only got faith. Sister Terita, how many oils I done give today?"

An old, old woman with a black,

wrinkled, intense face fluttered the leaves of a pad importantly before replying. "So fur it's two hundred an' three oils, an' endurin' of dis las' week you done give three thousan' six hundred an' forty-three. Thanks be ter Gawd an' sweet Jesus!"

By this time all the communicants had been oiled, but Mother Catherine continued her monologue, telling the story of her life and work, "fur de benefit of de white folks what don' know my hist'ry." Without the slightest bit of ranting usually indulged in by Negro religious leaders, she spoke with a great deal of force and directness. She had been a cook — and a mighty good one too — and had worked for all the best families, whom she enumerated, one by one, with a great deal of pride.

HER third husband had been a worldly soul, lusting after other women, and when she remonstrated with him for his loose conduct, he had kicked her in the stomach. This attack brought on a kind of paralysis, one eye drooped shut, her mouth was pulled askew and she dragged one leg painfully. Word came to her of Brother Isaiah, a white-bearded old prophet who had drifted down the Mississippi in a ramshackle houseboat and had tied up to the levee at the upper part of town. She heard of the marvellous cures he had made by the laying on of hands and the power of prayer. The wave of hysteria which swept the city caught her up, too, and she determined to see him. Painfully she made her way to the levee and waited for hours in the drizzling rain among the thousands who had come there bringing their sick. At last she found herself face to face with the patriarchal old man; she had held out her hands to him in silent supplication; but he had only shaken his head and said, "I ain't healin' no cullud folks terday."

Staggering down the levee she had fallen on her knees in the mud, and raising her arms to Heaven had prayed: "Oh, Jehoviah, hear me! Sweet Jesus help me! Only gin me de power ter heal an' I'll help cullud an' white, jes de same."

FROM that day her health began to improve. People, hearing of her cure, came to ask advice about their own ills. She healed many through her "revelation of de sperit of de Lawd an' by anointin' of dere innards." She enlarged her purposes. Women must be prevented from destroying their unborn babes, for who knows, they might be killing a second incarnation of Christ or some holy saint. She pictured in her mind a "manger" sufficiently large to house all these unwanted babies, black and white alike. A small group of fervent followers had banded around her. One of these gave her the lots on Caffin Avenue upon which this "manger" had been built. She had taken an oath never to leave the confines of the high board fence, and she never would. That was eight years ago.

"An' sence dat time, all dis Church of the Innocent Blood bin built, an' Mother Catherine done paid for it, an' dere ain't no morgridge neither. Dat's pretty good, white folks, ain't it?"

A group of middle-aged bourgeois-looking women, wearing the insignia of the cult on their arms, had come in quietly and were sitting in the front row. With them was a young girl, her black hair bound by a white fillet embroidered with the incomprehensible figures supposed to be worn by virgins.

ONE of this company, gaunt and straw-colored, stood up and, with a most illiterate German accent, declared that Mother Catherine had cured her of a dreadful running sore on her leg. She told in guttural and ghastly detail how "Mother" had split the body of a live pigeon and bound the still warm corpse on her leg. When it was removed, some days later, her leg was healed, but the pigeon was full of maggots.

Then this German peasant swallowed her huge beaker of oil like a soldier and, as she made way for the others, Mother Catherine announced that next week would be "Epsom Salts Sunday." With an Elizabethan directness, that can not be literally transcribed, she descanted upon the symptoms for which it was a sovereign remedy and the manner of its use, and declared she was going to pray "an' say de word" over twelve cases of salts and then give them all away. Faith, she reiterated, faith in the great "Jehoviah," in Mother Catherine and in the power of the Holy Ghost, would cure any ill which woman is heir to.

I offered Sister Terita, one of the "saints," a small contribution, but she waved it aside, saying she could not take it. I must give it to Mother Catherine; so, stepping up to the "altar," I tried to hand it to the stout high-priestess herself. She thanked me pleasantly but refused to touch it and pointed to a long narrow green bag hanging at her left side. Into this I dropped my money.

As I sat down again I began to marvel that a middle-aged colored cook, through faith alone, had been able to build in eight years such a group of structures, and implicitly to impose her leadership upon over a thousand followers, some of whom were white. Credulity in large doses entered into this weird blend of castor oil and Catholic ritual, but I sensed still another element. Certain details, hitherto overlooked, persuaded me that someone's "blind faith," probably Mother Catherine's, had been leavened with a healthy admixture of shrewd foresight.

One may be jailed for practising medicine without a license, and licenses are only granted to graduates of recognized medical schools. Anybody, however, can, with impunity, advise a friend how to cure himself if only no money is paid for his services. From the legal point of view it is the element of pay that transforms an innocent act into a criminal one.

THE green bag solved this problem for Mother Catherine. She gave her advice, her prayers, and her castor oil — free — gratis — for nothing — just as she had promised to do on the levee when Brother Isaiah refused to heal her and she prayed to God to grant her the power. If grateful recipients of her ministrations chose, unsolicited, to drop money into the green bag, that was not her fault; it was only a voluntary donation to her church — certainly not the payment of a medical fee. Her position was too impregnable to have been taken by chance.

Even the shape of the bag was conceived with foresight. It was long and narrow and the money rested deep down at the bottom, far out of reach of anyone who might have been tempted to put in a dime and take out a dollar.

The services had been so absorbing that I had not noticed a huge brass bedstead standing in effulgent splendor at the rear of the altar. White curtains, quaintly embroidered like those in the chapel, hung from the mosquito-bar rail at its head. As we went out our apostle and guide explained that Mother Catherine slept in it and, once retired, refused to be disturbed. If an importunate parishioner attempted to interfere with her rest, the message was given that "de sands of de desert done been let down an' nobody kin cross 'em."

Anemones

By Robert P. Tristram Coffin

So many, many lonely years ago
I came upon belated drops of snow,
Drops of winter left and taking stem
And learned a holy thing in seeing them.

Under the trees so frail and wan not one
Could hold its cup of snow up to the sun
But let it spill its whiteness on the green,
A pale and everlasting Magdalene.

Then first I knew the best is left unsaid;
Words have no place upon the marriage bed;
There comes a time when we are one with flowers
And words as vain as bells in lovely towers.

Though we have torn our roots long since away,
The earth demands the fealty that she may;
The pith of us is silent as the trees
And worshipful as bowed anemones.

Seeing Red

BY ISABELLE KEATING

The Communist mind in action

MUCH has been said of late of the Communists in America, of their conflicts with the police, of their plots to wreck the Government and their insidious burrowing into the labor world of the day.

Looking at them from the outside they appear to be a half frenzied, class-maddened group of fanatics, bent on destruction of one kind or another, but of negligible significance.

What they look like from their own side of the picture, what they are striving for, what they believe and why they believe it, what excuse they can find for existing in the United States where presumably success may be had for the taking, is something that is seldom considered and rarely answered. Few realize that the Communist here ever does anything but fight.

The truth is, of course, that their demonstrations are only the periodical climaxes in their programme, and that in between those climaxes the Communist lives and works and plays and plans largely after the manner of most other human beings; only he does it more intensely.

I do not know of any other group today of any nature so completely concentrated on its ideals as the Communists. In their meetings, in their efforts at education, in their publications, they are unendingly and intensely occupied with their doctrines. Observing them at close range, even the most indifferent observer can not help but be impressed tremendously by their enthusiasm and earnest devotion to their cause.

WHAT is their cause? Briefly, it is the abolition of classes, or rather the levelling of classes until the need for the economic struggle is done away with. They expect to accomplish that end by revolution.

And when a Communist says revolution, he means revolution. He has no idea of an ultimate scrap to be fought by his children's children. The Communists — and I speak here of the Communists in New York City — expect revolution at the earliest possible moment. You hear it constantly from the lips of their leaders in meetings. "Leave the 'ultimate revolution' to the Socialists," they say. "Theirs is the policy of conciliation and amelioration by slow degrees. We will revolt at the earliest possible moment."

That is the driving spirit behind

their meetings. They never lose sight of it.

Whenever two or three are gathered together, it is the underlying idea in their minds. Whenever more than that are gathered together, it becomes the theme upon which their leaders play variations.

Of course, no Communist is so sanguine as to believe that "the earliest possible moment" is imminent. One of the leading members of the party said to me: "Assuming that there are 36,000,000 wage earners in this country who might theoretically be interested in the overthrow of the Government, we must face the fact that at present no more than 25,000 of them are Communists." So the revolution isn't due at once.

No Communist believes, on the other hand, that it won't be imminent within a very few years. The Communists are relentless in their programme of propaganda toward that end. They are training workers in schools for children and adults for the débâcle. They keep their adherents stirred to a point of fever heat by constant rallies and demonstrations. They are forever making drives for new members. And they are developing a Communist press to spread their inflammatory propaganda that is assuming rather large proportions. There are at least twenty-five newspapers and periodicals being published in New York City today in some ten different languages, all concerned with the spread of Communist ideas.

The Daily Worker is the official mouthpiece of the party, and exercises the most influence. Among the other periodicals, some of which are directly under Communist direction, while others are connected with the movement less closely, are *The Labor Defender*, published by the International Labor Defense, *The Liberator*, published by the American Negro Labor Congress, *The Young Worker*, *The Woman Worker*, and *Solidarity*, the last of which is published by the Workers' International Relief.

The type of propaganda may be illustrated by this excerpt from the news columns of *The Daily Worker*, of May 10, announcing that Police Commissioner Whalen of New York would address the sailors. The excerpt, phrased in the customary Communist style, reads:

> Grover Whalen, New York Police Commissioner, whose men have piled up a record of clubbing workers who ask better wages or who refuse to starve without making a fuss about it, will lecture the sailors of the United States battle and scout fleets Monday night. He will tell them how glorious it is to die in a blaze of fire from shells fired by workers forced into service in other fleets; how fine it is to be submarined or blown up with mines and left floating for hours in an icy sea, if only they do it to make more profits for American bosses in China or Latin America or somewhere else.
>
> If this floorwalker from Wanamaker's, now chief of police, thinks he can make a sailor love a cop by trying to tell him how he ought to like his Government beans, and beans and beans, he ought to be put behind a Bible himself for a couple of hours instead of waving a golf club on the links at Palm Beach or a police club over the heads of the sailors' friends ashore.

This is Communist "news." What their editorials are like scarcely needs to be illustrated. But when it is realized that this type of propaganda is being printed in twenty-five publications of national and international circulation, it becomes plain that their press may be of something more than passing importance.

One of the first things the non-Communist asks is, "Why should there be a Communist movement in America? Why, if these people don't like America, don't they go back and enjoy the fruits of Communism in Russia?"

THE Communists will answer that question by saying that there are enough economic oppression and smouldering resentment in America today to bring about a revolution here exactly like the one in Russia — if the forces of unrest could be harnessed.

"The bulk of American wage earners get less than $25 a week," one Communist explained. "When you consider what a person must have in order to live with even slight comfort here, you realize that that sum is too little. The coal miners, the needle workers, the textile workers — they know that a man can't live decently on that amount. Why, the scrubwoman in the building where I work puts in twenty-three hours a week at her job, for which she receives $9. She's trying to support a family on it; and it can't be done. It is true that with the $9 she gets more economic comfort than did the Russian peasant before the revolution, but compared to the economic standards of this country, her condition is still bad enough to make her revolt."

Every article in the press describing a mother or father who snuffs out the life of his children because he can no longer keep up the economic struggle for their support is seized upon by the Communists as additional fuel for their cause. And with the financial slump of the past year, there have, it is true, been several such cases reported in the daily press.

So the Communist feels there is ample need for the movement in this country.

Then, too, he is an ambitious fellow. Cæsar and Alexander and Genghis Khan wanted the world for their domain; and the Communists are no more modest.

"Our horizons," as one of the members put it, "are like those of Columbus. The world, you know, is our goal."

Presumably, therefore, their movement, and certainly their sympathies cut straight through national lines.

But actually, national lines have created schisms in the party. Shortly after 1920, for example, a reorganization of the party was ordered from Russia. The old "ward system" was changed so that the party groups, instead of being laid out according to neighborhoods, were laid out by factories.

EVERY factory a fortress," had been Lenin's idea. His successors put the phrase into operation by making every factory a precinct. That meant that Finns, Poles, Germans, and Americans working side by side in the factories had to shift their allegiances from the homogeneous neighborhood "wards" to the polyglot factory "wards." And so great was the resentment over it that the party lost some 5,000 members. It caused one of the most serious upheavals in the history of the Communists in this country.

The party continually faces leakages in this country, but they are not, as one might suspect, the leakages occasioned by the rise of workers in the economic scale. The Communists don't rise.

"Most of our members," a leader said, "are recruited from the very lowest strata of the laboring class. They are the people with whom the A. F. of L. will not bother — the scrubwomen, the apprentices, the textile workers — the lowest paid and most oppressed classes in the labor field. They aren't the classes who have a chance to rise in the economic scale." So there aren't any defalcations on that score.

But the party does lose many members, because it places such heavy demands upon its adherents. There are not only party dues, which, in proportion to the wages are high, but there is endless work to be done of a routine kind, in addition to the picketing and rioting that make up the Communists' regular fare. Members of the party are expected to give two or three nights of every week to their organization, and Saturdays and Sundays as well. The remainder of their leisure time is spent in the Communist schools, at which no less than 1,800 persons are registered in New York.

The amazing thing is not that these demands are made, but that thousands of persons are glad to accede to them. Anyone who attends a Communist meeting must be tremendously impressed by the amount of time they give cheerfully to their organization.

There are some, however, upon whom those burdens fall too heavily. A woman who works in a canning factory and who has a husband and three children said, "I believe in the Communist party. I am thoroughly in sympathy with its aims. But I simply have not the energy to give my time to it. I must get up at five o'clock in the morning and get my family's breakfast and get my children off to school. I myself must be at work by seven o'clock. When I come home in the afternoon, I must finish my housework and get supper for the family. Then, three nights a week I go to the Communist school. I haven't the energy left to go to their meetings and do the party work as well."

The fact that the Communists demand so much of their members probably explains in part at least why so many of them are young. They must be young and extraordinarily energetic to be able to be members.

At the present time they claim that the party is being strengthened from two sources. The first is their reputedly successful efforts to gain new members among the lowest stratum of the working classes — the stratum, which, as they put it, has been traditionally neglected and exploited. They claim that 6,000 new members have been recruited from that class. The second source of strength they claim is among the Negro workers. The Socialists and the A. F. of L., the Communists will tell you, are indifferent to the Negroes. The Communists welcome them, and urge them to join the party. Any white worker who makes a disparaging remark about a Negro is disciplined by the party, and every effort at granting the Negro full equality in party affairs is made.

Some members have left the party because of this movement; "and we gladly bid them goodbye," the leaders say.

Naturally, recruiting the members of their party from such material, the problem of getting and keeping leaders is an acute one.

They can not pay their leaders much. The men who are in the employ of the party receive $40 a week if they are married and $30 if they are single; and even that income is not regular. So their leaders must work for glory or for love of the cause, instead of for remuneration. But there are leaders.

IN THE main, they are developed from two sources. There are first, a few college men and women who have grown disgusted with the present régime and turned their activities into Communistic channels. Most of them are teaching in the Communist schools. They are not the most valuable leaders to the party, because, while they may understand, they do not speak the workers' languages, and the gulf between them and their fellows is just wide enough to preclude their effective leadership.

The second class of leaders is developed from the ranks of the Communists themselves. These are the men and women who began on the lowest rung of the economic and educational ladder, and worked their way up. They are the ones who studied by candle and lamp light when the day was over, and who rose to dream of another order for their fellow workers. These are the ones in whom the Communists repose most faith today. "Later," they say, "we will need the college trained men and women. Now we have most need of the leaders who rise from the ranks."

The party's motto is "Learn while you fight"; and every effort is bent toward putting that motto into practice. The two ideas of learning and fighting are prominent always in Communist conversation.

The things they learn are not the things taught in any other school in these United States, either. They are concerned solely with studies of the history of labor unions and labor movements, histories of Communism, past, present and future, and with the theory and practice of Marxism. They are literally saturated with party theories and ideas, therefore, from the day they become Communists. They know exactly what they expect to do.

FIRST, there will be the revolution. Then the workers will step in and take command of industry, of the railroads and of the economic life of the country in general. They expect to have the full coöperation of the farmers in that respect, so that there will be no cleavage between the industrial and agricultural worlds. They expect to have leaders comparable to college men to step into the necessary executive positions. Then indeed will be the workers' heyday.

They don't necessarily plan to exterminate the boss classes, but they do plan to serve warning that if the former "boss" classes get in their way, it will be too bad for the bosses.

They do not at present preach

individual acts of violence to individual capitalists (although the Young Communists often go so far in their meetings), but they talk endlessly of the class struggle that must culminate in revolution.

THEY are merciless in their self-appraisal and self-criticism, which they believe to be essential to the health and progress of their party. After the May Day parade — a parade in which some 25,000 persons took part, and a demonstration that would have done credit to any organization — a four-page folder was circulated among members of the party, as a *post mortem*. Two pages of the folder were devoted to praise. The remainder was criticism.

"We have no intention of doing what Lincoln accused his Generals of doing — sitting down and enjoying our victories," they said.

A Communist demonstration is an impressive affair. The sight of thousands of workers ranging in age from six to sixty, marching eight abreast and singing *The Internationale* at the top of their lungs, is something you do not easily forget.

You feel their exultation. It is not a kind of exultation that is strange to the streets of New York or any other city. Psychologically, it is exactly the same spirit that carried the suffragettes down Fifth Avenue year after year, and that later sped the army off to France.

The only difference is that while the suffragettes hurled their epithets at the legislators, and the patriots considered the Germans as arch villains, the Communists vent all their spleen on the bosses. And to the Communists, there are only two kinds of people in the world — themselves and the bosses.

Marching around Union Square, they shout their Communist songs with precisely the same ardor and éclat with which high school youngsters shout their school songs. Their cheer leaders manage them in just about the same way, too; and even their cheers have had their genesis in "bosses" schools. Union Square has resounded many times to a group of young Communists shouting in response to their yell leader's signal: "Are we in it? Well, I guess! Communists, Communists, Yes, Yes, Yes!" Which seems all very well in a gymnasium where a basketball game is being played, but which does seem slightly out of tune with revolution.

Their songs, too, bear the stamp of the régime they hate. *The Internationale*, of course, is distinctly their own; but as for the rest — and they do considerable singing, to the accompaniment of brass bands — the rest of their songs are written to the strident measures of *Marching Through Georgia*, *The Battle Hymn of the Republic*, and *Hinky-Dinky, Parley-Voo.*

THE men and women in these demonstrations are of two distinct types. There are those with hard, dull faces, plodding, sullen, slouchy. And there are the intellectuals — the long-haired men and short-haired women, whose eyes are as keen as their tongues and wits. They march in the parades with clenched fists held high, but a long parade on a hot day takes most of the effectiveness out of the gesture.

Across the front of the Communist headquarters in Union Square one reads these legends: "For the seven hour day and the five day week." "For unemployment insurance." "Against imperialist wars." "For defense of the Soviet Union." "On with the fight for work or wages." They do not seem highly inflammatory sentiments for the most part. Most of them will probably make as pallid stuff for demonstrations a hundred years hence as suffrage would make today.

Yet at the present time they furnish the basis for what the Communists term "the class struggle," and they are theoretically the reasons for "revolution at the earliest possible moment."

THEY are the chief things that concern the workers both in their large and in their small meetings. Gathered at night and on Sundays in their red-festooned clapboard halls, fitted with hard wooden benches, the Reds talk endlessly of these ends. Men and women, children and adults, harangue their fellow workers about the shorter week, the vicious capitalistic speed-up processes, and the class struggle, until the horizons of their world close down on a handful of principles, outside of which the world stands inimically and tyrannically arrayed.

One is impressed by the fact that there is no deadwood at Communist meetings. Before and after and during the meetings the members never cease talking, planning, scheming, to bring about their ultimate goal. Their energy in that respect seems boundless. It seems doubly remarkable in this day, particularly, when Americans in general are disposed to sit by comfortably and let the world take its course. Compared to most political or social gatherings, the Communist meetings are cataclysmic.

What their significance will be in the long run is of course conjectural. It must be remembered that the Communists here do not act alone. They are in direct communication with the Government in Russia at all times, and guide their policies according to the dictates of that régime. Some American Communists who have gone to Russia with the intention of staying there have been sent back here by the Central Government because Russia realizes that the need for leaders here is great.

One must remember, too, that although many of their party aims, such as social insurance and shorter working hours, are endorsed by many persons who are not Reds, that does not presage the ultimate absorption of the Communists into the woof of American life; for their major premise is the development of class struggle and the opposition to all class collaboration.

NORMAN THOMAS, the former Socialist candidate for President, says in appraising the movement that its strength will always be in direct proportion to the crimes and blunders of the rest of the world. And Mathew Woll, vice-president of the American Federation of Labor, says, "Communism and Democracy are opposites. The one must combat the other so long as they both exist in the same world. He who tries to ignore that fact brews a storm of destruction. He who sees it and averts it may help to avert catastrophe and save Democracy for posterity."

These Literary Lobbies

By Harry Hansen

Being a little friendly gossip about book publicity and the flourishing Author's Tea Racket

And now we have the literary racket, perhaps the most persistent of all rackets, devoted to the popularizing of books and authors, to winning kudos and golden opinions for them by all those methods which have been used to popularize the radio speaker, the motion picture actress, the baseball hero and even the prize fighter. The literary racket is not as dangerous as the beer racket; it is not related to the artichoke racket, or the cabbage racket, or the spinach racket; it has its own princes and potentates, and its stamping ground is the literary salon, where reputations are made by an excess of amiability, helped along by daintily flavored ices, or maybe — tea.

The literary racket is the direct result of over-production in books. Authors have been multiplying out of all proportion to the size of the country. Publishing houses have been increasing like new villages on the Jersey side. Bookstores have piled their shelves high with books, have packed them in double and triple rows, and relegated the old-time standard sets to the basement. The reader is amiable, but his time is impinged on by the radio, the motion picture, the aviation and exploration news in the day's paper, the hubbub over Wall Street, the straw vote on Prohibition, and the latest parade up Broadway. If books are not to disintegrate into wood pulp on the shelves something must be done to move them. Hence, the literary racket.

There are teas for authors, receptions for professors who have spent their lives in the seclusion of the library, dancing parties, cocktail parties, interviews, and adventures invented for the most part by publicists who are hired by the week, or the month, or the book — all with the object of getting the author and his work before the critics, the public, the booksellers and all who can contribute to his popularity and his welfare. In other words, the publishing business is speeding up, and because the book has until now been regarded as a thing apart, a creative work intended solely to call heart to heart, soul to soul, one intellect to another, this worldly business of promotion is being termed the literary racket.

The term is new, but I can't say the method is original; salons have been used for the last three centuries to advance the reputations of artists; critics and patrons have always been beguiled by a good dinner or a steaming punch bowl, and there are historic instances of the effectiveness of these methods, especially in days when poor journalists wore threadbare coats and baggy pantaloons. Things are staged more elaborately today, but then the prize is greater. A best seller, with all its implications of serial rights, dramatic rights, and the newest right of all, talkie rights, with television rights already being reserved by sagacious and far-seeing authors, may make fortunes for author and publisher.

The present methods are said to be comparatively recent, but it is hard to believe that a few centuries back publishers battened on poor authors, accepting their wares for a pittance, and that authors detested them. Today author and publisher go down the street arm in arm; their agreeable relations are duly set forth in a contract made bomb-proof by the Authors' League, the good fortune of one is the prosperity of the other, and the publisher goes about thinking up little devices for popularizing the author, and the author — glory be, how he hates it!

There is an impression among those who don't go to literary teas that these functions are intended solely to debauch critics who might otherwise be reluctant to praise a book of modest attainments, or to keep reviewers in good humor so that the author gets a good press. I'm afraid that the literary teas would die out in one season if this were the case, for the publishers would find, through the returns from the clipping bureaus, that they were wasting much good time in vain efforts. Moreover, what with lunches, dinners, teas, receptions, first-nights and even buggy rides — or a box party at the circus — critics get so confused as to who is who and why that these rival demonstrations checkmate one another. The literary function has a definite business object — of that I shall speak later — but I believe that its moving impulse is the friendliness that obtains in the publishing game in New York, and which makes it fun to "pull a grand party."

I know, for instance, that Joseph Brewer, of Brewer and Warren, a house that has given some of the most entertaining functions of the year, just dotes on corralling a lot of kindred spirits and giving them a grand time; that both Richard Simon and Max Schuster, who are among the more astute of the younger publishers, plan a party like two boys tickled to have the gang in and think up all sorts of ingenious devices to make the evening snappy; that the Literary Guild, which, in contrast to its competitor, the Book of the Month Club, is in constant touch with the social calendar, invites any number of persons who can do it no specific good but are just good fellows and friends of the directors. The Century Company, about a year ago, happened to give an elaborate party on St. Patrick's Day, with the result that green became the dominant note in the decorations. This year it repeated the event at Delmonico's with the appropriate setting. Such functions take the edge off the charge that entertainment is provided to put books on the map; I am sure that even when this is the excuse that enthusiastic promotion men give the auditor, their original emotion was the desire to help the gay times along.

Now a tea was until recently a harmless social function, an excuse for the gathering of half a dozen or more kindred spirits for the sake of gossip, with tea actually being served from a fine old Georgian piece after the manner of the Anglo-Saxon forebears who popularized the trade with the East Indies. And I dare say tea is still a happy function for many New Yorkers, authors and critics alike, who join in occasional libations to the muse in the late afternoon of a busy day. Only reluctantly has it become associated with elaborate functions in exclusive hotels, attended by anywhere from fifty to five hundred persons, with uniformed attendants moving about carrying large silver trays laden with choice canapés and sandwiches, with punch bowls filled to the brim with pale reminders of their former glories, with the murmur of many voices forming a background for the strumming of a jazz orchestra, probably playing for dancing in an adjoining room.

After all it is a regal way to introduce an author or a book, although authors invariably get lost in the shuffle or are thrust into a corner, with perhaps a serious interviewer, bent on filling next Sunday's feature columns, asking the poor male where he gets the costumes he puts on his women. Most of the guests forget all about the author after the first perfunctory handshake; they are too busy greeting friends of the last tea, which may have taken place the day before, or indeed, may be taking place simultaneously in another hotel. But I have no doubt that the author-guest, particularly if he or she comes from abroad, is sufficiently impressed, and that is no small matter nowadays, for authors have a way of wilting like a calla lily two days old if publishers give them no attention, thereby becoming easy victims to the blandishments of rival publishers, should the latter attempt anything as unethical as poaching on a competitor's preserves.

An efficiency expert might say that this is another example of the loose way in which books are published. He might ask that every function be specifically tied up with promotion and made to show results in sales. The publisher might reply that he is building goodwill and indirectly getting publicity for his author by impressing his importance on a town which has more celebrities to the square foot than any other capital on the globe. There are, of course, two or three specific results to be had from entertaining. I have mentioned this business of keeping authors in good humor. There is one other person who responds nobly to social attentions and this is the buyer for book stores or wholesale book houses. A wise salesman never overlooks those little attentions which go to make life pleasant for a buyer with a big discretionary account, and even though the buyer can not load up with plugs, as the trade has it, she

— it is nearly always a she — is after all human. Finally when authors are brought into the spotlight and fêted they become the objects of attention from interviewers and feature writers — a large and important class which commands much space in the Sunday newspapers.

Look about you at one of the larger parties and you will be surprised to find authors, editors, publishers, musicians, singers, newspaper men, publicity men, sales managers, all the busy folk who make up the publishing life of New York, in one grand mêlée. There are some authors who are never seen at a social function; there are others who never let an affair go by without attending. I have observed some of the most aloof and unreconcilable satirists steaming up at literary teas, buzzing about and evidently enjoying themselves, even if they intend later to publish an ironical commentary on the whole business. Some publicity agents are adept at "getting the bunch out," and even the most recalcitrant of authors can be moved by intimate friends to attend gatherings which he might shun if he thought he was being exploited.

A BOOK of curious reminiscences might be written about life on New York's literary fringe. If I were planning it I should make the high light that elaborate and amazing party "pulled" at the Ritz for Peggy Hopkins Joyce, on the occasion of the publication of her book, *Men, Marriage and Me.* The Macaulay Company should be named in this connection, for it bore the burden of the expense, which must have been no small item. Everybody came, if for no other reason than to see the amazing Peggy, and that lady, whatever her modest talents for writing, rose splendidly to the occasion. A slim figure, trying hard to remain girlish, with her blond hair peeping most attractively from under her felt hat, she had the ready phrase of the hostess accomplished in passing innumerable guests down a long line to the refreshment stand. Everybody was there, absolutely everybody, and you could observe Paul Rosenfeld cheering up a dowager in one corner and overhear the late William Bolitho discussing excavations in Etruria in the other.

I SUPPOSE for surprise parties we ought to name some of the functions held for Trader Horn, alias Zambesi Jack, a character out of a picture book, incredible as a best-seller author. To me he came fully up to expectations and I enjoyed the quaint juxtaposition of his frail but alert personality with the sophisticated literary society of New York. I am sure that his book will survive, even if only on a boys' bookshelf, but I am also confident that grown-ups will come back to the quaint narrative which Ethelreda Lewis built up out of his joss-house soliloquies. Joan Lowell was another flaming meteor on the literary firmament, and like a meteor she went out in a puff of smoke, but some of her hard-boiled repartee, wholly in keeping with the maritime character that she affected in her book, is still being passed around. Hendrik Willem Van Loon is an ebullient story teller and things are always lively when he is around, but Hendrik prefers to be the host, and some happy events have been held at the Algonquin and the Brevoort under his auspices. I have never known a more generous man, nor one who, professedly an iconoclast and contemptuous of piddling human affairs, more thoroughly loves the company of his fellow men. I suppose no event caused more surprise than a magnificent tea party given by the Brothers Boni at the Savoy Plaza for Upton Sinclair, and when I twitted him on being entertained in the home of wealth and affluence, his eyes twinkled and he chuckled at the spectacle of the bloated bourgeoisie harboring a defender of proletarian principles.

Going back a few years, that elaborate luncheon given at the Brevoort by Ben Huebsch for Sherwood Anderson was a most auspicious — and, as it turned out, fateful — event. Anderson is diffident about meeting many people, although not at all backward with intimates; hence few knew him well. He had been widely heralded as an authentic American author of distinction; had won the Dial Prize and was definitely a lion. Ben Huebsch, who is not among those who entertain at the slightest pretext, spread himself on the lunch. More men rarely seen in public will come to a party planned by Ben Huebsch than anyone else I know, and for this occasion Theodore Dreiser, H. L. Mencken, George Jean Nathan and innumerable others who do not frequent such affairs were present. Everybody acclaimed Anderson and everybody shook Ben Huebsch warmly by the hand, but whether the chicken served to Anderson was disappointing, or the peas were cold, or the coffee was weak — the upshot was that within a few months Anderson jumped to another publisher. This probably cured Ben of giving luncheons for authors, for he remained quiescent for about four years and only recently emerged as host, with his partners in the Viking Press, for Jonathan Leonard.

The intimate luncheon or dinner with an author as guest is still as much of a treat in modern New York as it was in the days when Samuel Johnson held forth at the Cheshire Cheese, or Shakespeare's gay company met at the Mermaid, or George Moore and his painters sat around the Pallas Athene, or Ernest Dowson and Beardsley looked with melancholy mien into their ale-mugs at the Mitre. I have innumerable pleasant memories of the spirited table-talk at gatherings of perhaps a dozen or less in which some notable was being presented. Perhaps he was a friend of long standing; perhaps we had all panned his books, or damned them with faint praise — what of it? In large literary capitals authors and commentators do not shun one another; critics do not sit in ivory towers contemplating the metaphysical aspects of man's labors; there is a pleasant release from the tasks of the day in friendly intercourse, and the only drawback is that New York offers so much, so many contacts and social relationships, so many opportunities to cultivate men of a thousand varied interests, that friendship is apt to run shallow rather than deep, and to be a thing of intermittent, rather than frequent, renewals.

Practically every important publishing house today has its publicity man (or woman) who promotes its books by writing interesting copy about authors and their work, by apprising editors of publications and arranging for interviews with authors. This man sees that authors are properly introduced, arranges meettings with persons in key positions, plans talks over the radio, and coöperates with the advertising and sales departments. In modern merchandising such an effort is almost indispensable.

The great agencies of publicity, such as the newspapers, are always telling their readers about personalities; the publicity man tries to make them aware of the outstanding qualities of his candidate. In some fields, such as automobiles and the theatre, the publicity and promotion man often writes the interviews himself and places them in feature sections of the newspaper. It is a paradox that the publishing business, which is said to be behind most other professions, is not able to write its own reviews. Perhaps this is proof of backwardness; nevertheless reviewers and critics are very jealous of their independence and not a few of them regard their writings as creative work on a par with that of the author who writes books. The chief object of a publicity man is to get attention for his book and author, and this is entirely legitimate. If he tries to impress the critic so that a favorable review shall result, he is apt to overstate his case. An editor must make his selections from among tons of books that keep pouring in on him. The reasons for selecting the books he does are obscure to the public, and often also to the publisher whose book happens to be ignored, but the editor can do no more than try to live up to his policy of selection.

I suppose if one person is capable of judging the effort that is being put into the promotion of books, it is the literary editor of a periodical, who, in the course of events, sees three-quarters of all books published. He receives hints, suggestions, importunities, and sometimes even threats. He is told by half a dozen different persons, carefully chosen because their residences are wide apart, that a certain author is a genius and his book a discovery. Strangers write out of a clear sky telling him how wonderful they have found a certain book, adding the emphatic but wholly misleading statement that they are not acquainted with the author. One of the crudest tricks, and one that invariably brings resentment, is to turn loose on an editor and a critic a flood of clippings from other periodicals, chiefly laudatory comment from provincial papers, most of them reprintings of publicity material sent out either by the author or his publishers. It never occurs to an author that it is poor tactics to try to dragoon a critic into agreement with half of the world, especially if he is an individual who is proud of his independent point of view.

Such tactics are simply mistakes; the reason behind them is easily forgiven. For after an author has worked a year or more on a book, has lived with it, eaten with it, slept with it, finally beheld it fresh from the press, he may be forgiven for hoping that someone else will tell the world of its merits. What he does not comprehend is that thousands of others have done the same thing, and that his masterpiece now enters the sordid competition of the marketplace, attempting to attract passers-by by appearing on the bookstalls in a gaudy jacket, and that his is only one of hundreds and thousands of books similarly displayed. Moreover, he does not realize that the critic who reviews these books can do no more than discuss a limited number, and that even periodicals employing many critics, and discussing regularly hundreds of new books, can by no means do justice to the total output. That this situation will ever be remedied I doubt.

As AMERICA increases its reading public there will always be books so predominantly acceptable to the majority that they will reward their authors out of all proportion to their merits; by the same token they will eclipse, or partially obscure, other worthy books that do not enjoy this popularity. The motion picture has pointed the way; today one actress appears on the screen simultaneously before millions of spectators; it is conceivable that authorship in the future will have similar compensations and handicaps. The author who does not win such disproportionate rewards must hope for the growth of specialized groups, which will reward him in smaller measure so far as material benefits are concerned, but give him, nevertheless, the judgment of his peers. This too is foreshadowed in the growth of the audience for poetry within the last fifteen years, and the coming of various periodicals devoted to poetry; criticism no less is developing its spokesmen, its students, and its periodicals. These more special subjects have little to do with the literary racket. They are aloof from endeavors to influence the marts of trade, and by their very nature they seek a candid opinion and veer away from any that has been won by cajolery and influence. For it remains patent that the great novelist needs no support from the literary racket. He may rest assured that if he has merit his public will find him out despite the tom-toms that are beating for more brazen and less talented writers.

THE best authors that I know are personally generous and helpful men, but self-effacing, never eager to pose in public. I doubt whether excellence in writing, painting and other forms of artistic creative work are compatible with exploitation. Many artists are egotists, many are vain and long for recognition, but the best ones by the very nature of their occupation see the sham and pretence of vain posturing before the public. I doubt that a first-rate author would engage a publicity agent to build up his personality and push his wares, as is sometimes done in the lively and less creative occupations. The author is known by his book. Neither his dogs, nor his cats, nor his motor boats, nor his striped vest, will advance his popularity, but if he has the magic touch he may be misshapen, unmoral, legally bigamous, as dripping wet as Niagara or as dry as a camel's tongue — the public will take him to its heart.

What's In a Name?

By R. P. Harriss

The story of famous autographs, and of the three classes—collectors, fans and bandits—who accumulate them

"What's in a name?" asked Juliet. And how variously do we answer that question!

"Twenty-eight thousand dollars," says a purchaser of a Button Gwinnett signature.

"Romance," says the owner of one of Washington's love letters to Sally Fairfax.

"A thrill!" says the bobbed-haired autograph bandit, as she scuttles through the police lines, pen in hand, to the side of some celebrity of the moment, with a request for his kind favor.

"Names make news" is a true axiom, yet the very obscurity of the name of Thomas Lynch, Jr., Revolutionary patriot, makes him the rarest of the Signers.

"A good name is better than great riches," says the moralist, to which we agree; but the autograph dealer might well amend it to read: "will bring me great riches."

M. Vrain Lucas a few years ago found a fortune in the forged names of Cleopatra, Mary Magdalene, Alcibiades, Shakespeare and Dante — before his wealthy Parisian dupe finally became aware of the hoax and sent the perpetrator to prison. Robert Spring, an Englishman, found the name of Stonewall Jackson a lucrative one, albeit his forgeries of it eventually brought only disgrace and poverty. The boy-poet, Chatterton, achieved in the names of wholly mythical poets and artists notoriety and a kind of fame. The name of the late Warren G. Harding stands for a mediocre President, in the minds of many people, but to collectors, particularly those desiring holographs, the handwriting of this recent Chief Executive is a prize.

The name — even the initials — of George Bernard Shaw, attached to the merest scribble of a note, almost invariably means that Shavian wit has loosed another darting hornet. And in the name of Charlotte Corday — provided it be the authentic script of that "possessed" peasant girl who assassinated Marat at his bath — in that name is rarity so great that collectors hesitate to place a value upon it. It is in the list of the collector's immortals.

Among the old collections — more notable for the historic significance of the writings to which the autographs are attached than for the autographs themselves — are those of Sir Robert Cotton, in the British Museum, and of Philippe de Béthune, Comte de Selles et Charost, in the Bibliothèque Nationale. The most important collection formed in England in recent years is that of the late Alfred Morrison, which was dispersed and sold at auction during the World War for slightly less than $300,000, or probably about a third of what it would have brought ten years later.

In America, the outstanding collection among numerous great collections is that of J. Pierpont Morgan, who is also a notable collector in many other fields. Among the early American collectors were Henry E. Huntington, who began the Huntington Library, combining several large collections; Dr. William E. Sprague, who at the time of his death in 1876 had amassed 90,000 items, the largest collection, and the finest, that the country had known; Louis J. Cist, a Cincinnati banker; and Robert Gilmore, of Baltimore, and Israel K. Tefft, of Savannah, two Southern collectors who were ahead of their time in recognizing the value which would eventually attach to the handwriting of prominent American leaders.

Numbered among the early collectors, who devoted special attention to amassing autographs of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence was Dr. Thomas A. Emmett of New York, who gathered together four complete sets of Signers' autographs. Within recent years, complete collections of the Signers have been made by John W. Garrett, of Baltimore, now Ambassador to Italy; Robert C. Norton and K. V. Painter, of Cleveland; and Frederick Stanhope Peck, of Providence, Rhode Island. The time is rapidly approaching when there will be no more complete sets of Signers to be had, since there are known to be extant not more than forty-five Lynch autographs, while the Gwinnetts number only about fifty. Incidentally, it may be noted here that the record price for a Lynch is $9,500, although a Gwinnett has fetched nearly three times that figure. Why this should be so is a question for the collectors to settle. The scarcity of autographs of these two patriots is explainable mainly in the fact that both died young: Gwinnett was mortally wounded in a duel at Savannah on May 16, 1777, less than a year after signing the Declaration; and Lynch, incurably ill at the age of thirty, was lost at sea after he had left his South Carolina home for southern France, in search of health.

Distinction may be made between the collector and the hunter, but there should most properly be made a further distinction, namely, the bandit. The three groups might then be defined somewhat as follows:

1 — *The autograph collector.* A cultured, discerning person with sufficient wealth and judgment to amass a collection which will prove valuable to the scholar and a delight to the literary connoisseur. He may be either amateur or professional.

2 — *The autograph hunter.* One possessed of considerable shrewdness, an acquisitive nature, and usually afflicted with what Macaulay

called "*lues Boswelliana*" — disease of admiration. He might with accuracy be described as an autograph "fan." While not necessarily a despicable person, his collecting is frequently without real significance (though here it is well to state that there have been some splendid exceptions) and it generally affords little that is of outstanding importance to the scholarly investigator. Possibly the famous Emmett papers, in the New York Public Library, should be classified, technically, as the collection of a "superior" hunter or fan, for, although they are a mine for the historian, the arrangement is essentially that of the fan, and, as a scholarly friend expresses it, "the historian who tries to dig into it must have his wits about him or he will go oofty-goofty in the labyrinth: it is not nearly so well arranged as, for instance, the lesser but still valuable Leffingwell collection in the New Haven Colony Historical Society, which was got together by a learned Yale professor."

3 — *The autograph bandit.* A creature (frequently female) which grabs autographs indiscriminately, not for any love of great names or admiration for their owners, but chiefly for the excitement entailed in procuring them. Such a creature usually possesses a considerable amount of low cunning and, if repulsed in his or her initial frontal attack, will often resort to devious and annoying methods of reaching his objective. It need hardly be added that, like the brave old pauper in the workhouse ballad, he must be "as bold as brass." He scans the front page of the daily press and goes after whoever happens to be commanding the blackest headlines, irrespective of that person's worth or standing. An axe murderer or a cinema star is quite as likely to arouse his frantic interest as a transatlantic flier or an Arctic explorer.

THE high prices which old and rare autographs bring make collecting on the grand scale a hobby for wealthy men only. But many autographs are now practically unavailable at any price. For example, in all the material in all the collections of the world there are only six Shakespeare signatures accounted for, the last having been brought to light as late as 1910, in the British Public Record Office. This is, perhaps, an extreme case. Nevertheless, there are scores of other great names which are not to be seen in autograph form outside carefully preserved private or public museums.

The scarcity of several of our Signers has already been commented upon. In the sale of the Theodore Sedgwick papers in 1926, a document signed by Button Gwinnett brought $28,000. In 1927, a letter bearing the signatures of Gwinnett, Hancock, Morris, Middleton, Lewis and Read (all Signers) was sold for $50,000. The autographs of Washington, Jefferson, Charles Carroll of Carrollton and other leaders of their period are fairly numerous, owing to the voluminous correspondence carried on by them, but the prices are steadily mounting. Certain important American patriots who had more faith in the might of the sword than of the pen and who, consequently, left few holographs or autographs, doubtless would turn in their graves, could they but know the value in good hard dollars of the illegible penmanship of General Israel Putnam, Colonel Ethan Allen, and John Paul Jones.

THE early American authors, too, are returning to favor. As most of them were prolific letter-writers, however, and some of them (notably Longfellow) favored thousands of requests for autographs, the prices are not as fabulous as one might imagine. The name of Poe stands at the top of the list of desirable American literary autographs, both here and abroad: he is an exception, and the demand has sent his autograph-stock rocketing — an ironic fact when one considers that he once had to beg editors to buy his writings at any price. The original manuscript of *The Raven* was insured by its present owner, not long ago, for $200,000. Emerson, Whittier, Whitman, Lafcadio Hearn, Melville, Riley and Field have been commanding good prices for several years, a Field manuscript having sold for as much as $1,700 in 1911. Mark Twain is not regarded by dealers as rare, but such is his continued popularity that his signature is in great demand, and is growing dearer.

As Poe is the finest of American literary autographs, Lincoln is the most sought after of American historical signatures, although his is by no means the rarest. Of European historical autographs, that of Napoleon is most in demand; of English literary names, the dealers list Dickens first, in point of desirability.

The discovery of numerous manuscripts, autographs and holographs of some man whose writings have hitherto been exceptionally scarce might result in a deflation, causing a particular stock to tumble. A considerable number of names, however, are in such demand that the discovery of additional signatures could not seriously affect the market, as all of the new-found material could readily be absorbed into collections. Unknown to dealers or collectors, a large bundle of immensely valuable historical documents has been found by a historian in Pennsylvania, the discovery having been made during the past year. Although the autographs alone are worth thousands, the content of the documents is of vast import, and, when published, must surely cause historians to recast their conception of one of America's household gods of Revolutionary history fame. Conceivably these papers may be placed in the hands of dealers for disposal, but not until a complete record has been made of all of them.

THE prices paid for rare signatures have tempted many swindlers, and there have been innumerable forgeries of famous names. The operations of the Englishman Spring and the Frenchman Lucas are most notable. Indeed, Spring, who died in 1876, had been so busy forging the names of Revolutionary patriots and Confederate leaders during his lifetime that he appears to have had little time left for writing his own name. Though his forgeries no longer take in anyone but the most unwary amateur, his own autograph is a collector's item!

The case of M. Lucas seems altogether incredible. Certainly his amazing hoax could never have been carried through had he not found the perfect victim in a distinguished but utterly senile collector, Michel Chasles, a member of the French Academy of Sciences. The old scholar, being rich and gullible, paid great sums for the most preposterous forgeries, M. Lucas not hesitating to offer for sale all manner of supposedly ancient letters — written in modern French. When the forger was revealed by an English scholar, and tried and sentenced in a French court, the chagrin of the collector at his own exposure is declared to have been as great as that of the prisoner.

Modern collectors are not such easy marks, hence modern forgers must needs be surpassingly clever. Their favorite (and most effective) dodge is to forge names on the margins or fly-leaves of old books, or upon genuine old documents. An apparent case of the latter came to my attention recently, an Abraham Lincoln signature on an old State document which was in itself undoubtedly genuine, but which probably had been tampered with, for it had already been signed by an official in the Lincoln Government and did not require the President's signature. The only sure way to determine fraud in any case is to procure the services of a handwriting expert.

Although wealth is a prerequisite for those wishing to collect old autographs, it is possible for a person of modest means to amass a valuable lot of moderns — potentially valuable, at least. Sooner or later, however, such a collector, in the warmth of his zeal, is going to commit banditry. And another drawback: it may lead to other evils, like stamp collecting, and debts; and not always to the collecting of the utile and beautiful, like pipes and beer steins. There is Carl Van Vechten, who goes in for limited editions, bindings, book jackets, pamphlets, postcards, newspaper clippings, and Hollywood scandals. My interest in Mr. Van Vechten's postcards (even his Paris ones) is merely ho-hum; but my interest perks up when a friend shows me an album containing the favorite limericks of his ribald literary friends together with autographs and dates. Every man to his own humor — or folly.

Sometimes the autograph habit is acquired so innocently that the victim is astonished, one fine day, to discover that he is incurably afflicted. Though by that time he will have become so taken with it that he would not be cured, even if there were a sovereign remedy available. (And the one remedy, naturally, would be the killing off of all celebrities, which many will deem ill advised.)

In Baltimore I found such a case, in fact two cases — both quite young: Nancy, aged twelve, and her brother John, aged ten. Between them, these two youngsters had gathered together a formidable array of names. Even relatively obscure persons, such as King Boris and the Sultan of Perak, were there, while Queen Marie of Rumania had sent her photograph, autographed almost as graciously as that of a West Coast movie queen. A letter from a popular actor began it. The children had been reading *Don Quixote* together, and when Otis Skinner came to town in *Sancho Panza* they enjoyed his Sancho so well that they wrote him a note of appreciation. As it happened, the Baltimore dramatic critics had responded to the usual strenuous Skinnerian acting in rather lukewarm fashion, and this enthusiastic appreciation from the two young theatre-goers appears to have been especially soothing at such a time. It warmed the cockles of Mr. Skinner's heart. He wrote them a pleasant letter. . . . It started an autograph rash which was not to be allayed. Royalty, Presidents, Generals, poets, playwrights, novelists, scientists — each illustrious name has merely inflamed it. They sat down and wrote more letters; more autographs came in. And so on — *ad infinitum.*

THE sister's taste runs to artistic, musical and literary people. The fact that her own name — Nancy Bacon — offers opportunities for interesting rhymes has tempted many, including Senator Pepper of Pennsylvania, to essay flights with Pegasus up the Parnassian slopes. Some of them were lengthy flights, not, however, without halting moments. Others, among them Irving Bacheller, were brief. Mr. Bacheller favored with a quatrain:

> My dear young friend, Miss Nancy Bacon,
> Your letter has my fancy taken.
> I think it curious — and I laugh —
> That you should want my autograph.

Kit Morley, Warwick Deeping, Irvin Cobb, Ring Lardner, Joe Hergesheimer, Fanny Hurst, P. G. Wodehouse, Will Rogers, Edgar Lee Masters, Edwin Markham, Robert Frost, Walter de la Mare, Galsworthy, and Harry Leon Wilson are but a few of the assorted literati who likewise were captured. Dr. Henry Van Dyke managed to mate *autograph* with *cat laugh*, while admitting

> My scrawling —
> S-appalling.

AMONG Miss Bacon's lesser literary figures, Hendrik Willem van Loon has proved a good correspondent, sending bits of essays, travel observations and drawings. There is a vivid snatch of writing in a letter describing to Nancy the fire which destroyed an ancient village near the town of Veere, Holland, on the night of December 7, 1929. Mr. van Loon tells of working with the volunteer firemen until they gave up hope; and after seeing the beautiful old mills and houses go up in smoke, he sat down the same night (without washing his hands, apparently) and wrote to his young friend in America of the irreparable loss. Another note tells of his having worked all night in completing the final chapter of a work on Rembrandt — "a job of twenty years — 1229 pages — and I am afraid nobody will read it. But I had to write it sometime — I am going to bed!"

Many a musician has composed a bar or two of music for her, in lieu of a letter, the notes being drawn neatly above the autograph. Leopold Auer, Vincent D'Indy, Fritz Kreisler, and Rachmaninoff are a few. Her autographs run the gamut of opera singers, stage stars, Government officials, diplomats, and a miscellany which includes the script of Roscoe Pound, Jane Addams, Hamlin Garland, the late Lord Balfour, Augustus John and other famous painters, Viscount Byng of Vimy, Lady Astor, Mrs. F. S. Moody, Jr., *née* Wills, Gandhi (the Mahatma, who stopped twisting the British lion's tail long enough to write twice), Orville Wright, and Mussolini. Finally, there is the autograph of Senator Brookhart — placed in juxtaposition with that of Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler!

JOHN's part of the collection reflects a boy's natural liking for men of action. His prize is a Lindbergh, although those of General Pershing, General Jan Smuts, Kipling, Count von Luckner, Gouraud, Joffre, and Allenby rank high in his estimation. Admiral Richard E. Byrd addresses him familiarly as "Jack"; Admiral Sims composes a limerick. From less active men than these, but desirable for the modern collector, nevertheless, are his various autographs of Coolidge and Hoover, and of the Cabinets of both, along with the complete Supreme Court. The Sultan of Perak, who sent his autograph in both Malay and English, proved a poser; although that ruler is an Oxonian, John remains in doubt as to which is English. Gluyas Williams and the cartoonist Darling ("Ding") illustrated their several letters with animated sketches, while Ellis Parker Butler essays a poetic tap-dance involving the title of his best-known book and a pun on the name Bacon.

What was the charm of this youthful pair of collectors, that these busy people, none of whom they knew and few of whom they had ever seen, delighted in answering their notes? Perhaps it merely attests the understandable but rather pitiful desire of all men, high and low, to achieve whatever additional moiety of immortality they may, by preserving their handwriting wherever they can, even when it is only in an autograph collection of two unknown children. I looked through their heavy volumes respectfully, and noted that one important name was absent: that of H. L. Mencken, the "Sage of Hollins Street," as Baltimoreans call him. I returned home, looked through some letters, found one of H. L. M.'s, clipped out his signature, and sent it — thus assuring him immortality, along with the rest.

MY OWN contribution, however, was but one of the many additions which have been sent by the amazingly large number of friends Nancy has made through correspondence. The autographs of Patrick Henry, Francis Scott Key, Edwin Booth, William Dean Howells, Jules Verne, du Maurier, Ellen Terry, Modjeska, Richard Mansfield, Rosa Bonheur, Mark Twain, and Thomas Hardy have been added in this way. One friend she has never seen sent the scrawl of Prince Bernhard von Bülow, the "second Bismarck," who died after a stormy career, in Rome on October 28, 1929. Above the signature appears the German diplomat's philosophy, tersely expressed: "Bach the Father, Beethoven the Son, Bacchus the Holy Ghost." But to balance this impious expression, the donor also sent a pious injunction from the hand of Harriet Beecher Stowe: "Trust in the Lord, and *do good*." An old sailor has contributed a letter from Jack London, signed also by Mrs. London, describing the departure of their ship from the port of Baltimore for a voyage around the Horn, when the greater part of *The Sea Wolf* was to be written. The rover, who died shortly before the beginning of the present Prohibition era, rests happily ignorant of the fact that this ship was later to fall into the hands of rum runners, and subsequently into the hands of the Dry navy, an ignominious fate for a vessel of such romantic history.

Persons who have become targets for autograph hunters often develop an admirable system of defense. Sir Arthur Conan Doyle habitually answers requests for signatures with the statement that he will autograph books or photographs for all who will buy £5 worth of books from a certain psychic book shop in London, the address of which he gives. A. A. Milne replies to all such requests from America with a printed card announcing that the creator of Christopher Robin will be happy to send his autograph in return for a check for $2 made payable to an English charity fund for orphans. Emil Ludwig has a somewhat similar answer. Not many authors ignore requests completely.

On the other hand, autograph seekers sometimes adopt novel tactics. They may send a bill to the person whose autograph they desire, to evoke a letter from him disclaiming any purchase or transaction. A hunter in Greensboro, North Carolina, makes a practice of sending his intended victim a photograph, with a request that it be autographed, and as a result of this obvious flattery he now has nearly a thousand signed photographs pasted in his scrapbook, not a few of them being brand new photographs which the subjects have substituted in place of those he sent. Bernard Shaw, with characteristic perversity, signed the photograph on the back; it was returned to him with the explanation that the picture was to be pasted in an album. Mr. Shaw then had his secretary explain in detail a method whereby the collector could cut an opening in the book, to reveal the writing without damaging the likeness.

The modern autograph collector's interest runs largely to literary names, although there are specialists in other "lines." There is an increasing demand for important artists — etchers, painters, sculptors. Already a good holograph from the hand of James A. McNeill Whistler, bearing both his name signature and the famous butterfly, is a thing to treasure. The collecting of palettes used by well-known painters used to be a hobby of patrons of the arts, and since the majority of artists sign their names on their palettes, frequently adding a brush sketch and an inscription, this is a pretty form of autograph collecting.

With the advance of modern art, it is entirely likely that good autographs of such men as Matisse, Cézanne, Picasso, Degas, and Bellows will eventually fetch higher prices than were originally paid for some canvases by these painters. That of Matisse, especially, is likely to be greatly desired. A short time ago I saw an exceptionally fine letter of his, written to a sister of the late Dr. Claribel Cone, whose Matisse collection is probably the most extensive in America. A marvel of exquisite composition, it was a tribute to his former patron. Obviously, this one is not likely to become a collector's item, for it is regarded by its owner as priceless.

Collectors of first and limited editions are generally collectors of autographs, though they naturally prefer that the autographs be entered in books. Among the living American and British authors whose autographs add anywhere from $25 to $100 to the value of a book — depending, of course, on the title edition, and condition of the volume — might be listed Edwin Arlington Robinson, Eugene O'Neill, Edna St. Vincent Millay, E. V. Lucas, Edgar Lee Masters, James Joyce, James Branch Cabell, Norman Douglas, Christopher Morley (*The Eighth Sin*), and Theodore Dreiser.

THE mention of Cabell reminds me of his rarest item, and of my own part in aiding and abetting its publication. During my undergraduate days in a Southern University, I was a member (indeed, the organizer) of a group of nine convivial spirits who used to hold forth weekly in an old inn, called, due to its odd architectural design, the Cat's Head. There our gatherings flourished wickedly under the name of the Cat's Head Club. Our coterie included several graduate students, several undergraduates, a journalist, a professor of the drama (who has since sold his soul to Mammon and his talents to Hollywood), and two doctors of literature. Our quarters were picturesque and decidedly ramshackle — a ratty, smoky, dingy, draughty, and altogether charming old nook which reared its gabled roof up to the protecting arms of ancient oak trees. Rumors were wafted about amongst the *unco guid* in the community that strange and unhallowed rituals took place there, and it was popularly supposed that we kept a charred barrel (constantly replenished) of corn whiskey, which is the wine of the land. Stories about hasheesh, no doubt inspired by the sight of the long white clay pipes which the members were seen puffing upon, circulated round the campus and decent folk rolled their eyes heavenward and said: "*That* comes of reading the French decadents!" There was talk of Suppressed Works and Unexpurgated Editions. . . .

THEN one day word was bruited up and down that the Cat's Head bunch were going to publish a Book! And in due time the book appeared: a tiny volume, handsomely printed and bearing the unblushing imprimatur of the Cat's Head Press. It was *Retractions*, that superb sonnet sequence of Cabell's, and it was limited to twelve — *twelve* — numbered and signed copies, one for each member, two for the author, and one for the Cat's Head Library, wherein was to be placed also such correspondence as we had had with Mr. Cabell.

Details of this first publishing venture (incidentally, our last) remain very vivid. The selection of the paper, the style of type, the design and format — all were given painstaking consideration. Then the printer refused to contract for less than twenty-five copies, which necessitated the destruction of thirteen, for we were resolved on an edition of a round dozen and no more. Finally twelve select copies were sent to Dumbarton Grange to receive the kind offices of the creator of the sonnets. Back they came, each carefully autographed and numbered in the neat, small hand which the author of the lively Poictesme romances has cultivated. The original nine members of the club have scattered widely and are not likely to gather again, but each treasures, along with pleasant memories of evenings profitably spent in the old inn, a bit of Cabellana sufficient to arouse the cupidity of any collector. Nor was autograph itch responsible for its creation. One thought, however, tortures me and will not let me rest: What became of that library copy of *Retractions?* We really had no library, properly speaking, but kept our meagre assortment of books on a single long shelf, surrounded by odds and ends of stuff, most of it worthless. Has this little document been scribbled over by some later student and tossed away, to be swept up and burned on the ash-pile by Uncle Jeff, the venerable negro janitor? Or will it turn up one day in a sale, to be purchased by someone ignorant of the pleasant days which brought it forth? I wonder.

Wild Iris

By Virginia Moore

To make a perfect iris
The heavens proffered tears,
And all of nature practised
A hundred thousand years.

So now it blossoms thickly
Along a country stream,
Blue enough for hurting,
Tender in extreme.

And greedily I take it
With grown-up eyes that look
To summer and to winter,
To desolated brook.

How long must I be waiting
For iris in a string?
An age? A Buddhic cycle?
Or just another spring?

Silver Lotus

By H. M. K. Smith

A Short Story by the Author of "The Smile of Buddha"

It was the marriage day of the Son of Yoryaku, Emperor of ancient Nippon, and all imperial Yeddo was a blaze of color, of music, pageantry and joy. The youthful bride, favored of the gods, had been selected with mystic formulas and stately ceremony from among the seven hundred daughters of the Shoguns and the Samurai. For the full cycle of the spring moon, the bride and her retinue had been housed in a porcelain palace whose courts were paved with jade and whose secluded chambers had been especially prepared for her alone.

The roadway between this palace and the castle of the Mikado was sprinkled daily with fine white sand from Enoshima, mingled with green pine needles, the seeds of anise and the dust of sandalwood; while from the hour of the dawn, which drifted in on a haze of powdered amber from the Inland Seas to the misty, purple dusk, long stately processions from far off provinces of the Empire passed over this perfumed pathway bearing gifts and offerings intended for the unseen and royal bride.

On the day before, a tablet of gold in a wrapping of scented crimson silk, had been sent to the bride, upon which had been inscribed the edict which made of her a princess of the Mikado's sacred household. With it had been sent symbolic gifts of boiled rice, branches of the holy *sakaki* tree, chestnuts on plates of willow wood, salt, sandalwood and wine. Today the prince-bridegroom himself would escort her to the ancestral altars of his fathers in a palanquin of ebony with curtains of scarlet and silver and borne by retainers whose first born had been sons and in which, as a good omen, a man-child must first ride as well.

Even now, the roadways were lined to the walls with the smiling, happy faces of those who had come to do homage to their lord and prince, Prince Uli, "Uli" which means "the sea." The upper shutters of every house were closed and the balconies were empty, for no man might look downward nor gaze at all upon the countenances of the children of the Goddess of the Sun, but each façade was gay with banners of every hue, with greenery and lanterns, with prayers for good fortune and for joy, and the white flag of Nippon with its red and glowing sun.

The crowd surged and billowed in

breaking waves of color and of sound. Here a group of laborers in dark blue *hakamas;* there a cluster of Buddhist and Shinto priests with shaven heads; here a company of merchants and their wives in sombre robes of purple and brown. Children darted about in bright kimonos, their hands full of *sakaki* plumes and cherry blossoms.

And here, like some windblown tropic garden in a prismatic, opulent bloom stood row upon row of geisha and orian, scarlet butterflies, flowers of the night, Aphrodites of the dusk, permitted by edict on this festive day to mingle freely with the world. Some were clad in strident, flaming red with gold and silver obis tied in front to signify their sad and ancient calling. One in lavender silk, heavy with iris embroidered in lilac, darker purples and the dregs of wine. One in stiff magenta brocade with swarms of silver butterflies, one in apricot with figures of golden storks; some in gold and silver, in canary, in orange, in turquoise, in garnet, in coral and emerald green, and here one but a child in years, Silver Lotus, fragile and slender in clouds of filmy silver where floated silver lotus flowers on leaves of shining gold.

Her face seemed molded of translucent white jade and her brows, outlined with antimony in the blackest jet, were as fine and soft as the feathers of the kingfisher. Her hands, long and delicate, her fingers like wax tapers, white as frost. Her eyes, oblique and heavy lidded, were enormously dark and deeply shadowed with something hidden and hauntingly sad. Her reed-like child's body was drowned within the flowing folds of her extravagant robes. Her long silvery kimono clung to her slender ankles, but parting there, revealed an undergarment of jade pink silk which spread into a rolled and heavily padded train about her white, tabi-clad feet. Across her back her golden obi spread almost to her shoulders like a great tawny butterfly and over her heart she wore a tiny butterfly of deep, rose-colored jade.

Silently she stood among her laughter-gay and chattering sisters of the orian, so small, so stately, so curiously virginal and pure, and yet so childishly and tragically sad. For today, she was *shinzo* — she was *shinzo* and she was afraid. Last night O-Mise, her home in the glittering Yoshiwara, had been tawdry with paper flowers and heavy with incense and with musk. Gifts of wine cups with her name inscribed upon them had been presented to all those who had called to wish her good fortune and a long and merry life. The house was filled with laughter and coarse and ribald jests.

She was no longer a *hang-yoku*, a child dancer, for her apprenticeship was over. She had learned to dance and sing, to play the samisen, the koto and the drum, to use a fan, to arrange flowers, the ancient ceremonial of tea, to be gracious, alluring, seductive to men, and now she was *shinzo* — a new ship to be launched upon a hopeless sea. Her name had been inscribed upon the portals of the house as "*O-shoku-kabu*," a new beauty for every man to see. Clothed in a peacock-hued kimono, her hair fantastically dressed in the fashion of Shimada, her mouth turned into a vermilion flower on a bed of snow, Silver Lotus, attended by two female pages and a man servant, had been publicly paraded through the streets in a 'ricksha deluged with garlands of cherry blossoms, pine branches and strings of silver bells.

Gravely she bowed to the right and to the left and smiled, but beneath her bright silks, cold, benumbing fear laid icy finger tips upon her heart. She was — *shinzo*. With admiration and applause she had been greeted by men standing before the houses and shops decked for the marriage day of their Emperor's son with all the emblems of good fortune and long life. Ropes of braided rice straw, mystic symbol of the Goddess of the Sun, pine branches for good luck, fern leaves for the fecundity of the bride, crawfish for long life, bitter oranges for plenty and for wealth, bamboo for fidelity, paper *gohei* lanterns, birds and flowers.

SHE made her way through double rows of amber lanterns, 'rickshas passed her with triple lamps twinkling, wayfarers with white fairy-like lanterns bobbing at the end of bamboo wands. Always smiling gravely, she bowed to the salutations of the crowd, but still her heart was heavy with that foreboding fear. From a balcony came the tinkling sound of samisen, the thrum of koto and the soft throb of spool shaped geisha drums. As she sped through the dim streets now, quaint shadows quivered on the opaque paper *shoji*, the windows of the houses, lighted from within. A man bathing in a low round tub, a woman with a child at her breast, two lovers kissing, children hovering over a glowing brazier — a panorama of that homely, humble human life that she would never know, flashed by in black, quick moving silhouette. And then again, high towering gates of blue and gilt, the clang of cymbals, men calling her name, reaching out to touch her, her name emblazoned there upon the portals, the Yoshiwara, home!

And tonight? She shuddered so that Yamabuki, the yellow rose, asked her if she were cold, but Silver Lotus only smiled, shook her head and looked away again.

TONIGHT the O-Mise would be thronged with men, men strange and brutal and inflamed with saké and with desire. And she must drink with them and dance with them, those dances which before had seemed to her so lovely and so pure. Dances that she must make tonight, one maddening, alluring posture of soft inviting body, of white caressing hands, springing pink-tipped like lilies from great leaf-like sleeves; of bending, swaying form on feet that never moved, quivering sensuous lips, soft, passion inviting eyes, perfumed hair, and the queer irregular rhythm of blood-stirring, seductive songs.

And then some man would whisper to her *kamuro*, her female page, and she would hear a shrill voice calling — "*Hasu-jin-O-Meshikan*" ("Silver Lotus — honorably change thy garments"). She would lay aside her gorgeous formal raiment and return clad only in her long under dress of thin, revealing silk to exchange cups of saké with the man who had marked her with his favor, the man to whom she must be the unholy bride of a night. More music, more cups of fiery saké, samisens rising to a strident crescendo and then — another shrill command from her *kamuro.*

And now she must lead the way through the long, dim gallery overlooking the garden where dwarf pines seemed to writhe among the gray stone lanterns in an agony akin to her own. She must push aside the door of painted lacquer to reveal her little vestal chamber with its bamboo screen, its single lantern, its bronze *hibachi* where dying charcoal glowed, its soft scarlet *futon,* with its coverlet of black wool. She would kneel in one last appeal before the goddess Benten; the air would be heavy with fumes of saké and the whispering of a man. A covering of heavy silk would be thrown over the lantern, the room would be in darkness. And tomorrow? Tomorrow she too would tie her obi in front.

YAMABUKI, the yellow rose, eager-eyed and chattering, tugged at her silver sleeve, recounting how when the bride in her closed palanquin reached the home of her lord, they would place uncoined gold and silver in her hands, and cross them upon her breast so that she might still hold a golden vase of wheat, maize and rice with emeralds, sapphires and rubies to symbolize the richness and the fruitfulness of the earth. That then she would cross the threshold over a golden saddle and bronze baskets of glowing embers kindled from cherry wood and at last, escorted by singers and the music of silver harps and drums she would enter the bridal chamber. There she and her lord would drink nine times from golden goblets joined with red cords and filled with wine and honey and so consummating their marriage, would be left alone.

But Silver Lotus did not listen, for her thoughts were far away.

* * * *

SHE was in Kamakura once again on that pilgrimage which she had made in a gesture of reverence on the anniversary of her blind mother's death, her blind mother for whose sake, at the age of ten, she had sold herself in secret to the Yoshiwara. She had hidden the price of that sacrifice under the pillow of her sleeping mother and crept away, and then in only another year her mother had gone into the place of souls.

Under the towering cryptomeria trees she had knelt before that majestic Buddha which for untold centuries had sat unmoved, looking with eyes of gold as calmly upon death as he looked upon life.

While bells from the temple echoed their deep-throated sounds, among the pines another pilgrim had knelt beside her in the still and early morning and there came to her in a voice as deep and resonant as the temple bells the words — "*Namu-amie-daibutsu-Buddha.*"

She had looked upon him then, and as she looked her troubled childish heart was comforted and stilled. Tall he was and grave and bronzed and young. His whole person breathed of the majesty and vastness of the sea. He wore the sombre *hurisode* of the pilgrim, but about his neck upon a chain of fine gold he wore the amulet of those who are of the sea, a little emblem of coral, the figure of a fish.

There was about him the strength and surety of the tides, the clean coldness of spindrift flung on great free winds, the tranquillity of still waters under a summer moon. He knelt beside her and turned his face to hers. He looked with calm serenity into her tear marked eyes, but Silver Lotus could not speak. All her life seemed suddenly revealed to her as it was to be in its tinsel fragility, its loneliness, its sadness and its shame.

And then he spoke. His voice came as soft and deep as the sound of sea wind in the pines, and as he spoke the heart of Silver Lotus was loosed of loneliness and pain. "Dost thou, too, seek peace, *Hana-Chisi*, little flower?" he asked and took her gently by the hand.

TOGETHER they wandered through the fragrant gloom, the tall grave pilgrim and the woman-child, and came in their wanderings upon a little shrine hidden in the deep, green secrecy of feathery bamboos. Here in a posture of supplication before a moss-grown figure of Kwannon the Merciful, was the statue of a woman, weatherbeaten, crude. And in the dim greenness the pilgrim told Silver Lotus the tale of the origin of this statue, concerning a woman who had once loved a holy man. From a far-distant monastery, on a scroll of rice paper, the man had sent her every day some word of peace and comfort for her longing soul. She too had written to him: "My love lives through eternity. It will not die when I have passed into the land of shadows, it will live for always. I have drunk of love's immortal cup and it will give me immortality, so that I may live with the gods to watch over thee and care for thee through all of time."

The story was that when she had felt herself dying she had taken from their secret place all his treasured scrolls and kneading them into a paste with her tears, had fashioned of it this figure of infinite love and sadness which knelt here forever before the all-merciful Kwannon, invoking protection for the man whom she had loved.

THE pilgrims now walked into the gardens of the iris, iris so white and pure that they seemed unearthly flowers of spiritual beauty able to take the thoughts of men from things of earth to things supernal and forever true. Unspeakably lovely was Silver Lotus as she flitted like some radiant human butterfly there where the tremulous shadows of the willows played like faint ghosts of beauty in the still and drowsy waters. The dark eyes of her companion lingered upon her and he smiled.

Under the aged blossoming cherry trees which hovered like clouds of rose-flushed gauze upon the green hillside, they sat in silence on the soft green turf. The paths were thickly drifted with pink and white petals that floated gently to the grass like sun-tinted flakes of snow. The plum trees too were veiled like brides in fragrant white for their marriage to the spring and as pink and white petals drifted softly down and fell like spirit kisses on Silver Lotus's eyelids, she turned to the silent dreaming figure by her side and asked him softly, "Honorable Master, what is love?"

He looked upon her calmly, and from his grave eyes his glance was like the sea. He smiled upon her, and the smile fell upon her heart as gently as spring rain falls upon the flowers.

"Love — little flower — is none other than the great, deep rhythm of life. It is that out of which you came and to which you must return. You see the one you love before you and you believe him to be that toward which the rhythm of life is driving you. But even when you are one with him, when you have thrilled to the touch of his hands and the warmth of his lips, you will still feel that rhythm within you, asking and unappeased. Then it is that into the souls of the man and woman there arises a great sadness and they look at one another and say Where is our love? The hot desire dies and beauty fades like the flowers in autumn. Then they should clasp each other by the hand and move on through the still joys of life like two white clouds which float for a little side by side, and vanish, as though wafted by the same wind, into the infinite blue of the heavens.

"For only when this life is ended may you be in absolute union with the one you love, in a union full and eternal which neither time nor space may sever, for you are then but one single, pure and infinite soul in that great rhythm from which you came and to which you have once more returned."

Silently again he took her by the hand and led her to the sea. There for a long time they sat in utter stillness, fingers entwined: "See how the waters of the deep draw near, the sea who is your brother even as are the trees, the sun, the moon, the stars. Ah, if men would but let their lives flow of themselves as rivers flow to the sea, as leaves tremble on the branches, as lotus flowers bloom, in the simple, natural rhythmic beauty of life. But men blind themselves with pleasure, with desire and lust, with riches, hate and fame. They hold fast to all that is unreal, they desire too many things to find the One.

"The sea is rest. And the souls of those who sleep in its depths, never leave the sea. It is their white hands waving the breakers, their white faces smiling from the whirling foam and on still nights they call to each other over the echoing waters of the deep."

And the little waves crept toward them softly on the full flooding tide with the quiet irresistible approach of infinity, of fate. "Hark to the sea," he whispered, "the sea is singing, little flower. Behold how the waves flow on one after the other, further and further, only to return again and vanish in the endless music of the deep."

Silver Lotus looked out to sea where the sails of two little boats gleamed like old silver in the quiet sunlight, those boats so small on the immensity of the sea, so fearless and so lovely, so buoyant and so free. The sea, as boundless and as pure as that love of which the pilgrim spoke. Ah, if she might but float out there with him; if they might but let their lives flow on simply and in peace as the sea flows, as the cherry blossoms fall, as the clouds float.

(Yamabuki touched her hand again and her eyes glowed. "Do you not hear the cymbals and the drums? They will soon be here." But again Silver Lotus, in her dreaming, did not hear.)

The moon had risen and her beams danced with their shadows in the dark crowns of the softly undulating pines. Only the great bronze Buddha was flooded in her full and frosty splendor. Immeasurably tender and gravely kind he looked down upon his worshippers as they knelt once more before the shrine. That pure countenance gazing into eternity was utter rest, the sadly blessing smile about the shadowy lips was absolute love.

The pilgrim turned his bronzed young face once more upon the wondering child and kissed her as a father might kiss his little one, upon the brow. He smiled upon her and it seemed to Silver Lotus that light laughed over the earth. From the folds of his girdle he drew forth the little amulet of rose jade, the little butterfly, the emblem of love, and placed it in her hand. He raised his hand over her head with the thumb crossed over the palm and said softly, "That which is done for Buddha lives forever. That which is done for self, must surely die." He was gone then and only a whispered *sayonara*, a last farewell lingered in the shadow-fretted air.

* * * *

A RUMBLE of drums, the ringing clash of cymbals, the shrill wailing of reed pipes and silver flutes, the sonorous clang of gongs of brass and bronze, rang in a martial chorus through the air and the bridal procession of the Emperor's son drew near.

Musicians in plumed helmets and robes of yellow and white, retainers in scarlet, carrying on standards tablets of blue and silver inscribed with the titles of the bride and groom. Soldiers with shields of leather and bamboo; acolytes with long black wands tipped with gold and silver melons; Shinto priests in robes of gray, green and red; and bishops in saffron with great cloaks of purple, carrying reliquaries of crystal.

THEN appeared in a great golden shrine and standing on a base of rock crystal supported by eight great tortoises of green malachite, a figure of Ameterasu, the Goddess of the Sun, followed by a great concourse of two-sworded Samurai in brilliantly variegated robes and shining armor, Shoguns, governors, ministers, in richly colored robes of state. Then in a gilded coach glittering with emblems of the sun and drawn by thirty milk-white horses, the bridegroom, son of the Mikado, Prince Uli himself.

In the shadow of the massive, graying trunk of a venerable cherry tree stood Silver Lotus, but she did not as the others bow her head. She knew that to look upon that face was death and yet she could not move. She stood rooted fast, immovable as the *enoki* trees on Fujiyama's holy hills. Her eyes, which she could not close, were wide but unafraid, and then she looked into the face of that one who rode in the chariot of gold. In black ceremonial robes of state with golden crests, with the bridegroom's headdress and the sacred signs of Shinto painted on his brow, he turned his face and his grave, deep eyes rested upon her, eyes as deep and black as the abode of death. Straightly she looked into them and deeply, as he raised his hand in a gesture of benediction with the thumb crossed over the palm. For the eyes of Uli, Prince of Nippon, Son of the Emperor, were the eyes of that grave young pilgrim of the sea who had knelt beside her before the shrine of Buddha in the shadow of Kamakura's pines.

AND as on that quiet day, now as she looked deeply into those grave, dark eyes, her fear was gone; but there came into her being a sort of exalting terror and her soul saw for the first time what happiness might mean. It was light, clear, crystal light, and she had been blind. It was warm, golden sunshine, and she had been cold. It was a flame soaring from her heart to his. The world was filled with amber fire and singing voices, high and beautiful, like the songs of the bulbuls in the plum trees. All things were strange, and for the first time, she lived. It was the essence of everything. Of heaven and earth, of life and death, of man and woman, it was nameless and beautiful, it was joy and sadness, it was that deep eternal rhythm which was life, it was more than life — it was Love.

As though it rang from silver bells with tongues of jade, she knew that it was not her body which was *shinzo* — it was her soul.

And then she fell face downward in the dust of anise and sandalwood and so she lay, until raised up by her companions. All was comprehensible now, all was light. It came to her as to a child who finds a flower. Nothing was lost. That thing of beauty which she had treasured would live on, for she would make it live forever. She would give herself even as that one who had loved the holy man. She would make herself immortal too, so that she might be eternally with him, the one she loved, Prince Uli, which means the sea.

The sea which he loved, the sea which sang songs to him which other ears had never heard. The sea in which the dead did not die but lived forever, the sea in which she might dance on and on, waving white hands to him and singing the songs he loved.

IN HER chamber in the Yoshiwara, she drew the paper *shoji* close. Seven times she bathed in clear water as brides bathe, and sprinkled rice in the four corners of the room. She clothed herself from head to foot in fresh and spotless white, and then in the dusk she stole into the garden, plaiting, as she went, a chaplet of white wistaria for her hair.

In the dimness of the temple, sunk now in mauve and silent gloom in the shadow of pillars of black and gold, she crept to the altar whose silver vases and lacquered drums reflected the wavering lights of the numberless candles which burned in silence before the tablets of the dead.

In an alcove whose walls were painted with peonies and lotus flowers she knelt before a shrine. From the great sleeves of her alabaster kimono she drew offerings of incense, which gave off the odor of lotus, the "Flower of the Pure Law." She laid her samisen upon the floor and over her head and face she drew a scarlet veil. Upon the paved floor she laid a square of scarlet silk and at each corner she placed a green twig of the *sakaki* tree. Then from her voluminous sleeves she drew two clusters of tiny silver bells and, bowing to the floor, nine times she touched her forehead to the stones. Then to the cold, metallic accompaniment of fragile silver bells she began, with exaggerated and rigid slowness, the movements of the ritual dance of purification.

Slowly she moved through the austere and stately measures of the holy dance, her movements timed by the chaste, spiritual music of those tiny silver bells. Pure, mournful melody, sad little sounds as of pearls falling on the muted strings of a *koto* of *paulowina* wood, the sound of frozen tears falling in a crystal chalice.

THEN with a last sudden shower of those tears of silver sound, she sank again to the floor and once again, nine times she touched her forehead to the stones. On her dark head, the white wisteria made a little halo of alabaster stars.

"O — Ameterasu — Holy One — wash me clean of all impurity, as one washes away all unclean things in the river of Kamo," she intoned.

Behind the old gray temple, three willows stood upon a narrow point of sand that stretched far out to sea. When the tide was at its flood, the waves rose to the feet of the willows and their long, weeping branches dripped with bitter waters.

The moon shone faintly through a mist like a wan spy, as a little figure stole past *enoki* trees and rocks out to the point where the three willows waited for the tide. Her head was crowned with white wistaria and she was clothed from head to foot in spotless white.

From the dark shadows under the willow trees came the sound of a samisen and of a high, sweet voice singing a plaintive song. The white clad figure advanced and walked outward to where the waters rose and broke upon the tide's advancing flood.

AT THE water's edge, Silver Lotus drew from wide sleeves two tiny saké cups joined to each other with a long scarlet cord. She filled them from a flaçon of Satsuma. Nine times she drank from one, the other she flung into the sea. "My love lives through eternity," she whispered. "I have drunk of Love's immortal cup and it will give me immortality so that I too shall live forever, here in the sea to watch over thee and care for thee for all of time." She gathered a handful of dried sea grass and kindled it from her lantern's flame. She stepped over it and as it flared up for an instant, she took up her samisen once more and began to sing.

The wind stirred the willows' long waving fronds and carried the high sweet voice of Silver Lotus, far, far out to sea.

Seawood and sinking sands,
Willow wood with mourning bands,
Whose voice so high,
Calling?

The moon pierced through the curtain of thin gray clouds, a few strayed and lonely stars appeared. Water splashed over the white clad feet and tore at the white silks above them, but still the figure moved on.

Gray sea and grayer clouds,
Gray ghosts in snowy shrouds,
Is it the sea gull's cry,
Calling?

Little silver-tipped waves curled about the child's waist. She held her samisen still higher and the dirge-like and plaintive song went on.

> White hands that beckon me,
> I kiss my hands to thee,
> I know thy voice, O, Death,
> Calling.

An amulet of deep rose jade, a butterfly, was pressed now to her lips, lips white but untrembling.

"*Anata-konata*," she whispered as though she were a bride. And as the waters rose higher, the scarlet veil swirled away in a little circling whirlpool, red as blood.

"*Amaterasu — Omikani — yo*" — a white face floated for an instant in green billows, floated for an instant like a lotus blossom and then was gone. The little silver-tipped waves flowed smoothly on.

The moon broke through at last in all her full and splendid silver radiance and made a pathway of shimmering glory into the far reaches of the boundless, ever-flowing sea. Upon it floated a broken samisen, a chaplet of white wisteria, a whirling crimson veil.

From the turf-crowned, moated ramparts of the Emperor's castle came the boom of great bronze cannon and the silver blare of nuptial trumpets echoed over the sea.

Is Life Worth Living?

By Florence Finch Kelly

Revealing Answers to an Informal Questionnaire

What does this modern age think about it? Does it find that the pleasures and satisfactions of life nowadays compensate for its pains and disillusions and disappointments? The years have stripped away some of the things in which our forefathers found compensation and if they have brought material satisfactions in richer variety and quantity they have so sharpened and increased desire that probably no previous generation has ever demanded so much of life as do the people who now fill its stage with their hustling activities. How does what they enjoy balance with the ills that forever make themselves felt in this business of living?

It has been a long time since any one tried to survey the scene as a whole and give a large-horizoned answer to that insistent doubt, "Is it worth what it costs?" Half a century ago the English philosopher, W. H. Mallock, wrote a book entitled, *Is Life Worth Living?* in which he discussed the question philosophically and, by deductive reasoning, came to a negative conclusion. In those mid-Victorian days life was thought to have an inherent value, a sort of sacredness as of a gift from God, that almost tainted with sacrilege such a question and such an answer. All the English-reading world was a bit shaken and aghast, its spokesmen inclined to deprecate such an inquiry. Even on remote college campuses in this country young people read and discussed the book, and felt satisfyingly audacious. And newspapers chronicled an increased number of suicides. Then *Punch* sardonically remarked, "It depends on the liver;" and all the English-reading world laughed and quickly forgot about its momentary doubt.

Nowadays the world would pay scant attention to such abstract discussion of a practical matter, for it has learned that truth is more likely to be found in conclusions reasoned from collected and compared facts than in theories spun out of anybody's brain. So, when I began to wonder how the modern world feels in the depths of its heart about the old question, as old as Adam, it seemed to me that the only way to get a worth while answer would be to collect individual responses and secure a body of material from which it might be possible to draw some general conclusions.

For several years I have been asking people directly and indirectly — getting at their convictions in one way or another — if to them individually life is worth living, if its satisfactions recompense them for its inevitable pains and disappointments and, if so, what special experiences yield them most pleasure — what, in short, they find in life that above all helps to make it worth while. Since my inquiries were confined to my own circle of friends and acquaintances, mostly professional people, the investigation does not afford a cross-section of life. But its results do show certain definite and significant trends, and since what people of intelligence think and say, believe and do, always influences the tendencies of a time, perhaps my collection of responses has some value as a slight illuminant of what is, after all, the keynote of the civilization of any age — its attitude toward life.

In sorting out and classifying the answers to my queries I have preserved especially those that were typical of replies made by many people, those that were strongly individual and those that struck unusual notes. Studying them as a whole it has seemed to me that the most significant feature of the collection is a conviction expressed in one form or another by so great a number as to make it almost universal. If what these many persons said to me is a fair indication of modern human feeling then more people get their chief satisfaction in life out of work than from any other source. Here are a few typical answers:

"Life would be decidedly dull for me," said one middle-aged man, "if I did not have the constant stimulus of the thousand and one demands that my work makes upon me every day, and so I suppose that, considering everything, it is my work that gives me the deepest, steadiest and most dependable satisfaction."

"A good job that you are interested in, that calls out the best you have in you and gives you an adequate material return," was another answer to my query.

Said a woman who is very successful in her profession: "The thing that makes life most worth living for me is having a job that keeps me on the jump all the time, with all my mental powers alert and active, and yet is always just a little ahead of my best efforts to keep up with its possibilities." An ambitious young naval officer phrased much the same idea, but from a different viewpoint, when he said: "You've got to have some objective ahead of you, some point you want to attain, something to work toward that, when you reach it, resolves into something still more desirable farther on; or else life is stale and flat and not worth the trouble. But it's full of zest if you have an incentive of that sort." This frequent reference to the daily task, the life job, as a dominant factor in the worthiness of life made me wonder if man is about to find the road to that happiness for which he has sought so long.

Of the many people that I questioned there were only two who said definitely and decidedly that life was not worth living. One was an elderly woman to whom life has denied many of the things she has asked of it, who has fed rather meagrely at the table of this world's good things while she longed for a full and varied menu, and she insisted with caustic bitterness that nothing life had given her had compensated, or could possibly make amends, for the pain, the sadness and the injury these deprivations had caused her. The other instance was in its premises in such direct opposition to this that it was doubly interesting. A young man, gifted, in full health, of satisfactory personal life, a poet and a successful writer, maintained with deeply-rooted conviction that life does not and can not offer enough dependable satisfactions to make it worth while. He said that the allurements it leads you on with disappoint you when you get them, that nothing you work for proves to be what you expect, that inevitable disillusion cheapens and poisons all your effort. When I asked him why he continued to carry on in the face of what he felt to be such futility, he said that the habit of living and of trying to use one's faculties is so deeply ingrained in man that he can not go counter to it without making an even worse mess of his life. "I am," he said, "simply taking the line of least resistance, the easiest way out of an inherently and inevitably evil predicament."

THERE were many answers to my question that were noteworthy because of their varied individual viewpoints. They were a revelation both of the number and variety of the *stimuli* with which life incites the human being and of the zestful response which man makes to all of them. A man whose life, well past its middle, has given him many ups and downs, grinned happily and said: "Sure! Life is worth living because it's such a gamble! I get the same kind of a kick out of it that I do out of a good poker game. Your hand may look rotten, but maybe you can make it win if you play it right, and there's always another hand coming when the cards may run your way. Life's more interesting than any poker game I ever sat in, and I shan't want to quit it even when I have to."

"IT's love that makes life worth while for me," exclaimed a woman who has lived long enough to test many of its values. "As long as there is anybody I can love and anybody to love me — husband, children, relatives, friends — I shall enjoy and cherish life and want to keep right on living. But I shall want to die at once if the time ever comes when there isn't any one to love and be loved by." A young engineer, keen on his profession, declared promptly that he found life very much worth living chiefly because of the pleasure he got out of the beauty there is in the world. "It's everywhere," he said, "and there are so many kinds of it, made by man and made by nature, and it means so much to me that if everything else disappointed me it would still, I believe, make life worth while."

A successful artist whose path has led through pleasant places discussed the values of life, cast aside one after another of the usual sources of satisfaction as not being for him the one big thing that most made it worth while, and finally settled down to this conviction: "I believe I get more pleasure and satisfaction out of what I can do with my muscles, my body, in outdoor sports and all sorts of activities that call them into play, than I do out of anything else. I am quite sure that if I were to lose my physical strength and skill I would not care to go on living."

It was a woman of middle age, a writer of novels, who gave me this answer: "Yes, I find life very much worth while because it is so full of things that interest me — people, perhaps, most of all. I like to study them and figure out motives and purposes, and there's always a fresh thrill in meeting and feeling out some new person. Furthermore there are so many other charming and fascinating things in it — books, music, flowers, birds, sunsets, trees, pictures, news from all over the world and beautiful places to go to! Oh, I don't see how anybody can help loving and enjoying life when it is so full of such rich and varied pleasures! I think it was Bacon who said that the more good things we are interested in the more ardently we live. And, of course, the more ardently we live the more we find life worth while."

A MAN in the latter part of middle age brought out the changing values of life as the years advance: "Life has always afforded me," he said, "keen pleasure and deep satisfaction. I've had my share of its pains and disappointments but there has never been a time when these were not overbalanced by enjoyments. But the things that have made it most worth while have been different at different times, as mental and spiritual development and those changes which the years bring altered my outlook on life and my response to it. Ever since I passed my fortieth year, I have found an increasing pleasure in books. I have always enjoyed reading, not as a passive but as an active mental occupation — feeling my mind at work — but until I got well into middle life other kinds of satisfactions were dominant. Now, in my early sixties, and still enjoying most of the things that have heretofore given me pleasure, I have come to where my deepest and most satisfying pleasure in life is to get into communication through the printed page with some skilled mind highly endowed with intellect and imagination and enjoy its wrestlings with the problems of man and the universe and its interpretations of the beauties of life and the world."

A WOMAN nearing the age that is called "elderly," who has brought up a family, successfully practised a profession and engaged in other activities and so has lived a full and active life both inside and outside her home, said that she had found life richly interesting and rewarding. When I asked her what among all her satisfactions had made life most worth while, she promptly and emphatically replied: "Children — my own offspring. I didn't realize this clearly in my younger days but about the time I entered middle life I began to understand that the deepest and greatest and most abiding happiness I should ever find would be in seeing my children develop, enter upon their own lives and careers, and themselves become parents. Of course, children disappoint and hurt you in a thousand ways and each one of them is likely to break your heart. But when all is said and done the deep satisfaction and pleasure of having children, watching and helping their growth, and seeing the torch of life passed on through them to other generations, far more than compensates not only for all the heartbreaks they cause you but for all the pains and ills life brings you in other ways."

Carefully considering the question, a man of middle age replied with deep conviction: "I think the most abiding satisfaction I get out of life is in being able now and then to be of service to some one who badly needs a friend. Yes, I am sure there is nothing that so fully compensates for all the things life does to us that we don't like as does the knowledge that I have helped some other human being through a hard place which might have been too much for him if I hadn't been there. I don't mean helping with money — I haven't much that I can use that way — but just standing by, doing what I can, and making him feel that I am his friend."

The thoughtfully considered response of one man seemed to me especially interesting because so probably typical of the feeling of great numbers of people of the average sort, those who carry on the major part of the work of humanity. "I don't think," he said, after turning the question over in his mind for a few moments, "that it has ever occurred to me to question seriously the general happiness and worth of life, because you get some sort of satisfaction out of almost every stage and phase of it. Even the disappointments and hurts are not without compensation, for they give contrast to the pleasurable things and so make keener our enjoyment of them. Many happy experiences, most of them small and inconsequential by themselves, but summing up mighty big, come right along, all the time, as part of every day, experiences that grow out of almost everything in life — one's home, friends, work, married life, children, the things one sees and does — that I don't understand how anybody can have any doubt about it. Just living it makes life worth while."

I hoped in the course of my inquiry to get some revealing light on the question of whether or not women who have chosen an individual career in preference to marriage remain satisfied with their choice. But I found them unwilling to make unequivocal statement of their final conclusions concerning the relative desirability of matrimony and the pleasures yielded by pursuit of their own bent. The nearest I came to getting a direct answer was from two women of middle age, fairly successful in their professions and economically independent, who each told me — they were unknown to each other, of different callings and of different temperaments and environment — that she had never married because she had not wanted to be hampered by having children and that she had never regretted her decision.

For the most part, these unmarried, professional women talked about the keen and varied interests their work brought them, they spoke with enthusiasm of their freedom to follow their own plans and programmes, develop their own individualities, live their own lives, and they seemed to find satisfaction in being able to retreat into their own tiny homes in apartment houses and enjoy there a complete privacy which no one else had the right to disturb. But they evaded the question of whether or not they thought these things more fruitful of deep and worth while satisfaction than what they had given up to get them. I noted that women of this category were almost sure to declare they found life's chief pleasure and richest recompense in their work and its significance for them. It seems to me an interesting feature of modern life that so many intelligent and cultivated women should thus find the greatest enjoyment of life outside of their personal relations and their emotional reactions.

And, indeed, it was surprising to find how few people appeared to derive satisfaction in large measure from the intimate personal relations of life. Several parents even spoke of their disappointment in not finding in parenthood the pleasures they had expected. By far the big majority of the persons I talked with gave as the most important elements of their enjoyment of life other factors than those rising out of the ordinary personal sources of happiness.

I BELIEVE this would not have been true two generations ago when Mallock wrote his philosophical discussion of life's worth and decided against it. In those days I am sure most people would have mentioned marriage, home, parenthood, filial and other family relations as unquestionable sources of the most important joys of living. In the secret depths of their hearts perhaps they might not have thought so, but they would have considered it the proper and decent thing to say. That fact marks another divergence between their day and ours. The comforts and assurances of religion would undoubtedly have been another frequent answer in Mallock's time. But not one of all the people with whom I talked mentioned religious faith as affording any part of their satisfactions in life. I doubt very much also whether there would have been, fifty or sixty years ago, so striking a balance in favor of the joys of work, of the happiness springing out of devotion to an agreeable job.

PERHAPS the most significant conclusion that can be drawn from my survey of modern feeling about the worth of life, and I think it is warranted notwithstanding the narrow limits of my inquiry, is that people nowadays enjoy life in a greater variety of ways, get from it more kinds of *stimuli* and respond to its wider possibilities of satisfactions and pleasures with a greater range of zest, than did those of two generations ago. If all these many persons with whom I talked spoke truly about their reactions to life — and there is no reason to doubt the sincerity of any one of them — then, since they are all normal and representative individuals, the people of this present time are getting out of life more pleasures and a greater variety of them; and so are finding life more interesting and worth while, than did those of any other time within living memory.

Dakota Pioneers

Reminiscences of one of them as told to

Margaret Owen

I find myself in a dilemma. I must speak, yet I am pledged to silence. For long ago, when I was very young, I foreswore the most disturbing fault of age. I vowed that I would never fall a victim of the habit of the backward look. That I would never say, "those were the times." But lately I have felt the stirrings of that common need to live the past again. I want to talk, as old folks do, of pioneering days. To others I shall leave the stories of their hazards and their courage. I want to be the one to say that pioneers are gay. So I renounce my youthful promise.

Pioneers! There are so many kinds. There was Columbus. There were the Pilgrims. Remember stories of the Gold Rush. There have been brave explorers and daring adventurers, ardent warriors and sober husbandmen. Mostly they were grim and earnest. I do not long to share their fame. I yield my homage to their lofty purpose and their burning zeal. I would not minimize their hardships or their valor. I can not join that host; yet, in a modest way, I, too, have been a pioneer. Not in a gallant ship whose swelling sails rode out the storms, nor yet with slow and bravely creaking covered wagon. I went pioneering with a horse and buggy.

And at this moment it enchants me to remember that I wore a dress of rich maroon, with a basque of exquisite tightness and its ample skirt beguilingly extended by the last cry in hoops. On my head there was a matching hat, its high and narrow crown fixed to my protesting hair by two long and agonizing pins. I wore mitts on my hands so warmly clasped in the little round muff, and as protection from the cold a maroon coat enveloped me entirely. My cousin Tom was driving, and the name of the horse was Charlie.

Lest you think that I am jesting and that it is a Sunday afternoon's diversion I describe, let me say that from the farthest point where the railroad pierced the endless plain we drove straight into the lonely sunset. All this was in March of 1883, out in the Territory of Dakota. There, for nine rich years the prairies were my home, and all the memory of those days is edged with laughter. That is the kind of pioneering I remember and this is how it happened.

For several years the westward trek had been under way. "Home seekers," emigrants from older States were called. One by one, two by two, in groups, they went to settle on Government land just opened in new Dakota. Stories of their fortunes drifted back and in our sheltered Wisconsin valley we heard of shrieking winds, of blinding blizzards. But we remembered, too, tales of magic acres and golden harvests. My eldest brother, David, had joined the march, and for two years we had devoured his letters. We knew of his homesteader's rights, of a tree claim he had filed and a preemption which he now proposed to take. In the early spring of 1883 he wrote to ask if I might join him for the summer, as he pressed still farther west and found another claim in the yet unopened country. I remember the moment of decision as though it were today. My gentle mother broke her thread, and hummed, and thought a little. Then, "Yes, dear, you may go." Those were the words that sent me pioneering. In less than a fortnight I was off.

There was plenty of opposition, of course. Doleful relatives who talked of treeless miles; of prairie fires; of wind. And shook their heads at my wilful daring. As a concession to feminine frailty, which was much protected in the 'eighties, it was arranged at the last moment that an elder cousin, Tom, should accompany me, to try his fortune in the West, too. So with a huge hamper of provisions between us, with admonitions and advice a-plenty, we set off on the "Homeseekers' Special." Red-eyed families waved goodbye, and in the passion of regret at parting I forgot the pain of my too-small shoes, a torture inevitably mingled with every great occasion in those foolish days.

Tom and I settled down for two days of cold meats and sandwiches, washed down with the scalding coffee which we bought at station lunchrooms. For, although several railroads were advertising "Palace Pullman Sleepers" and dining cars, the road which we took offered no such allurements. We read, and watched the wooded hills give way to flat bleak prairies. We shared our timid anticipations. Our destination was the town of Ipswich, in Edmond County, in the Territory of Dakota. A settlement of a dozen houses and a little store. There we were met by a kindly man who bore a letter of welcome from my brother. The letter bade us follow our desires. If we preferred to remain at the settlement until his return for more supplies for the shanty he was building on his new claim fifty miles west, David had arranged for us to stay with a family of friends. If we chose to venture onward, we found directions, supplies, a compass, and Charlie.

Fancy that alternative. Nobody can be a pioneer in a boarding house. So early the next morning, with provisions, blankets, and a lantern, we set out. There were no roads, although for a few miles we followed wagon tracks along the township line. I saw my first claim shanties, crude rough houses. Most of them were vacant, owned by settlers not yet returned from spending the winter in milder climes. From a window or two a woman's face looked out, feasting her eyes on the first passers-by after a long winter of isolation; enjoying, I faintly hoped, my maroon completeness. But in a little while that dubious tribute to my vanity was lost. We left all signs of habitation behind. Just Tom and I and Charlie, plodding steadily westward in a vast expanse of flat dark plain, exposed to more sky than I had ever seen before. A nice jogging pioneering, over rough and still frozen ground, with patches of snow covering the tall dead prairie grass that bent and broke under our wheels. The carcass of a buffalo or two gave silent evidence of the cruel cold just past, and in spite of the sun the day was bleak and raw. Before very long I wrapped myself more warmly in an ample shawl which was a part of every wardrobe in the 'eighties. Occasionally, a coyote would flash by us, and, happily at a distance, from time to time we saw the polecats of the prairie. We plodded on. A little homesick for hills and trees. A little awed by the silent vastness. But on.

OUR only guide posts were the township and range numbers, marked on stones or iron posts at the section corners. All day we thought it was a lark to plot our course. Sometimes Tom would jump out when we reached a stone and while I held the reins — a needless safeguard, for Charlie was no capricious steed — we would figure out our course with the compass and our letter. Always we pressed west, and a little north, and as far as eye could see there was no other living person. Alone we gasped in wonder as the sun began to set — clear gold and red and purple painted in the West a sky of still-remembered radiance. Silent at the matchless beauty we drove ahead. And then the light began to fade and the sudden prairie gloom to fall. We were afraid.

ALREADY it was far too dark to read the stones. And still no sign of human life. We rued the lazy miles that should have been more swiftly passed. A really desperate panic seized us. But over our distress, as over our delight, Charlie jogged along. At last a miracle of light gleamed far ahead. Some settler's shanty was just in sight. In terror that the beacon might be gone before we reached its haven, Tom urged poor old Charlie to a fleeter pace. Faster and faster, and with a flourish that might have passed for style instead of fear we drew up to the shanty door. There was no barrier of veranda or of steps. We stopped right at the entrance, and with his whip-end Tom knocked smartly on the door. A pleasant-faced young man responded, and when Tom asked him cautiously "if he knew a man named David Rogers," we were content to hear his hearty answer:

"I should say I do. He's the best man in this county. He'll be here any minute now, because he boards and sleeps over yonder while he's building farther west, and he always stops here on his way." And when he heard that I was the sister and Tom the cousin of the county's paragon he urged us to dismount and wait. Our brief touch with danger was ended, and in safe and sociable composure we waited for my brother.

Soon we heard the clatter of a lumber wagon and in the prairie evening's stillness, David's voice rang out as he urged his Bird and Jim to speed. Proud of our courage and new competence, we rushed to meet him and were rewarded in his delight.

IT WAS decided to leave Charlie and the buggy there, and go on in the wagon to David's lodging, where we could be put up for a few days until his new place was finished. When I had to climb to the high spring seat of that lumber wagon, I felt the first dissatisfaction with my costume. The red hoops caught and half way up I was held fast. To my agonized embarrassment it was our young host who saw my plight and gallantly released me. I did not know about the dress reformers then. But knickers and not hoops should have been my pioneering garment. Emancipations come too slowly.

Eight men, busy all day with saws and hammers, gathered from miles around to eat and sleep at this one completed shanty until their own places were finished. Eight men and sixteen eyes. That is what I remember. According to chivalric legends, all eight homesteaders should have been provoked to charm and sociability at the presence of a girl of twenty-one, and with no delay I should have been their toast. It did not work that way. We sat in aching silence. I had the only chair. The men sat on the floor. Some horrid duty of the stable kept my brother and my cousin in the yard. I waited with eight tongue-tied strangers in the shanty. My lashes were down in honest shyness, but if by chance I stole a glance around eight pairs of eyes were swiftly turned away. A cough, a scrape of boots. Those were the only sounds. In envy I could hear the talk between the settler's wife and her small daughter in the shanty lean-to kitchen. But only silence in our salon. In desperation for some refuge, I scanned the only book at hand. McGuffey's *Third Reader* it turned out to be. One page I read over and over again, as though it were the most absorbing tale, and to this day in moments of acute embarrassment I am tempted to recite the story which I memorized that night. It was about a fascinating cat which climbed a tree and sat upon a fence. My pioneering had its slight dangers and its delicate embarrassments.

MY FIRST supper on the plains was an old-fashioned boiled dinner with dried apple pie for dessert. While the dishes were cleared away, I wrote my letter home. At length I told of the beauty of the sunset, the reliability of Charlie, the comfort of the four-room shanty where we were stopping, and the joy of seeing David. I did not report the rising lump in my throat nor my confusion as the hour for bedtime came and I wondered where in that strange crowded place I should find a place to sleep.

That was very simply settled. The hostess came in and led me to the one room upstairs. There I was to occupy one of two rude cots. When we had vanished, the men downstairs made up their bunks on the floor. For three days we stayed at that house, in the daytime searching for a claim for Tom. But on the morning of the fourth day, my brother took me with him when he drove away. Tom stayed behind and I began my life as mistress of a prairie shanty.

As I finger memories' beads, I remember just how our shanty looked the day I first saw it. Its fresh, unpainted sides shone yellow in the glaring sun. There was no familiar solid chimney. A high stovepipe emerged a little rakishly through a hole sawed in the roof with nails driven in the edge of the board to hold it firmly distant and give us fire protection. Our shanty stood alone. No neighbor near and no road to its door. For miles around it was the only sign on the bleak prairie that the outpost of settlement had moved a little farther West.

The interior was comfortably, if somewhat meagrely, furnished. There was a home-made table with extra leaves in anticipation of the needs of hospitality. Two chairs, two beds, a chest, two kerosene lamps, a little linen. And dishes. That was all. Three tiers of rude shelves were built in two corners of the room, and by nightfall I had arranged our china there, and had exhausted the decorative possibilities of crockery.

I FOUND myself a homesteader as well as a housekeeper, for my brother had selected a claim adjoining his for me. Half of our shanty was built on it, and as a result of my residence in Dakota I was to be the owner of 160 acres of land. We were "squatters" then. That unpleasant word described those who had selected their claims and built on them before the land was officially opened by the Government. But shortly after we had settled down, the lands were opened to settlers and we drove thirty miles to the nearest Government land office to file preëmptions on our selections, and make our occupation secure.

WE WENT in our lumber wagon in order to bring back more supplies. Thirty miles in a lumber wagon is something to be remembered, even now. And on our return adventure was added to discomfort, for the day we filed a warm spring sun had melted all the snow left in the gullies. There were no bridges and we found streams to ford where there had been but frozen ground and hard packed snow before. Just in sight of home we crossed the swiftest current. I pulled my feet under me on the high spring seat and sat with all our groceries piled safely high around. David got out on the tongue of the wagon to urge the fearful horses on. The temporary stream was really deep and for a moment we were almost submerged. But our horses kept their footing and with dry feet, a pounding heart and a soaking brother, I reached the other side.

Now we began to see the new arrivals come and the period of our isolation was swiftly over. Some settlers came on foot. They carried spades and their only luggage on their backs. When they found pieces of land that pleased them, they would dig holes to signify selection and return the weary miles to file in proper fashion. For these pedestrians the brief season of melting snow made new difficulties. One day when I was idly using the field glasses which David left at the house with me, my lens discovered the figure of a newcomer trudging over the plains toward the gully. I watched him approach. He reached the edge, and pondered. Then swiftly coat and vest and shoes came off. Abruptly I put down my glasses. Girls were like that then. And dimly at a distance I could see him walk into the stream as far as he could keep his footing, his clothing in a bundle held high above his head. Then he hurled his garments to the other bank, swam a little, and clambered out to dress. For a week or two, that was the way most of the hikers crossed the little gulch, although the timorous who were resourceful discovered a broader, shallower crossing a little farther on.

BETTER favored settlers came in wagons, hired perhaps at the nearest railroad town. Often they brought a pile of lumber. And sometimes we would see a few boards dropped here, some there, and still others a little farther on. Then we would know that a group of friends had come to be together in their new adventure.

It was something we had failed to foresee, this never ending trail of passers-by. In rented buggies, in wagons and on foot, settlers would start out across the plains looking for the rich land they coveted. Nightfall would overtake them on the way, and to our shanty they would come from all directions. Our first guests came one night with darkness. There were five men, afraid of being lost on the trackless prairie if they ventured beyond our outpost. They begged shelter for the night. Kind-hearted David could not resist them in their plight, and we agreed to take them in. While they went out to the barn to care for their horses, I had to expand a supper planned for three to serve the appetites of eight, and for the first time as old settlers we welcomed newcomers to Dakota.

Our supply of china was scant. So while I cooked, Mary, the daughter of a family at the nearest settlement, cut out dishes from some old boxes. She scalloped their edges as a final touch, and our bread and cookies were thus ingratiatingly displayed. I have been hostess in more sophisticated times, but never has my pleasure in modish china, old silver or lovely crystal been greater than my joy in those scalloped cardboard plates. We kept our baked stuff in an old trunk. It had been painted inside and was fairly satisfactory. To seat our guests, however, we had to use it as a bench, and I remember that it caused some merriment when Mary said, as we cleared the meal away, "Please, sir, I'll have to disturb you; you're sitting on our pantry!"

AFTER Mary and I went to bed in our room, the men brought clean straw in, and using their own blankets made their beds on the floor. That was the simple prairie way to which I soon grew accustomed. With admirable consideration, every sign of straw had been cleared away when Mary and I were called in the morning, and while we prepared the breakfast the men looked after the horses again. Our grateful visitors offered to pay generously for their lodging, and although my brother refused, their suggestion put a notion in my head which flowered disastrously later.

For about a month we were overrun with homeseekers. At times our shanty seemed discouragingly like a routine stop in the westward march. If they were lost, or, as so remarkably often seemed to happen, were friends of relatives or friends of ours, we did our best to make them comfortable, even though it sometimes meant back-breaking work and embarrassment for me, and for my brother, the loss of two or three precious days when he had to go to the railroad town to replenish the rapidly vanishing provisions.

BUT with all its difficulties I adored that building period. Little yellow shanties were springing up here and there all over the prairie, where only six weeks earlier we had been solitary. Early in the morning, before the prairie fog had lifted, I used to hear the beat, beat, beat of hammers through the stillness and the busy hum of saws. Homes were being built. Real neighbors were soon to come. Sometimes a mirage would bring the shanties close, and pile them one on top of the other. Then, standing in our doorway, we could see those little yellow shacks stretch to incredible proportions and watch them as in crazy majesty they tried to touch the sky.

Our own first building was over, and David deserted the hammer for the plow. The law required each settler to break ten acres, but ambitious men wanted to cultivate all they could in the first season. And from early dawn till sundown, David worked. First of all there was the fire-break, a wide strip of plowing some distance from our buildings. When that was finished, the acres were made ready to yield the longed for harvest.

We saved our small potatoes and the peelings and dropped them in the furrows near the house. By midsummer we had a fair crop of new potatoes, and although most of the newly broken acres were reserved for grain or feed, we did put in a garden near the shanty. And as soon as the first fever of cultivation was over, David turned again to building, and added another room with an outside door on my claim, and a shed to serve as kitchen for the summer. Now, with the added space, my homemaking instincts were aroused to make our combination living-dining room attractive.

FIRST of all, I decided to paper the walls. Newspapers were the only covering I had and I determined to paper our four walls, and even the low sloping ceiling, with this unique decoration. Early one morning I began. With precision I matched the margins at the paper's edge to give the look of panels, and it was astonishingly nice. My scaffold at the highest point was a nail keg balanced on a chair, which in turn was balanced on a table. Once I dropped my shears and I had to climb down and back on that high perch before I could continue. It was more effort than I had ever dreamed. But when I surveyed my room I was content, and went to bed full of plans for further adornment the next day. The early morning sun brought wretched disappointment. My inexperienced and too energetic hand had spread the paste unevenly and here and there brown patches stained my walls. Perfection was my aim. So once more I mounted the keg upon the chair upon the table and again I matched with margin close to margin. This time the job was really final. Our room was lighter and more cozy. And later we discovered that two layers of newspaper were the best protection we could have to make us snug against the weather.

In 1883, it was the custom for grocery stores to give brightly colored prints as premiums. They were sniffed at by the connoisseurs of art then, just as they are oddly valued now. To me, they were divine, and when a merchant friend from home sent on a choice selection, I saved them carefully. Now I tacked them here and there to brighten up my walls.

Ambition once aroused, I wanted curtains, pillows and upholstering material to beautify the shanty. Gunny sacking was the only fabric at hand. There was plenty of that, for feed, potatoes, flour, and other provisions were always sent in some kind of sack. So sacks it had to be. I ripped their seams and washed them. The flour sacks made dresser scarfs, table cloths and curtains, as well as innumerable tea towels. The stouter gunny sacking made pillows and upholstered a new chair and a couch. My nail keg was the basis of the chair. It was painted red, then the top was stuffed with straw, covered with the gunny sacking and a pleated skirt of the same material tacked around it. A long box upholstered just that way made a very beguiling sofa and pillows of the same material added to its comfort. They were stuffed with sweet grasses from the prairie, and in need of a last embellishment I thriftily unravelled an old red sock of my brother's and with the yarn embroidered a design that I considered very *chic*. Some nice rag rugs from home were on the floor, and together with two substantial chairs and the table David had made, our rooms were quite complete. My last bit of paint made the wood box bright. The fuel it held was simply tightly twisted hay, each faggot the size of a stick of wood and burning quite as brightly. There were a red cloth and a kerosene lamp on the table, and piles of old magazines and papers were ready for the rainy days or long evenings when work outside must be abandoned.

It was clumsy, I suppose, and heartbreakingly inadequate. But that living room is before me now and quite as satisfying as any scene of rich mahogany, with shaded lamps, silver and tapestry. Just gunny sacking, a ravelled sock, and the news of months ago.

While I worked indoors, David was adding refinements outside, too. The water problem was serious. Melted snow provided it at first, and when the surface snow was gone water had to be hauled in a stone boat from the stream which the thaw sent racing down the gully. Now David dug the necessary well, and it served two purposes in addition to its essential function. First, it was a centre for sociability, as our less settled neighbors came to haul their water from it; and second, because it was for a time an open well, it also was a cellar. Our meat, our butter and our milk were lowered by a rope nearly to the water's edge. For convenience, "for dainty salads," as the advertisers say, my electric refrigerator has advantages, but for cool and chilling air that open well was just as satisfactory.

Dakota water was cruelly hard. So the well was supplemented by two barrels buried at corners of the house, with troughs to bring to them every drop of rain our shanty shed. For bathing, and for finer laundering, we cherished this supply.

With our garden planted, our first seeding over, the well dug, and the house complete, June had come and my pride would not be satisfied until I had given a party and had displayed my triumph. So one Sunday indulgent David hitched up Charlie and we drove from one shanty to another to invite my guests to lunch. We knew our neighbors a little by that time. A retired doctor and his wife from Ohio, here; eager newlyweds from New York, there; some of gentle birth, some of simple circumstance. Whatever the difference in their fortunes, in Dakota they were all alike, sharing sober industry and buoyant in the radiant hopes the untouched land aroused.

I HAD my party. No paté, not a cocktail. Before the vogue for salads. But a party! The horses were needed for work, so to get some extra provisions I walked six miles and back two days before. Something in the prospect of a party made me don my best attire. The basque, the hoops, the wide-brimmed sailor hat — it was an idiotic costume in which to pick my way across the windy plains with a market basket on my arm. My hat would twist and the pins would pull in spite of a watchful hand on its brim. My skirt would billow and my ankles show. And even high leather shoes were not considered sufficient covering for decorum. Naïve distresses of 1883!

A season of parties began. And picnics. Singing was our great diversion. Great raw outdoor voices. Happy, hopeful voices. With more joy than harmony, more vigor than restraint, we would swing from one tune to another. When our lumber wagon brought the first organ to the neighborhood, there was much rejoicing and the next Sunday afternoon I manipulated stops and pedals with as much dexterity as possible while the swelling chorus rose behind me.

THE summer passed too swiftly. With late summer came the ripened grain, and David had to leave for his first homestead to harvest his crops there. He was to be gone about a month, and as Mary had returned to her family, it was arranged that two sisters holding claims not far away should come to spend the time with me. We looked forward to the reading, sewing and visiting we would do. And always there was the garden to care for and the cow to milk. Unexpected responsibilities developed, for David had been gone only a day or two when a man drove up and asked if he might board and room with us while he built a shanty on his claim about a mile away. We knew of him, and remembering the generous payment our chance guests had offered when we had so few comforts to give, we agreed to take him in. His horse was stabled in our barn; he occupied my brother's bed. No concierge ever gave a lodger such solicitous attention. Two meals at our table and a hearty lunch to carry with him. With the profit from his visit, we decided to entertain all the older women in the neighborhood at lunch.

OUR boarder had asked to be with us for a fortnight, and before it ended we had issued our invitations, and were impatient to be about our buying. We had serious consultations among ourselves to agree upon a proper charge. To our guest not a word about money had been said. The last breakfast was served, the final dinner-pail was packed. The moment of accounting was at hand. Our boarder went to the barn to hitch up. We waited at the shanty door for him to drive up and pay our modest charge. He never came to the door, but, with a friendly wave of the hand from the barn, he was off. His smile and pleasant gesture were our only payment.

Two weeks' labor and supplies were gone, the store of feed in the barn was much diminished. And a party coming. We were miserable with disappointment. But later, in hysterical amusement, our laughter at the joke helped us through a terrifying storm.

Dakota was always windy and sometimes really fearful wind-storms came. One blew up now, in my brother's absence. For three long days the shanty shook in the gale as though it might be rent asunder any moment. We started singing, trying to drown it out. The louder the wind blew, the more outrageously we sang. At last we turned to laughter. One of the girls perfected an imitation of our thrifty boarder and his careless wave of farewell, while our own crestfallen deportment was richly mimicked. It was sufficient to keep our noisy merriment pitched in competition with the wind.

But there was the problem of food and water. Neither songs nor laughter could take the place of either. And milk and cream, our butter and our meat, were all out in the well. We grew desperately resourceful. We tied the clothesline to the water pail and two of us ventured out together. We got the milk and the meat and the butter and filled the pail. Then Susan, in the house, began to wind the clothesline up, and clinging tightly to it we made our way against that fearful wind. But when we came to breathless safety, we found to our chagrin that the wind had whipped almost every drop of water out of the pail. Again we took our clothesline out, this time with a covered tea-kettle clutched between us. It was an admirable arrangement, and with water for our thirst we settled down until the morning of the third day. Then the shining sun and prairie quiet replaced the lowering clouds and lashing gale.

WHEN David came back, the tumble weeds were flying down from the north, racing ahead of the vigorous winds that came with the end of September. The tumble weeds were huge round balls that rolled swiftly over the plains to pile high against any obstruction, and turn leaping off again with every change in the current. Autumn had come. And with it the day of my leave-taking. I paid the Government $1.25 an acre, "proved up," as we said, and the claim was mine. Then, I donned once more my elegant maroon, and behind the kindly Charlie, David drove me back to the railroad town. Still there were no real roads, but tracks of wagons led us surely on along the section lines. No longer could we drive straight for our destination with only a compass to guide. Here and there all over the prairie friendly little shanties barred the way. Broken ground, a little grain, small gardens. A blossoming prairie waved farewell, as I went back to trees, and hills, and quiet valleys.

But early in the spring I came again, and five full months I taught the only school our township boasted. Like tumbling weeds themselves, the youngsters flew across the prairie in the mornings to the one-room schoolhouse over which I ruled. We had a Sunday school there, too, and on the occasional Sundays when a traveling preacher would come out from the settlement every homesteader from miles around would crowd into the tiny room. Life was secure in Dakota already. More acres had been broken this second year, the crops were bountiful, and the men were discussing ambitious plans for further planting in the early spring.

We added a cyclone cellar to the equipment of our shanty. Cyclones and prairie fires were the two black beasts of the plains. The unsheltered shanties were slight protection against the violent wind-storms. The plowed strips of ground around every building defended us from fire, and the cyclone refuge was an outside cellar with three straight smooth sides and steps cut in on one side, with a sod-covered gabled roof extending just above the ground. We used it for a refrigerator, too, as the well was more hygienically covered now.

When I left again there was eager gossip that the railroad would come farther west in the spring.

Once more I returned to teach the wind-blown children, and to marvel at the roads, the houses and the church that now sprang up. The railroad really came that summer, to be five miles instead of fifty miles away. We all drove to the settlement to see the first train come steaming in, its whistle blowing and its bell clanging, and the settlers cheering at the station platform. Almost overnight now little towns sprang up. Elevators to hoard the grain, banks to hold the money, stores to make the buying of provisions easy, a harness maker, perhaps a rude hotel, while on the claims were sturdier barns and larger houses. Fenced-in pastures were abundant, and we no longer saw the cows and horses picketed on the plains. We were farmers now, no longer pioneers. The richness of the plains was ours.

When I left as tumble weeds were piling high again, I was content that in the spring I should return once more, to begin my married life as a prairie wife. It was no shanty, but a sturdy house I decorated this time, and wedding finery made it very festive. Still there were the "sings," the picnics, the jolly work. The same high hope with which the furrows were so deeply planted. The devastating fear of drouth, the earnest prayer for rain. And when the marvel of the harvest came there was the same deep gratitude at its unrivaled richness.

But babies came and schools seemed all important. With real regret we left the much-loved country. Its wind, the glowering skies of winter, the impenetrable barrier of its snows. The rich promise of its future seemed scarcely to be touched when we went away. Our problems from that time on were city problems, and our ways the ways of city folk. The gay hard years out in Dakota were just a tender memory. Until last summer. Then we returned in eager expectation to see the fulfillment of the dreams we had.

On shining concrete roads, or fine hard-surfaced dirt, we slipped from town to town. No need to read the range marks any more. Just follow "No. 12," until you come to "20." No little shanties, no one-room schools. There was no isolation any more. Telephones, rural free delivery, and Fords. And yet defeat was in the air. Unpainted houses are far more sad than gallant yellow shanties ever could be, and broken fences more disturbing than the sight of iron pickets. The pioneers are gone. And with them youth has fled. Toil-worn, early-aging men and women take their places on the farms.

They are not cold as we were cold. They need not fear the dark or snow. But they have lost the precious thing we had. Faith in the soil. I do not envy them their stores, their homes, their schools or roads. They never sing any more.

To scientists, economists, and politicians, I leave discussion of the problem. For me there is this melancholy truth. In the brief span of my lifetime the cycle has been run. The prairies have grown old. And the most poignant sorrow of the times is that the plains have lost their gift of laughter.

So wistfully I break my vow, and say "those were the days."

Bush Camp

By Louis Kaye

A Tale of Endurance in the Desert

I have just been trying to figure out when Cromer will get here. He planned to make it February 21, but that isn't much for me to go by now. I don't know the day of the week nor the date. But I know it's some time in February; maybe the tenth or eleventh day. That would make it ten or eleven days till Cromer shows up.

I've asked the Myall if we can hang out, but he looks at the grubsacks and the waterbags, and says nothing. Takura doesn't talk much at any time. He hasn't laughed in days. I thought it must be he's feeling badly from the spear wound in his leg, but the wound is healing and looks clean. Takura's way of treating that wound is to let his dog lick it. Most of these desert blacks have got dogs — a lean dingo breed of dog, with up-pointed ears like a wolf. They don't bark. Takura lent me his dog to lick a wound in my arm. That wound's healed pretty right now. It wasn't such a bad one. A spear, too. Blacks attacked us three days before we made this gully where we're camped.

We made the gully on foot, after six weeks' trekking from Tanami. Lost our camels the fifth week. Didn't have enough at the start, anyhow. But it won't matter a hoot if we can hang on till Cromer makes through. Then we'll head for Alice Springs. There's a new railroad south from there to Adelaide, and that thousand odd miles on steel will be a whole lot quicker than this camel trekking in the sand. Camels have transported me over quite a bit of bush and desert since I came to Australia five years ago as a mining engineer for the Makatta Mining Company. I was hardly more than a kid when I left the States; I feel old now.

It was the fever that made me lose track of the date. I've had two bouts of it, and the days and nights played leap frog with each other so I didn't know which was which. It isn't malaria, but just desert fever. I've got it down now with drugs, but am still weak. Takura kept count of the days, numbering so many sun-ups, but he can't put the figure into English without arriving at something different each time.

I asked Takura several days back, whether we alone could make Alice Springs on foot. I think he thought I was crazy. He says no white could make through on foot. He couldn't

carry enough water to last between waterholes. He himself might make through, but it wouldn't be any use because by the time he got camels and returned, the opportune moment for me to be decently buried would be past. Maybe he wouldn't get through anyhow; he's a northern nigger, and in this country of hostile tribesmen he can't trek very far away from a white man's rifle.

THE sun is just going down. Even a blind man, so long as he's not deaf, too, can tell when the night is coming hereabouts. He can hear it and feel it — the mosquitoes. They get busy at sundown. During the day it's desert flies, and they're worse than mosquitoes.

Takura's shadow falls across the tent flaps. He squats on his heels, nigger fashion, and sits still as a rock. His spears are beside him, and his dog lies in the sand. Takura slept from midday till I started in to write this about an hour ago. These Myall blacks won't sleep much when they're out of their own tribal territory. Takura won't sleep even in the day unless I'm standing guard. Tonight he won't sleep at all, but will be watching through the dark.

It's day again. I figure by the sun that it's along about eleven o'clock. During the night I didn't sleep well, because of a herd of sandfleas. So I was glad when the morning came. For a little while at dawn it was cool and fine. I went out of the tent in my pants and let the air play around the top of me. The little claypan we're camped by looked deep enough to swim in, but that is only because it is muddy and I couldn't see the bottom. There's only about a foot of water, and if I lay down in it my head would be on shore one side and my feet the other. It's full of leeches, anyway.

I cooked breakfast — at least, I boiled water. You get to know why Australian bushmen are such tea-drinkers. It's to disguise the taste and color of waterhole water. I took the taste out of my mouth with damper, and that tasted like sand. Damper's the bread of the bush — Klondike sourdoughs could digest it. Especially the kind I make.

But damper — and a little flour to make more — is all the grub that's left, except a can of asparagus. Once in so often I take up that asparagus and look reverently at the colored wrapper. A real artist designed that wrapper, and its action on the salivary glands is just about instantaneous. But I'm not going to open the can yet — I'm keeping it till there's no water to drink. I'll sure need it then. Now I only want it. There's a difference.

AFTER breakfast I tried to talk a bit with Takura, but you can't carry a conversation far when there are only grunts at the other end of it. Takura gets more and more silent. So I came into the tent and wrote a letter home. I'll mail it in Adelaide — if I ever get there.

Golly, but it's hot in this tent! There's no thermometer, but it's a safe bet it hasn't dropped below 110 in the shade during the last week. How high it's gone I daren't think. There's not much shade, anyway. There are no trees of any size around — just a clump or two of bulwaddy. Everywhere you look is just desert, and you can't look too long on account of the sun glare. By tilting your hat down in front and looking modestly at your feet you can relieve the eye ache — if you keep your eyes shut. Nature didn't fashion a man against the kind of sun glare you get hereabouts, but it did the black. Takura's eyes are set so deep in his head the glare can't get at 'em. Yes, there'd be a lot of advantage in being Takura just now.

As a protection against the glare the tent also serves, for it breaks the sunrays. So I wasn't crazy when I toted it on after the camels were lost. Another thing it does is to hold the dust off when a dust-storm comes.

When I was putting down that period, I broke my pencil. There was a delay while I looked for my knife to sharpen it again. The knife ought to have been in my pocket, but was missing. So I had to hunt around the camp for it. While I'm doing this Takura looks at me without offering help in the search. He thinks I'm crazy, sitting down writing. Maybe I am. I don't know what I'm writing this for.

Yet writing is something to do, and it helps a bit. I don't expect anybody'll ever read it — not unless somebody finds it after the water's gone. Cromer might read it if he gets here too late. But I guess his brain wouldn't be strained any in puzzling out what had happened. He'd just have to look at me and at the empty waterbags. Empty waterbags tell that story often in this country.

Takura still squats outside the tent, with his spears and his dog. Soon it'll be time for chow — we'll repeat the process of the morning, and boil dirty water and eat dry damper. I haven't had a good feed in weeks, but I don't feel hungry. After we've had our midday grub, Takura will sleep a few hours, while I keep guard. While he's going to sleep, he'll keep opening his eyes to make sure I'm standing by with my rifle. He sure does distrust these desert blacks.

Takura was right. Last night there was a raid. Takura was up and watching for it, the way he always is when the darkness comes. He woke me without any speech. I nearly let out a yell because I thought I was being scalped, but had sense enough to keep quiet, and grab my rifle.

When I came out of the tent flaps Takura was waiting for me. I just heard him whisper, "Blacks come, boss. Plenty lot of them. Me been hear them."

So far as I could hear there wasn't a sound anywhere. I couldn't see anything moving. There was no moon, and the light of the stars was confusing. There's a lot of light from the stars, but it's a different light from that of the moon. You can see hills away off in the light of the stars, but try looking for anything closer. It's a fool light.

I waited and didn't see anything, or hear anything. But I didn't doubt Takura. If there were niggers around, he wouldn't have either to hear or see them to know. He could feel it. So could his dog. It was crouching silently there in the dark, its fangs bare.

After a bit I get tired of waiting for the niggers to make a move. I aim high and pump a couple of bullets into the dark, just to let them know we're awake and the camp prepared.

It'll often put an attack off. I begin to think that's what has happened this time, because we wait for an hour or more, and there's no attack. I look at Takura, and ask him if he thinks they've gone.

"They think we sleep again," he said. "Might be they come soon."

He has his spears ready. We aren't standing up now, but are on our bellies. This always seemed an undignified fighting position to me, and so after a space I kneel. I can kneel without showing too much of myself, and I can shoot a lot better that way. But Takura still keeps flat down. Maybe he's got his head near the ground to listen, too.

At last what I take to be a patch of brush, suddenly lets a spear fly. That nigger must have seen me because the spear comes so close it sighs disappointedly by my ear. I shoot and keep on shooting, even though I can now see nothing to hit. But the spears keep coming, so there are niggers there, somewhere.

Then I see one. He's right up close — his head lifts over a clump of brush. I can see his spear arm move. I pull the trigger — and there's a click, and that's all. I haven't recharged, and there's no time now.

I change my grip to the barrel, and make a leap. The first spear misses me. I make a swipe at the black, and the black misses the swipe, and I go over and bite the dust. Doggone! My eyes are blinded with dust, and my mouth full of grit. That nigger's on me pronto. I can feel his naked body, and my smarting eyes just make him out between me and the sky. They don't fight this way except when they've let off all their spears. He's got a *nulla*, and I can see it coming down at me. In another second Uncle Sam will lose a citizen. But the black just rolls over. Takura has speared him.

Yet the other blacks are still attacking. As I get to my feet I can see them. There's a lot of yelling now, for they've given up their silent fighting. The rifle's been quiet, and they figure they've got us licked. I cram cartridges into the magazine, and when they hear the shots again they draw off. They want cover from that lead. They crave it, and they keep it. I don't see any more of them. There aren't any more spears.

I join Takura again. There's no more sleep, but the blacks don't trouble us any now. When the morning comes we see their tracks and the spears they couldn't gather up, but that's all. They've left no wounded or dead.

Takura has another wound for his dog to lick. I surely was lucky, for I'm not hurt. I look at Takura and as he looks at me he laughs — the first real laugh in days. Those damned sandfleas had plagued me into stripping, and I hadn't the time to get my clothes on before the fight. I'm standing stark naked in the light of the rising sun. I blush and disappear into the tent.

Three days have gone by, and things aren't panning out any too well around this camp. The claypan is sure a false hope. I've never seen water evaporate so quickly. There's only a couple of inches left. All the water bags we've got — five — are full, and we can't get that claypan water out of the sun. All we can do is try and screen it with green branches. We built it over with branches this morning, but there's not much scrub to cut. The sun's still getting through what we've got. I guess that waterhole's just fated to dry out on us. There's not only evaporation. This morning we found tracks of wallaby there. Been drinking in the night. Birds, too, are drinking that water.

Just looked over my ammunition. There are only seven cartridges left. Yesterday Takura said he saw smoke to the north — niggers' signal fires.

Takura is somber again and quiet. When I speak to him he only grunts or says nothing. He just sits and sits staring into the sun. And it's growing hotter. Breathing is hard; and almost everything is an effort. The only easy thing is to sweat. When I drink, the water just oozes out through my skin before I can hang up the waterbag again.

LAST night I baked the final issue of the flour into damper. With light rationing this damper will last two days. I'm still keeping my can of asparagus.

Takura has made a little fire outside the tent. He's cooking a snake he caught a little while ago. Takura's body shines in the sun like ebony. He doesn't wear anything but a breechclout that's a piece of a white man's old shirt.

There's a hot wind blowing in gusty puffs. It shakes the tent every little while. Outside I can see the smoke blown from the fire, and spirals of dust lift from the baked ground and whirl away. But there's not enough wind yet to raise a duststorm.

Takura has finished cooking his snake. There's nothing small about Takura. He cuts off a sizable piece and brings it into the tent for me. He knows I don't eat snake, but he thinks now the stores are low I might be glad to.

"You like'm tucker, eh? Plenty better eat. White feller flour — him all been go. You eat?"

I shake my head. "You eat, Takura. Maybe when we finish the damper and there's nothing any more, I'll get quite an appetite for snake."

I LOOK at him for a little while, and remember how he has stood by me. This makes me feel grateful, and I would like to do something for him. When — or if — we get to Alice Springs, I'll try to repay him. But how? Money doesn't mean much to this Myall. I know he'd like my rifle, but the whites mightn't let him keep it. I think I might buy him some gewgaws in Alice Springs, but he's not a *lubra* to get a kick out of cheap ornaments. At last, still puzzling my head, I put it to him.

"Takura, you've been a good cobber on the trek. You've stood by me well. I'd have starved, or died of thirst before now, if you hadn't been with me to locate water. You've fought with me. When the blacks attacked the camp, you saved my life. I'd like to do something for you if we're lucky enough to get to Alice Springs. Just take time to mull it over, and then tell me what's the thing you'd like most in the world."

I can see by Takura's eyes that his brain is working hard. At last his gaze rests on the pants I'm wearing.

"You give'm me them pants, eh?"

So I agree to give him the pants when we get to Alice Springs.

The sixth day since I began writing this. The claypan is still wet, but that's all you can say for it. With a pannikin I scooped all that was left into a waterbag, draining it through a cloth to take out the mud. Then I dug a bit of a hole in the bed of the claypan so that the hole might soak up a little. The damper I baked is gone long ago, and there's been nothing since except a small wallaby Takura speared. After a straight diet of damper, the change to a straight diet of meat played havoc with internal regions already devastated by bad water.

My thirst is fierce, but I put off drinking. I mustn't drink too much or too often. The fever hangs on a bit, and makes thirst worse. Otherwise maybe I could hold out all day without a drink, and take it only at night. You drink less at night. I've still got that can of asparagus, but I've cached it out of sight. No good being tempted.

Takura's managed to throw off his gloom once or twice, but most of the time his lips only move when they eat. He's about as sociable as a petrified tree with a grudge. I tried talking to his dog, but when I stroked it, it bit me. So just now I'm feeling sort of lonesome. All around there's just silence and desert as far as you can see. Even the nigger smoke signals have faded away.

There's just this white speck of a tent set down in the desert, and the little bit of life that's Takura, his dog, and me. And Takura and his dog are part of the wild, part of all this sand and desolation. I can't get close to either of 'em. There's nothing to do but just feel lonesome.

The seventh day. The big desert dingoes were howling round the tent last night. The claypan's dried up so there's no hope of getting any more water out of it. All the wallaby meat is gone. Game has quit coming to the claypan now it's dry.

But Takura isn't to be licked because the meat is gone. There are still snakes around, and there's one hanging in the bulwaddy thicket right now, an object of interest to flies. And Takura is making *nardoo*. This is a kind of aboriginal bread. I guess he figures if my palate is too delicate for snake, I'll eat that *nardoo*. I tasted it once before, and the best I can say for it is that it isn't snake.

Afternoon of the same day: the dust storm has come. The sky's turned brown. Everywhere you look there's whirling dust. The old tent is quaking. One of the waterbags gets shaken from the ridge pole, and the stopper pops out and half the water's drained into the sand before I can get to the bag. I take the others down in case they fall, too.

Sand is piling up on the windward side of the tent like a snowdrift. It's nothing in this country for sheepmen or cattlemen to build a wire fence, and go out to admire it a week later and find nothing of it left. Sand just swamped it.

Takura squats on his heels, his back to the driving dust. He doesn't say anything, but has quit pounding his *nardoo*. It's a safe bet that bread will be half sand.

Suddenly I notice a little rent in the windward wall of the tent. I make a jump for it to stop it going any farther. While I hold it, I call for Takura to hustle in and get the camp needle and twine out of the pack. The tent's so old, a patch is needed because the two sides of the rent won't hold the twine when pulled together in the wind. There's nothing to use for a patch. The tear's getting bigger. The wind gets stronger and I can't let go, so I tell Takura to get my knife and cut a piece out of the leg of my pants.

He looks at me in a pained sort of way, remembering those pants are to be his, and he doesn't want a piece cut out of them. Suddenly he grabs the knife, but instead of taking a piece out of the leg cuts it out of the seat, while I have my hands full hanging onto the tent. Maybe he thinks he won't see the piece missing from the back when he's wearing the pants. No white will ever understand the Myall mind.

The dust thins out a bit, but the storm will last through the day. The dust has found its way into the tent, and a thick coat of it covers the damp waterbags. On the windward side of the tent lies a high drift of sand, bulging the wall in. There's nothing to shovel it away with, so we just let it pile there.

The eighth day. I've found out what's wrong with Takura. It isn't that he's troubled because he's scared we are going to die here. He's nursing a hate, and that hate is for Cromer. I should have remembered that the first time I mentioned Cromer's name, he looked at me in a funny way, and seemed curious about Cromer. I recall now what he asked.

He said: "What this feller Cromer like? Him got eyes color like'm sky? Him feller not young, not old — might be like white feller Walden?" (Walden is a miner up at Tanami, and about forty.) "Might be him drag foot a little bit, eh, boss?"

Cromer is lame from an old wound. I told Takura he had the man right.

Then Takura told me his story. It isn't a pretty one, but not uncommon. You can guess it — a young *lubra*, Takura, and a white man who wanted the *lubra*. Takura fought with spears, but spears aren't much good against a rifle except from ambush, and an old man of the tribe sold the *lubra* to Cromer, anyway.

One day Takura found her again, but she was sick and dying. When she was dead, he took up his spears and went to the Tanami diggings. He said nothing. He could have gone to the missions with his story, or to the troopers, but he didn't. He would stay with the white men and learn their ways. Then he would kill Cromer after his own Myall fashion.

Now, all I know about Cromer is what you know about a white you've met up with a couple of times. What you get to know about a white man that way is sometimes not what the blacks get to know. I don't doubt Takura's story, and I hate to think that the chap I'm depending on to rescue me from this dried up oasis in the desert is this man Cromer. But Cromer means camels and water, and camels and water mean life. What am I going to do about it when Cromer comes — or if he comes?

It's the tenth day. There's about a pannikin of water left. I know what thirst is now, and what self-denial is.

as I sit here looking at that last waterbag and — drinking from it. Cromer doesn't come. Takura goes to a rise not far from the tent and watches, but he doesn't see anybody. Night is coming.

The eleventh day. The water's gone and this morning I busted open my can of asparagus and shared it with Takura. He wouldn't take his half — only ate a little for the moisture that was in it. He looks at me mighty often. He can see I'm weak.

I WENT off to the rise to look for camels. It's not far, but I made mighty heavy going of it. I didn't know a man could stumble so much without falling down. There doesn't seem any strength in my legs, and they act queerly, like I'm drunk. There's a drunk kind of feeling in my head, too, but not a happy one.

I make the rise and look over the desert. Nothing but sand to the end of the world — sand dotted with clumps of spinifex and turkey brush and sparse stunted mallee. Just the frowsy scrub of the desert, all dusty and parched in the sun. The sand burns, and the heat dances in front of my eyes. But nothing save that heat moves. The nigger smoke fires we used to see to the north are gone. There's just a desolation. Takura is right — we could never have made it on foot, and it's a sure bet we can't now.

A long time I wait watching the desert, but nothing shows and the sun gets lower in the sky. It must be around three in the afternoon. The glare hurts my eyes, and starts my head off aching again. I didn't think so much pain could get inside a man's skull. I think it'll send me crazy if I don't get back in the tent out of the sun.

So I start back. But it seems a long way, and I'm giddy and weak and feel sick. Suddenly my legs give out under me — I don't stumble and fall, my legs just buckle and let me down. I try to rise, and fall flat again. I get up on my elbow, and wait a bit, and make another try. But my legs are crazy. It's just like the bones in them have turned to rubber. I find myself laughing hysterically. How the hell can a man walk on rubber legs?

It's no good. I can't make back to the camp. I lie in the burning sun, and I feel weaker and weaker. I try to call out to Takura, but he's already coming. He stoops over me. His black arms are strong — I marvel how strong they are, since he has hungered and thirsted even as I have. He picks me up and carries me to the tent and I lie still till the pain goes out of my head.

AFTER a bit, I feel better. I don't sit up, but can write this by lying on my side. God knows why I write it, and my fingers are so awkward now with a pencil I guess it would take some deciphering. But who's going to find it, anyway? Only Cromer if I go before he gets here. And I don't get any pleasure out of the notion of Cromer reading it. The more I think about Takura's story the less I like that man.

The thirst gets worse, and there's nothing to drink now. I expect I'll go crazy in the end and start in to dig for water in the sand.

And as I lie here, I wonder what's going to occur if Cromer *does* happen along. Will Takura start something out of that hate of his? I guess that'll spoil my chance of being taken in with the camels. I'm too weak to handle the camels on that trek myself. And if Takura spears Cromer because of his hate, will he handle the camels himself for me? But maybe he would be too scared to go near the settlement after killing Cromer. He wouldn't want to meet with whites.

He sits outside the tent with his spears. He says nothing. I don't know what's hidden in his heart. Maybe he's fighting a battle between his friendliness for me, and his hate of Cromer. I don't know. But I understand that hate. I'd like —

* * *

Dan Hedberg and Joe Williams came on that abandoned camp one day on the pad to Tanami. There were the faded pages with their pencil scrawl trailing off to that abrupt ending. Williams turned to Hedberg, who had an old-timer's knowledge of the *mulga* and spinifex.

"He couldn't have died, Dan. The camp was abandoned all right."

"He didn't die," Dan nodded. "He made his trek to Alice Springs. Cromer brought the camels and the water."

"And Takura?"

"He waited," said Dan Hedberg, filling his pipe. "He waited till the camels made the settlement. He followed the string all the way in, because he didn't want Cromer to see him. Takura was compelled to get his drink by sneaking on the camp at night, when there was no waterhole handy. His white boss was unconscious most of the time, sick from starvation and fever. He couldn't have known much about that trek. I reckon Takura could have speared Cromer easily enough, but he wanted to see his sick boss safe in the settlement. So he waited till they made Alice Springs. He waited till he got the white boss's pants — and them pants ain't been seen since.

"Cromer was comin' out of Moloney's late at night, and Takura drove three spears into him, fast and hard."

Science and the Span of Life

By T. Swann Harding

Have our chances of living to advanced years become greater?

Not long ago some polite person in that suave monthly sometimes miscalled *The American Mockery* informed us that we are becoming "A Nation of Elders in the Making." The information must have been delayed. Dr. Ira S. Wile announced this in *Mental Hygiene* for July, 1928, and he provided a table for those unable to see the result when standing on a text dead level. With some minor alterations by a friendly cabinet maker the table comes out somewhat as follows:

Age	Per cent of population in 1870	1920
Under 10 years	26.8	21.7
10 to 19 "	22.9	19.0
20 to 29 "	17.7	17.4
30 to 39 "	12.6	15.0
40 to 49 "	9.1	11.5
50 to 59 "	5.8	7.9
60 and over	5.0	7.5

It is quite apparent that we are becoming racially, if not individually, addicted to senility. The same ratio holds in Great Britain, according to Sir George Newman, chief medical officer of the Ministry of Health, who says that "various methods of calculation suggest that by 1941 some 7.5 per cent of the population will be children, while more than 19 per cent will be persons of over fifty-five. Instead of, as at the beginning of the Twentieth Century, children outnumbering those in late middle and old age, the latter will be much more than twice as numerous as the former by the middle of the century." Hence as we approach forty, we may begin to feel older, but we can at least shout, "Well, by gad, there's a lot more of us than there used to be!" — may it yield us great consolation!

Approaching forty, furthermore, we approach an increased possibility of death from eight causes — tuberculosis, heart diseases, cancer, diabetes, cerebral hemorrhage and apoplexy, pneumonia, nephritis and accidents. While mortality has been lowered in earlier years death, in spite of the reputed advances of modern medicine, is taking an increasing toll among adults in the prime of life and after middle age. Year by year their life expectation decreases and men are also getting the worst of things, for their chances of reaching old age in the United

States today are less than woman's at every age above 35. For instance, in the age group from 35 to 44, the death rate for males showed an increase in 1927 of 12.5 per cent over 1921, but for women there was actually a decrease of 4 per cent. I herewith come out more strongly than ever for women's rights — for men.

We should miss Dr. Eugene Lyman Fisk. Every so often, Dr. Logan Clendenning to the contrary notwithstanding, the press quotes him as the man who "Foresees Big Extension of Life Period of Man," and he usually declares that periodic medical examinations would result in reducing the death rate among the middle aged more than fifty per cent, while reductions of eighteen to twenty-four per cent are common to all ages — all this as a result of finding out quickly enough that you have fallen arches or ingrowing toe nails. Nothing at all seems to stand in the way of reckoning old age to begin at 500 or 600, except a few odds and ends like infection, motor accidents, gangsters and mysterious homicides. Indeed, man seems almost to reach the brink of immortality in successive waves of Dr. Fisk's hopeful enthusiasm.

But all professional rejuvenators tend to forget that man has had to sacrifice certain things, among them relative immortality, to become the complex organism that he is. He has become very highly differentiated; division of labor is rigid in the human body and, except in cancer, his cells show extreme reluctance to return to the hearty days of youth. While Raymond Pearl has estimated that he might live a thousand years at a very low temperature, he prefers to live at ordinary temperatures and have a shorter though merrier life. The hold of his thyroid upon his metabolism is such that if it slows him down a few per cent in his rate of living he complains to the doctors; if 30 or 40 per cent he becomes a cretin or sub-moron. If he deprives himself of food, he starves to death, and he painfully lacks the ability to rejuvenate himself by a process of spontaneous internal reorganization.

There is no doubt that life cycles may be lengthened statistically and that since Lincoln's time average longevity is greater in the entire civilized world. But the emphasis is usually so placed that the individual fancies he himself may learn to live to some phenomenal age, and not only does scientific knowledge vouchsafe us nothing very promising here, but the past is unanimous in the assurance that the span of human life has seldom indeed exceeded 105 years.

According to A. C. Eyeleshymer in the May, 1928, *Scientific Monthly*, very recent investigations as to human bone growth seem to indicate that it might be possible for us, with extreme care, to stretch this span to 125 years. Raymond Pearl sets the extreme limits of existence among lower invertebrates at 100 hours, insects 17 years, fish 267 years, amphibia 36 years, reptiles 175 years, birds 118 years, and mammals 100 years.

This does not alter the fact that dozens of writers on longevity have uncritically accepted all sorts of phenomenal tales of long lives. Most notorious of all is the case of Thomas Parr, who appeared in our school histories and was apparently celebrated for nothing else whatever save his age. Yet W. J. Thoms's *Human Longevity: Its Facts and Fictions* (1873) rather explodes Parr. Parr was undoubtedly an extremely old man, probably 100. He was supposed to have been born in 1483 and to have died in 1635. But this record rests exclusively upon his own assertion and upon the lucubrations of John Taylor, who published a doggerel history of Parr in 1635 but furnished no figures or proofs. Thoms could find no corroborative information despite long search. The entry of the date of death stood aloofly alone, and the age record rested exclusively upon Parr's own unsupported personal assertion and the credulity of other men, as lusty then as now. Harvey, discoverer of the circulation of the blood, performed an autopsy on Parr but says nothing of his exact age, save that friends who accompanied him to London said he was 152. He describes the vigorous condition of Parr's viscera as unusual in an "aged individual" and makes a detailed report which has its æsthetic deficiencies.

THEN there is Henry Jenkins, said to have been born 1501 and to have died 1670. The earliest account of him is that of Miss Ann Savile, composed about 1662, and upon her unsupported statement rests authority for Jenkins's 169 years. (*Philosophical Transactions Royal Society*, XIX: 221, 1696.) How did she know? Jenkins told her! She took up her residence in Bolton, Yorkshire, and was then informed that a male resident of the parish had attained the age of 159. Jenkins later came to Miss Savile's sister to beg, and Miss Ann then implored him to swear before God how old he was. (Remember that we have not yet outgrown this obsolete method of securing "scientific" testimony.) He swore. He paused and he calculated. He probably swore some more. Then he finally decided he must be 162 or 163 anyhow, and upon this unsupported assertion of a senile old billygoat after a handout rests the fabric of his egregious term of life. Jenkins could neither read nor write; the parish register does not record his age at death, and he thus vanishes into the pale limbo of pretension. Many other such records completely disintegrate under Thoms's rigorous analysis.

BUT let us become more recent and consider the "131 year old" liar mentioned by Raymond Pearl in his *Biology of Death*, where he is pictured tottering in a doorway surrounded by his wife and his "putative" child. I. L. Nascher, M.D., in 1920 investigated this case of Uncle John Shell, Greasy Creek, Leslie County, Ky., reported in the press to be 131 years of age. Shell had been married in 1917 and was the reputed father of a six year old son. Nascher found him ignorant, illiterate, in a state of garrulous dementia, prey to delusions and hallucinations, and strongly susceptible to suggestion. His statements were absolutely unreliable, yet upon them stood his age record. The United States Census of 1900 reported him as born 1822. He himself said: "Maybe I am 200 years old; I don't know." His youngest child was actually fifty-two and his eldest seventy-five. He was obviously about one hundred and, fortunately, he could give no system by which one might attain that age. He had no rules or fixed habits. Until a few years before he had been a heavy meat eater. His vegetable consumption was limited to corn, cabbage, onions, sweet potatoes, white potatoes and beans; he drank sweet milk or buttermilk, little coffee or tea, and had a single dram of liquor a day.

As to his paternity at 125 — let that pass. In fact Raymond Pearl, in a personal letter, suggests that most such instances wither in the light of investigation into the semblance of female fickleness. Yet *The New York Times* of November 7, 1928, reports at London the birth of a daughter to the Rev. Dr. Robert Horton, "noted Congregational leader," and his thirty-six year old wife; and the doctor is seventy-three. The same paper on November 10, 1928, reported that Dr. Lyon G. Tyler, President Emeritus of the College of William and Mary and son of John Tyler, tenth President of the United States, became the father of a son at the advanced age of seventy-six, after producing a daughter three years earlier. Certainly Dr. Harvey W. Wiley was a father at sixty-seven, and *Science* in early 1929 apparently authenticates a father of seventy-one and a mother of fifty-one.

In spite of the uniform results of scientific investigations in such cases, encyclopædias still record for us Petraz Gzarten, of Kapros, Hungary, who died in 1724 at the reputed age of 185, the record being authenticated by the word of his ninety-five year old son! Or we are told of Joseph Surrington, a Norwegian peasant, who died at 160 and left children aged 9 to 103! Or of Drakenburg, a Danish peasant, married at 111, who lived to be 146, according to the "records." Or of Gurgen Douglas, said to have married at eighty-five and to have left eight children, and Peter Albrecht married at the same age and leaving seven. But this is local folklore and it is significant that such advanced ages nearly always occur among illiterate peasants.

The article on "Longevity" in Rees's *Cyclopedia*, published in 1819, tells us that longevity decreased by God's providence as the number of the people on earth increased. It includes a perfectly extraordinary table, listing such ages as 150 for Francis Confist, of Yorkshire; 175 for Louisa Truxo, a South American Negress; 150 each for Albuna Marc and Titus Fullonius. But it is significantly admitted that such records have usually come from country villages (where they are less likely to be accurate) rather than from large cities. Oddly enough, the article makes this thoroughly up to date remark: "We may further add, that longevity is, in a great measure, hereditary." That is the opinion of leading investigators today, and they all assure us that we must select our parents for longevity records in order to achieve any ourselves.

In America such reports of long lives come almost invariably from Indians, Negroes, and white illiterates. Every census shows a greater number of persons alive at ages 80, 85, 90, 95 and 100 than at any more uneven age below and in between these figures. This is mathematically impossible, and indicates carelessness or falsification in giving ages. Critical investigation of any advanced age usually discloses grave error. Thus Noah Raby was reported to have died in a New Jersey almshouse in 1904 at 132; but no birth record could be produced; Raby said he had enlisted in the Navy in 1809, but the records said 1839! He entered the almshouse in 1870, giving his age as 59, so was probably 93 or 94.

A CENSUS of 1910 showed 3,300 centenarians in largely illiterate Rumania out of a population of 8,000,000, while Bulgaria with one-half Rumania's population claimed the same number of centenarians. Is this the "scientific evidence" which led Metchnikoff to affirm that sour milk produced Bulgarian longevity? In October, 1929, Dr. Louis I. Dublin told the American Health Association that the breakdown of the human body occurs well on the near side of the century mark, except in isolated instances. The span of life for the great majority of persons is from eighty to one hundred years, although life expectancy has increased — which simply means that more persons can now reasonably hope to become aged than in former years. Yet in our population of 120,000,000 only a few more than 70,000 have attained the age of 80, or 0.6 per cent. Though about 5,000 people in the country claim to have attained an age of 100 years, Dublin holds that most of them are mistaken — often honestly so — about the matter. While it is true that an average of 20 years has been added to the average length of human life (not to the life span, which has always remained at 80 to 100), we have decreased infant mortality and the reduction of preventable deaths from typhoid, diptheria, scarlet fever, smallpox and such diseases, to thank for this.

AGE records are easy to falsify, or they may err for several reasons. In the first place birth and baptismal certificates are hard to secure, especially among the poor, who make most of the "records." Family Bibles are increasingly uncommon, and other documentary evidence is difficult to find and often untrustworthy when found. The evidence of other long-lived people is inadmissible, because it presumes that their own age equals or surpasses that of the person about whom they give testimony. Even a death certificate is not conclusive, as it may be in error, and when it comes to tombstones Dr. Johnson was right: "In lapidary inscriptions a man is not under oath;" moreover, both intentional jests and the abrasions of time may modify the words or figures.

Then how can you identify the centenarian with the evidence when you have it? The name may be a common one. It may have been changed by marriage or by legal deed, or the individual may have inherited the exact name of a beloved child born earlier and dying earlier than the centenarian's own birth. As to the statements of the aged themselves, who are more prone to falsify, even in good faith, than the senile — in order to obtain sympathy, admiration, special aid or mere solicitude — while many of us at some period of life date our ages ahead a few years for specific purposes and have to live the lie to the tomb for fear of detection? It is also the nature of both primitive and ignorant people, and of copyists, to err, both by intent and in innocence, while numerals and letter shapes change, tradition fills the lapses of memory, mythical accretions are always prevalent, the significance of words mutates and time corrupts.

THE effect of nutrition upon growth and longevity is, however, a large and an interesting question. Thus rats fed a deficient diet may be held a long time at a set weight, while their brothers and sisters grow to maturity and die. The development of flat worms may actually be reversed by deficient food until they succeed in growing smaller than they were when they were hatched; they may then be fed and matured once more. It is well known that the bees create an insect extraordinarily different from the common run by the use of royal jelly, while all their other females, lacking this special nutriment, become sterile workers. Furthermore, it has repeatedly been shown that a very young tadpole can be made to metamorphose very rapidly into a very small frog by feeding it thyroid; on the other hand if thyroid substance and iodine are altogether removed from the diet of the tadpoles, they simply grow to be large tadpoles and lose all power to metamorphose into frogs. The growth and development of the Mexican axolotl may similarly be controled by thyroid.

Many such instances might be mentioned. A growth-promoting substance has been extracted from young mice and termed embryonic extract; it will cause tissue to grow in glass, whereas extracts from adult mice will not do this. Finally, if we get low enough down in the biological scale, we come to the slipper animalcule (*paramecium*) which has been kept for 5,000 of its generations without death or conjugation; it suffered periods of depression when it could not divide and produce by fission as usual, but overcame these attacks of senility by internal reorganization, a reduction, a disappearance of certain structures and a sort of spontaneous rejuvenation! That is longevity for you.

NOW the flat worm (*planaria*) we mentioned will, in starvation, decrease in size from a length of 25 mm. to one of 6 mm. and will display all the symptoms of genuine rejuvenation — cell differentiation is lost and the metabolism of the young worm regained. It is actually young. It has exactly the same aptitudes, capacities and capabilities of a newly hatched worm, and all this though it is chronologically senile to the extent of having lived twenty of its own normal generations. Feed it adequately again and it grows to an adult like other young worms. Moreover this process of reduction and growth can be repeated a score of times.

Certain laboratory investigators have also shown that the life of rats can be prolonged for an added period of one-sixth their natural span by the addition of rich supplements to already adequate diets. Just what message this holds for human beings remains to be determined, but results on rats are often humanly applicable. Certainly this finding offers a more promising possibility of increasing man's life span than most empiric suggestions that have been made to date.

WE MAY as individuals be somewhat consoled by the fact that eight prominent men whose ages averaged 87 were lively and active in August, 1929. They were: William Watts Folwell, 96; George Haven Putnam, 85; Oliver Wendell Holmes, 88; Robert Dollar, 85; Thomas A. Edison, 82; Elihu Root, 84; George F. Baker, 89; John D. Rockefeller, 90. This does not alter the fact that the expectation of life at 50, which is 21 years, had not materially altered in the past 100 years. It is true that environmental changes might accomplish much, for the human life span is fixed only in the sense that it is in some way adjusted to present environmental conditions; but it must be remembered that such changes would have to be violent in order to have drastic effects. An average extension of ten years in the life span is, however, not only possible but probable. On the other hand, the statistical studies of a life extension institute which starts out with carefully selected subjects in the first place — for insurance policyholders must pass medical examinations — must always be taken with a grain of salt. Reductions in mortality rates due to periodic medical examinations must be regarded in the light of the facts that most of the ailments discovered are trivial and that very many serious pathological conditions begin insidiously, produce no symptoms, and escape detection in medical examinations. Thus I might cite a physician friend of mine in Baltimore who had his regular medical examination and was passed as fit only one month before severe abdominal pains sent him to the operating table with what turned out to be an intestinal cancer, which proved inoperable and killed him in six months. I might indeed, cite the case of Haley Fiske, for I read in *The Baltimore Evening Sun*, March 4, 1929, the following words on his sudden death while out driving:

> Haley Fiske, president of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, by the very nature of his calling was a specialist on death. As head of the Life Extension Institute he was no less a proponent of the art of living. . . . He had no premonition of death, no cause for worry.

DIET, sanitation, preventive medicine and an effort to make adequate medical attention generally available to all who need it would do much to make old age more comfortable, and may actually increase the human life span in time. But, finally, we also know that our bones become more brittle, our arteries thicken and harden, our blood supply to the brain decreases, the amount of our blood diminishes, our nerves lose their sensibility, our alimentary tract is weakened, our white and red blood cells diminish in number, our protoplasm loses its metabolic power, we begin to feel like the devil anyway, to miss most of what goes on, and may as well be dead once senility gets a real start on us. Why lie and hypothecate fancies? Why not face reality and launch into senility with all the dignity we can muster?

Education for Discontent

By Poppy Cannon

Denmark's famous folk schools furnish food for thought on the educational problem in America

There was once a zealot in an ancient land who worshipped two gods. Day after day, month after month, he prostrated himself before them, offering up prayers, first to one then to the other. But after a time his tongue and his senses became confused by this double worship; so that one day he attributed to the first god the immemorial prerogatives of the second, and performed before the second the rites intended for the first. Incensed by these insults, both gods rose up and smote the worshipper to the earth, so that his mouth was filled with dust.

Like this zealot, Americans have for a long time been worshipping two idols — Success and Education. Now we are beginning to confuse our idols. The success element in education is being stressed more and more. Education has come to be regarded as a means of attaining not understanding but financial reward — an executive position, a large income, membership in a newer and noisier country club.

Recently I asked an earnest young friend why he had decided to go to college. His answer came without a moment's hesitation. "If I get an A.B. degree from college the chances are that I will earn about $120,000 during my lifetime; if I go to work now with just a high school diploma I'd be apt to earn only $88,000; if I had gone to work after grammar school I'd get only $64,000." Statistics like these are circulated among high school seniors all over the country. This type of argument has become a part of the go-getter speech at commencement. As sales talk, it is remarkably effective. I am not at all convinced that this particular boy was either mentally or temperamentally adapted to college, and I happen to know that he was not able to go without imposing a great financial burden upon his family as well as himself. Nevertheless he, along with thousands of others like him, was "sold on" college.

So many are being graduated from our colleges that we will soon find that the presence of these hordes of young men and women, all blessed with inordinate ambition and A.B.'s, can not help but depress the earning power of all of them. The expectation of financial reward for education will act as a boomerang. The mouths of these young people will be filled with the dust of frustration and the conviction of failure. Yet the fault will not belong entirely to them, but rather to their educators who, by training them for success, have also educated them for unhappiness, and fostered in them during the impressionable years at college a taste for ease and luxury which they may find it hard to gratify later on.

Even in these palmy days of education, it often takes years before a graduate can live in surroundings as luxurious as his fraternity house. A professional man in his thirties told me that it is only within the last year that he could afford living quarters that could compare with those which a wealthy alumnus provided for his fraternity in a small, freshwater college. "There I had a room with a wood-burning fireplace, a private bath, soft rugs, pictures, books with rich bindings! I was surrounded by beauty! After graduation I came to New York. Well, imagine hunting for room, board and beauty for a hundred dollars a month. I've been miserable for years. And yet, as a boy I was poor, but I didn't know any better. It wasn't my own widowed mother, but my foster-mother, my college, which taught me to crave luxuries which I couldn't have."

Perhaps our prosperity programme merits and requires all the sacrifices made for its sake. On the other hand it is possible that peace of mind can exist along with efficiency. We might turn our eyes toward the North, toward the tidy land of Denmark, where they have found that it is better to educate people to be happy on their own twenty acres, than to goad them to hysterical activity for a fabulous salary of $20,000.

The folk high schools of Denmark are not a modern innovation, nor are they the product of any scientific doctrine of education or carefully devised pedagogical system. Like Topsy, they "just growed" out of the life of the common people, whom they are intended to serve. The idea was conceived in the mind of Bishop Grundtvig, who was a great Danish leader in the latter part of the Eighteenth and early part of the Nineteenth Century. He shared with Rousseau and with Ruskin a romantic belief in the original nobility of mankind and a fervid faith in the political and spiritual capabilities of the common people.

As a passionate patriot, he was profoundly stirred by the disaster which overtook Denmark after a seven-year war with Germany, when, shorn of Schleswig-Holstein and separated from Norway, the people settled down into a melancholy torpor from which it seemed impossible to rouse them. While still a young man, Grundtvig had achieved some fame as a poet and historian, learned in the heroic mythology of the North. But his audience was small and cultured; he decided to dedicate his art to the whole of his people, and so he translated Saxo's *Chronicles of Denmark* from Latin into the rough and rugged Danish of the peasants. In this way he hoped to make this fine historical work available to everybody. From all this labor he gained nothing; nothing, that is, except the conviction that not literature but a living voice speaking the mother tongue could awaken a people to an appreciation of their own country and their place in the world. In this way he hit upon the idea of a school for adults.

HIS ideas and his projects were carried out by his disciple, Christian Kold — a spry, salty-worded, little man, if we may judge from the number of anecdotes which are related about him. Even Grundtvig could not understand how Kold could build a school for six hundred dollars, but Kold intended that life at his school should be like that of the cottagers who came there. On a scanty acreage which he bought at Ryslinge about 1850, he built the cheapest possible frame house, consisting of a schoolroom, a living room and a kitchen. The house had a thatched roof and no more than six windows, three of them in the schoolroom, Kold and his assistant slept in the attic along with their pupils, about twenty-five young men. One day someone entered the schoolroom without removing his dirty, wooden shoes. Kold told him to take off his shoes.

"Is the floor too good to walk on with wooden shoes?" asked the offender.

"No," answered Kold, "but my sister's work is."

It was Kold's own sister who scrubbed the floors, kept house and cooked the meals. The board was very plain — the whole household used only two pounds of sugar during the entire winter. In the fruit soup (which is served in Scandinavia as a dessert at the end of the meal even if it is called a soup) there was only one raisin for each person. Breakfast consisted of a single dish, *ollebrod*, a concoction of beer, water and black bread. Not a single cup of coffee or tea was served all winter long. Moreover there were no off-campus tea rooms where one might escape the "horrible college food." There were no football games, no fraternities, no curriculum, majors and minors, no graduation, no diplomas, no personnel office to get jobs for graduates, no student councils, no advisers, no orientation committees — none of the things, in fact, which make up an education in our day — only a group of eager young farmers and a funny, wiry, little man who talked, strained and tugged at life together, trying to wrest from it some meaning. Even at night when they lay in the attic under the rustling thatch, the discussion went on, under Kold's guidance, until sleep finally overcame them.

IT MADE no difference if there were no lights in the attic, for Kold would not permit his students to take notes, believing that the pupil, acting as reporter isolated himself from the spiritual fellowship of the group. There were not then and never have been any examinations in the folk high schools. When a young man said to Kold that he was afraid that he might not remember what he said if he did not have to write it down, Kold replied: "When we lay down drain pipes, we mark the place so that we can find them again, but when we sow the golden corn in the earth, we do not set pegs above it; we let the rains fall, and the sun shine upon the soil, and when the time comes, the corn will be there ready for us."

Kold did not attempt to make his students into more efficient farmers, nor to give them any specific information; he wanted to take these people in his charge and "wind them up," to enliven rather than to enlighten them. He felt that the acquisition of specialized knowledge was of secondary importance and that a young man, given the tools of learning and an awakened consciousness, could be entrusted with his own subsequent education.

In the folk high school at Frederiksborg which I visited last summer Kold's simple and rugged ideals still persist. The school itself is an old and rambling house, set back from a road which winds through a grove of beech trees. The old-fashioned gardens surrounding the house are full of gigantic flowers in pastel colors, which suit the domestic "butterieness" of the neat and rolling landscape. During the three summer months, the school belongs to the girls; the men have their five months term during mid-winter when the farms do not require their presence.

We visited the classes — a lecture on Danish history, a geography class, a class in Danish literature, an English class and a physical education class. In the old days the instruction was entirely by the "living word." Now that books are so plentiful and cheap, some of the students had texts, all neatly wrapped in brown paper, but the teacher made no reference to the books. He simply talked and the students listened, or else the students talked and he listened with the same respectful attention which they accorded him. Each class began and ended with a song. On this particular day they sang one song over and over again — in our honor. The song was *My Old Kentucky Home* in a Danish translation which had been made by Holger Begtrup, the head of the school. In the English class the song regained some kinship with the words as we knew them. After all it is little wonder that these people, raised on folk tunes, should choose this song, which is our nearest approach to a genuine folk melody. Then, too, it deals with things that they know and care about — birds, growing things, well-beloved cottages, joy in a simple, everyday world.

For these girls are daughters of farmers and tradesmen in small communities. Some of their fathers are landowners to whom the expenditure of eighty kroner or about twenty dollars a month for board, room and tuition at the folk school, is not a burden. About a third of the students are at school on State scholarships which pay half their expenses. Most of the girls will go back to the farms, some will leave home to become domestics, a very few may go on to Askov for three years to become folk school teachers themselves. Certainly they are not the type who would be apt to go to the Latin school to prepare for a University or professional career — just common people who have been in the primary schools from six to fourteen and then gone into their own communities, helped in the house and on the farm, learned how things are in real life, learned to work hard and to love their homes. Later on at about eighteen or twenty or even older, at that strange, panicky time of life when one is almost but not quite committed to the responsibilities of adult existence, when one is thinking of leaving home or of getting married, perhaps, and is worried and troubled in spirit — that is the time to go to the adult folk school, to take those difficult problems to wise and understanding people in a place which does not seem large nor terrifyingly different from home even when one first enters into the pleasant dusk of the front hall with its faintly acrid smell of old rafters.

At lectures and at meal times all are together; even the headmaster's baby has his high chair in the dining room with the students and the rest of the faculty. For lunch we had bowls of fresh buttermilk soup flavored with lemon; hash, which translated literally from the Danish means put-it-in-a-pan; tiny potatoes, browned and glazed in brown sugar; shredded lettuce with a dressing of sour cream — the same sort of meal which one gets in a Danish farmhouse. As dessert, there is mail from home which has been brought in and placed at the headmaster's place. He has developed a marvelous precision in flipping letters all over the room.

"Froken Anna Johansen. Here you are, Anna." The letter whizzes across the room and lands at her elbow.

"Froken Gudrun Ratvig. It's a letter from Jutland." He crooks his arm carefully and flips, but it is a difficult angle. The letter dives into a glass of milk. Half a dozen pairs of arms make a dash to the rescue. The dripping message from Jutland is saved.

After the distribution of the mail he gives them a comprehensive and understandable summary of the news of the day, of what is going on in the Parliament in Copenhagen, in Russia, in America. Sometimes they ask questions, remarkably pertinent and well-informed questions for the most part.

Their intelligent interest reminded me by contrast of a Vassar senior who visited us during Thanksgiving vacation a couple of years ago. We happened to be discussing the great Civil War between the Northern and Southern armies of China which was occupying the front page columns of the newspapers at that time. Our visitor knew nothing about the Chinese Civil War; she had only a vague recollection of hearing "something about a riot in China." Yet she was majoring in history and was "swamped with work," writing a paper on the causes of the French Revolution.

One is impressed more and more by the great importance attached to the teacher as a warm, human personality. It is the folk school idea that teachers must be people. Whether they are university men and women or have done doctoral researches into the dialects of the ancient Geats, is a matter much less important. Moreover the folk school teacher is not permitted to inundate in charts of pedagogical efficiency, in quartiles and percentiles. He has no six weeks' grades to issue, no school board reports to fill out. The Danish State grants support to these privately owned and operated schools, yet it maintains no supervision over their programmes and methods. The

Government sees to it that the finances of the school are in order, hands out the necessary subsidies and scholarships, and withdraws, allowing a free teacher to follow his own inspiration.

The folk school teacher has time for the intangibles in education; he has the leisure and the freedom necessary for the formulation of a philosophy of life, a synthesis of experience which he can proffer to his pupils as a "working hypothesis" for their own lives. Probably he can not answer all their eager questions, possibly they will not accept his tentative replies, but he can, at any rate, give them a sense of the importance of their questions; he can encourage them to go on asking them as long as they live. In other words, he tries to give them in a few, rich months, the essence of a liberal education, the kind of education of which he says, "No one, by the longest stretch of the imagination, could expect to earn a single extra krone or add another acre to his farm."

YET the astounding part of the story is this — that the folk schools saved the economic life of Denmark. At a time when conditions in the world market required that Denmark change from an agricultural country, exporting wheat, to a dairying country, specializing in the export of butter and bacon, her enlightened rural population saw that the change was absolutely essential. As if by a wave of a fairy godmother's wand, the countryside was transformed into a huge dairy, and a coöperative dairy at that. It was a difficult adjustment, which required a high degree of adaptability and intelligence. This was not a miracle of efficiency but a miracle of culture. A sullen suspicious peasantry had first to be changed into a forward-looking, socially-minded citizenry by the impractical folk schools which had never taught farming or dairying or even the coöperative idea, but had bred a group of young Liberals who saw the necessity for adaptation and coöperation and could convince their communities of it.

THE ability to coöperate successfully is an eloquent commentary on the intelligence of the Danish rural population, especially when one considers attempted coöperatives in our own country. California, it is true, has worked out a system, and because of this a farm population of half a million in California produces more wealth than a farm population of a million and a half in North Carolina. Most of our attempts at coöperative marketing have failed through lack of trust. One man is skeptical, another is selfish, a third is mean — and the project fails. So we have a general dissatisfaction with rural life, a needlessly impoverished farming community, and a steady drift away from the farm.

The folk high school idea has certain universal principles. And if it is true that our farm youth is being educated away from the farm, and if he as well as his urban brother is being educated away from reality rather than toward it, then, obviously there is room in our school system for the kind of education which will enable him to differentiate between satisfaction and clamor, excitement and pleasure, high salary and a full life.

In a Little Spanish City

By Ruth Q. McBride

A sketch of domestic life in Malaga

It seems to me that Spain, at least in so far as its cities are concerned, is becoming thoroughly modern at a rate so alarmingly rapid that this story must be told right away, otherwise its picturesque characters will have entirely disappeared.

We came to Malaga just a few years ago. Only a street or two was paved and the others contained six inches of mud when it rained or, which was more often, a liberal topping of fine, flour-like dust, when it was dry. On those days when the hot *terral* blew down from the plateaus to the north, and stirred up this dust, it was as bad as a London fog so far as visibility was concerned, and nothing could have been more trying to eyes, nose and throat, unless it were a real sand storm on the Sahara.

But now the streets are well paved, they are always clean, the vagabond dogs have disappeared, and one sees fewer children and grown-ups of the poorer classes with badly infected eyes and blindness. Indeed, there are plenty of northern cities of less clean aspect than Malaga today — even certain parts of New York.

When a house or an apartment is vacant in Spain they don't put up a "For Rent" sign, but simply fasten a sheet of paper about a foot square across the iron railing of the balconies looking upon the street. The great majority of city-bred Spaniards live in apartments, as do the French and other Continentals, there being relatively few "detached homes." These few are known as "villas," generally surrounded by walls and high iron fences, with attractive and massive wrought iron gates as entrances.

Villas are usually occupied by the more prosperous families. There are no lawns, but many oddly shaped beds of bright flowers, abloom all the year, the entrance ways and paths, which would be of cement or grass in America, are invariably covered in this part of the country with clean white stones about the size of small peas. A little vegetable garden at the rear is something rarely seen — the important *señores* who live in villas take interest in the flowers but couldn't descend to truck gardening!

When we came to Malaga, our first job was house hunting. So we hired a one-horse cab by the hour —

at that time the city was still quite taxiless — and told the *cochero* to drive us slowly up and down all the streets in the desirable parts of town. All we had to do was to look for the white papers on the balconies. But the housing problem at that time was quite as acute here as in most other countries in those post-war years, and we found only four papers in our search. Two were fourth floor apartments — the walk-up kind, there being few elevators in this part of the world. They had small, dark and smelly rooms, and no baths. They were in a crooked street so narrow that our cab filled it from curb to curb, with side-walks only two feet wide, and pedestrians pressed against the buildings as we drove by. The top of our cab was turned back but those two papers were nevertheless so high up that we shouldn't have seen them at all had not our cheerful and patient driver pointed with his whip. He took keen interest in the search and would stop from time to time — between cigarettes — to ask acquaintances if they knew of places for rent.

At last we found a little house enclosed in its small garden, pink white-washed walls and red tile roof, with the alluring words "Villa Lydia" on blue tiles let into the brick walls on either side of the big iron gate.

We signed the contract; our furniture had arrived, and in America we could have moved in the next day. But not so in Spain!

First there was the painter to interview. He came every day for a week with his pails of tinted whitewash, and a youthful helper, to do all the walls, stencil a little border around the top in each room, and to paint a black stripe along each wall where it meets the floor. This takes the place of wooden base-boards and, as it is of oil paint, permits the washing up of the floors without disfiguring the whitewashed walls.

The floors themselves are, of course, of tiny mosaic tiles in various patterns in blues, browns, brick-reds and white — pretty, cool and easily cleaned.

Then we went to a hardware store to buy a bath tub, wash bowl and other bathroom fixtures, which here are "furniture" and hence often moved from house to house with one's other belongings. The plumber took four days to install these conveniences in a small room set off for the purpose. He, also, always arrived with his boy assistant who carried the tools and seemed to do most of the hard work as well.

That bathroom cost well over a hundred and fifty dollars and at that the first bath, looked forward to with such expectation, was a dismal failure. The plumber had apparently figured that water would run up hill! Another day went by in rearranging certain pipes at different angles.

During the rest of the second week the electrician slowly but surely finished wiring for the electric lights, running the wires, as is the custom, around the walls and across the ceilings in plain but not ornamental sight. Then when you give up the house, you rip all the wires down and take them with you! And the gas man, too, had drilled holes through the three-foot stone-and-plaster wall of the basement, dug up most of the garden, and finally pronounced that the gas stove was now ready to *funcionar*.

The next day we moved and settled, and straightaway tackled the servant problem. In this we were most fortunate. We were directed to a convent where girls are taught all branches of the *servicio doméstico*. A Sister in black robes came to interview us and to introduce the two girls. But first we must agree that they should be allowed to attend early Mass every Sunday and on the many religious holidays, which was quite all right with us. The deal being concluded, my husband made a *faux pas;* he put out his hand, his expression signifying a hearty hand-shake with the Sister. Nothing doing! She smiled sweetly and explained she could shake hands with me but not with a man! Husband was crushed!

DOWN by the bull-ring, about half a mile away, is a little hole in the wall where shoes are repaired. They also sell ice. It comes in *barras*, three feet long, eight inches deep and six inches wide. You send the boy for half a bar every day. He takes a small piece of rope, loops it around the ice, and starts homeward with his load. On a hot August day, it is remarkable how long a small Andalusian boy can take to walk a mile and still not actually loiter. Of course, he must greet his friends along the way, ask after their families and discuss the last bullfight, but that is not loitering — only the politeness which necessity demands. In the meantime the Southern sun, at a hundred in the shade, has been caressing the half-bar! Eventually the boy arrives. The ice is a dripping wet mass about the size of a small base-ball bat, and half as long. There are only three electric refrigerators in the city, and we have ordered the next one.

THERE is a button on the brick wall outside the iron-grilled gate. The system is that trades folk press the button, thus ringing a bell in the kitchen; the cook then springs forth and the transaction over eggs, chickens and vegetables is speedily and quietly consummated. That's the system theoretically, but it doesn't quite work out in practice.

In the first place, the vegetable woman who arrives on a donkey — and the Andalusian donkey possesses longer ears than any other in the whole world — puts her finger on the button. The bell in the kitchen is a full-throated and joyous instrument. The cook likes its cheerful peal. She is in no hurry. This is Andalusia. Neither is the vegetable woman pressed for time. She leaves her finger resting playfully on the button. The third day we packed the kitchen bell in wool, stuffed it with paper and converted it into a mild-mannered buzzer.

The vegetable woman, Francisca is her name — Paca for short — rides astride. Upon the donkey's back is placed first a thick padded blanket. Then on each side is strapped a large wicker pannier the width of a bushel basket but quite a little deeper. The baskets are filled with fine red tomatoes, two cents a pound; good looking cabbages, seven cents apiece, except for those biggest ones, nine cents; lettuce, one and a half to two cents a head; carrots, cauliflower, potatoes, onions, garlic and fine long stalks of what looks like celery, but isn't. During the season, too, there are thin limp-looking stalks of green asparagus no thicker than a pencil — local grown, and not to be compared with the delicious article from Aranjuez, so popular in Madrid's gay restaurants. Paca perches herself between the baskets, well toward the donkey's stern, her feet sticking out in front. Cook at last appears, and Paca slides gracefully forward and down to earth, and a long, loud, animated conversation ensues — so animated at times that one looks through the iron-barred windows to make sure that no war has broken out and hostilities commenced.

The postman arrives; always a welcome visitor. Blue uniform with red trimmings — quite smart. Carmen, the sewing girl, goes to the gate for the mail and must give the carrier a tip of ten centimes for each letter delivered and five centimes for each postcard. Apparently the postage stamp pays the conveyance of the message only as far as the post office and not to the street address inscribed thereon. I never heard of anyone even discussing the possibility of mail being received if this tip were withheld.

More about Carmen. She is a pretty, black-haired, black-eyed orphan with beautiful white even teeth of which she is very proud. Always smiling and cheerful, except on rare occasions when she displays the most violent — almost hysterical — temper possible to imagine. Five minutes after the tempest has passed, however, she is happy and serene as ever.

She does all the sewing and ironing, makes beautiful lace, embroidery; makes all her own dresses and those of the cook and housemaid, which by the way are furnished by the mistress — at least all except the street dresses for Sunday wear. Carmen presses all the clothes, master's included, and superintends the whole household. She packs things away, even jewelry, and knows where every article in the entire house is kept. When anything is lost or misplaced, we call Carmen and she produces it as if by magic. She is well paid for a Malaga girl — seven dollars a month. Cook gets eight!

The maid came in one day to say that a gypsy was at the door and insisted upon seeing the *señora.* He wouldn't go away, so finally I went out to see what was the matter.

He was a picture. An old man, tall and slender, gray hair, finely chiseled features, aquiline nose, but badly lame in one leg. He wore corduroy trousers quite small around the bottom, a wide bright-red sash in place of a belt, white collarless shirt and a short jacket. He carried a long staff in his hand.

My caller in one graceful motion swept from his head a tall wide-brimmed Cordovan hat, covered his heart therewith and bowed to the knee. He issued a command in a low voice and immediately at his feet a little white poodle puppy sat up, paws in the air.

With infinite grace and persuasion he then explained that he had heard that we were now settled. He hoped we were comfortable, that all was going as we wished, that we were well served and attended, and that God would grant us many, many years of happiness and health. But he had noticed one great fault in our establishment which a kind fate had sent him to correct. Our young son had no dog. This little poodle, born and reared in the gypsy's own family, was to supply that need. A thoroughbred, the most clever dog in Spain; in fact never had such a perfect specimen been offered for sale!

WE WANTED a dog, it is true, but we certainly had not decided that our dog was to be a poodle. The gypsy said that ownership could be transferred for the insignificant sum of one hundred pesetas. We were not interested. In that case he would accept seventy-five pesetas. No, we didn't want a poodle. With tears in his eyes and calling upon the Deity to witness his utter devastation, the gypsy placed a little collar and lead upon the puppy. He handed me the other end of the lead and said:

"Señora, for no one else in the world would I do such a thing, but this dog is yours — for fifty pesetas."

The conversation was growing too lengthy so, to get rid of the gypsy gentleman, I said: "Under no circumstances would I pay more than ten pesetas. Good day!" and I turned toward the door.

My caller laughed good naturedly and called after me:

"All right, señora, give me the money!"

So we had a dog after all at a cost of $1.50. And we named him "Gypsy." Every month the former owner would come to the house to trim his white curly coat, using huge scissors bigger than the puppy in size.

The grocery man is very modern. He delivers his sales at your door. The conveyance is a covered two-wheeled cart of miniature proportions. A small boy drives a smaller donkey. On the sides of the cart are painted proudly the words "Casa Bilbao — Ultramarinos." The grocery man also much prefers you to run up a long bill with him than for you to pay cash. If you are very insistent, he will send the bill every month, but apparently he would much rather let it run half a year. When you pay the bill, he sends a little present, a box of chocolates or a small Dutch cheese. And at Christmas he always presents with his compliments a bottle of champagne.

THE egg and chicken man is funny. His donkey has the two wicker hampers strapped on each side. Over the top is stretched a cover made of wicker-work, like a net with large openings. Through these openings protrude the heads of live roosters and hens destined for the boiling pot. They cackle and chatter away as they jog sedately along toward the guillotine. Antonio sits upon the donkey's back between his live wares, as he peddles them from customer to customer. He stops to tell us the latest news of his son, of whom he is so proud. This boy is only seventeen and has been the first in his class in the Malaga school for three years. Now Antonio has sent him to Madrid to study to become a doctor, and is saving every penny for that purpose. This is an unusually ambitious thing for an Andalusian peasant to attempt.

Just before Christmas, hundreds of live turkeys are also brought to market, but they have no such comfortable conveyance as the chickens. No, indeed. They walk — all the way from the farm into the city. They are driven in droves like sheep. A farmer or two with long staffs walk with them. Often there are also a boy and dog in the procession. They enter the town and proceed slowly to the plaza through the principal crowded streets, in and out among the pedestrians and carts; sales being effected upon the way. Antonio gives me a pretty good chicken for a dollar, but the turkey man is more difficult. By dint of diligent bargaining he parts with a ten pound turkey for five dollars.

In Spain, Christmas comes on January 6 — the day of the Three Kings. Andalusian houses have no big chimneys nor fire-places so there is no place to hang up stockings — nor for Santa Claus to get in if they were hung. Christmas trees are also unknown in the ordinary Spanish household. But one thing all the houses have in common — iron balconies overlooking the street. So all the little folks put their shoes out on the balcony on the night of January 5, *Víspera de Reyes*. While the little tots are sound asleep, the good Three Kings — Gaspar, Melchior and Baltazar — arrive and fill the shoes with lovely presents. The Kings generally take a look at the sleeping children and Baltazar, who is black, kisses their cheeks. When the sleepers awaken, even before rushing to the balcony to see what presents they have, they look in the glass to see if there is a black smudge on their cheeks (carefully placed there by fond parents in the night) — the kiss of Baltazar.

The meat man has an ingenious method of delivering his wares. Instead of wicker hampers tied to the sides of his donkey, he has rigged up two rough cabinets, each with three shelves. A rough door, crudely painted, opens, displaying various choice cuts of lamb, beef and pork. On the bottom shelf are always bones — an article much in demand for the almost daily *cocido* — a boiled dish of chick peas, bits of meat, fat pork, potatoes and cabbage, and colored by a few pieces of red sausage and the ever present yellow saffron. Properly made, it is a most satisfying *entrée.*

A few weeks ago there was a catastrophe. The meat man's donkey collided with a street car and was badly injured. The wooden containers were broken to bits; chops, bones and all were scattered wide upon the street, and since then we have had to send to the butcher shop for meat! In a way it is sad to think that probably his next conveyance will be a neat little motor truck.

The bread and cake man used to come on a donkey; but as I've already said, modernity is rapidly coming into its own. Now he pedals a tricycle with a delivery box attached thereto. He calls, "Niña, niña, niña!" to the cook in a loud falsetto voice and is the only one of all the tradesfolk who seems really to be in a hurry.

Whenever I go into the kitchen to make a cake, a pie, or some other American dish, the cook is quite disgusted. She looks on with a very pained expression. The kitchen is no place for a señora to be. She watches the operation once or twice, and then one day the same dish appears on the table — one of cook's little surprises. Now she even makes waffles! Her name is Angeles — and it is most appropriate.

Some of these "foreign dishes" she regards as quite outlandish. She can't understand at all the idea of apple sauce with roast pork, and she won't even taste cranberry sauce. One evening in winter I went into her domain and popped some corn we had brought from America. I smiled sweetly and treated her with the greatest consideration because I felt that this strange procedure would just about be the last straw for poor cook. Imagine my surprise when she said:

"Let me do it."

"But you never saw anything like this," I replied; "and anyway I have only one small package and you can't get any more in all Spain. This is a very special dish that comes only from America."

"Oh, señora," she cried, "what a mistake! Why, we have corn just like that in my village and I often made it when I was a little girl!"

Anyway, I was skeptical and finished the corn myself. Cook saw I didn't believe her and was offended. Three months later her brother came to town from her tiny village of Ferrairola, way up in the Sierra Nevada range, a whole day's trip on a donkey from the nearest point on the main road. Cook came smiling into the *sala*. She put a huge red handkerchief on the floor, carefully untied the knot, opened up the bundle, and there were several pounds of perfectly good pop corn in little red ears! I'll believe her next time. Pop corn is not known at all in Malaga, and how it ever got to that little inaccessible mountain village is a mystery. Perhaps some returning immigrant years ago brought some seeds and started the fashion.

Our first gardener was big and fat and had a continual grouch, as well as a most evil temper. He lasted only two weeks and we had a hard time to find another one, as gentlemen of this profession seem to be scarce. At last we found good old Campos. He must be sixty, tall, well-built, gray hair and gray bristles on a chin that is shaved every Sunday — face lined with wrinkles a quarter of an inch deep. There was one thing, however, about which we discovered he was always careless. He invariably wound his faded red *faja* so loosely around his middle that the old patched corduroy trousers were dangerously upon the point of being lost. Always ready and cheerful, Campos is one of that tribe of loyal and faithful servants so difficult to find nowadays.

But Campos had never done any gardening. He had driven mules and worked on the docks, but he said he simply loved flowers. We set him to work with slight misgivings. First he dug. Beds took form all over the garden — squares, triangles and stars. We bought six rose bushes, and Campos said that was enough. Every morning he would bring new cuttings, vines and creepers, seeds and little plants. Goodness knows where he got them and we didn't ask. He made quite a point of the fact, however, that it was sheer waste to spend good money for such things. And in six months our garden was a mass of flowers. To be sure, some of Campos's color schemes were rather wild and gay, but this was corrected by a little judicious transplanting.

EVERY Saturday morning, when our boy was a little fellow, Campos would bring his donkey. He would put Sonny on its back, hop on behind, and off they would start for a long ride in the hills, Campos making the hours all too short with tales of the mountains and of the fisher folk. Never was the boy more carefully attended. Later, there came a horse and a proper riding master, but Campos is proud that it was he who first taught the boy to ride.

There is a well defined code as to what a señor and a señora may and may not do. Neither, for instance, may carry a parcel of any kind, however small, upon the street. You may not even carry it from the store to the car waiting at the curb; a small boy is sent along to relieve you of the burden. It follows that for a señora even to think of doing any marketing is strictly taboo. That is exclusively reserved for cook to do; but notwithstanding her quite apparent displeasure, I can't resist from time to time. The market occupies a whole block. Its main entrance is an old Moorish archway and inside are rows of tempting stalls — fish, meat, fowl, and vegetables.

One day I made a great discovery. Grape fruit — the one thing that was lacking. There were only three, at the back of the stall, almost out of sight. One was small, but the other two were the largest I'd ever seen. "But you can't eat them, señora," replied the man to my inquiry, "those are for the pigs."

He was quite mystified when I bought them. The small one was good, but the two giants upon examination proved to have an inch-thick skin and to be quite dry. The next day I returned to ask more about this "strange fruit" so unknown in these parts that even the fruit man had no name for them. It appears there are only two trees — one of the big kind and one of the smaller. The man thought I was crazy when I contracted on the spot for the whole output of the latter.

As we return from the market, a strong smell of second-rate olive oil greets our nostrils; where *buñuelos*, the Spanish version of a doughnut, are being fried in the street, for sale to the passing public. They are unsweetened, and are cooked in a large pan of boiling olive oil over a charcoal fire. The woman pours the mixture into a cone of wrapping paper, snips off the end, and deftly squirts the contents into the oil, each *buñuelo* taking the shape of a figure eight. They are eaten by Spaniards at all hours of the day, and are very often taken with their early morning coffee.

IT IS fitting that the star act of my train of tradesfolk should have been reserved till the last. The Malaga fishman — a veritable *pièce de résistance*, as it were — a thing infinitely picturesque and quite unique. In many parts of Spain the women are the fish vendors. In the north, for instance, this barefooted tribe swing through the streets with wide flat fish baskets neatly balanced upon their heads. But in Malaga the peddling of fish is distinctly a man's job — but, alas, he too is gradually disappearing.

He buys his wares direct from the fishermen, who haul in their nets along the Malaga waterfront. He arranges his purchases in two flat baskets about two feet in diameter. Each basket has a long rope handle. The ropes are then arranged around forearm and elbow so that the baskets hang almost to the ground. Hands against the waist line and arms akimbo to keep the baskets from knocking against the legs, he moves swiftly along at a jog trot, so his cry that he is selling live fish may be more or less justified.

"*Boquerones vivos!* Live soles! Ink fish fresh as the sunrise!" he sings.

His stock is amazing. Three distinct sizes of sardines, little devilfish (a great local delicacy is to boil them in their own ink), red mullet, tiny whitebait, and other sorts galore.

He wears a wide-brimmed hat with a high crown, a white shirt, a wide blue sash, and blue trousers rolled up to the calf. He is barefooted.

He sets the two baskets on the ground, sprinkles water over his wares, and starts a long and intricate process of bargaining with the cook. Gypsy innocently strolls by, steals a fish, and darts away. Gyp and the fisherman are not friends; and the cause is not far to seek.

Moth Dust

By Frances Taylor Patterson

I smell syringa, sweet-lipped in the dark,
Syringa waxen-white and honey-gold;
A pale bride leaning on the breast of night.
These are the things of youth. And I am old.

A dusty miller, careless of his touch,
Brushes my hand where once your fingers clung,
Like torches lighting fires in my blood,
And dropped inert again. When I was young.

The pale syringa leans upon the night.
The broken moon leans back upon the sky.
And I am tired leaning on the years
Which will not loose their hold and let me die.

I see syringa, white-faced in the dark.
Moth-dust upon my hand, dew damp and cold.
The stars are pale as tapers on a tomb.
These are the things of age. And I am old.

Embattled Farmers

By Raymond T. Fuller

Causes and problems that lie behind nature's reconquest of Eastern agricultural lands

That Washington crossed the Delaware in 1776 and captured a Hessian camp at Trenton is an incident fully dwelt on by school histories. That whole battalions of American destiny crossed the Mississippi during the 1860's, these histories have somehow failed to impress upon the rural East at all. Many pages are devoted to debates on slavery and State Rights and to the Civil War; but, as every Ph.D. in history knows, the civil war between man and the soil had many fascinating chapters begun at that period.

It could be said that the decline of farming in the Northeastern States started in 1865. A mere trickle in the dyke; but a trickle now grown to a flood. Department of Agriculture records divulge that in 1865 more cleared land existed east of the Mississippi than in any year since. Clearing and pioneering between Ohio and the sunrise, begun centuries before, reached its high tide that year. Since then, the green soldiery of nature has slowly but relentlessly been beating back the plowshare, the brush-hook and the mattock.

Considering the fact that since 1860 our population has doubled, it must be obvious that "out where the West begins" is where the country's farming future lies. Official surveys and statistics galore show that Out West is where the country's farming is really done — at a profit. Eastern agricultural areas are decreasing. The West's are increasing. The 1860 style Northeastern farmer (like his local store-keeper) is a moribund institution, in fact as well as on paper, and as an institution he does not know it. Certainly he must suspect it!

Years of contact with the individuals on the farms in question have enabled me to collect a number of topics bandied about in the rural districts, of which urbanists are almost unaware. In setting these down, I do not for a moment suggest that the way they are stated here is at all the way in which they are discussed. The cumulative effect of these topics should be interpreted in the nature of an obituary, and in no sense as a plea for legislation.

Two classic pronouncements form a fitting prelude to what follows:

> Agriculture bears promise of providing an ideal medium and environment for the high-

est type of living, but this promise has scarcely anywhere in this country been ever approximately realized. (The Business Men's Commission on Agriculture, being a commission appointed by The National Industrial Conference Board, 1925–26.)

The farmer is the only man in the world who can lose money every year, educate his children, live well, and die rich. (Dr. Hibbard of Wisconsin University.)

I must comment on the second that it has always puzzled me whether the learned doctor meant the last word to pertain to money or to a state of mind.

Henry Ford's operations upon a big farm holding in Michigan demonstrate to his satisfaction that less than twenty-five days of actual agricultural activity suffice to plant, tend and harvest the common farm crops. Speaking generally, then, the balance of the year is spent by the Eastern farmer in producing milk. Judged by actual returns to milk farmers as a class, it is the costliest commodity which the farm produces. So many accessories and overheads are required, Mr. Ford points out, that milk ought to be given over to mass production. By which plan the farmer can be given a chance to live better and work less.

Since 1920, at least, the average income for all farms has run less than three per cent on investment, states the Department of Agriculture. And that is figured on wages, for the farmer himself, of about half the $2,200 per year estimated by the Department of Labor as a minimum for a "decent" standard of living for families of four. This startling three per cent covers the country as a whole. East of the Ohio the average falls well below that, until for a majority of farm owners it drops into the red. Surely, taking into account the amount of investment necessary for a 100-acre farm to function at all — what with teams, cows, mowing and milking machines, rakes, plows, harrows, planters, silos, barns, fences and the like; and considering the huge element of risk both in the farmer's health and the vagaries of nature he has to meet — no business is more insecure and none yields so little economic return. It might be surmised that the kind of farming operations attempted (I speak always of the Northeast) is perhaps fundamentally wrong, however sound it may have been during the last century. Mr. Ford's assurance is hardly needed.

Easy to point out that two forms of coöperation — that of coöperative investment and that of coöperative marketing — would go far to help the situation. But the present day 1860 type farmer will not, can not, coöperate. Help for these must come from State, county or private capitalism. Not, mind you, that enlightened and determined farmers might not finance such radical ventures, but that the enlightened and determined psychology simply does not exist among the present incumbents of the farms.

Labor saving and time saving machinery in greater variety finds its way yearly to the farm, but what does the farmer do with the time thus saved? He has tasted blood; he has eaten of the fleshpots of city life; and when the main routine tasks of farming have been accomplished, the lure of the motor car, the radio and the movie draws him from the tiresome and difficult minor jobs of upkeep which his ancestors did not neglect and which in the long run are absolutely necessary to the continuance of production. He fails to keep his brush cut along the fences; he neglects the fences themselves as long as possible; he allows his soil to deteriorate and his barns to go paintless, roofless and sidingless. Any critical survey along the country roads of the Northeast will bear me out. It is a commonplace of small town gossip. The 1930 farmer will not work as hard as his fathers; he is content to live off the annual drain of his capital investment and not take concern over the future.

Why should he? He is entitled to more fun than his parents got. But to get amusement safely he must move toward shorter hours and larger income. Which means certain radical readjustments which he appears to be unable to make.

With the death of most present-day farmers, there will be no sons and daughters to carry on. When the "old man" dies, the farm is commonly deserted, or is bought up by a chicken-haunted retirer from town who knows nothing of the toil of 100-acre upkeep and who lets the place go three-fourths back into nature's arms. In one small area not 80 miles from New York (yet well beyond suburban influence) there are ten once lusty farms which, after being on the market for years, have ceased to be farms at all, simply because there are no successors to the families who a generation ago "made them pay." In this particular area deer are taking up their haunts. Bobcats, beaver and even black bears, are becoming not uncommon again. Opossums are taking up their abode in "the new wilderness." The countryside is fast reverting to the state it was in a century ago. In certain districts near the Catskills and the Green Mountains, miles of stone walls can be traced through timber over a foot in diameter; roads are mere wood-trails; empty cellar holes mark the sites of farm houses which have disappeared these fifty years. Only seven years of passive resistance to nature suffice to turn good pastures into thicket. (I know, for I have ten neglected acres of it, myself.)

Is "the new wilderness" coming back? Obviously it is. Despite the auto and its roads — perchance obliquely because of it — the back country seems annually to move further "back" and closer up. Significant is it that every New England State except Maine has set its hand to a definite and extensive reforesting policy. A cycle of pioneerdom has nearly closed its arc.

Diversified farming of the New England type, while it depends on milk as its main product, leans also on poultry, pigs, potatoes, apples, oats and buckwheat. Notice a few flies in the farmer's unguent: during 1928 potatoes sold wholesale in Eastern markets at the lowest price for 62 years. Throughout the winter of 1929–30 eggs reached the lowest wholesale figure in over a decade. Turkeys were so cheap last Thanksgiving, Christmas and New Year that dressed chickens could hardly be sold in competition.

Milk can be produced so much cheaper in Wisconsin that only the benevolent protectorate of New York City's bureaucracy keeps most of it out of the metropolis and allows the milk-shed within 300 miles a chance to sell at a price to yield a profit. Milk from Wisconsin can be and has been shipped in glass-lined tank cars as far as Jacksonville, Florida. A threat against higher milk returns to Eastern farmers lies always dormant in these facts.

HAY, once a major crop, now can hardly be sold at all in this motor age. Corn also, once an export crop, is now, as *stalks*, almost exclusively grown for winter cattle feed. Farmers and near-the-city truck gardeners sold cabbage at 25 cents a barrel during 1928! For the past several years it has not paid Easterners to pick their eating apples, not to mention buying barrels to ship them in. Insect enemies of fruit have of late years so multiplied that salable crops simply can not be produced without extensive spraying and other attentions unknown a generation ago. Two chick diseases have become so general that a constant fight must be waged to raise a fair percentage of them to adolescence. Another thing which has not slipped past some rural debaters is that in 1923 and 1926 we actually imported more agricultural products than we exported, and in 1927 imports and exports virtually balanced! A queer change for a nation of "embattled farmers!"

Four reasons account mainly for present conditions: (1) the invasion of products from Western farms where it is easier to raise them. Perfected transport facilities have greatly aided this; (2) specialized egg and poultry plants — particularly those further south where winter conditions are less rigorous; (3) fruit-raising on the Pacific Coast — another specialized industry; (4) the power of the "middleman's" capital.

The last obstacle is such that while it operates to keep retail prices up, it keeps prices low to the producer. Middlemen are "the neck of the bottle." Mergers and agreements enable these combinations of capital to buy always in a buyer's market. In an era when practically every business is merging and remerging, the unorganized farmer does nothing of the sort and looks dumbly on while commission houses, storage plants and wholesalers do about as they like with the perishable offerings from the soil. There is what amounts to a concerted conspiracy against lowering retail food prices in general, despite constant over-production. The high-cost-of-distribution is a two-edged sword that strangely enough can not cut the high-cost-of-living!

EVEN as he can not bring himself to organize or communize, neither can our 1860 type farmer specialize. Speaking broadly, it is not in him; he does not know how, nor dares he experiment. In an era of specialization he rests his case on diversity — and milk. His field and his fields are both too wide. Truck-growers near city markets put it all over him in raising vegetables and fruits; potatoes from Florida, the Southwest and lower Jersey beat his all hollow; meat from the Middle West monopolizes his former outlets for pork, veal and mutton. With the actual per capita production of a worker in agriculture four times what it was at 1840, the number of farmers is still too great. Over-production is down at the bottom the broken mainspring of Uncle Samuel's clock.

> From 1919 to 1927 four million persons quit farming, nineteen million acres went out of cultivation, 76,000 farms ceased to exist as farms. *And agricultural products increased 25 per cent!* (From *Too Many Farmers* by Wheeler McMillan.)
>
> Twenty-five per cent *more* hogs in 1928 than in 1926 brought $140,000,000 less to the farmers.

Truly, as the Four Minute Men pleaded back in 1919, our farmers have "produced, produced, produced — until it hurts."

Of course, this pressure forcing the rugged individualist of the farm into the peasant class from which he once came, can not go on forever. Not in the sense that city folks can go on indefinitely buying automobiles, radios, structural steel, rayon and cosmetics from one another, to the neglect of the primary sources of supply; but in the sense that urban needs will express themselves as demands upon the specialist and not upon the steadfast 1860 vintage farmer. The city after all merely handles and consumes what the farmer, miner, fisherman and lumberjack send in, and can not force these primary producers into bankruptcy without killing its golden-egg goose. The point is that the farmer still considers himself a golden-egged goose, while in point of fact he is another sort of gander entirely. The near future must know the farmer as specialist or as communist.

A farm can go on running down on its own momentum longer than any business on earth. Its commodities come out of the earth and to a large extent replacement of them calls simply for "letting nature take its course." A bit more mortgage here, a bit of unreplaced depreciation there, can carry a family along on a steadily lowering standard for years. The handwriting on the stone walls is too plain: since the Great War *per capita* income of all citizens has increased 20 per cent (at any rate, since January 1, 1921); but farm values in every State, save two where retiring urbanites are buying gentlemanly farms, have actually declined. The Bureau of Agricultural Economics (Department of Labor) reports a country-wide drop in farm values in 1929 over 1928 of two per cent. Compared to an index figure of 100 based on farm value averages 1912–14, today, as of March 1, 1930, these values are 115, having steadily declined since 1920. Correcting these figures in terms of the 1930 dollar, the Department of Agriculture says that farm values are *twenty per cent below* where they were in 1912! To spot-light the status of the farmer still clearer, the report continues:

> The purchasing power of farm products in 1928 gives an index-figure of 90 as over against 100 for the period 1910–14. In 1921 the figure was 75.
>
> Taxes during 1928 cost the farmer two and a half times the pre-war level. His labor costs are 170 per cent higher.

Certain temporary stop-gaps have staved off the peasantry trend here and there. Such, for example, as keeping summer boarders. Now we are told that the auto, making vacationers itinerant rather than sessile; and the so-called Prohibition Act seducing them to Canada, to Europe and to tolerant summer camps, have completely skimmed the butter-fat from enterprising city sojourners. Although the said Prohibition Experiment has enabled the orchardist to sell his gnarly cider-apples, and to plant and dress new grape vines, these items are but a drop in the jug. Filling-stations and road-stands are boons to those near traffic lines.

Town banks are becoming more cautious each season about extending mortgage loans on farms, knowing that if forced to foreclose, buyers of such places are few and far. This tightness amounted to a scandalous injustice during the financial fever of 1929, and in 1930 the difficulties so many banks suffered in the market crash have set them against any but lively-looking loans. Farm mortgages thirty years ago were preferred investments — today, well the Federal Government is trying to figure out ways of extending credits and loans because local banks won't risk them. Watch Mr. Legge's committee try to do something real for farm relief: right at a time when the Hawley tariff is a step in the opposite direction!

Did you, you 70 per cent of America who get your living off city bounty, ever try to do actual farm work? Yourself, I mean, and not by hiring some horny-handed tenant or recent immigrant? Until you perform some of this rural toil for six months you can not possibly realize how exhausting, how discouraging it is. To keep up a 100-acre farm, not to speak of the daily and yearly incidentals that crop up, requires the physical fitness of a football athlete. I mean, to do it thoroughly and consistently. You arise daily at dawn and have no overnight vacations. You must be "in condition" practically every day in the year. Proper care of teeth and a doctor's attention when it is needed are luxuries relatively few farmers can afford. A man's vigor is bound to become somewhat curtailed after age 40, but you must go on — if you are a typical farmer of the Northeast. No other occupation but day-laboring demands such personal participation. With farm-hand help almost at the vanishing point as it is today, you and your family circle must keep on working — or sell out. And to whom will you sell out?

You too would let your fence-rows widen with every spring and the locust, ash, maple and hazel saplings choke the hayfields a little here, a little there. Would you rather let the blackberry briars and the thorn-apple bushes go another week so that you could motor over to the Joneses or listen to the broadcasting or see that new picture at the village movie theatre? You would. The eastern farmer likes these diversions, too. (Confound his shiftless hide!)

You and your family circle. It probably numbers three beside yourself. In granddaddy's day it enclosed from four to eight sturdy sons; in those days communal, coöperative farming was actually done. Today whenever you encounter a farm that looks prosperous, it is silk-hose to 28-cent eggs that two or more boys and perhaps as many girls are helping the old folks run the place. Herein lies a broad hint. American farming, 1860 type, north of the Mason and

Dixon Line and east of the Lakes-to-the-Gulf Waterway, must soon become communal, either within said family circle or among neighbors, or Russia will be selling us wheat and potatoes before 1950. Or else — there is an else — 1860 type farming must become a 1930 business.

Concluding this chiaroscuro monotint, may a friend inquire of any dirt-farmers who have read thus far and who are producing milk, to answer me this question: Knowing the ease and certainty by which motors can take workers about the countryside; and assuming that there is no biological reason (and science says there isn't) why cows may not be milked at any hour; why may not one conveniently central set of barns shelter a half-dozen herds (to be milked in rotation), and a surrounding large acreage provide pasture and ensilage for 300 or more cows?

THEREFORE, why may not fifteen freemen and electors from fifteen neighboring homesteads, each citizen working not more than nine hours daily, come thither by motor and pool both their labor and their machines — and still remain freemen and electors with American-sized incomes? Ah, you tell me that the answer lies in "the American tradition." But I say unto you, brothers, that your demise as solvent beings lies in that "American tradition!" When will eastern farmers learn the benefits of merging?

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My Work on the Bowery

By Marian Spore

One Woman's Efforts to Help the Down-and-Out

My first introduction to the Bowery was at its worst. It was freezing cold and the derelicts of misspent humanity which I later found to be so large a part of its floating population were huddled in doorways.

I had read in the paper that morning of two men freezing to death down there the day before. I felt, as all of us feel, the horror of such conditions. I am no better than others who read the same story, but I felt an urge to see if I could not do a little.

I did not know where the Bowery was, so asked a policeman how to get there. He directed me, and after changing a twenty dollar bill into eighty quarters I started downtown. My little fund soon vanished and I came home with a picture of haggard faces, shambling figures and hunger in a city of warm homes filled with well-fed people. It was a problem beyond me. I can not solve it or suggest a solution. It is the endless problem of discouraged poverty to be found in every great city. It is to be noticed everywhere, but at its worst in the cold cities of the Northern States when the end of construction work drives men into the city slums to hibernate until the opening of spring.

The Bowery may be worse than the corresponding sections in other cities. I do not know. I think it is, for New York is our largest city and there is at all seasons a mass of crippled, aged and worthless humanity, to which winter adds the seasonal worker out of a job.

I use the words "worthless humanity" because I am not blind to the fact that many of those in the Bowery cesspool are there because their own excess has brought them to a point where their lives are worth little even to themselves. Yet they are human beings and cold and hungry. Perhaps the excesses which have been their undoing are partly due to institutions and laws for which we are all to some extent responsible. I shall not attempt percentages for I have heard many, mostly different, but I am sure that the larger part of the driftwood I have encountered is American born. There are few Italians and almost no Jews. The bulk are American and Irish. There is a fair percentage of real workers out of a job, who come and go; but the class making the greatest appeal to me is composed of old men and cripples.

There are many of these; beginning with men just beyond the age when they are wanted, and others slightly crippled and extending to the really old men and those badly crippled, whom nobody wants and who have nothing to look forward to except cold, hunger and the end.

I MADE up my mind very soon that the mere handing out of small sums of money was doing little good. I also decided that it must be left to wiser heads than mine to find a solution. I determined that if I was to do anything worth while I must accept the situation as I found it and limit my efforts to such direct and simple relief as I could carry on without any overhead expense. I wanted my effort to be real and the money I spent to go directly to someone who was suffering. I know that in organized charity investigation is necessary, but investigation costs time and money.

I decided to trust to my instinct when men came face to face with me and risk being imposed upon sometimes. Meal tickets I gave to any one, but more to the old, sick and crippled. When several thousand men stood in line waiting from two to four hours, it was enough proof to me that they were hungry.

That part of the work was simple to organize, once I began to understand what I wanted to do. There are many agencies doing fine work along the Bowery, but for my purpose I determined the Bowery Y. M. C. A. was the best. They maintain an efficient and clean cafeteria serving food to the down-and-outs. Ten cents will buy a plate of meat and potatoes; five cents a big bowl of soup or an equally large bowl of coffee and three slices of bread. It was good food at cost, so I bought my meal tickets there.

Then I found a quiet corner and the men did the rest. I did not have to advertise for customers. They came from all directions. Not in a rush but by one or two or three — shuffling, shabby figures with discouraged faces. Business was good from the very first, and the small groups soon formed a long line. In the beginning, I gave only meal tickets, and the "line" soon grew so that I needed help to keep it in order. I asked for a policeman and I can not say too much in praise of the help the police have given me — both individually and as an organization. When the line grew the number of officers was increased, until for the last two years, with from three to five thousand men to keep in order and moving, I have had a sergeant and from ten to fifteen officers.

THEN the ill-clad figures and broken shoes suggested still another form of relief within my power. I began with shoes, giving to those who were most desperately in need little red cardboard tickets which I cut out at home. These tickets entitled the holders to shoes when presented at a distribution station which I arranged for at the Bowery Y. M. C. A. It was all very primitive but it worked and there was no overhead. I bought the shoes wholesale, the Y. M. C. A. gave me the room, and I distributed them myself with the aid of a young man from the "Y" and a policeman. A little later I cut out some green cardboard tickets and gave them to those in the line most in need of clothing. I distributed the latter in much the same way as the shoes, although at a different time. As the work grew I hired the ground floor of an old house at No. 24 East Third Street, for the purpose of holding my stock of shoes and clothing and as a distribution centre. The building was owned by the "Y," which gave the space I used for a nominal rent because of the interest in my work.

This sounds to me like just the kind of a story I said I would not write — a personal history. My little effort is financed by friends whose names I am pledged not to reveal, and publicity means only a flood of appeals which I must put resolutely aside, because no matter how deserving, they are outside of my work. I have consented to write a story much against my will, in an effort to attract attention to the problem, in the hope that some progress can be made toward finding a solution. It is beyond me. I can only go on trying to give a little relief in a simple, homespun way, making many mistakes, no doubt, but giving to those helped a large percentage of the money my friends supply for the work.

It has two more sides in addition to the "line" for meal tickets, shoes and clothing. One of them consists of special cases of men who have been crippled. These I attend to at odd moments. Many are very sad. I usually pick them out of the line, but some are brought to my attention by the policemen who patrol the Bowery and who get to know the deserving cases. They are many and varied — consisting of those in need of artificial legs, eye glasses, trusses, etc.

I remember a cook who obtained a position in a country hotel as soon as he had been fitted with a workable artificial leg. Another remarkably intelligent man of fine face had been longing for a wheel chair or conveyance of some sort in which to take an airing. He had been partly paralyzed by an accident at the Navy Yard, and for six years had been unable to get out of the "Y" where he lived. He had catalogues of every kind of wheel chair but no money. His face was ashen white from long inactivity indoors. I bought him a four-wheeled contrivance costing, after all charity discounts, about $125, and last summer he travelled down to the waterfront of the East Side to watch the ships loading and unloading. When I saw him in the fall he looked — except for his paralysis, which is incurable — healthy, tanned and certainly happier.

There have been many cases of men who were helpless because of broken glasses, others who could not get work until they were presentable with new teeth; and I suppose I should include among these special cases those I send back to their homes. Such cases always seem to me to be about the only ones where I reach a definite end. The derelicts of the Bowery consist of every kind of discouraged mankind. Most of them are there through their own fault, I admit. There are many, however, driven to such extremity by illness or really hard luck. Then there are a few who do not belong on the

Bowery at all — men who have friends or relatives able to take care of them but no money with which to reach them. When I find such a case I ask the names of the friends and their addresses, and I correspond with them to be sure the story is true. If it checks, I buy my protégé a ticket and feel I have at least taken one man away from the misery and hunger of the Bowery life.

THERE was one little, bright eyed, gray haired Scot about seventy-five, who had been in America twenty-two years. He was a most self-respecting looking man, but nobody seemed to want him. I learned his story; yet it took some time to hear from his friends and secure his passport. I kept him meanwhile in a Bowery hotel. Finally, when all was clear, I bought him a ticket to his old home country and sent him to the steamer with what he called his "wee satchel" filled with clean shirts and underwear. When I said goodbye to him, he asked if he might have a dollar to keep in his pocket till he landed. A young man who sometimes helped me took him aboard the boat and just before he sailed handed him $25. We felt that we owed that to the honor of America after twenty-two years. The old man danced a Highland fling on deck and sailed away to his home and, I hope, happiness.

Then there were a miner from Montana, a mechanic from a Southern State, a man from New England just out of the hospital and unfit to work, and many others. The story is too long to tell, but the last case reminds me of the one remaining branch of my work which I have not described. It consists of finding temporary lodging and food for the ill. Most of such cases are men discharged from the hospitals as cured but not well enough to fight life along the Bowery. They are usually pale and thin but would be on the road to health if given a little time. I see many such cases — too well to be kept in a hospital where every bed is needed, and too ill to get a job. The best I can do is to put them in a Bowery hotel with some tickets for their meals. This is not much, for few of the Bowery hotels can be free from vermin, but it is better than "camping the Banner," which is the Bowery term for walking the streets all night. I have seen many pairs of feet so swollen from that kind of promenading that they could not get on the new shoes which I gave to them.

YOU who read this may think my work is poorly planned and ineffective. Some even say it makes paupers. Perhaps it does; but behind all the vice and failure and lack of courage which have brought men to the Bowery, I see human suffering and perhaps some failure on the part of our civilization. I do not ask for help of any kind. My friends furnish the money and I prefer to oversee the work alone, for I find that the volunteer worker soon fades away. I do not want publicity, because it only adds to my troubles. I merely want people to think about the problem in the hope that wisdom somewhere may find at least a partial solution.

I shall not criticize anyone, for all have been most kind to me. I can not say too much of the help which Captain Hummil of the Bowery police station and his men have given to me, or of the splendid coöperation which I have received from the officials of the Bowery Y. M. C. A. I have worked most closely with the "Y," but the Salvation Army and many other organizations are doing admirable work.

I SHALL make only one suggestion. It is that consideration be given to the establishment of a clearing convalescent home somewhere on cheap property in an outlying section of the city. I realize that the hospitals with their expensive locations, their buildings and equipment designed for emergency work, and their staffs of medical men and nurses, can not undertake more than putting a patient on his feet. But, aside from the human side, is it good business to send out an unfinished product? The manufacturer who does that either fails or spends a lot of money in repairs. Many of the men I have seen discharged from the hospitals with no homes to go to are unfinished products and are soon back for repairs. Thin and pale as they are, with neither money nor warm clothes; it seems to me (from my viewpoint of great ignorance of hospital work) it would be good business to put them a little more securely on the road to health before discharging into the streets of winter New York.

I HAVE been told many tales against the British system of doles for the unemployed, that it pauperizes the people and breeds laziness. I do not know whether the system has merit or not, but at least it is an effort to meet a situation very much more serious over there than in the United States. It may have all the bad points its critics charge, but if I understand its purpose it gives, from that part of society which has a job to that part of society which is out of work, a daily pittance designed to be enough to keep soul and body together and not enough to encourage thriftlessness. It may be wrong, but it is an attempt to find a solution.

Are we really attempting to find one? Despite our municipal lodging houses, our splendid private charities, are we really facing the problem of the down-and-out whom nobody wants? Are we hiding our heads in the sand like ostriches? I wonder; and until I know, I am going to keep on in my own little way.

◆

A Magazine of No Importance

Stuff and Nonsense

By Donald Rose

A Monthly Magazine of No Importance, Dealing Lightly with Matters Pertinent and Profound, and Weightily with Those of No Consequence Whatever

AUGUST, 1930 VOL. 6, NUMBER 8

THE ANTIDOTE TO EDUCATION

It demands a degree of courage approaching impudence to put in a plea for the family, in these days of emancipation from everything except the high cost of living. For the family is become an incident to a new mode of living, a tradition more honored in the breach than the observance, and an admittedly desirable institution which nobody wants. The essentials of family life, which seemed so safe and reliable a generation or two ago, occupy in many modern households a place of importance about equal to that of the can-opener or the coal shovel. The traditions of the family are challenged and questioned — even despised by gentlemen like Bertrand Russell. The best that can be said for them by those who feel compelled to say something, is that they are a useful working hypothesis until somebody invents a better.

And yet there must be some good in the family and in family life, or it would not have survived so many restless centuries. It must have other than biological excuses, or else it would fall apart without so much pushing. It may be, in fact, that even the Russian Soviets may discover some day that you can not unscramble the experience of humanity by a decree which makes a man's own children none of his business. It may be that the American doctors, dentists, educators, sociologists and efficiency experts who are moving warily but persistently in the same direction may some day find the door shut in their faces. And if not, then some day every comprehensive museum will contain a touching tableau entitled "American Family of Early Twentieth Century at Breakfast," or a beautiful, old-fashioned picture of "Father and Son in Woodshed," in memory of the vanished past.

But it does not do to defend an institution by disliking its substitutes. A positive case of sorts must be made for the family, or we may as well put the children out to graze at boarding school, and move into a tabloid apartment, where we may spend our declining years in declining invitations to other apartments like our own, and wondering where to swing a cat if we had a cat. Custom, tradition and economic necessity no longer bind us fast, so we must find other excuses for our chains or quit wearing them.

It is not very long since somebody discovered that education is the cure for everything that ails humanity, which is plenty. It was later still that a few pessimists began to suspect that the cure might be more dangerous than the disease, or that at least the symptoms of disorder were uncommonly and unaccountably plentiful in a world which was supposed to be getting better with every high school graduation and collegiate commencement. This nation has now the maximum density of education throughout the world; it has also the highest homicide rate, the greatest prison population, the worst record for insanity, and an unquestioned supremacy among civilized peoples for unjustifiable suicide.

We won't blame all that on education. It may be partly the result of the weather or the newspapers or tight shoes or canned salmon or some of the other advantages of civilization. But while education claims so much, it must be blamed for something. Or else we must all bear the blame for taking an overdose of education and allowing it to upset our spiritual and mental digestions.

The impartial conclusion from the evidence is that education needs an antidote to prevent its becoming positively unwholesome. But it is demonstrable that the insidious advantages of education overtake us gradually, line upon line and precept upon precept, until the triumphant day when the graduate seizes his diploma and shouts "Educated, by gosh!" to the astonished world. By which time it is practically too late to do anything about him.

So whatever is to be done to compensate for education must be done on the way, by some institution that is at least as patient and persistent as the average faculty. At the moment, nothing seems to fill the bill but the family. Unless the family can supply the needful antidote to education, there isn't any.

How should it go about it? Well, it should certainly begin early. When the kindergarten kiddies trot off to their labors, only the watchfulness of mother and the obstinacy of father can protect them against the absurd assumption of school teachers that it is important how much time they spend in the schoolroom. It isn't important, of course, and only teachers think that it is. But the teachers will get away with it, unless the family stoutly defends the child's right to play against the persistent intention of pedagogues that he shall go to work.

The family responsibility increases as he mounts the elementary grades. For in them he is carefully instructed to look at everything a little cross-eyed, and incidentally learns a lot of things that aren't so. He is infected with the platitudes of patriotism and with a sentimental estimate of greatness and goodness. He learns little of character but a great deal of conduct. He gets a false idea of the importance of such silly things as arithmetic and syntax and the geography of the Malay archipelago, and an equally absurd idea that these things are only good to get high marks with. He is made to read of matters that don't interest him and to write of matters that don't concern him. He lives for hours every day in a miniature world which is only a mockery of the real one.

But all this won't hurt him and may do him perpetual good if he comes home regularly to a reasonable family life. A reasonable family is one whose habits, conversations and occupations contradict all the artificiality of the schoolroom. Its adult members are busy at real work and seem to like it. They have opinions and change them without anguish. They are skeptical enough to get around safely, and hope their children will some day be able to do the same. They talk freely in the hearing of young ears, because they want young heads to think freely. They are not the enemies of the school teachers, nor are they their spineless allies. They are their antidote.

The high school boys and girls are in somewhat different case, but still need to be kept in equilibrium between faculty and family. At school they are being stuffed like young geese with the chestnuts of the curriculum. They can never digest them unaided, and the teachers have no time to help them to complete assimilation. In the living laboratory of home and family, the stuff of textbooks can be made over into the staff of life, in the company of those who know something of what life is all about. Knowledge can there be called to account for its usefulness; enthusiasm can be directed to things worth while. Above all, the spiritual elements which education avoids as though they were poisonous must be added to the diet of youth at home, or it will spend its life looking for them.

The family takes a long chance when it sends its boys and girls away to college. They are nearly past the point where parents can tell them anything, but their moral condition is just ripe for whatever youth and opportunity may suggest. They will need the antidote of family at such a time for many things; for their fancied freedom, for the arrogance of specialized knowledge, for the impudence of skepticism and the infection of cheap company.

Unless humor and honesty and the sense of proportion are youth's companions, education can do it a lot of damage. Unless frank discussion, sensible conversation and a living philosophy offset the inevitable autocracy of the educators, boys and girls can do no other than grow up as stupid as their elders. These things were once in the keeping of the family, which is a good reason for retaining the family. There are probably others also, if we could think of them.

The Origin of Everything

Ever since science and the popular imagination were overtaken with anxiety about the origin of life, the blame has been variously placed on all sorts of accident and design. Until recently the problem was admittedly unsolved. But on June 6, there appeared an editorial on "Loveless Matings" in *The New York American*, which is a Hearst newspaper with more headlines than seems possible. Its final paragraph ran as follows:

> Conjugal harmony doesn't come from test tubes. It is another name for love, which has created the human race for countless years, or ever since man first crawled, an amœba, from the primeval ooze of H. G. Wells.

The blame is fixed at last. It lies with Mr. Wells, who is not the "Wells of English pure and undefiled" but a couple of other fellows, one of them a tolerable novelist and the other an intolerable historian. Out of his ooze, it seems, came humanity and all its blunders, all its bad manners, all its preposterous performances. Had Mr. Wells oozed a little less or with better judgment, the world today would not be in such a state that he must spend his latter years in righting it. When Mr. Wells writes of Utopia, of the millennium, and of the superman whom he so obviously prefers to his present neighbors, he is betraying a belated mood of repentance. Once upon a time he oozed too much and too carelessly. Possibly, for that matter, he is still oozing.

The Ordeal by Water

To an impartial and uninformed observer from another planet it would possibly appear that Americans go on vacations principally in order to get poison ivy, ptomaine poisoning and sunburn, to fall off mountains and be run over by automobiles, and to be drowned in lake, river and ocean. The summer week-end is demonstrably as deadly as a fair-sized war among the backward nations, who have not yet achieved the civilized triumph of wholesale extermination of themselves and their neighbors. And it seems that something should be done about it.

Prevention is notoriously better than cure, but the only apparent way to prevent these vacation casualties is to pass a Constitutional amendment against them, which will take time. In default thereof, some practical instruction in rescue work seems necessary and seasonable, particularly for the resuscitation of the drowned.

The degree to which this is important depends principally upon who is drowned, where, and how much. If you yourself are drowned, for instance, you may find it a matter of the utmost interest, whereas if it is a Chinaman on the coast of Korea you may be able to dissemble your concern or at least view the situation philosophically. But drowning is distinctly a social function, involving not only the principal performer but most of the bystanders, both innocent and otherwise, and it is well to be prepared to take your part with distinction and understanding.

Assuming that someone has been drowned, either by accident or design, the first thing to be determined is the exact degree of drownedness involved. A person who has been drowned, let us say, for three weeks, presents a very poor subject for experiment or demonstration, and having been so long in the water is probably inclined to shrink from further contact with the material world. Concerning a freshly drowned specimen, however, you should never give up hope, even though the principally interested party may already have done so.

The first thing to do is to remove the victim from the water; the second is to remove the water from the victim. If the accident has occurred in a public swimming pool, the water should be carefully poured back, since it belongs to the community and is paid for by the taxes of the citizens. Otherwise it may be removed in buckets and stored until needed again. The bailing process should be continued until the victim gives forth under percussion a distinctly hollow and resonant tone, similar to that of a ripe watermelon.

At this point the subject may begin to take interest and insist on sitting up, which cuts off the most entertaining part of the proceedings and should be discouraged. A sharp blow in the head with a stomach pump will usually render him amenable to reason and pave the way for artificial respiration.

A properly drowned person has lost all interest in breathing, as also in such fascinating subjects as international disarmament and amateur theatricals, and artificial respiration is intended to inflate him again to the proper pressure. This may be done with an ordinary bicycle pump, but a more spectacular treatment is to exercise the patient like an old-style fire engine and pump his arms up and down until he shows signs of objecting. When he begins to ask for stimulants, the crowd should be dispersed by the police, and a call sent out for a Saint Bernard dog carrying an emergency ration of good whiskey. If you can't get a dog, ask a policeman.

When the patient is finally revived, care should be taken not to offer him a glass of water. In his weakened condition he may not be altogether reasonable, and may possibly resent it.

POEMS IN PRAISE OF PRACTICALLY ANYBODY

My Summer Girl

I welcome summer gladly
With poetic exultation,
For the winter weather sadly
Interrupts my inspiration;
Observation has reported
And experience has told,
That the muse may not be courted
When her little feet are cold.

When the summer sun is smiling
And the air is warm and gentle,
She is graceful and beguiling,
And distinctly ornamental.
But when the winter breezes
Make her nose and tonsils red,
She simply sits and sneezes,
And she might as well be dead.

When the fair Olympian channels,
Are with winter's burden laden,
Then my muse in heavy flannels
Is a rather stupid maiden.
I love the lady dearly
As undoubtedly she knows;
But she's useless to me — nearly
When there's chilblains on her toes.

The Bashful Suitor

My sweetheart is a dainty girl
From slippered foot to shining curl;
A miracle of charming grace
And lovely, laughing face.
And, thinking of her, I can pay
Her homage in a graceful way,
But when I'm with her I become
Plain dumb!

With flashing wit and repartee
She baffles smarter men than me,
While at my leisure I devise
Appropriate replies.
But I admit that at the time
My conversation is a crime,
And stimulating as a dish
Of fish!

I have a little house in mind,
A license of the proper kind,
A handsome little diamond ring,
A church, and everything.
Though just at present, I admit
I've not got very far with it,
I still declare I'll win her yet,
You bet!

Compensation

I dare not guess the thoughts that come and go,
Behind the laughing curtain of your eyes;
And yet, one happy verity I know,
Your kindly, gracious charm attests a glow
Of crystal shining truth, that beautifies
A spirit sweet and wise.

Nor may a friend's devotion dare to trace
The joys inhabiting your heart's recess;
Yet sure I am your glowing girlhood grace,
Writ in the smile illumining your face,
Springs from the beauty of your spirit's dress,
All radiant loveliness.

You of my heart are gladly unaware,
Nor care what lights and shadows there abide;
Yet your warm kindliness has kindled there,
A vision pure, and marvellously fair;
A gift you have not given, yet not denied;
But it is mine, and I am satisfied.

The Excess of Perfection

My lady, tailored for the street,
Is quite perfection, head to feet;
Correctly chic, supremely neat;
Dame fashion bows before her.
How may I hope to find a heart
In trappings so absurdly smart
Why should I love a work of art
And yet — I still adore her.

In evening glory, doubly fair,
She paints the lily, I'm aware;
And skilful hands have made her hair
A golden crown above her.
Her dainty gowns a skin reveal
So smooth and white — I sometimes feel
Such satin finish can't be real.
Yet, spite of all, I love her.

A drowning man will clutch a straw.
A misplaced hair, a single flaw
Would save my sinking heart. But, pshaw!
Why bother to discuss her?
Such perfect poise I can not stand.
Some day I'll lose my self-command;
I'll take her, shake her, kiss her, and
Just naturally *muss* her!

HOW IT IS DONE

It is rather wonderful to contemplate the alleged comic journals that appear weekly, their pages full of merry quips and jests and japes, with pictures appropriate and to match. Wonderful — yes — and even depressing. The question arises as to how they do it. Knowing the appetite of the printed page, we personally marvel at the genius which contrives these weekly miracles, rendering them apparently acceptable to a humor-hungry public and filling them always to the brim.

In one case we have learned how it is done.

The make-up man is in the editorial sanctum. He is tearing his hair here and there. "Boss," says he, "page 24 ain't got a thing on it but a two-inch single-column picture. What'll I do?"

The editor takes his feet off the desk. "Bill, you're fired," says he. "It's your job to fill this magazine. I got troubles enough without that. You're fired."

"You can't fire me," says Bill. "You owe me for three weeks, and anyway, nobody never gave me nothing for page 24 except this here picture. What you want me to do — go down to a talkie show for some stuff?"

"Where's Bob Benchley?" says the editor.

"Oh, gosh, boss," says Bill earnestly. "We got plenty Bob Benchley in this number. What do you think this is — a one-man vaudeville act?"

"How big is the picture?" says the editor.

"Only two inches, so help me," says Bill.

"Make it four," says the boss, "and send in Corey Ford."

"Corey ain't showed up since he got his last check," says Bill. "And his last piece was turrible. Even *The Ladies' Home Journal* reprinted it, and nobody even kicked."

"How about half a dozen Dot Parker's verses?" says the boss, reaching vaguely into the desk. "Or some limericks. Or maybe a yard or two of college stuff."

"You ain't got any of Parker's stuff that is fit to print," says Bill. "You said so last week. And we can't run college stuff until we get more coonskin cuts."

"Make the picture half a page," says the boss. "And stick in this John Held sketch. It just came in."

"Looks just like the last one," says Bill gloomily. "They all do. Ain't you got no jokes?"

"None that come within the Statute of Limitations," says the editor. "Better make the picture three-quarters page and fill up with some of my stuff. You got lots of it."

"Aw, chief, don't say that," pleads Bill miserably. "I got some feelings left for the public and you know you ain't got a mortgage on this here magazine. And then there's your wife and children — it's them that pays, you know. Give me something good."

"Oh, thunder," says the editor. "Make the picture full page. That'll fix it."

"So it will," says Bill admiringly. "And much obliged. I knowed you could fix it if you put your mind to it."

And the magazine goes to press as usual.

COST OF CULTURE

When Dean Swift wrote of *The Battle of the Books* he was contemplating the trifling controversy between Classicism and Modernism, an argument which neither he nor anybody else has been able to settle. He might have written in more lively fashion had he foreseen that his title would some day serve for a fight between the book clubs and the drug stores as to which are the proper custodians of culture, and whether a book should sell for a dollar or as much as the traffic will bear.

If the business of publishing were as well rooted in Wall Street as the oil industry or the manufacture of chewing gum, the purchasing public would never be puzzled and embarrassed by such differences of opinion as to what a book should cost. It is not quite decent, under the business code of the times, for the leaders of a major industry to admit that they don't know what the public wants, or how much the public should pay for it. If this sort of thing continues and spreads, we shall begin to doubt the stature of our supermen. We shall soon be suspecting that the rule of thumb has not yet been abandoned in business, and that there is not as much difference between a plumber and a captain of industry as we had supposed.

But having published a book of our own and enjoyed the acquaintance of a number of those who make merchandise of paper and print, we concede that publishing is an extraordinary trade with extraordinary troubles of its own. For the publisher is the middleman between the author and the reader, and suffers the usual fate of one who comes between assault and battery and its victim. Nobody really loves him, and he spends his time dodging the slings and arrows of fate and the contending parties. He doesn't know what the public wants, and is supposed to supply it in spite of the fact that he has no idea where to find it. He guesses wrong seven times in order to guess right once, and must pick the pockets of the ultimate consumer in retaliation for the gouging he gets from his own frail judgment. He must treat books as merchandise, which is bad for his soul, and he must treat authors as sausage machines, which is bad for the authors. The public he must treat as an appetite or a hole in the ground, and if he can fill it he can make money and buy himself a radio and quit reading.

The publisher has also more than his share of mechanical difficulties. His printing plant is a collection of all the principal sorts of machinery that are possessed of devils. These include linotypes, monotypes, presses, folders, binders and stitchers, all of which are malicious instruments, though it is the folding machine in which Satan principally dwells in his odd moments. Anyone who has seen a folding machine take a fair folio, printed all over with the wit and wisdom of man, and crumple and crease it and toss it on the floor, knows something of the perversity of inanimate objects and the special miseries of publishers.

But publishers also need books to publish, and to get them must wade waist deep in manuscripts for most of their waking hours. Nobody knows why one book is better than another, and still less knows why the public buys one book to send to Aunt Annie on her birthday and will not use another to prop up a broken davenport.

This sort of thing gets on the publisher's nerves. It is the strain of their business that has undoubtedly caused the present controversy among the publishers. Some of them are pinning their faith to the dollar bill and the ease with which it slides across a counter and into a cash register. They defend their price-cutting with the plea that it will enable the public to feast its fill on good literature and glut its cultural appetite with new books. The others doubt it, and argue in return that while the public is being improved by forcible feeding, the authors and publishers will be dying in heaps from under-nourishment. Which is right will be determined only when a suitable number of publishers have gone bankrupt or taken to some more reliable business, such as weather forecasting or horse racing.

Res

North American Review

September

Morrow — A New Legend
Robert Cruise McManus

The America's Cup
Herbert L. Stone

Ace Polo Players
Charles E. Parker

Hills in the Valley . . . . John Pell
Alexandra Kollontay . . . . Katharine Anthony
Right Off the Boat . . . . Phelps H. Adams
Tinkham . . . . Oliver McKee, Jr.
The Lapping of Water . . . . Kingsley Moses
What the Tariff Can Do . . . . Lewis F. Carr
This Laugh Business . . . . Homer Croy
The Sport of Kings . . . . Lupton A. Wilkinson
Uncle Sam's Bellboys . . . . Ray T. Tucker
Pernicious Prosperity . . . . Donald F. Rose
Reynard Runs . . . . Rose Wilder Lane
The Swing of Styles . . . . Charlotte Dean
So This Is London . . . . R. H. S.
The Literary Landscape . . . . Herschel Brickell

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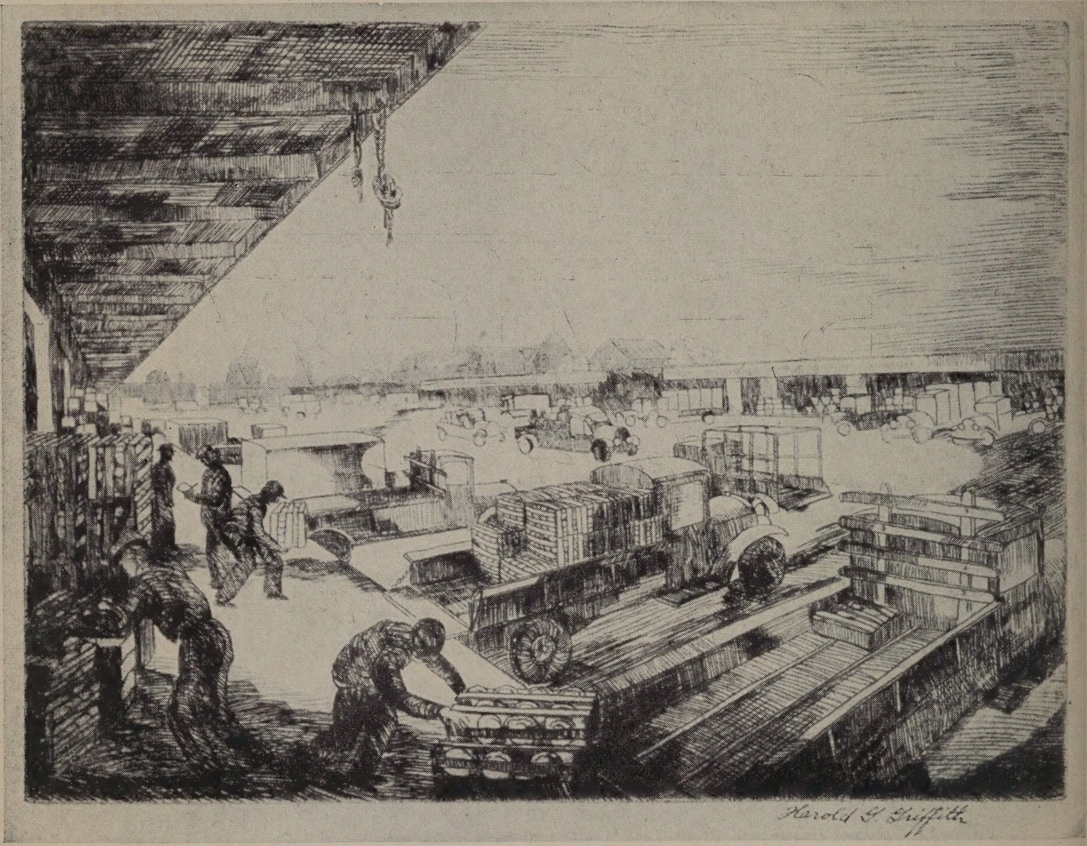

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Editor

JOHN PELL
Associate Editor

KENNETH WILCOX PAYNE
Editorial Director

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The Financial Outlook

By Alan H. Temple

The Nadir Reached?

Of the facts and figures which tell the story of business in midsummer one thing may be said very positively: they are the kind which appear only when the business cycle is sweeping along the bottom of its downward curve. They are phenomena of depression, and probably of the nadir of depression. The lowest rediscount rate in the history of the Federal Reserve System, 2½ per cent at the New York Bank, is the most obvious sign that shows where, along the route of the cycle, business is now located; it is testimony to slackness of demand for credit from a commerce and industry which are so inactive that the banks which supply them are, relatively speaking, "out of the Reserve Banks." There are innumerable other signs. Money rates in Europe are comparably almost as low as ours. The steel industry for a time operated at hardly more than half of capacity. Some of the country's leading automobile producers shut down entirely for varying periods. Employment and trade continue subnormal both here and abroad. Business failures rise and pre-war prices for staple commodities reappear. Brokers' loans are cut in half. All these phenomena show that necessary readjustments and corrections are being made, and taken together they are usually met only when business is at its worst, when the readjustments are nearing completion.

It was one of the tenets of the New Era philosophy that the business cycle had been virtually eliminated, and that its downward swings would be infrequent and limited. In some cases, doubtless, the obverse of that belief has been adopted, and hopes of a nearly-permanent expansion have been succeeded by fears of an almost limitless recession. These fears are as certain to prove unfounded as the hopes were to be disappointed. One of the large utility companies, in an advertisement that was widely commented upon, recently pointed out that last year the general public was using rose-tinted glasses, that this year it has adopted blue glasses, and that it can really see what is before it only through plain glasses. And plain glasses, directed at the midsummer scene, revealed not the characteristics of boom or expansion, but the exact opposite: the phenomena which accompany a rather thorough deflation.

To look at a picture and say that it shows a considerable depth of depression is not, of course, to say that it shows absolute bottom. Nevertheless some of the best known business prophets have not hesitated to stake their reputations upon the prediction that the seasonal dullness during July, which was intensified by shutdowns for vacation and overhaul purposes, particularly in the automobile factories, will mark the statistical low point of the recession. This is not as daring a prophecy as might appear. Due largely to the crop movement, business invariably expands as summer recedes. Whether the fall expansion this year will be above or below normal is a question that will agitate the statisticians; but most business men will be satisfied to see their turnover increase even a little, and they have every reason to expect that it will show satisfactory gains.

Comparisons

Except for mild recessions in 1924 and 1927, the last business depression with which the United States had to cope was that of 1921, or more accurately 1920–22. As in the present case that was a worldwide depression following an antecedent inflation. But one or two important differences make the situation this year relatively more favorable. The chief of these differences is the less vulnerable inventory position of distributors of finished goods, and to a lesser extent of manufacturers, in 1930. The enormous losses that fell upon wholesalers and retailers who had to slash prices to meet "buyers' strikes" in 1921 have not been taken this year. Retail prices have reacted to the declines in raw materials normally and satisfyingly; they have given way gradually as replacements of cheaper goods came in, and recently considerable reductions have been made under the leadership of the chain stores and mail order houses. But neither in volume nor in precipitateness has retail liquidation been the important factor prolonging depression that it was in 1921. Wholesalers perhaps have been less fortunate than retailers, but neither have they been called upon to take such losses as confronted them in that year. Manufacturers of course have not escaped scot free. There were too many automobiles, too many tires, too many cotton goods, and too many of a vast number of fabricated articles in their hands at the end of 1929, but they have extricated themselves promptly and ably. The opinion of Professor Garfield V. Cox of Chicago University is typical of general observation of the state of industry: "At present all the well-known indexes of business activity are running considerably below estimated normal. Evidence continues to accumulate that consumption has not shrunk accordingly, and that the readjustments necessitated by the over-expansion of 1929 are being rapidly completed. Meantime no new depressants of major significance seem likely to appear. The foundation is therefore being laid for sound and sustained recovery of business during the latter part of the current year."

It is also important that in 1929 there was no inflation of land values and wages comparable in importance to that of 1919; the necessity of deflation in those directions is therefore limited. To be sure wages in many cases are even higher than in the famed silk shirt era, but the gains have been real, made possible by more machinery and power and by greater efficiency both of labor and management; wages are not "inflated" as they were then, not out of line with the productive value of the labor which they purchase. Wage reductions are being resorted to as a means of distributing losses, but old scales are likely to be restored again early in the upward stages of business.

In one respect of course the business position this summer is as bad as at the depth of the depression nine years ago. That is in the low prices and surplus supplies of staple raw materials. The fact that producers of these commodities, generally speaking, can not recover the costs of their production at these prices is the most important factor tending to prolong recession, since it reduces their purchasing power. Eloquent testimony of curtailed buying by the producers of Cuban sugar, Brazilian coffee and Straits rubber appears in the figures of our export trade for the first five months of 1930, showing a reduction of half a billion dollars from the corresponding period of 1929. On the other hand, the fact that raw materials become available at such uneconomically low prices is definitely stimulating; it makes possible in the long run a larger distribution, and many far-sighted manufacturers assure their prosperity for a year or two to come by covering their requirements at prices which virtually guarantee that they can operate profitably from the time business recovery sets in until these supplies are exhausted.

It is the most elementary of economic truisms that staple commodities can not sell indefinitely below their cost of production. When they fall below that price their production is discouraged and their consumption stimulated. Eventually the over-supply which causes the price decline must be absorbed and the price reëstablished at a point at which the services of capital and labor will be attracted to produce the commodity. This point obviously is one at which there will be a going return for labor and profit for capital. Below that point, in the long run, the marginal production of high cost producers is lopped off and the supply is diminished until the price rises.

Price Deflation

When the stock market collapsed last fall many observers believed the world would escape the evils of a long commodity price deflation, holding that there had been no antecedent inflation. However, as the tide of business receded it uncovered surplus commodity supplies in the hands of producers, and prices have dropped without interruption ever since. The world has had during the summer the opportunity to purchase most staple raw materials at prices which are below the cost of production for all except unusually favored producers. This has been one of the most depressing features of business, and despite the perfectly clear economic truism that has been cited many observers appear to believe that the prospect for recovery within any measurable time is hopeless; they argue that shortage of gold is forcing everything down, or that costs of production are decreasing so greatly that we must go back at once to pre-war standards for our prices, or that tariffs, cartels or what not are preventing the law of supply and demand from taking effect. These arguments have a despairing sound, but upon examination they are disclosed quite definitely as "blue glass" reasoning.

The gold supply and its relationship to prices has been examined in these articles previously, and there is no occasion to go into it again except to say that with the modern economical use of gold there is considerably more than enough to support a much larger volume of business at much higher prices than at present; and to add that even if the long-time trend of prices is downward it will be so gradual as to be insignificant in the markets of any given year. It is true that costs of production are decreasing, but it is absurd to suppose that Cuban sugar can be delivered to New York for 1¼ cents a pound, or Straits rubber for 10 cents, or that most other agricultural and mineral staples can be produced in sufficient quantities to cover world needs at the prices which they are now bringing. For one season, perhaps for two, an agricultural industry can operate at a bankrupt cost of production; that is, the return to labor can be cut down to a bare food subsistence, and the return to capital can be foregone entirely, and inroads be made upon it through losses. All industries have an inertia which keeps them going through bad years, and makes them respond slowly to the law of supply and demand, and of course the perennial crops like rubber and sugar are not as immediately responsive to unprofitably low prices as wheat and cotton can be. But this in no way alters the eventual certainty of their response.

Commodities

IN SOME commodity markets the condition out of which recovery will come can already be discerned. In cotton goods, for example, the world has been living upon its stocks thus far this year, and the movement of goods from the mills since the first of January has been nearly 15 per cent smaller than a year ago. Concurrently mills both in the United States and abroad have allowed their stocks of cotton to run down. The effect has been to pile up cotton in producers' hands, making the surplus appear larger than it would if it were normally distributed all along the line to the eventual consumer. In rubber, conditions are somewhat similar. The potential demand for tires is doubtless the largest in the country's history, and if it is slow appearing during the remainder of this year it seems a safe guess that a new record in world consumption of rubber will be set in 1931. In wheat the surplus in this country and Canada, which so depressed the price, is partially if not entirely offset by small supplies in Europe. And so it goes in many other commodities.

Speculation in commodities is not as well understood by the general public as speculation in stocks. In all the staple agricultural commodities and in some of the minerals there are "futures" exchanges which deal in standardized contracts for the delivery of these commodities. These contracts furnish media for trading. The mechanism of the exchanges is simple. At times like the present public buying is frequently attracted, and when commodities can be bought at well below the cost of production an eventual profit is probable, provided the trader does not spread his funds so thinly that his ability to stick is impaired, and that he does not pay too great a premium for the purchase of distant deliveries.

The future of the stock market is directly tied up with the future of business. After the declines in late June the market doubtless was well liquidated, and the funds offered to it were so ample that call money became available in New York, outside the Stock Exchange, as low as 1¼ per cent. At these rates, with many good stocks yielding 5 to 6 per cent, shares can be purchased with borrowed money to yield a good return, and one essential to an upward movement is at hand. The other, of course, is good business. The public has experienced one disappointment this year in following a bull stock market based on expectations of good business, and this fall it may demand concrete evidence rather than hope.

Roger W. Babson's description of the closing phases of a bear market, as included in his latest book, is interesting. The next to the last phase, he says, is characterized by little good news, so that "one would naturally think the country was going to the bow-wows. . . . There is only one ray of hope — the bond market is picking up." Of the last phase he says "When prices are abnormally low and investors and speculators are disgusted with the stock market insiders begin to buy. As money rates by this time have materially decreased, these insiders are able to make money on their interest account, though prices may continue to drag on bottom for a while. Then the profit in short selling begins to vanish, and soon we see signs of a bull market."

The proportion of Stock Exchange members' borrowings to the total value of all listed stocks had dropped below 6 per cent at the beginning of July. It first fell below that figure at the end of last January, but by the end of April had risen to 6.72 per cent. Before the break last fall it was frequently almost 10 per cent. This is satisfying evidence of liquidation, and the fact that brokers' loans are less than half the total at their peak last fall is another satisfying indication. All lines of credit have been reduced except the loans of commercial banks upon securities. These are half a billion dollars larger than a year ago, for the reporting member banks, which indicates a total probably one and a quarter billions larger for all banks. While a considerable volume of frozen loans on securities is therefore still being carried by the banks, this does not alter the fact of the decrease in the total amount of credit outstanding on stocks and bonds; it merely reflects the loans that have been thrown back upon the New York banks through the withdrawal of funds supplied to the market by "all others." Generally speaking, it is probably true that more securities are owned outright today, and by more persons, than ever before in the history of the country. Certainly brokers' loans represent a smaller proportion of the values of stocks than at any time since the Stock Exchange began to compile the figures. And the less money borrowed upon stocks the more firmly are they likely to be held.

Gleams of Hope

New financing has continued quite active, as have public works generally. The total new security issues brought out during the first half of 1930 exceeded five billion dollars, the largest on record in any year up to 1928, and falling below the 1929 all-time record by only about a billion dollars. Allowing for a smaller proportion of refunding this year, the difference in new capital raised is only about half a billion. The drop in investment trust financing alone was considerably more than that. Bond issues constitute over two-thirds of the total corporation financing, whereas in 1929 they were only a little over one-third.

Investment rail stocks have been in greater demand recently than most other groups. Rail prospects have taken a turn for the better. The roads' earnings thus far this year have been distinctly subnormal. But they have won two important legislative victories. One was a ruling of the Supreme Court finding that the Hoch-Smith resolution, designed to compel lower freight rates on products of depressed agricultural industries, did not change the transportation law, by which fixing of rates to produce a fair return was directed. As a result certain rates which had been reduced are likely to be raised. The second victory was the decision of the I. C. C. raising class rates; by some this raise is estimated to be worth $40,000,000 to Eastern roads alone, though President Willard of the Baltimore and Ohio thinks that a gross exaggeration. These are real victories for the railroads, worth tangible sums to their stockholders.

Informative Booklets

The following booklets are recommended to readers:

James H. Oliphant and Company, New York-Chicago. *Studies In Securities 1930*, Fourth Issue. Analyses of sixty-one of the leading industrial and railroad stocks listed on the New York Stock Exchange.

Halsey, Stuart and Company, New York-Chicago. A library of investment information including especially a revised edition of *Bonds — Questions Answered — Terms Defined,* and a reprint of investment talks made over the radio.

Hornblower and Weeks, New York-Boston-Chicago. *The Natural Gas Industry.* An economic study with description of companies.

Middle West Utilities Company, Chicago. *Harvests and Highlines.* A study of farm economics with special reference to the use of power.

C. F. Childs and Company, New York-Chicago. *Municipal Bonds.* General information.

Pynchon and Company, New York-Chicago. *Electric Light and Power.* A survey of world development.

By Way of Introduction

Robert Cruise McManus (*Morrow — A New Legend*) is a New York journalist who has free lanced in Latin America.

Herbert L. Stone (*The America's Cup*) is editor of *Yachting*, and a prolific writer on the same subject.

Katharine Anthony (*Alexandra Kollontay*) studied at German universities, did research with the Russell Sage Foundation, and has written many biographies.

Phelps Haviland Adams (*Right Off the Boat*) is the Washington correspondent for *The New York Sun.*

Charles E. Parker (*Ace Polo Players*) is a Dartmouth man who has turned his attention mainly to sports.

Kingsley Moses (*The Lapping of Water*) saw overseas service, wandered abroad with high adventure, and has finally settled down on Long Island.

Lewis F. Carr (*What the Tariff Can Do*) is an Ohioan, with farm background and newspaper experience.

Homer Croy (*This Laugh Business*), humorist, started as reporter on *The St. Louis Post-Dispatch;* and went around the world with a moving picture camera.

Lupton A. Wilkinson (*The Sport of Kings*) did publicity for Herbert Hoover's war relief organizations; and knows the ponies from his South Carolina plantation.

Charlotte Dean (*The Swing of Styles*) made her reputation on the Indianapolis newspapers and is now on the editorial page of *The New York Times.*

Rose Wilder Lane (*Reynard Runs*), popular magazine writer and winner of prizes, has toured Albania in hiking fashion, and lives on a Missouri farm.

Gregorio Muñoz Montoro, a Spanish caricaturist, is responsible for the drawing of Herschel Brickell which appears in *The Literary Landscape* this month.

Other writers in this issue have previously been represented in our pages.

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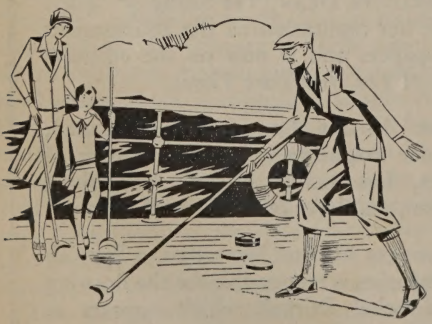

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Morrow—a New Legend

BY ROBERT CRUISE MCMANUS

An Analysis by Anecdote

THE day after Dwight Morrow rolled up enough votes in New Jersey's Republican Senatorial primary to win an ordinary election, I was sitting in a coach of a train pulling out of the Grand Central Terminal when a stranger came in and dropped down beside me.

"What did you think of that business over in Jersey yesterday?" he asked me immediately.

"Great," I told him.

"You bet it was!" he said with a chuckle. "They can't beat Morrow."

Then he started telling me about the man. He was Dwight Morrow's friend.

It was a characteristic act, for it seems to me that those who are friends of the retiring Ambassador to Mexico would rather talk of him than of any other subject. They regale you with the latest account of his absent-mindedness, or his skill in placating hot-headed Latins, or something witty he has said about his entry into politics. One yarn always leads to another; they go on for hours gleefully praising the extraordinary little man whose personal charm seems to exceed even the power of his mind; and just as Mr. Morrow himself will invariably make use of a story to drive home the point he is trying to make, so do these tales throw the final revealing light on his character.

EXAMPLES of his absent-mindedness, of his utter unconsciousness of dress or external surroundings when his mind is fixed on some unsolved question, are almost without number. A dozen times men have seen him fix his secretary, Arthur Springer, with an inquiring eye after an absorbing mid-day conference and put the following solemn query:

"Arthur, have I had lunch?"

Once, at a luncheon, he became vastly absorbed in the exposition of a certain subject. While he talked, he

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ate, stuffing food into his mouth in a manner that indicated he was wholly unaware of what he was doing. At last the table was cleared, Mr. Morrow finished what he had to say, and looked down at the empty board.

"Now," he said, rubbing his hands together briskly, "let's have something to eat."

There is another tale of the time he appeared at Morgan's in a golf suit. Employees noticed but, knowing of his eccentricity, hesitated to speak. At last, however, one of them thought the matter ought to be brought to light.

"Mr. Morrow," he pointed out gravely, "you're wearing a golf suit."

The partner of J. P. Morgan looked down at his knicker-clad legs. He seemed unable to account for them at first, but finally found the explanation. "Oh, yes," he muttered apologetically, "I'm supposed to be playing with a fellow out in Englewood."

These things make men roar with laughter and grow hugely fond of him. It may even be that his trait of departing from the world around him while thinking was responsible for his becoming a banker, for it happened in a curious, accidental way.

In Englewood, on the Palisades of the Hudson River, where he has lived since he was married, there is a kind of banking community where more than one leader of finance has been aided to prominence by reason of a neighbor's recognition of his abilities. Thomas W. Lamont and the late H. P. Davison, Morgan partners, lived there, and the time came seventeen or so years ago when the firm was in need of a man of special qualities. Mr. Davison, second only to Mr. Morgan himself in command of the great house, was puzzling over the matter one day as he walked up Pine Street in the rain, when someone bumped into him. It was his Englewood neighbor, Dwight Morrow, then a lawyer of the firm of Simpson, Thacher and Bartlett.

"There's the new partner," Davison decided instantly.

As Mr. Davison told the story it was he, lost in thought, who was responsible for the collision in the street. But there is a considerable school of opinion which holds that Morrow was the bumper and Davison the bumped. "Morrow was thinking about something," the adherents of this school will declare, and will then launch off into a string of examples in support of their contention; from that in which he boarded a train, lost his ticket and could not tell the conductor where he was going, to the other wherein he "dictated" a letter by gazing out of the window, moving his lips silently for a few minutes and then declaring curtly "yours truly." He will drive down from Mexico City to Cuernevaca, his summer home, impulsively digging at a listener's ribs, firing barely lighted cigarettes over his shoulder one after another as he expounds the elements of a situation, wholly unaware that his chauffeur, in a dash through alleys and side streets, is losing the military escort which the Mexican Government always provides against possible molestation.

Perhaps this habit of ceaselessly returning to the subject uppermost in his mind no matter whether he is taking a shower bath or attending a wedding, explains his extraordinary capacity for work, which far exceeds that of ordinary mortals more sensitive to the distractions of their environment. Dwight Morrow is first of all a man to come to with a problem that has snarled itself into almost inextricable knots. By his own admission, that was why Calvin Coolidge turned to Morgan's partner when our affairs with Mexico had reached the point where relations might soon have been broken off. And he attacked it in characteristic fashion, by summoning at the outset every bit of information on Mexican history, both past and present, that he could lay hands on. Now, according to Mr. Coolidge, "his information concerning Mexico is not exceeded by any other man."

Earlier, when still in business, he had similarly mastered the copper situation to the amazement of men who had spent their lives in the industry.

"His mind is an absolutely disinterested mechanism," one of his closest friends has said.

After laying the foundations within himself, the Ambassador departed for Mexico City. This was, and still is, the focal point of the whole Latin-American situation, whence the poison of resentment and fear, which is always dormant in the minds of these people when they regard the "Colossus of the North," spread to Central America, where it was fed by the revolting Sandino, and throughout the continent to the South. Mr. Morrow began the reassuring process with an address to the American Chamber of Commerce, stressing the dignity of Mexican sovereignty. He declared that his headquarters should be known as the United States and not as the American Embassy, for those sensitive neighbors of ours are Americans, too, and insist upon their right to the title which we thoughtlessly claim as only ours. Then he made his first real gesture of friendliness toward Calles. Departing for the initial Presidential audience, he left the Embassy interpreter behind, to the open-mouthed surprise of his diplomatic staff, and let the Mexican provide whatever interpreting was necessary.

Calles, naturally, was pleased. Here, he must have felt, was no suspicious representative of the "Big Stick Policy," but a man who prefers to trust those with whom he negotiates. They had a breakfast which has since become famous, another meeting or two, the complicated oil problem was attacked by Morrow as a matter of reconciling the historic Anglo-Saxon and Latin views of subsurface rights, and within two months a settlement was announced. The Ambassador had acted as a man sent to seek a just solution, not as an attorney trying to get all he could for his clients. To him both sides deserved half of the bargain, and though some of the oil men from this side of the Rio Grande demurred because he was establishing a "dangerous precedent" for the rest of Latin-America (oil men, the record amply shows, are rarely "extreme liberals"), he prevailed.

Two weeks after one quarrel had been buried, Father John Burke, General Secretary of the National Catholic Welfare Council, arrived at Vera Cruz for the famous secret meeting with Calles which was the basis of the religious settlement of fifteen months later. This was Morrow's work, this "greasing up" of stubborn machinery, this bringing together of opposing representatives to seek a common ground for negotiation. Calles, a product of the revolution, was imbued with the idea that the Church upheld the old landlords and was completely out of sympathy with the people. Perhaps accidentally, his talk with Father Burke began on the subject of the priest's welfare work in the United States. His attitude softened; this was a churchman who was in sympathy with the people. And the solution, which was essentially the democratization of the Mexican Church, the reconciliation of the old with the new, shows the touch of Dwight Morrow, the student, who if he wished could have been president of two or three universities.

BY THIS time, the Ambassador and the President had formed the undiplomatic habit of dropping in on one another. Mr. Morrow, unannounced by telephone or messenger, would walk up to the Presidential Palace and inquire if Señor Calles could see him for a minute. A day or two later the President, with something on his mind, would make a similar unannounced visit. It was an extraordinary reversal of the habits of our previous ambassador, James R. Sheffield, who, fearing the worst perhaps, had been closeted in his office writing notes "for the record" to the number of several hundred in less than two years.

At the London Naval Conference, Mr. Morrow was true to form. According to one of those present, he spent his time trying to get the French and the English together, trying to appreciate the French point of view, "instead of calling them names, as everybody else was doing." When the conference seemed to be breathing its last, when Briand had thrown up his hands and taken the train for Paris, it was the Ambassador to Mexico who touched off the "consultative pact" suggestion which brought him back and started things off afresh.

OVER and above his trait of absorbing himself in a given subject and his skill as a negotiator, he has an unyielding tenacity which makes it sometimes impossible to remove him from a task which he has set himself. At the very outset of his financial career this was conclusively demonstrated, for the invitation to become a Morgan partner, which few men would refuse, had to be profferred twice before he accepted, so great was his devotion to the law. Even after he assumed the post he was unhappy for a time at the thought of what he had left, and he still remains, at least externally, the professional man, in decided contrast to the typical American financier.

I do not know whether Mr. Hoover ever actually offered him the portfolio of Secretary of State at the time the present Cabinet was being formed, but I have been informed on good authority that Morrow was then so devoted to his work in Mexico that he would not have left it in what he considered a half-finished state. It is common knowledge that this work far transcended the ordinary diplomatic offices, for he devoted himself to studying the internal affairs of a turbulent country in a manner which has few, if any, parallels in diplomatic history. Even a year later, when the opportunity came to enter politics, he laid down his present duties with a touch of regret. Another of these unnumbered anecdotes will illustrate the point.

When the New Jersey campaign had ended, weary of the nervous strain, mindful, perhaps, of what he had put aside, he sat talking with Senator David Baird, one of his staunchest supporters. Something in his own situation reminded him of a story in Herodotus and he launched into a recital of it. It was a tale of a king with a marriageable daughter who had summoned princes from many lands to sue for her hand. One, winning over his fellows in every competition, had practically become the victor when, after a glimpse of the maiden who was to be his wife, he suddenly stood on his head and waved his feet in the air.

"But for this," said the king, "you might have become my son-in-law."

THE point was, of course, that after having seen the princess he might have wed, the suitor preferred to remain single. Mr. Morrow, chuckling, with the victory then in his grasp, intimated that he could spoil his own chances only by similarly standing on his head, and then characteristically rushed off to the library for a look at Herodotus to see if he had told the story correctly. When the newspapermen appeared and caught him poring over the book, they naturally enough assumed that he had been reading Herodotus while his majority was piling up.

The next day the Ambassador presented Senator Baird, who is more of a politician than a classicist, with three enormous volumes of the Greek historian's works.

WITHIN the ensuing few months hundreds of thousands of words will be printed about Dwight Morrow. We shall be told over and over again that he was a poor boy, the son of a Pittsburgh high school principal; that he graduated from high school at fourteen and won a competitive examination for West Point only to have the appointment refused him because his brother, now General Jay J. Morrow, was already there; that he went to Amherst, formed the friendship with Coolidge and was recognized as the most brilliant man in his class; that he was the first apprentice clerk in the law office he entered ever to be paid a salary his first year; that he is Colonel Lindbergh's father-in-law; that he ties his necktie very poorly, and so on to the gradual evolution of a Morrow legend. But unlike most present-day legends, notably that of Mr. Hoover, who was built up as a superman on the one hand, though "human" on the other, it will grow of itself, unfertilized by the efforts of publicity men, those astonishing fellows whose boundless enthusiasm for anything is instantly stimulated at sight of a substantial check. "The best place to cover Mexico," a reporter told me, "is the Ambassador's study"; but in the primary campaign, when the source of news was himself and not a nation, Mr. Morrow was considerably more of an ostrich. His publicity "headquarters" were scarcely any headquarters at all, and he was interviewed only two or three times. Despite this inaccessibility, which so often irritates them, the reporters liked him tremendously.

The plain fact is that, politics or no, Dwight Morrow will not "step down," but continues to be a man whose conduct remains unshakably the same under the most severe pressure. He is not dazzled by the sight of office, nor does he need a referendum to determine the state of his mind. "He always leads you to higher ethical ground," I have been told, which on its face is a forbidding statement, suggesting a kind of evangelical figure, fired with an ascetic zeal to convert the world. This is no picture, though, of the friendly, effusive little man from Englewood, whose actions seem to proceed from no other source than an urgent inner decency, a compelling drive which forces him to see things done as rightly as possible.

And so it seems likely that he will win the election in November and go to Washington, touted too extravagantly by that time perhaps as a superman, as the leader of the Wets, and as the next President. Then the sharp-shooters at the Capitol, who do not like supermen, except themselves, will take out the ammunition they have been storing up against his appearance and start firing, but I do not think they will shoot as often as they are planning. Some of them had similar intentions a few years ago when he was scheduled to come before the Senate Committee on Foreign Loans. It all ended without bloodshed, however, and the Democrat Pat Harrison said later that Mr. Morrow was the best witness who had appeared.

At London he has already become the good friend of Senator Joe Robinson, Democratic leader and candidate for his party's Presidential nomination. It is difficult to quarrel with Dwight Morrow and more difficult still to pick holes in his armor.

A man said to me; "I think Morrow is highly overrated. He has Will Rogers in back of him and he's Lindbergh's father-in-law, which is enough to make a hero out of anybody. But what has he ever done?"

Well, let's see. He was joint author of New Jersey's first workmen's compensation laws. He was chairman of the New Jersey Prison Inquiry Commission that radically revised the State's penal legislation and introduced reforms which have been models for the rest of the country. He was a member during the war of the Allied Maritime Transport Council, which handled all Allied shipping, and Chief Civil Aid to General Pershing, who personally presented him with the Distinguished Service Medal and said he was responsible for "the first intelligent epitomization of the Allied tonnage situation," for which he was also decorated by the French, Italians and Greeks. He drafted the project by which Government credit was restored in Cuba. He was chairman of President Coolidge's Aircraft Board, which presented a unanimous report in two months' deliberating, virtually all of which became law. His work in Mexico has already been cited, while his philanthropies, his devotion to Amherst as a member of the board of trustees, and his civic endeavors in Englewood, are further evidences of his activity.

The America's Cup

By Herbert L. Stone

The line-up of yachts ready to defend our seventy-nine years of unbroken American supremacy with the sail

On September 13 two yachts, one American and the other British, will meet in the first of a series of races for an insignificant piece of silverware which has, nevertheless, become emblematic of the world's greatest event in the realm of sport. Newspapers from the Atlantic to the Pacific will carry front page stories of this first race, and of the subsequent ones which will determine the fate of this ornate trophy — a product of the silversmith's art of a bygone day. Yet the great majority of those who read will know nothing of the technique of yacht racing, and there will be many who have never even seen a yacht of the size of these two doing battle for the honor of their respective countries. Just what is it, then, that has given this event the importance in the public mind that it undoubtedly holds?

There are probably many reasons. The chief, perhaps, is the tradition of seventy-nine years of continuous possession, during which our yachts and our sailors have successfully thwarted every one of the thirteen attempts made by foreign competitors to wrest the trophy from us. Then, again, as the result of all these years in which the skill of our naval architects and ship builders, and the ability of our sailors, have been pitted against the best brains of our competitors, the Cup, which bears the name of the little schooner that first won it, *America*, has come to stand for the ultimate in speed under sail; "the blue ribbon of the sea," in more popular phraseology.

To excel in the designing and handling of ships has always appealed strongly to the imagination of every nation with a seafaring background. Even when the first attempt to win the Cup from us was made in 1870 by an Englishman, James Ashbury, the challenger expressed great surprise at the interest aroused in this country by the event. There was even then a big fleet of excursion steamers, loaded to the guards with sightseers, on hand to follow the yachts over the course. It is said that on this occasion the New York exchanges were closed for the day, and that Wall Street was deserted. And this at a time when the Cup had not acquired the prestige that it now has, and when sporting events were not taken as seriously as in this generation.

Perhaps another reason for the great interest in this year's match is the undoubted popularity in this country of the challenger, Sir Thomas Lipton. This is the genial Irish baronet's fifth attempt to capture the Cup, the first having been made thirty-one years ago. His persistence has won universal admiration, and there are many who would like to see his attempt succeed this year, even at the expense of lowering our colors to a foreign flag. And yet for all his efforts to capture the trophy on which he has apparently set his heart, Sir Thomas Lipton is not a practical yachtsman. He can not sail a boat himself; indeed, if memory serves, he has never raced one of his challengers in a Cup match, and he knows nothing of the fine points of yacht racing or of yacht design. In spite of which he has been a patron of the sport ever since his first challenge in 1899, and has had a large yacht in commission and racing in English waters nearly every year since 1900, except during the dark days of the war when all yachting abroad was at a standstill. His yachts have always been raced by a professional skipper and crew, except during the last match of ten years ago, when England's leading amateur helmsman, Sir William Burton, was at the wheel.

In order fully to appreciate just what the America's Cup stands for in the eyes of American yachtsmen, and its influence on yachting on both sides of the Atlantic, we must go back to 1851 and the building of the *America*, the first yacht from this country to cross the Atlantic to race in foreign waters. In that year representations were made to the New York Yacht Club, then in existence only seven years, to send a vessel to England to meet some of the British yachts, Great Britain at that time being the foremost yachting country of the world. As the speed and seaworthiness of the Sandy Hook pilot boats had already become known across the Atlantic, it was suggested that a boat of this type be sent.

In spite of the difficulties of the undertaking, Commodore John C. Stevens, of the New York Yacht Club, who had always taken a keen interest in the development and design of yachts, and who was a thorough sportsman, got together a syndicate composed of members of the club and started in to get a suitable vessel. Coming of a well-known family of Hoboken, members of which founded Stevens Institute, he had long been interested in the development of steam navigation, as well as of yachting.

Some two years before this invitation to send a vessel abroad a young ship modeler and builder, George Steers, had turned out a pilot schooner named the *Mary Taylor* that reversed all previous theories of design, discarding the full bluff bows and long easy run of the accepted type, the "cod's head and mackerel tail" form, and substituting a fine, sharp entrance, with the greatest beam farther aft, and the after-body filled out. The *Mary Taylor* had proved remarkably successful, and as Commodore Stevens had collaborated with George Steers on the new theory of design, it was natural that he should turn to him for the model of the new yacht.

The *America* was built at the shipyard of W. H. Brown, at the foot of East Twelfth Street, New York, where Steers was employed at the time. She was a moderate-sized schooner, embodying the new theories referred to, being 90 feet long on the water and 101 feet 9 inches over all. One of the terms of the contract for her construction was to the effect that if she did not prove the fastest vessel in the United States she need not be accepted. As a matter of fact, the *America* was beaten several times by one of our "crack" sloops, the *Maria*, but the syndicate took her, after knocking off some $10,000 from the contract price on this account, and went on with their plans for the invasion of England. The little vessel made a fast passage of twenty days across the Atlantic to Havre, France, where she was refitted, and sailed for the Solent, then, as now, the centre of yachting in Great Britain.

ARRIVING about August 1, Commodore Stevens and his crew found considerable difficulty in getting a match race with any English yacht. They had made a "tactical error" on the day of their arrival by taking on for an impromptu brush the cutter *Laverock*, which had sailed down the Solent to meet the visitor, and in the six-mile turn to windward back to Cowes the *America* beat the *Laverock* so decisively on the wind that apparently no other British yachtsman cared to match his boat against the stranger. Finally, thinking that perhaps the stakes were not high enough (it was an age when men backed their judgment and preference with cash), the Commodore posted a challenge to sail the *America* against *any* British vessel whatsoever, for any sum from $5,000 to $50,000. Still meeting with no response, and despairing of making a match, Commodore Stevens decided to enter an open race of the Royal Yacht Squadron to be sailed on August 22, over a course of some fifty-three miles around the Isle of Wight. In this race were entered seventeen British cutters and schooners of all sizes, from 47 to 392 tons, the pick of the English yachting fleet. The race was to be sailed without time allowance for size.

ON THE day of the race the wind was light at the start, and the *America* was slow in getting away. Although the course was not a good one for a stranger, with heavy tides and variable, fluky winds, the American yacht started to work through the fleet once they hauled on the wind, and had no difficulty in winning, though at the end the little *Aurora* was coming up fast and was less than two miles astern of her. The prize for this race was a Cup put up by the Royal Yacht Squadron, called the Hundred Guineas Cup, by reason of its cost. After sailing one more race against the schooner *Titania*, and winning it by a wide margin, the *America* was sold in England, and Commodore Stevens and his crew came back to the United States with this Hundred Guineas Cup representing the sole proceeds of their summer's adventure. The *America* herself was not to return to the home of her birth for over ten years.

In 1857, six years after winning the Cup that has since come to bear the name of the schooner *America*, the surviving members of the syndicate that financed her building turned the trophy over to the New York Yacht Club to be held by that organization as a challenge cup open to competition from yachts of any foreign country, the deed of gift stating that it should be held always by the club defending it, and not by the owner of the yacht, and that it should forever remain open to competition under the terms of the deed. The race to be sailed this year will be the fourteenth in which we have been called upon to defend it, all of the challenges coming from Great Britain, except two from Canada. In all that time no challenger has been successful, Sir Thomas Lipton coming the closest to taking it in the last match, in 1920, when he had two races out of the three required to win before the defender, the *Resolute*, got going and took the succeeding three.

The influence of the *America* on yacht design was immediately felt both abroad and in this country. The theory of sharp, concave bow sections, with the greatest beam moved aft, was soon accepted generally, and the *America's* rig, with its closely woven sails, cut much flatter than the prevailing practice, was extensively copied. But it was nineteen years before anyone challenged for the Cup, and then it was an Englishman, James Ashbury, who brought over his schooner *Cambria* to race for it. Expecting to sail a match race, the challenger was disappointed upon being forced to sail against a fleet of fourteen American yachts. Thus, the conditions of this race were very nearly the same as in the race in which the Cup was won, and of which we had complained bitterly at the time. In fact, the history of this, and of many of the subsequent races for the Cup, give a fine insight into the sporting ethics of the times. It was an age when the desire to win outweighed the dictates of sportsmanship. Anything was considered fair if it increased our chances of victory.

As an example of this, in the very next race, sailed in 1871, James Ashbury challenged again with a new schooner, the *Livonia*. But he objected to racing against a whole fleet after sailing 3,000 miles for a match race. So the New York Yacht Club complied with his request for a match, but reserved the right to name the defender on the day of each race, the match to consist of the best four out of seven races. Then, with rare acumen, the club proceeded to pick its two best light weather boats and its two fastest heavy weather "horses." So, when the morning of each race came, the Committee sized up the weather and proceeded to pick its representative accordingly. The poor challenger did not have a look-in. Again, some years later, when Canada challenged for the Cup, and asked for some guaranty that its yacht would not have to sail against a whole fleet, the Club admitted the justice of the request, only to be berated by the press of the country. One yachting writer thus scathingly rebuked the officers of the New York Yacht Club:

> Any craft challenging for this Cup, in our opinion, should sail against all of her class that can be mustered, and therefore these single-handed matches, and also the waiving of any conditions named in the deed of trust, constitute a bad precedent. It is an axiom of sport that "a good match is won when made," and really our yachting friends, guardians of the America's Cup, do not shine as match makers.

According to the deed of gift (there have been several deeds since the original one) the challenger was also required nearly a year in advance to give the exact dimensions of his proposed contender, which could not be exceeded in any particular; and then, with these figures to guide us, we could proceed to build any kind of a boat we desired in order to beat her, something which never proved very difficult under the circumstances.

But with the passing of time and with the development of a different view of the ethics of the game, a more liberal attitude was adopted, and the races of the last thirty years have left the challenger little to complain of in the matter of terms. And this year marks a still further advance in the way of liberal terms towards the challenger. Instead of asking him to give the required dimensions of his proposed yacht, the America's Cup Committee proposed to Sir Thomas that, rather than build to a specified water line length, he should build to one of our regular open rating classes, and offered, in case this was done, to meet him with a boat of the same rating and sail the match boat-for-boat, instead of with the customary time allowance for difference in rating, as in the past. Sailing with time allowance has never been satisfactory, and is but little understood by the general public, which can not see in a yacht race why the first boat to finish should not be the winner.

This offer Sir Thomas and his advisers accepted, and chose Class J, or 76 feet rating. With the terms of the match thus settled, we then proceeded to build four defenders, each rating 76 feet, or just under it. For the uninitiated, this rating of 76 feet does not mean that the yachts are 76 feet in length. As a matter of fact, our four yachts vary from 80 to 86 feet on the water line, and from 121 to 130 feet over all, while their displacement (weight) ranges from 128½ to 158 tons, all of the boats having about the same sail area, approximately 7,550 square feet. But from the measurement formula of our rule, which takes into consideration length, sail area, and displacement, the resulting rating of each works out at 76 feet. The *Shamrock V*, challenger, is not far from the dimensions given above, being 81 feet long on the water, 120 feet over all, 134 tons displacement. She carries 7,540 square feet of canvas in her working sails.

While the *America* was built and campaigned by a syndicate, most of the Cup defenders and challengers that came after her were owned by individuals until the *Vigilant*, of 1893. With her coming, the cost of building and running a Cup yacht through a campaign had become so great that not many individuals cared to shoulder the burden, and recourse was had to syndicate ownership. In the case of the four defenders of this year, it is estimated that the total cost of building and running each will be between $700,000 and $800,000, with very little salvage on the boat after the races are over. And this is quite a figure for even a wealthy sportsman to carry for a year's racing. So four syndicates were formed and the work of producing four suitable defenders commenced.

Since the last Cup match ten years ago the situation in regard to yacht designing in America had undergone a great change. Both Nathaniel Herreshoff, who had turned out all our defenders since 1893, and William Gardner, who designed the contender *Vanitie* in 1914, had retired. None of our younger naval architects had had any experience in yachts of America's Cup size, although they had all turned out many successful smaller yachts under our rule. There remained Clinton H. Crane, a naval architect of wide experience who had not been practising his profession for many years but who had designed many fast smaller yachts as an avocation during the past few years.

So one of the four syndicates sought out Mr. Crane and he agreed to turn out a boat for the defense. This is the *Weetamoe*, for the syndicate headed by George Nichols and Junius S. Morgan. The former will manage and sail the yacht throughout the season, and in the Cup match if she is finally selected.

Of the other syndicates, the one headed by Harold S. Vanderbilt turned to W. Starling Burgess, whose father, Edward Burgess, designed the successful defenders *Puritan*, *Mayflower*, and *Volunteer* in 1885, 1886, and 1887. His boat is the *Enterprise*, and Mr. Vanderbilt is sailing her. The *Weetamoe* and the *Enterprise* were built at the Herreshoff plant at Bristol where so many of our Cup defenders of the past took shape.

The New England syndicate, composed of Boston yachtsmen, went to a Boston designer, Frank C. Paine, and he turned out the *Yankee*, of which John S. Lawrence is manager. The Secretary of the Navy, Charles Francis Adams, is sailing this yacht in her trials, and as he was in charge of the *Resolute* in her defense of the Cup in 1920 it is likely he will be aboard her in the Cup match if she is chosen.

The fourth boat, the *Whirlwind*, is for another New York syndicate, headed by Landon K. Thorne and Paul Hammond. For the design they went to L. Francis Herreshoff, a son of the famous "Nat" Herreshoff, of Bristol. This boat is, perhaps, the most radical of the four. She is a double-ender, with a long pointed stern, is the largest boat of the quartette, and has the greatest displacement. She should be at her best in a breeze of wind, but strong breezes have been rare during the trials up to the time this is written. In the one such chance she had to show what she could do, the head board of her mainsail pulled out and she had to retire ignominiously. This boat, also, is the only one of the four built of wood, the others having bronze plating over steel frames. It has a double planking of wood over steel frames, which is also the construction of the challenger, the *Shamrock V*. The two boats last named were built at the yard of George Lawley and Son, Boston.

Some criticism has developed in the matter of the extremely light rigs on all our defenders. This was to be anticipated, for the four boats have the tallest masts ever seen on yachts of their length, the spars being hollow, and from 162 to 168 feet in length, all in a single stick with no topmast. The temptation to overdo on the side of lightness was great, as there are no restrictions on the thickness of spars, weight of rigging, or canvas. This seems the one weak point of this year's Cup yachts, and many doubts are being expressed as to whether these tall, light spars can be kept in the boats in a whole sail breeze and a jump of sea such as may be met on the Block Island course in any of the series of four out of seven races the yachts will have to sail.

It would be a great shame if, after providing for sturdy, substantial hull construction, we should by any chance lose the Cup we have held for seventy-nine years because spars and rigs did not prove equal to the strain. If this should happen, or if any of the Cup races had to be called off, as one was in 1920, because the wind happened to be piping at a merry 22-knot clip, there would be much heartburning among yachtsmen, and a justifiable howl of protest from the American public that our yachts were mere playthings and not worthy descendants of the brave schooner that sailed across the Atlantic to win the Cup in 1851.

Sea Bird

By Charles Ballard

I am a voice out of wave and cloud,
A word flung over bright salt spray,
A white flash under a sudden sun
Striking across green wastes.
I am one with the roving wind and sleepless sea.
Down the swift purple hollows I sink — am lost
And born again.

I am a cry
Out of wet rocks — a lament
Off bitter sands.
I am not I —
Only space —
And wind and spray!

Hills in the Valley

By John Pell

A Hopeful Look at Business

A DEPRESSION is like a valley. It lay beyond the hill all along, of course, but while we were climbing we could not see ahead or down, only up into the clouds. They were gold and silver, fascinating clouds. Our eyes were fixed on them. But suddenly we felt dizzy. We were falling at an incredible pace. With our eyes still fixed on the fascinating clouds we had walked over the edge of the precipice. We fell and fell, as we had done before in dreams. We landed in a heap, aching from head to foot. The clouds had vanished, there was nothing anywhere in sight but desert. We groaned a little and then tried to stand up. Finding we could, we tried to walk. That was successful too, though it hurt and progress was slow. However, we trudged on across the desert, feeling blue and thirsty — too tired to consider the sudden disappearance of the golden clouds. At last, however, we began to look around. There were hills in the valley. In spite of the surrounding desert, some of them were high, green hills, covered with those beautiful exotic flowers we had grown used to when we were climbing before the fall. Some even had patches of melons.

So we began to take bearings. The desert seemed endless — sand, sand, sand. The only animals in sight were bears, sniffing and pawing around the edges of the hills. It was the hills which finally attracted our attention. In a desert, after all, sand is commonplace — bad news is no news in a depression. It is the hue and cry of the mob. But good news is exciting, oases, hills in the valley. In spite of general conditions, so and so is doing better than he did last year. He is worth watching. People are poorer but they are buying more of Whosis's novelties than ever before — Why?

LET us try to analyze the desert. How wide is it, how dry? People no longer talk about the weather, they talk about the depression. They watch its symptoms with glee. They bemoan the pains of poverty with all the relish of an appendix victim.

In studying the effects of poverty, where shall we begin? With the luxuries of course. During the boom we did not gloat over the fact that we could afford more food than we could eat. We spent our surplus on luxuries. Logically then, if our surplus has been reduced, we are spending less on luxuries. How can that be tested? By studying the earnings of companies which sell luxuries?

The greatest American luxury, you will agree, is the Movie. Poor movie magnates, they must be starving! The public has lost its surplus, it has to stay home evenings and play the piano or discuss literature. But does it?

The industry as a whole expects to set a new record of prosperity this year. Out of eleven leading companies, eight have shown better share earnings for the first quarter this year than the corresponding period of last!

WELL, well, how extraordinary! There must be a catch. There is. Talkies. They have given the movies a new lease of life. In spite of our poverty, we clamor for more and louder talkies. We would go without dinner if we had to for talkies.

But we don't have to. The figures show that more dinners are being bought (and presumably consumed) this year than last. Bigger dinners, too. Childs Restaurants, the most famous purveyor of dinners, expects to show a one hundred per cent increase in net earnings for the first half of this year. Of course commodity prices and management changes enter in, but hungry customers must be entering in too, for competitors are prospering as well. The Waldorf System, B/G Sandwich shops and Bickford's have all beaten last year's first half earnings, and Willow Cafeterias have just completed a record June.

Commodity prices have helped make these showings, of course, but if they are the main factor the food wholesalers must be passing the benefits on to their customers and doing poorly themselves. But this is not the case. General Foods, United Fruit, United Biscuit, and Borden, four of the largest food wholesalers, covering diverse fields, all report improved earnings for the first half of this year as compared with the first half of last.

NOW it may be argued that these figures are merely an indication of the away-from-the-home movement which is sweeping the country. Restaurants are prospering because people have given up eating at home. Well, the home lovers will be pleased to know that there are some bright spots among the food distributors who cater to the housewife. A & P, the greatest of these, during the month of June this year showed an increase of fifteen per cent in tonnage distribution, as compared with last year. For the first six months, American Stores, Dominion Stores, First National Stores, Grand Union Stores, and Safeway Stores, all chain grocers, each reported a sales increase over last year. Even such widely diversified specialties as Hershey Chocolate and International Salt show improved earnings. The American housewife has not abandoned the kitchen. She has converted it into a kitchenette!

In spite of the depression, then, we are eating as much as ever and going to more movies. How do we do it? We must have cut out something. Is it tobacco? The American Tobacco company has just split its stock and declared an extra dividend. With the discovery that Queen Mary smokes, the company expects to do even better next half year. What then?

One of the great American luxuries is bubbles. Water is just as refreshing without bubbles, but the American public won't drink it unless it comes in a bottle with color, sugar and bubbles. Now bubbles would be a really sensible luxury to abandon in such a time as this. The money we put into bubbles would pay our stock market losses in no time. Let us investigate. Liquid Carbonic, which manufactures more bubbles than any other concern, reports for the last eight months a ten per cent increase in sales over the like period of the previous year. White Rock, for the first half, shows a gain of a hundred thousand dollars in net profit. Coca Cola has just completed its record first half. Even Lily-Tulip, which makes the cups from which we drink our bubbles, and Anchor Cap, which caps the bottles in which they come, are showing better earnings than last year.

Have you ever heard of snuff? Perhaps you have seen your great-great-grandfather's snuff-box. Did you by any chance think that snuff had gone out of use? Send for a report of the American Snuff Company. Its net operating earnings were over two million dollars last year, and during the first quarter of this, its sales showed a decided upswing.

If the habits of our forefathers have lingered, we have at least produced some new ones — chewing gum, for instance. Our most American philosopher, Will Rogers, chews as much as he thinks. Perhaps it is the added need of philosophy that is holding up chewing gum sales this year. Each of our three great chewing gum concerns, William Wrigley, American Chicle and National Licorice, reports record earnings for the first half of this year.

America is the land of mass production. We record our consumption of chewing gum by the millions of tons, and our intellectual progress in the same way. The entire reading matter of most of us consists of daily newspapers. Statistics for the first five months of this year show that the North American production of newsprint aggregated 1,771,879 tons, only nine thousand tons less than were produced in the corresponding 1929 period. The intellectual condition of the country may be reported as in good shape.

In spite of the business depression, then, the American public, or a large part of it, is apparently eating, drinking, smoking, chewing, sneezing, playing and thinking as much as ever — living on a scale incomparably higher than that of any other people at any other time. Perhaps that is the trouble. We're spoiled. We cry over conditions which would look to anybody else like the last word in comfort and luxury, because our paper profits have disappeared and because some short-sighted manufacturers were fooled by these paper profits into overproduction.

As a matter of fact, a glance at the figures of new contracts discloses that the great majority of our business executives are intelligent and far-sighted. Although for the month of June the contracts for residential buildings were about half what they were last year, the contracts for public works and utilities were nearly two and a half times as large as the year before, bringing the total above that of 1929. In other words, while speculators and the blind sheep who keep them alive wallowed in pessimism, far-sighted executives utilized cheap money rates and at the same time aided unemployment by building for the future.

Now the far-sightedness of corporate executives is all very well, but it is of no value unless it receives public backing, because the public pays the bills. How is the building programme for this year being financed? By issuing stocks and bonds and selling them to the public. But if the public thinks the country is going to the dogs, it will not invest in its future. Well, the public doesn't think so. In the past six months it has invested more money precisely this way than in any like period in history, some two hundred millions more than last year!

In spite of the Wall Street tradition, the public is not really dumb. The Wall Street tradition arises from the fact that only the dumb part of the public speculates; the majority part invests, and intelligently. It did not buy over three billion dollars' worth of bonds in the first half of this year without good cause. It knew that in spite of all the talk about the panic and the depression, the corporations of the country actually paid out more money in dividends in the first half of this year than in the corresponding period of last — nearly forty million more. Of course this is largely the result of last year's earnings, but directors who foresee a serious falling off of earnings withhold boom profits in their reserve.

The bond buying ability of the public indicates not only its psychology but its prosperity. People who are living from hand to mouth do not rent safe-deposit boxes. There are other indications of public prosperity. More life insurance has been written so far this year than last — a fact which can be only partly due to Calvin Coolidge's entry into the field. Foreign loans in the first five months exceeded those of last year. The savings banks report a steady increase in deposits.

It is conceivable that baby went without shoes so that its parents might eat and go to the movies, but even the charms of the average bond salesman could hardly account for buying bonds instead of shoes. As a matter of fact, the shoe industry does not seem to be worried. Three of the largest units — International Shoe, Florsheim, and Brown Shoe — report improved earnings over last year. Likewise, two of the large clothing concerns— Associated Apparel Industries, and Adams-Mills— report better earnings than last year. The New York area department store sales for the first time in months were up five per cent. Macy's is said to be benefiting directly from the stock market collapse because many of its customers, who graduated to Fifth Avenue last year, are back again. Best's is benefiting from the charming Best Twins who smile disdainfully from the pages of the haughtier periodicals. Many potential customers are undoubtedly attracted into the store in the hope of finding out whether the "twins" are really twins, while some are in the hope of finding out their telephone number. But the real test of economic stability is the white collar class. Is it increasing or diminishing? The Cluett-Peabody Company, manufacturers of the Arrow Collar which established the standards of male beauty for America, reports increased earnings for the first six months. Again, falling cotton prices must have helped, but you can not make profits without sales. The white collar class is holding its own.

MONEY consists of gold or some substitute for it, some piece of paper which one is satisfied may be converted into gold with a reasonable amount of trouble. Yet the prosperity of the country is not only judged by the quantity of gold within its borders, but also by the circulation of gold and its imaginary substitute, commonly known as credit. People who are frightened (and some people are always frightened) hoard their gold, hide it away in stockings and cellars, instead of sending it out into the world to earn its keep.

If the gold owners of the country had read carefully the financial advice offered them in the last month or so, and believed it, they would have gathered their gold together and buried it in the ground. Now the American Bank Note Company specializes in the manufacture of paper for credit purposes. Since its earning power depends on the circulation of credit, its profit and loss statement should be some indication of credit conditions. Its recently published six months' report shows a slight gain in net profits over last year.

With our circulating credit, then, we are still buying food, clothing and amusement. Is that all? What about the home — is it going to rack and ruin? Is the nation living on park benches and under haystacks? Suppose that it is. That would account for the fact that the Consolidated Laundries Company, which destroys more dirt than any other organization in the world (including the Watch and Ward), is breaking last year's record for earnings, as well as Procter and Gamble and Colgate-Palmolive-Peet. More dirt, more laundry, more soap, so to speak. But would it account for the fact that the Auto Strop Razor Company and the Kelvinator Company are also doing record business? Kelvinator's record indicates, of course, the shift from ice boxes to ice machines, but, curiously enough, the American Ice Company established in May an all-time record of business for the month. It is said that competition from the ice machines has stimulated advertising and efficiency in the ice industry. In other words, improvement and competition helped everybody. This instance should be carefully noted by those who are opposing the Socialistic tendencies in economic legislation.

THERE seems to be no adequate survey of salaries, so they will have to be passed by. With that exception, it appears that those industries which supply the legitimate needs and tastes of the Average American Family (and remember that its standards are the highest which the world has ever seen) are prospering. Of course there are serious tangles in certain industries, but they have resulted from technical conditions within the industries and not from reduced public buying power, the cause of real depressions.

The great automobile industry is aching from head to foot, but if you think the public is not buying, price a few second hand cars. Ford Motors Limited and Ford of Canada, which represent the public's participation in the great Ford Company, have both been put on a dividend basis this year! The consumption of electric power in the first six months of this year exceeded last year's by seven per cent. The shipyards of the country are the busiest they have been since 1921. The steel industry, which is supposed to be tottering on the verge of bankruptcy, shows at least two companies earning more than last year — Blaw-Knox and American Chain. The American Telephone and Telegraph Company, whose stock can be bought $100 cheaper than last year, showed increased earnings for the first half of this year over the like period of last. Its president, Walter Gifford, reports an increase in the number of long distance calls — but that is probably due to excited brokers calling for margins!

It is, after all, the speculators who brought about the fall, and it is they who are suffering. Men who commuted in yachts last summer are riding in the subway this. That of course accounts for the fact that both the Brooklyn-Manhattan and the Brooklyn and Queens Transit companies show improved earnings this year. But it does not explain the statement in *The Wall Street Journal* that one of the largest yacht dealers in the country estimates an increase of fifteen per cent in this year's business over last, and that his increase is not at the expense of competitors. As a symptom of depression, we are preparing for the world's most expensive sporting event— the America's Cup race — by building four contestants for the honor of competing in the event. Never mind how much that cost. The new *Corsair*, launched this summer for J. P. Morgan, is said to be the world's most luxurious yacht — though it can not exceed, in charm and comfort, Commodore James's *Aloha*.

Now it may be said that deductions should not be made from individual cases or the reports of individual companies, that industries should be regarded as a whole. But this is an account of particular cases, of hills in the valley. If there are so many hills in sight, the tidal wave or river or glacier which made the valley can not have been a very forceful one. Perhaps it was really only a gust of wind which laid the grass and flowers flat. After a few fresh nights and sunny days they will be straight and strong again. There are really arid spots in sight, but the country as a whole is not prostrate. We seem to love excesses, to let ourselves be preyed upon by dreams. Last year we imagined a paper boom, this year a paper depression.

Over the Narrow Acres

By Anne Blackwell Payne

If, to remain desirable and dear
To you, I must affect an unconcern;
And shield my lantern lest the path shine clear
And straight ahead without a trick or turn,
Illumined and direct; if to insure
Your steadfastness and zeal, I must pretend
It difficult and strange and insecure —
You need not be my lover nor my friend.
As I have no apology nor shame
For any flower that blossoms in my yard,
I will not cloud my constancy, disclaim
And dull the royal shade of my regard:
Neither dispel with apathy nor art
The shadow of your loss upon my heart.

Because you may not love me seems no reason
That even reticence should not despise,
At this unthrifty and most gracious season,
The chary admonitions of the wise.
I know them all. I learned them long ago.
Tell not your love nor give your heart away.
Still I can hear the stingy counsels blow.
Tomorrow I may listen; not today.
I call you dearest and it makes a sound,
For me at least, that thrushes can not shame.
Trumpet and flute and 'cello all are drowned
Beneath the better music of your name.
It is my anthem for an April hour
That hinders not a leaf nor curbs a flower.

Henceforth I may be something less to you,
For even in this luminous year of grace,
The proper pedestal my grandma knew
Is not entirely quaint, and woman's place
Not yet a legend. Sires that bore your name
Guarded frontiers you scarcely would revise,
Where maid might be a moon but not a flame,
And had no words for loving but replies.
My self-esteem is scanty frost to kill
The words that rise and bloom upon my mouth.
And prudence is a murmur growing still,
Defeated by a wind that's from the south.
Love is a wilful steed on which I ride
Over the narrow acres of my pride.

Alexandra Kollontay

By Katharine Anthony

The World's One Woman Ambassador

Alexandra Kollontay remembers that as a child she was conscious of an unusual destiny. The self-assurance manifested thus early has carried through until today she occupies a unique position in the world. As Plenipotentiary Representative of the U. S. S. R. to Norway, she is the only woman diplomatist in international politics. Coming from the far North of Russia — St. Petersburg and Finland are her background — she is not a Muscovite but a European Russian, and that means, among other things, that she is temperamentally inclined to Internationalism. Her skill as a diplomatist rests partly on that fact.

Along the wide, tree-planted Drammensveien of Oslo stands a row of stately villas which house the envoys of foreign countries in Norway. A brass shield on one of them proclaims in Russian lettering the name of the Soviet Republic. Within, in a set of busy offices, with typewriters clicking, messengers scurrying, telephones ringing, a complicated business is carried on under the direction of a woman executive. As you enter her office, a pair of large gray eyes, thoughtful to the point of sadness, is raised to greet you, but a quick smile assures you that the owner has no need of sympathy. You present your business — whatever it is that brought you — and you feel at once in contact with an overflowing energy. In the spacious, quiet office, secretaries come and go, speaking several languages — what people these Russians are! Alexandra Kollontay herself speaks eleven — bringing more letters and documents to the already heaped-up desk. Presently the telephone rings and Her Excellency interrupts her conversation with you, in whatever language that may happen to have been conducted, to converse in fluent Norwegian. There is something electric and modern about her, impossible to define — something swift and efficient in keeping with our post-war age.

"I can telephone to my son from this desk," she says, pointing to the instrument. He is, as you learn in passing, an engineer at work on a hydro-electric enterprise in the mountains of Sweden.

Alexandra Kollontay's childish conviction of being "chosen" may have been partly due to the fact that she was the offspring of a romantic union, subsequently legalized. It was probably also an awareness of her unusual powers. She was never sent to school, and thereby hangs a tale of irony. Her mother, who was a conservative parent, was afraid of the effect of a public school on her daughter, especially as Alexandra was already given to too much independence. So she employed a governess who successfully prepared the student at home for her university entrance examinations but who also planted in her growing mind the seeds of revolution. The governess, whose name was Marie Strachova and whose memory is honored by her pupil to this day, was a member of the intellectual revolutionary movement of the 'Eighties. She gave young Alexandra an interest that prepared the way for the future ardent Marxian.

From the beginning Alexandra Kollontay was that rare thing in Russia, a feminist. Although she looks scornfully upon bourgeois woman's rights, no one has spoken, written, or striven more industriously than she has to win place and recognition for her sex as such. The work that she has done for women in Russia is really phenomenal and, although she gives due credit to Lenin, Trotzky, and Sverdlov for their assistance, it is obvious from the nature of the circumstances that she has done it almost entirely alone. Her Marxian comrades were slow to admit the working woman into the working class, and it was mainly the persistence of the educational campaign carried on by Kollontay that eventually led them to do it. She formed the first Russian working women's club in St. Petersburg in 1907, several of the charter members of which are now in prominent and responsible Government positions. From the working women's club sprang working women's journals, women's trade unions, international affiliations. Through it all the tireless organizer flew back and forth like a shuttle finding its intricate but steady way through the pattern of a newer and a better life for women. She finally brought it so far that both branches of her party — Menshevik and Bolshevik — seriously took up the woman question in their programmes. This seemed to her, says Kollontay, almost like a personal honor, which it undoubtedly was.

Alexandra Kollontay has always had a tendency toward the left. When the Bolshevik party declared against the war in 1915, she cast her lot with them. When the New Economic Policy was in turn adopted by the same party, she became a leader of the workers' opposition. The speech which she made at that Soviet Congress can no longer be circulated in Russia and for reasons that are apparent. Its cogent, cutting criticism of the new policy and its sponsors and its moving eloquence on behalf of the workers is too dangerously effective. What must have been the feelings of Lenin when she turned to him as her last hope for the Russian working-class! "Ilyich will ponder, think over, listen to us," she said, speaking for the rank and file, "and then will decide to turn the party rudder toward the opposition. Ilyich will be with us yet." To him as to this pleader for the least of the

Russians the ultimate decision must have been a deadly blow. They bowed to it; but for Kollontay it made exile welcome and for Lenin it meant — but let us not read tragedy into that heroic life.

Instead of going to a university as she was prepared to do at the age of sixteen, Alexandra Kollontay was married early. So much her parents effected, though she refused to take the kind of husband they wished to provide for her. She married her own choice, a young cousin, an engineer, and had a son by him. But marriage and maternity played small part in her life. She continued to read and study, chiefly in the field of economics, and attached herself to secret groups of the like-minded. Her young husband and kinsman had no part in these enthusiasms. Beyond his name she took nothing from him into her future life. Kollontay herself says that no man who ever stood close to her influenced her point of view. "On the contrary," she asseverates, "mine was always the ruling one."

Finally she left her home, husband and child to go to Zürich and study. Zürich was the Mecca of the rebellious in those days and this newest emigrée to be added to the colony was the focus of all the discords of her time. The revolt of a small nation, the wrath of the down-trodden workers, the rising of women against slavery, the struggle of the ignorant for enlightenment, of the oppressed for freedom, of the stifled for self-expression — all flared up at once in the breast of this pilgrim. But the blue and white city, with its placid lake and sparkling air, must have had a calming effect on the tumult within her, for she studied to good purpose, acquiring method, learning, and the power of prolonged industry. For three years she remained there studying, though at last she left without her doctor's degree. All the training she had gained during this sojourn was placed henceforth at the service of the Socialist party, which she joined officially on her return to Russia.

Indefatigable student, she has that genius for detail which goes with the highest order of intellect. She has done heroic things in research. Her first literary and scientific achievement was a study of the *Life and Work of the Finnish Proletariat.* It was the fruit of her Zürich training and her childhood days in Finland. Her next work was *The Social Basis of the Woman Question*, which, appearing in 1908 when all the world was vibrating to the shock of the English militants, aroused much popular interest. Even the Russian women were stirred enough to make this book of Kollontay's a popular success. Her monumental work, however, came later when she published *Motherhood and Society*, the Russian edition of which fills six hundred pages. Alexandra Kollontay had been delegated as an expert by her colleagues in the Duma, that passing attempt at a Russian Parliament, to make a study of maternity protection laws as far as they existed. Her survey covered all of Europe and Australia and concluded with practical recommendations which were wasted on the Duma but were snapped up by Norway. Even in countries like our own, which is still far from following her recommendations, the study became known as a hand-book on the subject. Social workers who were interested in infant and maternity welfare learned at least to know the name of Alexandra Kollontay. Her book was an enduring contribution with an international mission. No other author and no other country have produced its equivalent. It remains a classic in the field, a unique contribution, for which some internationally-minded group should strike off a medal.

There is an aspect of Alexandra Kollontay's life to which only an expert in mystery stories could do justice. We in America need to remember that she was brought up under a régime in which ideas were contraband and thinking was treason. In order to live at all, for to a personality like Kollontay's thinking is as necessary as breathing, she was obliged to learn the art of underground travel. She began in the illegal societies for popular enlightenment, progressed to the outlawed Socialist party, and next attained the status of a political traitor. A fiery pamphlet on the Finnish question procured her the last. "I was obliged to vanish in all haste," she says, "and never saw my home again." Nevertheless she attended a Woman's Congress in St. Petersburg the following December, or, at least, a part of it. "I was obliged to flee before the end," she notes. Her life henceforth shows the wandering trail of exile. She traveled from land to land. She has probably been active in more countries than any political character of our time. In 1911, she was in a Paris strike and gave a course of lectures in Bologna; in 1912, she was in the Borinage in Belgium, and with the youth movement of Sweden in opposing militarism; in 1913, she was in England breasting an anti-Semitic outbreak. The war overtook her in Berlin, but she soon left Germany for the neutral ground of Sweden. In 1915, she spent five months in America, covering the country from coast to coast in a lecture tour. She knows more about the United States than any other Communist standard-bearer with the possible exception of Trotzky. And through all her varied life of exile, she never adopted, as did many of her male colleagues, a fictitious cognomen. She has always remained "Kollontay."

After sixteen years of political activity, much of it as an agitator, after being once shipwrecked almost into the hands of the enemy, it remained for her to be first arrested for antiwar propaganda. This happened in her trusted Sweden. Long years' experience had given her a feeling of immunity. "I had felt so safe," she says, "that I had taken charge of Shlapnikov's papers. Under the eyes of the police I succeeded in sticking them under my blouse and causing them to disappear." She was sent to a Swedish prison and from there to a Danish jail. By some turn of fortune, she arrived in Oslo a free woman and before the local police had time to pounce upon her, she had solved her problem. In a little wooden hostelry, like a camp in the Adirondacks, on the top of the Holmenkollen, she took up her residence. Beneath her lay Oslo and the glittering sound, spread out in full view, but the sphere of the Oslo police did not reach up to her. The mountain top belongs to the next rural district and the police there ignored her. "They let me stay," says Kollontay gratefully, "they just did not bother."

Small wonder that she loves Norway and feels at home there at present. The city which once banished Ibsen has redeemed itself by welcoming this companion of his spirit. As Ambassador, she has met with great success. Step by step, she has furthered the commercial and political relations between Soviet Russia and Norway until at last they have become normal. When the trade agreement of 1926 was finally ratified by both Governments, the conscientious envoy felt she should then go elsewhere and start at the bottom again. The logical place was Mexico, and thither as Ambassador she was accordingly sent. But the long sea-voyage exhausted and handicapped her and the unaccustomed climate failed to restore her. The United States refused her entrance, and the unfriendly conditions on all sides caused her to pine. It became necessary for her health's sake to leave Mexico, and, circumstances favoring it, she returned to Norway. There in the midst of an amiable and democratic people, she has become herself again.

Literature has always attracted her. Like all great personalities, she can dream as well as act. At the height of her career, she turned from economic and revolutionary subjects to write on the subject of modern love. Her stories contain glimpses of old St. Petersburg on the Neva, combined with the stark realism of new Russia. Her themes are emotional. Perhaps few Americans would enjoy them unreservedly for they have the true Russian quality, a bold reaching back into the primitive from which we Americans shrink. In her fiction Alexandra Kollontay returns to her own country. One meets in her stories an entirely different woman from the one we have come to know in public life: Alexandra Michaelovna, a child of her race.

An essay on the same subject as her novels brought maledictions down upon her head. Many Bolsheviks are Puritans in the bad sense of the term. Alexandra Kollontay's attempt to state the sex question for youth was a stroke for realism which should have been more appreciated. Like her efforts on behalf of mothers and children in the early days of the Revolution, her championship of youth was misunderstood. In a world which had suddenly turned upside down, the rising generation was striving desperately to orientate itself, a pathetic human struggle which only rare souls like Kollontay were even aware of. Women had played the part of men throughout three years of horror — had been sappers, soldiers, police, generals, and had grown used to it. Afterwards in the new-born society they had had to work like men, shoulder to shoulder with them. In the cities, crowding — one room for three persons, *et cetera* — had become usage. Among the young people, both students and workers, had sprung up a kind of free relationship, a so-called new morality. Youth was only as usual carrying on tradition, but it was a new tradition created in storm and stress. While some of it was due to abnormal conditions, some of it was wholesome and Kollontay was only trying to separate the wheat from the chaff. But her attempt to thresh the problem met with violence and opprobrium.

SHE was in danger several times of being mobbed. The famous legend about the nationalization of women which was bruited about in this country was bruited about just as noisily in Russia, with the sole difference that here the Communist Government and there Alexandra Kollontay was made the scapegoat. About this time a private sorrow interfered with her public life, the one and only instance in her history of such a thing's happening. Nevertheless it led to her retirement as Commissioner of Public Welfare and gave courage to those enemies who love to kick the fallen. "Frequently," says she, "I was obliged to spring out of the tramway before the people recognized me, for I had become a veritable topic of the day and was often forced to listen to the most unbelievable insults and calumnies against me."

Persecution added to unhappiness the last straw and the splendid fighter of so many battles became dejected and ill. But soon the battered citadel reared itself again. With colors flying and pennants streaming, Kollontay resumed her place in the vanguard of her country. Packing her trunks with books, selecting her secretaries, and clinching a coöperative consul, she set forth cheerfully for Norway, once more a pioneer. The job which she has done there bears testimony to her youthfully expanding powers and is a precedent as well for envoys in general. She has turned a position which is often a mere mark of honor into a stiff employment.

AND so the large-eyed little maiden who once played with the peasant children on her grandfather's estate, no doubt ruling them rather grandly, though she resented even then the fact that their food and clothes were different from hers; the avid pupil of Marie Strachova; the immature young wife and mother slamming the door of her doll's house for the life of a student; the ardent disciple of Marx and Lenin; the wanderer, the exile, who at last entered the promised land only to be cast forth again; the committeewoman of Smolny and the foreign organizer of business and trade relations; the philosopher who looks back and says that the gain was worth the cost; and — lastly — the emerging artist taking her sensitive first steps: — all these personalities and still more are united in Alexandra Kollontay, Russia's Ambassador to Norway. She wrote recently in a memoir: "In earliest years I knew that to follow the true bent of my life I must outgrow myself." She has done this, gloriously, not once but several times.

Right Off the Boat

BY PHELPS HAVILAND ADAMS

What goes on in spite of the fact that the Coast Guard doggedly continues to board and search vessels

THE very first day that the first government made the first law prohibiting trade in the first contraband article, the first man embraced the ancient and picturesque profession of smuggling and clasped it to his bosom with a fervent hold that has never since been relinquished. Just what that day was is not a matter of record, for on that day, the first historian had not yet been born.

Down through the ages such men have labored in the still of night, in the dark of the moon, matching their skill and cunning against the best of every nation, and have safely landed their forbidden cargoes on every inhabited shore, just as their rum running descendants are doing today.

They have smuggled monuments, slaves, aliens and brides; cattle from the Channel Islands, merino sheep from Spain, white elephants from Siam, and camels, into the United States. They have even succeeded in running a fully-equipped cruiser out of San Francisco Bay and into a South American port. Neither the size nor the character of their illicit cargoes has, it appears, ever deterred them. The most powerful and best organized governments have been unable to do more than hamper their movements.

The two favorite items of contraband, however, are diamonds and liquor. Vast organizations have been built up for the sole purpose of smuggling these two things, and the business, until recently at least, has been carried on with profit and success.

WITH the enactment of the new tariff law last June, diamond smuggling in the United States was stopped, and the great organizations which had operated with bases in Antwerp and Brussels were virtually disrupted — not because the customs force had captured its ancient enemies but because the Government surrendered to them and lowered the duties. For a century and a half the customs had employed every known means to stamp out smuggling, and a few years ago a special "Diamond Squad" was established in New York. Huge sums of money were spent in the work but, in spite of everything that could be done, the illicit gems continued to pour into the country. Merchants purchasing gems abroad took them to smuggling syndicates in Belgium, and by paying twelve per cent of the wholesale value insured safe delivery in America, escaped the duty of twenty per cent, and saved the remaining eight per cent on the transaction.

Finally, yielding to the demands of reputable jewellers whose business was suffering from the activity of unscrupulous dealers who were cutting prices and selling smuggled gems, Congress removed the duty on uncut diamonds, and lowered the rates on cut diamonds to ten per cent, so that smugglers could no longer operate profitably.

Congress, however, shows no inclination to remove alcoholic beverages from the list of contraband, and for the present at least, the fight with the rum runners must go on.

LIQUOR running is by no means a new occupation. As long ago as 1769, the authorities in Philadelphia seized a cargo of Madeira wine and impounded it. Hijackers stole it from the warehouse in which it had been stored and word was passed among the residents of the town that some excellent wine was to be had at greatly reduced prices.

Before the consignment could be sold, however, some snoopers told the authorities where their missing evidence might be found, but the sedate community was so thoroughly aroused by this that a mob was organized and the informers were seized, pilloried, tarred and feathered, and driven out of town.

The business in those days, however, was a desultory one, poorly financed, and haphazard in its methods. Not until Prohibition created the great American thirst did it become organized along modern lines and prepared for mass production.

Today it is one of the nation's most thriving industries, operated by great syndicates, backed by millions of dollars, directed by high-salaried executives selected for their brain and cunning, equipped with every modern facility, and fully prepared to satisfy the craving of the American throat.

Today — and every day — this industry augments America's liquor supply by more than 10,000 gallons which really do come "right off the boat."

RUM Row, to be sure, has gone forever from the Atlantic Coast, although remnants of it still linger in the Pacific. The old, slow, tall-masted vessels which hovered in groups just beyond the territorial limits and waited there to sell their cargoes to the small boats which came alongside, have no place in the modern picture. The "rummies" of today can not afford to waste their time that way.

The modern rum runner is specially built for the work it must do. Certain shipyards in Nova Scotia specialize in the building of these craft, which are designed with almost as much care as would be given to a vessel of war.

The new boats are broad, low-masted, and sit well down in the water so that they are difficult to see. They are powered by the most modern type of engines, provided chiefly by a well-known American firm, and are capable of operating at high speed. The bow of each is hooded over so that in rough weather large quantities of water will not be shipped. In many cases the vessels are partly armored, and in almost every case they are equipped with unlicensed radios. A few of them are specially designed to be able to throw out dense smoke screens in time of need, and all of them are registered under foreign flags so that they may not be stopped and searched unless they come within an hour's sailing distance of the shore — which they are careful not to do.

More than one hundred such vessels are known to the Coast Guard as smugglers, or "blacks," and of these all but a dozen have sought and obtained the protection of the British flag.

Once built, the "rummies" set out for one of the many sources of supply which lie near the coast. Hardly had the Prohibition law gone into effect when the old smugglers' hideouts in the Bahamas, Bermuda, and the Mexican Gulf ports began to take on new life, and today Belize, Bimini, Gun Key and other ports in the vicinity of the Caribbean export large quantities of liquor which somehow find their way past the barriers set up by the Customs, Coast Guard, and Prohibition forces, into the United States.

THE chief sources of supply, however, are the barren and desolate islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon, off the coast of Newfoundland. These islands, which are little more than great piles of rock rising out of the ocean, were, at the conclusion of the French and Indian War, ceded to France by Great Britain.

The treaty which gave them into the possession of "His Most Christian Majesty" provided specifically that they should be maintained as a shelter for fishermen, and that no buildings were to be built thereon except for the use of fishermen and a small garrison of soldiers.

For many years they represented a dead loss to the French Government, and it was not until the Prohibition law went into effect that they began to pay dividends in the form of customs receipts.

They owe their prosperity entirely to American Prohibition, and while the inhabitants have a warm and friendly feeling for the Eighteenth Amendment, the French Government has at least permitted the use of these islands as a base for smuggling operations against the United States. The principal liquor houses of Europe have opened branches there and large quantities of alcoholic beverages are imported only to be exported again in rum runners.

ST. PIERRE, which has the only good harbor in the group, is picturesque in many respects, and in one it is unique. It is the only port in the world where information concerning the movements of ships is not public property, and where the officials refuse to divulge the avowed destinations of ships clearing from there, or the nature of the cargoes carried.

The master of a vessel may ask for clearance papers to heaven or hell, and receive them without being required to answer any embarrassing questions as to the course he intends to steer in order to reach his destination.

As might be expected, therefore, most of the "rummies" take on cargoes at St. Pierre. Once they leave port, their movements are directed from various "headquarters" by means of radio. As they steam down the coast, they are kept informed of the movements of Coast Guard vessels, as far as possible, so that trouble may be avoided.

Some of them pull up off a small island which lies off the Connecticut coast, and on which lives a man whose duty it is to route the "blacks" and to arrange their rendezvous. He rows out to them in a small boat and gives them instructions as to the exact day and hour at which they are to heave off to a particular stretch of coastline.

If any difficulty arises before they reach the appointed spot, or if a Coast Guard vessel is known to be in the vicinity, their orders are changed by wireless. If not, they proceed directly to the designated place, where they are met by a fleet of small boats which operate in conjunction with groups of trucks, and which are also directed by radio.

All messages, of course, are transmitted in a skilfully devised secret code, and the bases of land operations are moved frequently so that detection, except by accident, is virtually impossible.

Once their cargo is safely overboard, the rum runners continue on their journey to some southern port where they load another cargo of liquor and sail, presumably for St. Pierre. This cargo is disposed of in the same manner.

Sometimes they must go to great lengths to avoid detection. One ship, known to Prohibition officials, sailed from Vancouver with 300 tons of liquor aboard, bound for Antwerp. After passing through the Panama Canal, she actually went to Antwerp, unloaded her cargo there and got a landing certificate for it. Then she loaded it all back on board with 477 tons more and returned to the Pacific Coast, where she hovered until her entire cargo of 777 tons had been landed.

For many years it was the practice of vessels clearing from the Bahamas to get two sets of clearance papers — one stating that the ship was in ballast, bound for an American port, and the other that she carried a cargo of liquor to Halifax. Thus armed, the "rummy" would sail with a cargo of liquor. If she smuggled it successfully, she would put into an American port in ballast, get a cargo of some kind to pay for the trip back, and would repeat the process. If she failed to land the liquor, she would proceed to Halifax, produce the other certificate, and try it all over again.

As the result of negotiations with Great Britain, however, this practice on the part of Bahaman officials has now been stopped.

A similarly peculiar situation was to be found until recently along the Canadian border. At one time it was the practice of bootleggers to load up a rowboat and get clearance papers to Havana, but, by treaty, the Canadian Government later agreed not to issue clearance papers in cases where it was obvious that the vessel concerned, because of her size or condition, was unable to reach her avowed destination.

Thereafter the bootlegger and his rowboat could no longer clear for Havana, but he could ask for clearance papers to the United States, and as there was nothing suspicious about this, he got them.

For six years the United States Government tried to persuade the Canadian officials to refuse to issue papers to those vessels, bound for the United States, which carried contraband, and for six years the Canadian Government declined to do so.

At last, however, it has yielded, and its law, prohibiting this practice, has recently gone into effect, with the result that smuggling over the border has been stopped, temporarily at least, until the rum runners find some new way of circumventing the law, as the Government agents know they will.

The continued success of the smugglers, however, must be laid entirely to their courage and their skill, the unlimited resources that they command, and the seemingly infallible judgment and cunning of those who direct their enterprises.

Under no circumstances can it be said that the Government agencies charged with the prevention of smuggling have been lax in their duties or failing in zeal. They are fighting a war to the best of their ability, and are badly hampered because they are bound to fight in accordance with the established rules of international law, while the smugglers are untrammeled by law or rules of any kind.

Every agency of the Government which by reason of its practice or its ability in its particular line is fitted to deal with smuggling, has been pressed into service. The State Department, the Department of Justice, the Prohibition Bureau, the Customs, the Coast Guard, and even the Navy itself have been used as focal points through which all the talent and the power lying behind the Government has been brought to bear directly upon the smugglers.

The actual fighting, however, is done by the Coast Guard, and wherever there is trouble at sea, at home, or with the Governments abroad, it is the Coast Guard which has to stand for it.

Millions of dollars have been spent in recent years to augment this service by building new vessels capable of meeting the rum runners on an equal footing, and by enlarging the personnel. At present there are 349 craft ranging in size from 315-foot destroyers to 45-foot motor boats, and all of these, in time of need, may be called upon to participate in a rum chase.

More boats are needed, and more men, but the Coast Guard officials admit that they will never stop smuggling by apprehending and seizing all those engaged in it. Their only hope, they say, is to make the business unprofitable by hampering the smugglers at every turn.

To this end, destroyers cruise outside the territorial waters, in search of known or suspected "blacks." As soon as one is sighted, the destroyer informs other vessels in the squadron of its position, and a patrol boat is dispatched to the scene at once, while the destroyer lies alongside or pursues the smuggler.

The patrol boat, taking up the chase, must follow the "rummy" day and night, never losing sight of it, until all chance of landing the illicit cargo has passed. So long as the "black" is being trailed it can not make contact with the small boats which are waiting to run the liquor to shore, as the small boats, being of American registry, can be seized at any time, either inside or outside the territorial limits.

Moreover, so well is the coast line patrolled that it is only on moonless nights, or under cover of fog, that a landing can be attempted. Then too, during the summer months, the nights are so short that unless contact can be established before midnight or one o'clock at the latest, the cargo can not be safely got ashore before dawn.

Therefore if a patrol boat can trail a "black" until a few hours before dawn, or through the few days during which the moon is dark, it may return to its base assured that that particular cargo of liquor will not, in all probability, be sold in a speakeasy for another month at least.

In this way the Coast Guard hopes to take the profits out of rum running, and its vigilance to this end is astonishing. It has learned to cling to its prey in spite of fog, smoke screens, and all varieties of heavy weather. The Naval Intelligence service keeps busy deciphering the codes used by the smugglers, and information concerning their plans and their whereabouts is flashed by telephone, telegraph and wireless, from the naval stations, from boats, from the numerous Coast Guard stations on shore, and through commercial channels.

The Coast Guard itself uses three codes, all of which are as carefully devised as those employed in time of war. The High Code is known only to commissioned officers and is completely changed every ten days. The second code is known to warrant officers, and the third, a simpler one, is used in the transmission of orders to smaller boats not commanded either by commissioned or non-commissioned officers.

Thus the Coast Guard and the smugglers use the same weapons in waging their war, both seizing upon the newest creations of science and turning them to their own particular uses. There is, however, one important exception. While both sides resort, at times, to the use of arms, the smuggler prefers to buy off his opponents. With his vast resources behind him, he is in a position to bribe those who stand in his way, while the Government has no corresponding weapon of defense. The pay of the enlisted men and even of the officers in the service is small and the temptation to make as much as a whole year's salary in a single night, perhaps, is overwhelmingly strong.

Less than a year ago Prohibition agents staged what was hailed as the "biggest dry raid of all time." Among the amazing discoveries incident to this raid was a mansion on the New Jersey coast. In a secret room was a high-powered sending and receiving set at which an operator was kept on duty at all times. In another room was a fully equipped plant for cutting, bottling and labelling imported liquors. Huge tanks, buried in the earth, were used for storing the contraband. Underground tunnels led from the house to the sea, and there was a veritable arsenal stocked with the usual assortment of gangsters' weapons.

The most depressing discovery

however, was a little black account book which showed that hundreds of thousands of dollars had been paid out in graft to Government agents, and that in spite of all the efforts of the Coast Guard and the other anti-smuggling agencies, the profits of the organization had reached figures well up in the millions in the short space of six months.

The Coast Guard has not yet made smuggling unprofitable. This branch of the service, nevertheless, has another duty which it has performed faithfully and equally futilely. It may board, search, and, if violations are found, may seize American vessels wherever they are, as well as the ships of many foreign nations whenever they come within one hour's sailing distance of the shore.

Furthermore, it may fire upon any vessel which refuses to heave to and be searched, and it has been fairly common for masters of ships to complain that solid shot, from a cutter's gun, has sent unfriendly geysers of water spraying over their decks. So zealous in fact has the Coast Guard been in the discharge of these duties that it has made itself downright unpopular within the country, and has kept the State Department busy answering the complaints of irate Ambassadors who are directed by their Governments to demand explanations.

In defense of the Coast Guard, officials say that it has no choice in the matter; that if once the smugglers learn that they can disobey with impunity an order to heave to for examination, the service will be powerless to carry on its work, and that therefore it is necessary to fire upon vessels, which, when ordered to stop, attempt to escape.

Without doubt, much of the criticism levelled against the "dry navy" is unjustified, but the files of the State Department are, nevertheless, crammed full of correspondence which, although couched in gentle and even complimentary phrases, says ugly things in a very nasty way.

So numerous are these diplomatic "incidents" that it would be manifestly impossible even to list the titles of those cases which have come under the official notice of the department. Two of the most recent ones, however, are those of the rum runner *I'm Alone* and the *Shawnee*.

The Coast Guard vessel *Walcott* first sighted the *I'm Alone* off the coast of Louisiana, and after ordering her to stop fired a solid shot across her bow. How far the Canadian vessel was from the shore at the time is a matter of dispute, and the Canadian Government insists that she was not within treaty limits, and that therefore the Coast Guard had no right to try to stop her.

Right or wrong, the *Walcott* continued firing until its gun jammed, and there was nothing left to do but to pursue the rum boat and to call, by radio, for aid. After the chase had lasted for two days, the cutter *Dexter*, answering the *Walcott's* signals, steamed up and opened fire upon the *I'm Alone*, riddling her with shells and finally sinking her more than 200 miles from land. Although every precaution was taken to prevent injury to the crew aboard the rum runner, one man was drowned because the vessel was not equipped with life preservers.

The case provoked an indignant complaint from the Canadian authorities, and although it was submitted to arbitration months ago, no settlement has been reached.

The *Shawnee*, another Canadian vessel, was fired upon by the Coast Guard shortly after the *I'm Alone* affair, and brought forth another vigorous protest. The master of the *Shawnee* insisted that he was twenty-six miles out to sea when the incident occurred and that two of the shells from the cutter struck his ship. The Coast Guard insisted that the *Shawnee* was only 14.7 miles from shore, and that she was running without lights when ordered to stop. The incident was finally closed when the United States tendered an official apology, and admitted the illegality of the action taken by the Coast Guard.

The principal difficulty in all of these cases is the uncertainty attaching to the vague phrase which is contained in all of the anti-smuggling treaties which have been negotiated between the United States and foreign countries, and which provide that the vessels of those countries may be searched so long as they are within "one hour's sailing distance of the shore."

Not knowing the speed of many of the vessels it searches, the Coast Guard assumes that all vessels are capable of making twelve knots. When, however, it seizes a vessel twelve knots out, and later discovers that the speed of the craft is only eight knots, the trouble begins and the State Department has more explaining to do.

In spite of the criticism heaped upon it, the Coast Guard doggedly continues to board and search vessels and the official records of the service show that, during the last year for which figures are available, 80,263 vessels were boarded. Of these, only 2,571 were reported for violations, and in many of these cases the infractions were of a minor nature, having nothing whatever to do with smuggling.

The fines and penalties imposed for such violations amounted to $424,725 and even if all of this sum had come out of the pockets of smugglers, it could have been defrayed by increasing the prices on the liquor successfully smuggled in, by two and six-tenths cents per quart.

Here, too, then, there is little chance of making smuggling unprofitable.

Even the Prohibition agents find the situation discouraging. According to their own estimates, 4,000,000 gallons of liquor are successfully smuggled into the country each year, and this, they say, is an "irreducible minimum." They admit that a similar quantity will be brought in next year and the year after.

Obviously, then, the patrons of 33,000 speakeasies in New York City alone will continue to imbibe unstintingly, and their hosts — or hostesses — will continue to assure them that the stuff has come right off the boat!

Ace Polo Players

By Charles E. Parker

Spotlight on the Personalities that Gather around Meadowbrook

It seems there were a couple of Irishmen, Pat and —

No, the common or smoking compartment introduction will not do at all, at all.

The Pat is not really Pat, albeit some of his intimates do use that as a nickname. And, instead of the proverbial Mike, the party of the second part in this instance bears the label, Aiden.

I suppose I could say: "It seems there were a couple of Irishmen, C. T. I. and Aiden."

But that is rather chancey. There is none of the pristine puissance of Pat or the verdant virility of Mike in such identifications as C. T. I. and Aiden. The employment of the manifold initials in the one case and of the not inherently Celtic cognomen in the other might strike the dyed-in-the-wool Owld Sodder as a reflection on the he-manness of the Emerald Isle. And you know what is apt to happen when you are caught at anything like that.

Nevertheless, there were — more to the point, there still are — "a couple of Irishmen, C. T. I. and Aiden." That must be set down sooner or later. And, if the gentleman from County Kildare — or is it Roscommon? — with the fidgety shillelah will bear with me for a few paragraphs, I am sure I shall be able to keep the old tin hat, vintage of 1917–18, in moth balls, and, God willing, take my place beside him in the rambling wooden stands of International Field, Meadowbrook, Long Island, when the British quartet, led by the aforesaid "couple of Irishmen," rides out in quest of that most precious of polo trophies, the International Challenge Cup.

To me, C. T. I. and Aiden are the most engaging figures of the impending series. And that, you should know, is no trifling qualification, for romance has ridden with every regular and spare of the cup-defending American team and with all other members of the challenging British squad.

Take, for example, the life story of Thomas Hitchcock, Jr., the American captain.

It would open with the day some twenty years ago when his daddy, who had captained the first Yankee quartet ever to engage in international play, presented to the then very youthful Tommy a sawed-off mallet, placed the boy astride a shaggy-haired Shetland pony, and started him on a polo career that has been without parallel.

It would move rapidly to 1917 to find Tommy, too young to qualify for enlistment in the American forces, signing on with the Lafayette Escadrille, riding the reverberating Continental heavens as he now rides the rolling polo fields, until he was shot down and captured by the Boche, then making a daring escape from a German prison camp, travelling by night through miles on miles of enemy territory to Switzerland, where news of the Armistice came as he was making plans to rejoin his flying unit.

IT WOULD find him in 1921, still under voting age, leading the American invasion at Hurlingham that was to bring the International Challenge Cup back to this country; setting the swift pace in 1924 and 1927 for the American quartets that successfully defended that trophy; driving a Yankee team to victory in the 1924 Olympic games at Colombes; turning back the very potent Argentine threat of 1928; winning the maximum rating of ten goals at an age when most players are still striving to master the game; displaying skill so far superior to other ten-goalers that the polo powers-that-be seriously pondered increasing the handicap maximum for Tommy's particular benefit; forcing such seasoned rulers of the sport as Louis E. Stoddard and Devereux Milburn to yield to his will in matters of polo policy, and finally winning appointment as Big Four captain and as chairman of a Defense Committee of his own choosing — offices that make him the most powerful individual figure the game has known.

The story of Winston Guest, the second ranking player in this country, has its very interesting aspects.

He was born the son of Frederick C. Guest, a British internationalist of another polo era, and, as he began galloping to fame a few years ago, and while still in his teens, there were those of the land of his nativity who counted the days when he would enlist under the British polo banner. They visioned the international matches then to come as bristling duels between Tommy Hitchcock, for America, and the towering Guest, for Great Britain. But Guest's American mother, who had insisted that her boy be educated in an American college, also insisted that he play his polo in and for this country. And it is as a newly naturalized citizen of the States that he will ride into action against his native land.

IF FOR no other reason than his service as an instrument in the social revolution of the game, the story of Earle A. S. Hopping, a third member of the Yankee group, would capture attention. From the time polo was first taken up in this country social lines were sharply drawn. When an international tourney of any sort was in the offing only those of Meadowbrook's inner circle were accorded favorable consideration. But, in 1928, with the Argentine series knotted at one game all, Tommy Hitchcock reached into the ranks of the "outsiders" and plucked young Hopping from the group, and it was through his sterling play that the Yankee four won the deciding match and the championship of the Americas.

And there are aspects as interesting, as unique, or as thrilling in the stories of Elmer Boeseke and Eric Pedley, the dashing, dazzling Californians; H. W. (Rube) Williams, the wild-riding Texan; W. Averell Harriman, Stephen (Laddie) Sanford, Robert E. Strawbridge, Jr., and on down through the entire Yankee squad to the midget G. H. (Pete) Bostwick who, after the gates had been closed on Big Four candidates, virtually carried the barriers with the same daring horsemanship that has made him the leading gentleman steeplechase rider in the land.

As for the associates of C. T. I. and Aiden — the men who will ride with them in the impending cup series — one is that pint of polo poison, Lewis Lacey, a Canadian-born, Argentine-trained soldier of fortune who, after having carried the South American republic to within a mallet's length of polo supremacy in 1928, has thrown his lot with the British; and the massive and meteoric Gerald Balding, British-born, Yankee-trained young man, whose rise, almost over night, from polo mediocrity to polo distinction is discussed in awed whispers.

Still, to me, "a couple of Irishmen, C. T. I. and Aiden," are the most engaging figures.

Their surname — they have a common one, for they are brothers — is Roark.

That in itself is noteworthy. Not since the Waterburys — Lawrence and the late Monty — played up front for the pre-war American teams has there been a brother combination in international cup competition. In the days of the Waterburys that was not so surprising. There were fewer polo players then. But polo now numbers its thousands of active devotees, and here is a case wherein a polo-playing nation — a polo-playing empire, rather — searching for the four best men among its several thousands, has found two of the four in a single family.

The manner of finding them is even more remarkable.

Unlike the Hitchcocks, the Guests, the Hoppings, *et al.*, the Roark brothers had no polo background. True, they came naturally by their understanding of horseflesh and their ability to handle spirited mounts, for they are the younger generation of a family of horsemen. Since the mind of man runneth not to the contrary the Roarks of Ireland have been breeders and trainers of Irish thoroughbreds and, down through the generations they have sent many a winner to the post in the racing classics of Erin. But there was no polo-playing sire to pass the lore of the game on to his offspring.

C. T. I., or, to give him his full name and title, Captain Charles Thomas Innes Roark, became acquainted with polo while serving with the British forces in India following the World War. Civil disobedience campaigns were unthought of in those days, and the young subalterns and the older officers turned for red-blooded recreation to the ancient and national sport of India. The slim-waisted, dapper Captain Roark was one of their number.

His polo might have been limited to that tour of duty in the Far East save for an accident.

Great Britain, in 1927, had issued a challenge for the cup and, mindful of the fact that it had scored only one conquest over America since the Yankees first brought the trophy to this country in 1909 — one conquest in the six engagements of that eighteen-year period — British polo authorities saw hope of victory only in the recruiting of new blood. It was to India and to the polo-playing Army officers stationed there that they turned.

Captain Roark was not one of the men originally selected. He was newer to the game than many others and was not rated sufficiently high to command attention. On the eve of the squad's departure for England and the test matches, however, one of the chosen players found it impossible to make the trip. And, for want of an available substitute, the pestiferous young Irishman was taken along.

The British did not win the 1927 series with their Army-in-India team. But that was not the fault of Captain Charles Thomas Innes Roark. Regarded as a lowly spare, the roaring Roark — and he is never silent when a game is on — proved himself the outstanding player on the challenging team — a man who rode with the hard-riding Americans, asking no quarter — a man who hit from all angles and all positions with a force and an accuracy never before seen in British play.

Aiden Roark's introduction to high-goal polo also was the sort of thing that eases the mental strain on writers of sport fiction. It came last September in the American open championship tournament at Meadowbrook.

The Anglo-American Hurricanes, with Captain Roark in command, were facing the Roslyn four, led by Harold E. Talbott, Jr., in a semi-final match, and the score was tied at seven goals all when Talbott was thrown and so seriously injured that he could not resume play. No substitute was carried by the Roslyn team and, in order to finish out the game, its members were in the act of pressing into service one of the stable grooms.

The latter was moving off to procure the customary protective apparel when a seemingly frail youth leaped from the stands, dashed out upon the field, removing coat and waistcoat as he ran, and presented himself as ready — not only ready but tremendously eager — to take the place of the injured man.

He laughed at the suggestion of equipment, rolled up his shirt sleeves, tucked trouser legs into his socks, snatched up Talbott's helmet and stick, hopped into the saddle from which Talbott had tumbled, and with an, "I'm quite ready, gentlemen," sent his pony cantering up the field while he took a few practice swings with the strange mallet and then brought his mount around into position for the toss-out.

The game in which Aiden Roark, the younger of the Roark brothers, played that September afternoon lives in the record books as the longest match in the history of our open championship, and it lives in the memories of its observers as the most thrilling and dramatic in national title play.

The score, seven-all when Aiden Roark took the field, remained at seven-all through the regular playing time of eight chukkers. An extra chukker was played and the deadlock still continued. A second extra period followed, but no change in the score. A third extra session was added on and still the score remained seven to seven. And it was not until the bell was about to sound the conclusion of a fourth extra period — twelve periods in all — that the deciding goal was produced.

Stirring moment dovetailed into stirring moment throughout the long battle, and the bizarre figure of Aiden Roark, his shirtsleeves unfurling at every other stroke of his swinging mallet, his trousers flapping out of the restraining socks, his ill-fitting helmet dropping over one eye and then over the other, or flying from his head to roll unnoticed under the hoofs of the racing ponies — that bizarre figure was to be found in the centre of the kaleidoscopic action.

WITH him, sometimes as the pursuing, at others as the pursued, was his older brother, Captain Roark, for the match, from Aiden's entry onward, was an intra-family struggle rather than an inter-team engagement — and neither of the Roarks would give ground.

In fiction the younger Roark would produce the winning goal. In fact, however, it was the elder. But that did not take from the glory that was Aiden's. He had proved himself ready to meet the best of the game on even terms.

It was that match that prompted me to write an article for *The New York Telegram* last September suggesting a drastic departure from the then announced plan of the British polo powers.

"IF IT is Great Britain's desire to send the strongest possible team into the International Cup series," this article ran, "it might be well for its polo authorities to send Captain C. T. I. Roark over here early next summer with instructions to recruit its Big Four from polo-playing citizens of British birth who now reside on this side of the Atlantic. . . . When and if Great Britain reclaims the cup it will be through the work of a combination that knows and plays the American style — the hard-riding, long-hitting, offensive style as contrasted with the defensive and 'soft' British style — and can beat the Yankees at their own game. The British nationals who have been developing their game over here — the Roarks, the Baldings, Lacey, *et al.* — surely would more nearly approximate the strength of the 1930 American four than does the provisionally named British team in whose lineup are Major Phipps-Hornby, Captain Charles H. Tremayne and Lieutenant Humphrey Guinness."

I gloat over that line: "the Roarks, the Baldings, Lacey, *et al.*" For, as you may be aware, the team named by Captain Tremayne for the opening game is, Aiden Roark, No. 1; Gerald Balding, No. 2; Captain C. T. I. (Pat) Roark, No. 3, and Lewis Lacey, back.

Captain Tremayne did a handsome thing in himself stepping down to make way for this new order — a thing that testifies to his sportsmanship, for, as duly appointed captain of the British array, he yearned to be an active rather than a passive leader — a thing, however, that assures the Meadowbrook galleries the most thrilling and closely fought cup series of modern times, and assures Great Britain at least a fair chance of capturing the trophy.

Tommy Hitchcock and his men will meet men who know and play their sort of polo — men who already have played against them with some success.

Captain Roark realized, during his first visit here in 1927, that a British success could come only through the adoption of the terrific pace and hitting of the Americans. He realized then that the tentative British game was not the stuff of which international victories are made. The better to preach and practice the Western style, he came back to this country in 1928 and again last year, increasing his knowledge of Yankee strategy and of the American players. On six occasions during his visits, when opposed by Hitchcock in formal or informal play, Captain Roark came off victorious.

Lewis Lacey, the real veteran of the British contingent, has long been committed to the American style of play. He knows it from the ground up and, through frequent visits here, also knows Hitchcock and his men.

Gerald Balding, although British polo blood runs in his veins, has been reared on American polo. He came to this country seven years ago when still a youth and moved gradually up the handicap scale on the American list to a medium rating and then, last year, with a blazing burst of riding and hitting that approached and at times surpassed that of Tommy Hitchcock and Winston Guest, achieved polo greatness and a place among the select circle of eight-goal men on the handicap list.

Aiden Roark's preparation for international polo was somewhat more sketchy than that of his mates. He came here three years ago unrated and presumably unknown to the sport, to accept a business post with the organization of which Tommy Hitchcock's father is the head. Once associated with the Hitchcocks, however, it was natural that he should become interested in the game. His brief schooling has been under Yankee teachers and, as was indicated in the Hurricanes-Roslyn battle of last year, he has taken to the American game as a suppressed desire takes to a day off.

As was said of his brother's début as an internationalist:

What price polo pedigree when you hand a hammer-headed shillelah to a Celtic centaur!

Keep your eye on "the couple of Irishmen" when the white willow ball is tossed out on the lawn of International Field. Or, if you prefer something more difficult, try to keep your eye off of 'em.

Tinkham

By Oliver McKee, Jr.

A Personality Sketch of the Massachusetts Representative

In staid old Boston town, back in the early 'Eighties, when culture ended twenty miles from the State House, and education was synonymous with a Harvard degree, a twelve year old lad walked one Sunday morning out of an Episcopal church in a very indignant mood. An election campaign was then in full swing, and the boy had just listened to a sermon on politics. The preacher had told his congregation how they should stand on the issues of the hour, and suggested the candidates for which they should vote.

"Father, I think the minister was wrong. I don't think he should have talked to us the way he did."

Many a child is father to the man. At twelve, young George Holden Tinkham knew nothing about politics, but the Pilgrim strain in his blood rebelled instinctively against the parson who a few minutes before had made a campaign speech from the pulpit. Pricked into consciousness that Sunday morning near Beacon Hill, his instinctive prejudice against the political parson has grown stronger with the years, and when a churchman steps across the line, the effect upon Tinkham is as a red flag upon a bull. The separation of Church and State is the great principle upon which he insists, just as ecclesiastical interference in public affairs is the great foe to be fought.

The Caraway lobby committee gave him the big opportunity for which he had been waiting so long. A voice in the wilderness, he had denounced ecclesiastic meddling in the past, but the times were not ripe. President Hoover's attack upon William B. Shearer as a propagandist for the big Navy interests started the ball rolling. Lobbying became the topic of the hour, and the spotlight was turned toward the lobbyists who plied their craft under the shadow of the Capitol. Clothed with a mandate from the Senate, Caraway, the sharp tongued, launched briskly his inquiry into lobbyists. A packed committee brought out some facts about the tariff lobby that were eminently satisfactory to the coalition strategists. The disclosures whetted the appetite of the lobby investigators for more spice of the same kind.

Ever on the alert, waiting for his opportunity, with a carload of facts and documents in his office accumulated over a long period of years, Tinkham knew the tide had at last turned in his direction. In a letter to Caraway, he demanded that the committee give him a chance to make charges against the church lobby, as represented, in particular, by two organizations, the Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America. Caraway could do nothing less than grant the hearing.

Said Tinkham to Caraway's lobby investigating committee:

"IF YOUR committee by its investigations can unmask the indefensible political activity of these two establishments of the organized Church, and of all other like establishments of any church, if there be any, and thus help in a measure to reaffirm the most fundamental principle on which this Republic was founded, the principle of separation of Church and State, in fact and in spirit, for the perpetuation of which principle there is the highest necessity if both the State and religion are to be preserved, your committee will render a great public service."

Tinkham smashed through, and became a national figure almost overnight.

He made his charges, abundantly documented, and every metropolitan paper in the country carried on its front pages accounts of his charge of church interference in politics, and the violation of the Corrupt Practices Act by the Methodist Board. Bishop James J. Cannon, Jr., came before the committee with officers of the Methodist Board, to deny the charges made by the Boston Congressman. But Tinkham had obtained his main objective. He had caught the public ear, and put the Congressional spotlight on the church lobby.

HIS historical and racial background helps us to understand why Tinkham behaves as he does. Without a knowledge of that background, indeed, he can not be understood at all. On his father's side, he traces his descent back to the Mayflower and its Pilgrim company; on his mother's side he goes back to the great Puritan migration to the Massachusetts Bay Colony. On the wall above his desk in his Washington office hang two of his most cherished possessions, veritable household gods, framed documents setting forth, in easy print, his descent from both Pilgrims and Puritans. Ancestor worship? Yes, of a sort. But never forget this about Tinkham: the Pilgrim individuality, and the Puritan love of freedom, are living forces in the make-up of the man who has hurled his bolts against the Methodist "theocracy." He bridges three centuries to fortify himself for the great battle which he feels called upon to fight in the Twentieth Century. No New Englander ever gloried more over his ancestry than he; but Tinkham does more than attend meetings of the Society of Mayflower Descendants. He goes gunning in defense of their principles.

As a Harvard student, he planned to become a professor of history. His family was one of wealth, and the boy did not need to choose a money-making career. His father was a trustee. To the true Bostonian, to spend your capital is the unpardonable sin, and this is the spirit which creates a demand for professional trustees. The son could easily have followed his father's footsteps. Naturally of a studious cast of mind, with a strong curiosity about the past, and with no money worries ahead, Tinkham decided to become a historian. It was his ambition, no doubt, to become the American Gibbon or Thucydides. Before he knocked at the door of the historical seminar, he nevertheless reconsidered his decision. For in analysing himself, doubts had arisen. Was academic life active enough for a man who liked to mix in the world, ride horseback, wrestle, hunt and travel far and wide? Had he, secondly, the patience which the historical investigator needs to pursue truth to its hiding place? And finally, had he the imagination which the historian needs, even when he has got his facts, if he is to make his completed product a work of art? It was at Lake Lucerne, as he gazed at the snow clad peaks of the Bernese Oberland, that Tinkham answered these three questions in the negative.

INSTEAD of taking up post-graduate studies in history, he therefore entered the Harvard Law School. Apparently he was to become a trustee, and a knowledge of law was an admirable thing for any young Bostonian whose main business in life, so far as he could see, would be to handle his own and other people's money. Tinkham's uncle had been in politics, and he felt very strongly that his nephew, with all his material and educational advantages, should also enter public life. Young Tinkham was a bit reluctant, but he finally yielded to his uncle. He offered himself as a candidate for a seat on the Boston Common Council, so often a stepping stone to later political preferment. He was elected, serving in that body in 1897–1898. Strangely enough, he found his first taste of public life little to his liking. So he returned to his law, his travel and his philosophic musings.

YET fate had something else in store for Tinkham than the comfortable life of a Boston trustee. His friends urged him to take a try at the State Senate, and in 1910 he was elected to that body. His election to the State Senate brought him face to face with the old issue of church in politics. A visitor called at Tinkham's office, and asked him how he intended to vote on a certain measure then pending in the legislature, known as the Bar and Bottle Bill. Sponsored and supported by the Anti-Saloon League, the purpose of this bill was to curb the sale over the bar of liquor in bottles.

His caller was an Anti-Saloon League lobbyist. Tinkham listened politely to his arguments, but refused to give the out-and-out promise of support of the League's programme which the man wanted.

"We will denounce you as the friend of vice and crime from every Methodist and Baptist pulpit in your district," the lobbyist threatened.

An answer came quickly enough. "Get out of my office," roared Tinkham, "or I'll knock your head off!" After disposing of his visitor thus unceremoniously, he wrote to every Methodist and Baptist preacher in his district that if he were denounced from their pulpits as "the friend of vice and crime," he would insist upon his right to rise in their churches and reply to the charges. Only one minister so denounced him, a Baptist, Herbert S. Johnson by name. Some years later, Johnson ran against Tinkham in the primaries, but the latter took his measure, four votes to one. To convince himself that conditions were not as bad as proponents of the Bar and Bottle Bill said they were, Tinkham visited in person a score or more barrooms in Boston. He made a careful check of sales, and proved, to his own satisfaction at least, that few customers were taking bottles home with them. Then, as now, Tinkham was ever looking for facts, even barroom facts.

A STUDENT of history from school days, Tinkham is never so happy as he is when he gets a willing listener into the corner, and expounds to him the dangers of theocracy. The principle of the separation of Church and State was the greatest principle which the founding fathers of this Republic contributed to the political thought of the world. History, he tells you, abundantly justifies the wisdom of their decision. Congregationalism was in the saddle in Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Connecticut; the Dutch Reformed Church controlled New York; the Quakers held the upper hand in Pennsylvania; the Catholics were entrenched in Maryland; and the Church of England had the allegiance of the planter aristocracy of Virginia. Only through the separation of Church and State could these divergent faiths live at peace under one flag. By the same token, to his mind, every political parson of today is helping to undermine the liberties bequeathed us by the founding fathers.

HIS attacks upon the Methodist and Baptist churches have naturally brought him a vast correspondence, much of it abusive. In warning the people of our day against the dangers of theocracy he feels that there is back of him the strongest historical support. "The writers of many of these letters interest me," he says, "for, speaking psychopathically, they seem to be a type that is moved by a fanatical religious emotionality which, when carried to its ultimate, lights the fires of the stake. History is full of fearful proofs of the extremes to which this type of emotionalist will go — as in the case of Thomas Torquemada, with his record of two thousand burnings in eighteen years, and as in the case of Massachusetts, when under the domination of ecclesiastics, the Commonwealth drove men, women and children to the limits of the Colony and left them to the wolves. Let every American who would understand the horrors of that kind of domination read Brooks Adams's *The Emancipation of Massachusetts*, a book that is almost a Bible of freedom to me."

The district which Tinkham has represented in Congress since 1915 contains as motley an assortment of human beings as can be found anywhere in the United States today. He is spokesman at the Capitol for the best and worst in Boston, for its wealthiest citizens as well as many of its poorest, for its most aristocratic as well as those at the other end of the social scale. The old Colonial families, the bluest blood in Boston, occupy the first eighth of his district with many multimillionaires and high salaried executives. Yet back to back to this gilded Back Bay community, with its ancient traditions, also in Tinkham's district, lies a colony of Russian Jews, newest arrivals in America. In the second eighth, we find cheap lodging houses, the painted ladies, sports, and the Mother Church of Christian Science. The third eighth is the home of one-half of all the Negroes in Boston, and a large number of Irish Catholic tenement dwelling workmen, and the Irish take up almost all the fourth eighth, as well. Half the German population of Boston have their homes in the fifth eighth, reinforced by a good many more Irish. A fairly prosperous colony of Jews monopolizes the sixth eighth, and in the seventh we find some more Colonial families, not as rich as those in the first eighth, and the other half of Boston's Little Germany. The last segment is the home of the richer Irish, and a good part of the Methodists, Baptists, Presbyterians, Prohibitionists, Feminists, Internationalists and Pacifists of Boston.

The district is normally Democratic, and except Tinkham, the unique, no other Republican now in sight could probably control it. In 1926 the Democrats and Republicans both nominated him as their candidate. Yet Tinkham's control over the motley 300,000 that send him to Congress is not accidental. It is the result rather of a scientific study of his constituents, and an assiduous ministration to their wants. You may read Aristotle's *Politics*, and look in vain for detailed instructions how to handle the multiple racial groups that make up the electorate of an average American city. In compiling his famous treatise on Government, the Greek sage examined scientifically the political data of his day, and Tinkham has applied the same scientific spirit to a solution of his own problem in Boston. There is no doubt, indeed, that Aristotle would find in the bearded philosophic Bostonian a kindred soul.

Tinkham knows his district from A to Z, its various racial groups, their whims, characteristics and passions. By baiting from time to time the South for its failure to enforce the Fifteenth Amendment, he continues to keep the vote of Boston's Negroes in his pocket. He has two busy offices, one in Boston, in charge of Miss Gertrude Ryan, who has been with her employer twenty-four years, and knows more about practical politics perhaps than most professors of political science. The other office is in Washington, in charge of Miss Grace Hamlin, a specialist also on the peculiar problems of the District. The devotion of these two ladies to the bachelor Congressman has been most striking. They have been a material help to Tinkham in many a victory at the polls.

Efficiency is the keynote at both offices. No matter how late they may have to work, his secretaries make a habit of answering every letter from a constituent the day it is received. That helps to create friends. His assistants keep a card index record of every person in the district for which Tinkham has done a favor, great or small. Some 18,000 names have been on this list, and when an emergency comes, Tinkham notifies the people in this group that he would like their active support to meet an opponent's threat. The personal touch means much, and so too does the sense of human gratitude. In 1928 Tinkham was a bit worried, but by calling in his reserves he was easily reëlected, running 30,000 votes ahead of Alfred E. Smith. Were Aristotle to revise his *Politics*, and write a chapter to American Congressmen on "How to Hold Your Districts," he could not do better than consult first with George Holden Tinkham.

Science, too, governs his preparations for his great crusades. A few big subjects hold his attention to the exclusion of more than a perfunctory interest in the ordinary work of Congress. Some of these subjects are the separation of Church and State, the Corrupt Practices Act, the Methodist lobby, the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America, Prohibition, Internationalism, and one or two others. Year by year, Tinkham collects all the data, documents, newspaper and magazine articles on these subjects upon which he can lay his hands. The result is a great store of pertinent documents. It was through his year-by-year accumulation of data and documents on the so-called Methodist lobby that he was able to launch so well prepared an attack on the Methodist Board. The World Court is one of his pet aversions, and his files contain in all probability as much information on the Court as those of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. The same is true of the League of Nations.

Not many men in public life have had a better chance to study the racial elements that make up the American electorate than he. Race is one of his specialties. The vigorous Anglo-Saxon has his special admiration, but he delights also in comparative ethnological studies. In weighing an adversary, he asks first what is his race, and what have been his inheritance, education, environment and religion. Knowing these, he is better able to formulate his strategy. Here is an incident that throws much light on his mental processes. He tells it himself. Tinkham and Henry Cabot Lodge, friends of many years' standing, were once discussing over their cigars the personalities of different Senators. William E. Borah came up for discussion and analysis.

"Do you know, George," Lodge said, "Borah is the one man in the Senate who puzzles me."

The younger man asked what Borah's racial background was. On one side it was Irish, he learned, and on the other German.

"There you have it," declared Tinkham, with the delight of a scientist who discovers facts that support his theory. "It is his volatile Irish blood which explains why you can never tell in advance just what position Borah will take on a given question. But once he has taken a position, and entrenched himself, his movements from there on will be logical. The logical element in his nature comes from his German inheritance." Lodge may not have been convinced, but to Tinkham the enigmatic Borah is an open book.

His is perhaps the most famous beard in American public life. Its fame has become almost legendary. Some of his biographers have told their readers that the beard comes down to his waist. That is gross exaggeration. He wears only a full old-fashioned beard, the kind that men wore when they were men, before the days of safety razors. Tinkham's beard nevertheless is one worth seeing, and it makes him a conspicuous figure in a crowd. At a big social function in the Capital, a Washington woman was trying to impress an out-of-town guest with her wide acquaintance with the high lights. "That is the Secretary of War," she whispered; "next to him is the Vice-President, and the man with the beard near him is the Minister from Bulgaria." In her eagerness for omniscience, she had made a slight mistake. For the Bulgarian Minister was no other than George Holden Tinkham, anti-Methodist, anti-Internationalist, anti-Prohibitionist and big game hunter in Africa.

Tinkham is rated as one of the best educated men in Congress, and he is also one of the most travelled. He began his travels in 1888, and every two or three years since then has gone off on long expeditions to explore the remote corners of the earth. He has wandered from Spitzbergen to Cape Town, from India to New Zealand, from the Balkans to the Baltic. Viceroys, governors, Oriental potentates, and European statesmen have entertained at their board the man who represents the Eleventh Massachusetts District in Congress. He takes his *Statesman's Year Book* with him; he studies the economics, wealth, and racial characteristics of every people he visits. He stores up information and observations which seem to strengthen his own political philosophy, a philosophy whose three main foundations are separation of Church and State, as much liberty for the individual as is compatible with public order, and no foreign entanglements.

A year or so ago, Tinkham landed in London after one of his long overseas exploring expeditions. He was interviewed by a young British journalist, a chap gifted with an imagination not uncommon in his craft. The next day, he was confronted with a big headline, and in the accompanying article he was quoted as saying that he had travelled the world over in the vain search of ten minutes of happiness. The interview made quite a sensation, and literally scores of sympathetic folk wrote Tinkham telling him how he could get happiness — in religion, in service, in love, and so forth. On the steamer homeward bound, he received a telegram from an English lady of whom he had never heard. The telegram contained but one word, "Eureka," with the name and address of the lady who apparently had discovered the secret whereby the Back Bay Congressman could get the ten minutes of happiness for which, according to the interviewer, he had been searching during a lifetime of travel.

His individuality he carries into his mode of living. His hotel apartment in the Capital is one of the most bizarre places in the city. It is full of African game trophies, stuffed animals, and exotic curios from the Far East. It has more the appearance of a museum of natural history than the abode of a human being; and here, too, Tinkham carries his great hatreds. He delights in showing his friends a head named Wayne B. Wheeler, and an Anthony Volstead. Clarence True Wilson and Bishop James J. Cannon seem slated to find places beside them. An inveterate horseback rider, his is a familiar figure on the Rock Creek bridle paths; and one day, after his morning canter, he rode up on horseback to the White House to call on President Coolidge. The arrival of the bearded horseman was the story of the day at the Executive offices.

Except when the matter under consideration touches one of the three or four fundamental principles of his public faith, he is seldom seen on the floor of the House. His eyes are on the mountain peaks of politics, not the cobblestones at his feet. Tinkham delights in repeating a question which the historian Guizot once asked James Russell Lowell: "How long will the American Republic endure?" To the Frenchman's query Lowell replied, "As long as the ideas of the men who founded it continue dominant."

"That is sound, isn't it?" he chuckles, stroking his beard. Tinkham is in the forefront of those battling to save those ideas.

Individualist, nonconformist, a bit of a rebel at times, George Holden Tinkham offers an exception to the rule, that public life pushes men down to a colorless uniformity of thought and action. Regarded by his colleagues for years as a picturesque but rather futile Don Quixote as he set his knight errant's lance in rest against the theocrats, he has succeeded just the same in bringing his quarry from cover. Nor is it inappropriate that a Boston man should turn the trick. While Alfred E. Smith was capturing the vote of the old Republican Bay State, Bishop Cannon and his fellows were doing their best to defeat Smith, and break the Solid South. There is still enough bitterness in the memories of the 1928 campaign to assure Tinkham of an audience when he discourses upon the perils of ecclesiastical meddling in politics. Now that he has exposed the political activity of the Methodists, Southern Democrats may even forgive him for the unkind way in which he has nagged the South because it has refused the vote to its colored citizens. For the Methodist fight against Smith not only ruined the political career of many a Southern Democrat who supported to the bitter end the nominee of the Houston Convention, but also gave Tinkham the big opportunity for which he had so long been waiting.

The Lapping of Water

Strange Doings in a Cabin on the Dunes

By Kingsley Moses

The cabin in the dunes, three sides of it half buried in sand, faced northward to the sea. Its place was in that section set down in the town records as "The tract beginning at the westerly end of the cliff neare the harbour, called by the Indians Hetsconoyet, at the jawbone of a whale sett in the ground by the side of a red oak stump."

It was in this cabin of his, whose bench mark — one might say — was the jawbone of a whale, that Cormoran was found dead. And I guessed why; and how. But guessing and speaking are separate things.

That I knew much of Cormoran, perhaps more than anyone else on the Cape, may have been part cause of my first reluctance to gossip. More than ten years I have lived in this same spot by the sea, alone; not asking nor giving anything. I would not have stirred in the matter of Cormoran had not curiosity to see my own reasoning proved, a certain pride in my own deductions, impelled me to testify at the inquest.

Because in winter Cormoran and I were the only neighbors within five miles, perhaps I shall miss him this coming season; wonder that his steady light no longer shines from the one small window of the cabin.

His last short weeks of life were extraordinary, in the sense that they created an unusual impression upon me — who am so habituated to the usual, year after year. His strange fever began with the reading of the newspaper which, as occasion offered, I used to take over to his cabin. Of himself he would never have troubled to buy a paper, was not of a reading turn, had no books in his shack. His easel with its cobalt, emerald and ochre filled his whole field of vision.

Once a month, punctually on the first calendar day, he would travel on foot to the village, a carefully packed canvas in his arms. This he would dispatch by express to a New York dealer, who had apparently a steady market for such art. The need of food and shelter — both so regularly supplied — seemed to be his only concern. That was true until that April evening when I took him the Boston newspaper.

He had greeted me that night, as was his habit, with a silent nod. On his chipped and scarred table were the faded blue-prints of a naval architect. He would if possible, even before beginning to paint the skeleton of a battered wreck, study the original construction of the manner of vessel as she had been fresh laid on her ways — so great was his mania for accuracy. This evening he merely nodded at me as I dropped the newspaper beside his hand; and I, seeing him engrossed in his labors, sat down on the bench before his open door to watch the last purple and heliotrope glow of the sunset.

I HAD filled my pipe for the third time and dark had come down over the sea when his exclamation startled me — a noise more like the low growl of a dog than any human utterance. Nor was his face all human, as it showed distinct in the light of his ship's lantern; but fearful rather than fearsome. Both fists, as if they were carved weights which should pin his reading to the board, lay clenched upon the newspaper. His lower jaw swung sideways, back and forth, like a loose spar slatting in a gentle wind. The man, indeed, save for the rigidity of those clenched fists, seemed all ashake.

"What is it?" I exclaimed, starting up, astonished by this sudden revealment of emotion in a man heretofore so stolid.

"A-g-gh!" again that guttural growl. "A-g-g-gh — nothing!"

Nor did further urging avail. Deliberately he stowed the paper away in the drawer of the table, and afterward sat speechless for the short space of time I remained with him. Accustomed to his sullen humors I presently went home.

But the next night when I came to his cabin the place was empty, though the door stood open wide. I hailed twice; getting no answer. At the third call I heard a movement, a mere whispering of the stiff beach grass some twenty paces to the east. Cormoran's body, darker than the gray sky behind it, appeared, rising from the shelter of a beached dory which had been cast up there long since and left to rot in the sands right alongside that odd landmark, the jawbone of a whale. "Oh, it's you!" he muttered, shuffling forward, meanwhile stuffing something deep within the leg of his dungarees. But he did not get it out of sight quickly enough for me to fail to see that it was a revolver.

"What's the matter?" I asked, wondering; for a weapon in our peaceful district is something to remark.

"Nothing," he answered shortly; and passed on into the house; there to light his lamp and deliberately spread out his draughting tools. So, dropping the evening paper, I left him, silent.

I missed seeing him the following night; and the afternoon of the next day — the third since he had been so taken astart by that item in the newspaper — folk came chattering that Cormoran was dead. The knife that killed him had struck in between the shoulder blades.

THE inquest, as everyone in the village agreed, promised to bring out nothing of the manner or cause of his death. A coast guard, passing home to his station on his last tour at dawn, had found the body sprawled out beside that rotting dory on the beach, from which, but a few hours before, Cormoran had risen to confront me. The man had been dead only a short time; an hour perhaps.

As Cormoran's closest known acquaintance my name was in the mouth of more than one of the townsfolk. There were many of them — as I have said — who bore me no good will. Reasons for that were plenty. But such idle talk was quickly stilled by the fact of the happy chance that had taken me fishing on the morning of the finding of the body. A dozen men of the town had seen me with my lines far out on the banks before daybreak. I could not have arrived there had I left my beach later than midnight, for it is three leagues or more to the fishing grounds. Guiltless as I could certainly prove myself, I was, nevertheless, naturally summoned to the inquest.

And there, after twenty years' silence, I determined to tell the truth of what I knew of Cormoran.

This was no sudden, impulsive resolve. Be it from the urge of conscience to see that justice was done; be it that I had a desire to see Cormoran's cowardly murderer with a rope around his throat; be it that — even after twenty years — I was not averse to setting right the bad opinion in which I judged Margaret Murtree esteemed me; in any event, the truth, and all of the truth, I did tell.

The story then that I spoke in open court, to be set down in the county records, broadcast, and published by whoever would, was this.

* * *

In the month of November, just twenty years and six months before, on a dark evening at about seven o'clock, the man Cormoran had first appeared. I was living alone then, not where I am now on the ocean side of the Cape and distant from the town, but in a rude shack I had knocked together with my own clumsy hands right at the edge of the breakwater that guarded the village from the onslaught of the open ocean.

The night Cormoran came I was in mood for any hazard, however desperate. Already, however unjustly, I had a bad name among the neighbors. Murtree had caused it to be rumored that I was among those who that summer had plundered the wreck of the bark *Standish*.

That story was false. Others took the profit: I must shoulder the blame. For Murtree was a man of standing, grown and mature; and I a mere lad whose parents, dead years before, had distinguished an ancient name with only the ancient vices. Murtree was at the time forty years of age, and the captain of the coast guard station, as well as a lodge leader, a busy scavenger for votes in the local elections: altogether a man — in such a community as ours — of place and power. All this, and more than a hint of my hatred at the time for Tobit Murtree, I spoke of frankly there at the inquest; the time having arrived, I deemed, to break my twenty years' silence. Margaret Murtree's name did not enter the records, of course; though she had been the first cause of Captain Murtree's spleen against me.

She had been but eighteen; a lithe, brown slip of a girl, with black hair laid smooth on her shapely little head, and gray eyes that looked deep and steadily at whoever faced her. I had loved her, silently, awkwardly, I suppose. She had said once that she loved me. But she had married Tobit Murtree. It was just after his public accusation of wrecking against me. The man lied; lied foully — yes, I reiterated that, even though he lay now in his grave.

But to come back to the tale I told those jurors at the inquest.

Cormoran had come to me in my lonely shack by the town's end. I had finished supper and was, as my whim willed it, alone. He had wasted no moments in light talk or bargaining. "You are no friend of the coast guard," was his statement. "I am not," I agreed. To which his answer was: "Excellent. So I had surmised."

He went on then, straight ahead with his demand. It was, most briefly, that at the hour of midnight precisely I should push off from the beach before my cabin with four casks of water of a capacity of some forty gallons each. He would direct me whither.

IT WAS an ominous night, dead calm, so that the tide made not the slightest ripple on the pebbled beach below the threshold of my hut. And always, hour after hour, the curtains of fog from the sea were shifting in thicker and thicker. There would be no wind for the sails of my sloop, I explained. Four casks would make a load too heavy for my dory. We would take them one or two at a time then, he returned. And the price he named for this small labor was breath-taking.

It was patent that such enterprise had no regard for law. We were a modern enough port even in those days; the beamy old schooner, with "Water" painted huge and black on her mainsail, had long since been chopped to kindling. Three of our piers had pipes that would fill any vessel speedily and conveniently. Why then, if there were not some scent of outlawry in the affair, go to the vaster trouble of shipping the water by cask? I asked this: was met with the rejoinder — would I do it, or no? I said I would.

I HAD at the time no love for the law; and much less love for the forces of the coast guard as represented in our parts by Captain Tobit Murtree. It was he, with his lies, who had balked my heart's desire. Let him look out for himself. I rashly thought that Margaret had chosen only riches — in its comparative sense, you understand. Nor did I blame her for that; I with my hut and sloop and daily fare of fish and clams and such canned stuff as my boy's crude work might provide to purchase, was scarcely a dazzling suitor. The point of all this reminiscence is that I struck hands with Cormoran.

We had a long four hours to wait. Cormoran was so nervous and jumpy that he could not for a single space of five minutes remain quiet in one place. Twenty times an hour he was at the door, always to assure himself that the veil of fog hung impenetrable. In this, at least, he was not disappointed. The fog was more dense than I have often seen it; so thick that my white dory, anchored not ten yards from shore, was invisible. And no slightest breath of wind came to dispel the night's gray-ness, nor brush the placid, empty surface of the water.

Myself, I was busy with my casks. But busy as I was, Cormoran's restlessness did at last become wearisome to me; and I was glad when the strokes of the booming town clock, strangely muffled by the heavy mist, told me that in half an hour we might push off. We began to load our casks — two of them for the first trip, for that was all the dory would stand — and yet, so eager was his assistance, we had yet a quarter hour to wait until midnight sounded. The twelve tolling strokes were infinitely grateful. On the last stroke my quiet oars — for Cormoran had insisted that the rowlocks be wrapped, though I had showed him how little noise carried on such a night as this — caught the water.

We made slow way, for the load was heavy. At Cormoran's command I steered by my pocket compass, southeast by south, for neither star, lighthouse nor contour of land was to be discerned in that opacity of midnight. Yet Cormoran seemed sure that we would make our mark.

WE HAD gone for some twenty minutes when I heard his hissing whisper; and then discovered dimly that his hand was raised in warning. True enough, there were voices ahead; the harsh voices of men in anger. Then, abruptly, a salvo of pistol shots.

I saw that we were right beneath a vessel, her rudder and its post straight at our bow. There was hard fighting aboard, and almost directly above us. I could see the flash of the pistols; but after the first voices there had been no other sound save a shot, now and then, and the thump of running feet.

"Well," I asked as stolidly as I might, "What now?"

As I had hung on my oars we had been drifting idly along the waist of the little steamer — a yacht she seemed from her slim, tapering lines; without much beam, and light, for her Plimsoll mark was two feet out of water. Now, directly ahead of us, loomed another craft. And instantly I knew this for the coast guard's cutter.

"What is this?" asked Cormoran, his voice shaking, his head thrust forward. I told him. He crawled over athwart, toward me. He had a gun in his hand now. "Go back," he threatened. "Back — damn it — and keep your mouth shut. Understand!"

It was in my mind to answer in the same tone. But what use? All that actively concerned us now was escape. And it was a trick of no great difficulty to slide away unseen in that dense, deadening fog. Shortly we were back on the beach. Without words I collected the half of the money still due me — for I had insisted on the first half in advance before I would bestir myself — and Cormoran lost himself in the darkness.

This was the story I told there at the inquest; the story, so far as I was concerned in it, which I had kept shut in my memory for the twenty years.

* * *

The explanation of the whole affair, as everyone there at the inquest long had known, is a story of a dramatic episode in the annals of the revenue service.

A gang of expert artificers, aliens most of them, extremely cunning in their work, had banded together to prepare and issue counterfeit bank notes. Two, Malvado and Stern, were the ringleaders. With exceptional ingenuity they had hit upon the idea of setting up their money factory aboard ship. And Stern, a cashiered officer of a crack European regiment, had been able to play the part of a foreign gentleman of means so adequately that chartering a suitable craft was easily accomplished. And thereafter for several months no one had questioned the business of the trim little yacht *Pendura*, which, with its crew of skilled die-makers and engravers cosily below deck, slid inconspicuously from port to port of the Atlantic.

THEN, as was inevitable in the end, the Federal authorities got the scent; closed down on them suddenly in the port of Boston. They had less than half an hour's start. So quickly was the trap sprung that the *Pendura*, unequipped with condensing apparatus, must needs dash out to sea with almost empty water tanks. This for a voyage that might well prove long and hard run. They had had time only to drop Cormoran ashore, direct him where he would best go for a fresh supply of drinking water. He had come to me.

The fog had made escape easy, almost assured. No soul on shore knew whither they were headed; no one, that is, save Cormoran, their ally. The coast guard for hundreds of miles had been warned, of course. But in that night of overwhelming fog nothing could be seen. The chances were all in the *Pendura's* favor. Yet she had been in our harbor not half an hour when, invisible and inaudible as she was, silently and unseen as she had stolen in, the coast guardsmen were upon her deck. Malvado and Stern, the leaders, were sentenced to twenty years' imprisonment.

IN ALL this time no one but I had known of Cormoran's connection with the gang, and I had practically forgotten it. But at his sudden death there was not much difficulty in piecing together the parts of the puzzle. Cormoran had been at one time an engraver in the Government employ. His skill had few equals; and rising discontent at the niggardliness of Government pay had impelled him to shady operations in his own interest. Ultimately he had been enlisted eagerly by the counterfeiters. When, that night we rowed out to the *Pendura*, disaster had overtaken his confederates and leaders, he had smartly arrived at the decision that his safest burrow was right in the hunting field itself. He foresaw that he might turn his marked talent to other and legal employment; for he had long cherished the itch to paint. So, squatting in that abandoned cabin by the jawbone of the whale, he had daringly enough elected to settle down right among us. And his daring had been justified by the result. Who in this shabby beachcomber, this scarecrow sketcher of wrecks, would have discovered the practised counterfeiter of the *Pendura?*

On one circumstance, though, he

had not counted. And that oversight was, to him, fatal. In the minds of the men, Malvado and Stern, serving their long sentence in the penitentiary, there could be no doubt that one man, and only one man, could have betrayed them. Who else but their master workman knew where they were that night of their capture? Who else could have told?

The discovery in Cormoran's cabin of the sheet of newspaper I had taken him, a sheet turned to the small item that bulletined Malvado's and Stern's release from prison, indicated that Cormoran, too late, had interpreted what must have passed in their vengeful minds; caught a sinister glimpse of his own approaching doom.

All this, of course, came out in the newspapers. It was, for a day or two, a countrywide sensation. I found myself immediately conspicuous; was harassed by the reporters. To them I made it clear that I had told my whole story; that I knew nothing more. Cormoran had come to me on that dull night so long ago. He had hired me: we had failed. That was the whole of my tale; and there, so far as I knew, the tale ended. The arrest of the man called Stern added tow to the smouldering spark. The story ran on again for a week or so. Then it gradually seeped out; was forgotten. Stern was being held for the murder of Cormoran; was undoubtedly guilty. Malvado, though, who might or might not have had a hand in the assassination, was yet free. I, having put the matter from my mind, busy with my humdrum plans for the trade of the coming summer season, never thought of Malvado. Or of how he might read my story.

* * *

My house, whose painted sign alone proclaims it for a store, stands in a cleft of the highest dunes, three hundred paces from the row of clapboarded cottages where live the summer folk in their season. The store entrance, on the sand road which is our main street, is toward the south: my own living quarters with the porch raised high on pilings gives toward the north. The partition between store and sleeping chamber is thick and sound-proof. It was time now to open that section which served me for business, to stock my shelves, make ready for those who would presently be arriving. Each day my horse and wagon took me to the town; each day I returned slowly, well laden with merchandise.

And on these trips to town, in early morning though they were, I chanced more often than ever before to meet Margaret Murtree. With widowhood, it was rumored, she was well content. Tobit Murtree had been no congenial mate; a huge, loud-mouthed, red-faced braggart, courageous enough, but insatiate in his conceit, heedless of the comforts or rights of others. Seeing his own course, he had held to it stubbornly, reckless of consequence; and had died with few mourners.

So, though Margaret was now near forty, even the few months of peace and independence had smoothed away the lines that had marred her pretty face; her black hair, with only a waving silver strand here and there, was smooth and lustrous as when I first knew her, as boy and girl together, bare-legged on the beach. Nor after the manner of most of our women had she grown fat and heavy-hipped; this doubtless because of the active, outdoor life she followed.

Save for the grave greeting of old acquaintances, I had spoken no word with her. Rightly or not, I had the conviction that she had used me ill; that not again, though my heart was drawn to her as steadily as always, should I come creeping, with supplications. Yet so vain is man, I suppose, I did catch myself sometimes before my bit of mirror, wondering if this thin, bronzed, somewhat grizzled man was as straight and strong and eager as the youth who had held the girl Margaret in his arm as their sloop danced delightedly over white-crested wavelets; as the youth who had rowed Cormoran through the blind fog. Twenty years! Is it so long a span? I wonder!

June came; and with it the folk who inhabit the houses on the dunes. My solitude was gone; no longer were the sun and the sea — and the memory of the dead man in yonder cabin — my only companions. The murderer Stern, I saw by my paper's headlines, had escaped the death penalty by the margin of a breath; but was immured again in strong walls for the rest of his days. "The other suspect," a young police reporter, doubtless, had written, "is still at large, a lone wolf, ravening and perilous." I chuckled at the lad's melodramatic fancy, combined with hackneyed words; and forgot the matter.

It was my habit, toward sunset, when the petty needs of the neighbors had been satisfied, to lock the front door of my shop, pass through the door of the partition, and there, in my own privacy, to spend the early hours of the night in idle speculation. Weather favoring, I enjoyed occupying a battered chair on the back porch, a porch built after the manner of a wharf, on high pilings to keep it from slipping clear away from the house down the slope of the dunes, which here fell nearly sheer to the lip of the creamy surf.

But this evening, the demands of trade had kept me in my lamplit store. I, who had had a long day, breathed in audible content as the last purchaser went off up the sand road to the nearest cottage, whose lamp was a furlong distant.

I had actually locked my store door, was reaching to turn out the lamp, when a thud on the steps outside told me that still another buyer was importunate for entrance. Then the whinny of a horse corrected that first impression. At once I knew who it must be. And I was physically sensible of a quiver of delight within me. Yet I opened the door and greeted her gravely enough. "Is it trade, Margaret?" I offered, trying to keep my voice level. "Or just a neighborly visit?"

"Well —" She had stepped quickly inside the lamplit store; and before she spoke fully I noticed that her eyes went round the room searchingly, as if to ascertain that we were quite alone. "Well," at length, and her eyes sought mine in that level, frank gaze that was so typical of her; "well, it's not exactly either."

I had drawn back three paces from the door's opening to leave her room to enter. Now she shut the door behind her, and turned the key. "It's not either," she repeated. "Yet I have something to tell you; something that must be told quickly. But," and I thought she visibly colored, "but not in here. Anyone from outside can see us."

I nodded, understanding. In such a place old stories have long lives. A pretty, juicy morsel of gossip this would make for the cronies of the village: Murtree's widow riding at night to call on her one-time lover!

"On the back stoop," I suggested. "We shall not be town talk out there. Only the stars will — huh —" I was sensibly exhilarated, eager, and consequently tongue-tied and maladroit — "only the stars can — huh — snoop."

THE banality of the word broke the tension. She laughed; almost a chuckle of amusement. But I could see that she was still tense and overwrought. Her bosom rose and fell perceptibly beneath the sheer whiteness of her madras shirting. I was astonished at such agitation in her, for she had ever been restrained; almost — for many years at least — offhand in her manner toward me.

"Yes," she agreed, catching at my suggestion. "Out back. That is a good idea."

I stepped to open the door of the partition to my living quarters. "I will make a light," I said, starting to precede her.

"No. I want to go ahead." She had acted even before I got out the words; literally shoved her way past me into the utter darkness of my sleeping room.

"Turn out the lamp in the store; and follow me — quickly," she directed, standing squarely in my path when I would have pursued her close. And she remained there, squarely in the middle of the doorway, while I, puzzling, went back and extinguished the oil lamp.

As I came back to her she led onward again to the door of the porch.

"That is caught with a hook," I explained, at her shoulder now. "Let me — " but even in the darkness she had found the hook, slipped it, was out on the stoop; more clearly visible now in the dusk.

I followed her, still puzzled, and at a loss for what to say. "Take the chair," I offered. "I'll sit on the steps." The chair stood with its back to the shingled, weathered wall, between the door and the ten steps which led down to the dunes.

"No," she objected again. She seemed stubbornly determined on her own way. "I'll sit on the top step; you sit in the chair." And suddenly she came close, so close that I felt the warmth of her against my shoulder. "No — " in a whisper — "no — please — please — do as I say!"

INSTINCTIVELY, with no conscious volition, my arm was about her, holding her close. But only for an instant. Both her hands pressed on my shoulders, her trembling body suddenly stiffened, pushing away. She was free immediately; had dropped on the step at my feet; was already speaking —

"I want to tell you now what Tobit said — Captain Murtree of the coast guard — about — about — the affair of the yacht *Pendura*."

I was bewildered and mystified. To come here of an evening, excited, half-breathless, to talk to me of a matter twenty years past! To explain — to me — who Tobit was — Hell's hatches! Didn't *I* know who Tobit was? Who should know better?

But she continued without pause, deadly in earnest. "The man Cormoran who was killed over yonder had nothing to do with the taking of the yacht *Pendura*. Nor with the arrest of its crew of counterfeiters. And, of course, you didn't have anything to do with it. Cormoran was with you every minute of that evening, from the instant when you first saw him, wasn't he?"

"Of course," I answered. "Why should anyone think that I was involved in the affair? That's utter moonshine, you know."

"Yet there has been talk of it. You were with Cormoran." Her voice came now very slowly and distinctly. "Someone thought that Cormoran had betrayed his friends. Someone thought that: thought it so sincerely that murder seemed fitting retribution."

"Yes. I suppose so," was all I had to say.

"And if he was false, why should you not have had a part in it? You would have received a far greater reward from the Government than the small sum Cormoran paid you for supplying the water. Wouldn't you?"

I was frankly dumfounded. Such a consideration of the affair had never occurred to me. Yet it was perfectly plausible to believe that I might have had a part. True, I did not know anything either of the business of the crew of the *Pendura*, or of its moment of arrival in the harbor, or even remotely of its position in that blinding fog. This I attempted to explain to Margaret.

But she interrupted sharply with: "And who could prove that? It rests only on your word. You were alone with Cormoran for four — five hours. And someone informed the coast guard, for without such information the guard could not possibly have known when that yacht came steaming silently into the fog-bound bay."

"And yet, you insist that Cormoran did not tell."

"He did not." Her tone was flat, positive.

"How do you know?"

"Because my husband told me how the guard knew of the arrival of the *Pendura*."

"Tobit Murtree told you!"

"Yes. It was he who made the arrests. He was on the beach that night."

Here indeed was a situation more than ever difficult to understand. Murtree, a gross man, of no perception, little wit, had of himself solved the mystery of the moment of the yacht's arrival.

"How did he know? If he couldn't see; and couldn't hear; and wasn't told —"

She stopped me. "By the wash!" Her voice had risen, as if intentionally she wished to make her words carry to a distance. "The lapping of the water."

"By the wash?"

"Yes. There was no sound of that yacht. But the bay that night was dead calm. Any steamer, moving no matter how slowly, sends out a perceptible wash. The wash of the steamer that night, beating suddenly on the silent beach, told the coast guard perfectly plainly that a vessel had come into the bay. It was then only a question of time till they must find it, for at the condition of the tide there are but few safe berths in our waters for craft of any draught. Now do you understand?"

And I did understand. How often, myself, I have heard that sudden, apparently inexplicable "slap — slap — slap!" on the sand. And not until I had searched far out found the craft that caused it.

CORMORAN, then, had been the unfortunate, innocent victim of a misapprehension. Keen on revenge, his former accomplices had leaped to their conclusion; planned and accomplished their implacable scheme of vengeance.

But how did it all concern me? Happy as I was to have Margaret close to me again; glad with the promise that her confidence implied; I could not comprehend immediately the urgency of her errand, her obvious excitement. The night had grown appreciably lighter; for to the east the moon, a day or two past full, was just clearing the ragged line of the black dunes. I leaned to touch Margaret's hair, her hand — her lips, if she would. But at my touch she rose, though quietly and calmly enough.

"Will you walk down to the sea?" she suggested. Eagerly I went with her; more eagerly for the fact that she linked her arm in mine and walked very close to me, her shoulder pressed against me. We went quickly downward, over three ridges of wind-driven sand, and came to the water's edge where the tide was almost full.

She stopped then to confront me. In the clear moonlight her face was tense even yet, but at the same time joyous, and more beautiful than I had ever known it.

"It worked," she laughed, in that deep, vibrant alto that is so characteristic of her. "It worked. But — but — I was terribly frightened, dear. No — look!"

She pointed back to where, at the top of the dunes, my house was sharply defined against the milky blue of the sky. A figure, a bent, angular figure with long arms swinging pendulous, moved away from the house, scuffling through the sand. He followed the crest, with no effort at concealment.

"That's odd," I exclaimed. "Wonder where he popped out from?"

"That is Malvado," said Margaret. "The man they have not yet arrested."

"What! What is he doing here?"

"He was under your porch while we talked," was her amazing answer.

I COULD not quite understand for an instant. Then I turned and seized her hands. There was small need for detailed explanation now. Her action, her bravery was clear. "You knew he was there when you came, Margaret?"

"Of course!" Her laugh was tremulous, but her hands were firm now in mine. "I was riding by. I saw someone dodge around the corner of your house; hide under the porch. I guessed who it must be. Ever since your testimony at the inquest I feared that they would think you had some share in Cormoran's — not treachery, but what they thought was treachery. I feared that they would treat you as they had treated Cor — "

I stopped her. "And you took the risk, Margaret!"

She had done this for me; ventured her own life to save mine. At every move, as I checked back upon her actions, she had thrust herself into imminent peril. Only so, by telling the true story of the affair so that the lurking murderer beneath her might himself hear and understand, had she thought it possible to save me. With no thought for her own danger, she had gone through with it; spiritedly, courageously, unswerving. And I had thought she did not care: had forgotten!

Although her action proved that I had been wrong in my conjecture; presently, with her own lips, she showed me how very, very wrong I had been.

What the Tariff Can Do

Especially for the Five Big Agricultural Industries

By Lewis F. Carr

A farmer, shrewd and crude in the old manner, makes a special trip to town to join the local coöperative association.

"Yes," he says, "we've been hearin' for so long that we've got to coöperate, that now — with Mr. Legge and all — we're beginning to believe it."

Others of us have been hearing for a long time that the country must coöperate in protecting its industries, and when the present Protectionist Administration began to give attention to agriculture, there appeared a need for a careful study.

It is the thought apparently of the Administration that ups and downs can be diminished, that the economic current, like the electric one, can be regulated and stabilized, that fluctuations can be ironed out and progress steadied to a more nearly even progression.

Protection itself seems to have a long and impressive, if not a stainless record. When manufacturing was in the home industry stage, it enjoyed a peculiarly high degree of safety. The family lived more at home, produced more of its necessities, could regard what it earned from home industries more as "velvet." This has been described as a "storm-proof condition of society."

But the developing factory system had to face money costs, cash paid out. If the costs exceeded receipts, the industry perished. Though the factory was the property of an individual, it was the thing on which the very life of the community depended. Thus there was real justification for community action in protecting it. Due to the ups and downs of economic trends, there was usually a need for this help. Professor David Hall Rice in his *Protective Philosophy*, holds that no nation has ever been able to attain any appreciable degree of prosperity without extending protection to its industries. It was this protection alone that enabled them to survive the ups and downs, or rather, the "downs" of economic vicissitudes.

According to its advocates, the true aim of Protection is not high prices, as perhaps some of us have supposed, but purely the growth and development of home industries to the point at which they can function profitably at low prices. In the words of Henry Clay:

> The object of protecting manufacturers is that we might eventually get articles of

necessity made as cheap at home as they could be imported and thereby produce an independence of foreign countries.

This is of course the familiar doctrine of Hamilton in regard to the protection of infant industries. Modern conscientious Protectionists would reindorse this doctrine and add a corollary that an industry can be "infant" for a hundred years, and that whenever extraordinary fluctuations occur, many industries need and are entitled to protection. The case of steel rails is illustrative of the whole argument.

According to a chart in Professor Taussig's *Some Aspects of the Tariff Question*, the American price of steel rails in 1872 was $100 a ton, the English price, $65, and the tariff, $28. In other words, the domestic price was roughly the basic world price plus tariff and freight, as we would expect. But Protectionists would say that this temporarily higher domestic price was justified by the great growth of the industry under it, a growth, which in terms of steel, is measured by the increase in production from 68,000 long tons in 1870 to 45,000,000 in 1925. After all, that is "some" growth. And Protectionists would go on to say that the doctrine was finally vindicated by the fact that the American price of steel rails eventually went below the world price. The price trend from 1872 on is decidedly downward. It touched $40 in 1878, rose again, but then started a gradual decline until it was stabilized about 1902 at $28. This price was actually lower than the average world price for the decade preceding the World War, though at times the low dips of the world price supplied Free Trade editors with stage thunder.

Protectionists would endeavor to show the good faith of the Protectionist party by pointing to the gradual reduction of the tariff on rails from $28 in 1872 to $7.84 in 1894, and to $3.92 in 1909. The Underwood Bill of 1913 put them on the free list, a fact, however, which may not be credited to the Protectionist party.

An integral part of the argument is that once an industry has demonstrated that it can operate profitably behind a tariff wall, competition will come in to reduce prices to the world level. American economists have a large collection of instances in which this actually happened.

But it is in the matter of stabilization that Protection plays its most significant rôle. Professor Rice shows that under Free Trade, actual or approximate, prices fluctuate much more violently than in protected countries, because of the dumping of imports. Wool sometimes jumps ten or fifteen cents within a month, pig iron ten to fifteen dollars a ton. Such fluctuations bring great evils. They disrupt legitimate business, tending to force it to be run on an essentially gambling basis. They bring into existence a whole army of speculators, traders and middlemen, who come to think that they are necessary, but who should properly find employment in productive enterprises.

Wheat and cotton are cases in point. The prices of these have never been stabilized or protected, with the result that their respective prices have been known to drop from $2.25 to $.90, from 40 cents to eight cents, within a period of three months, whereas in the same slump protected industries were able to hold their prices seventy-odd per cent above the pre-war level. Such fluctuations make necessary the armies of speculators and middlemen who sometimes buy and sell a given quantity of wheat from fifteen to thirty times in its passage from the field to the mill — an unproductive activity, the cost of which must be born by somebody.

Economists have been telling us these many years that the real trouble with the textile industry is that it is run almost entirely as a gamble, depending on the price of cotton. With an unregulated, unstabilized, unprotected price of cotton, what could we expect? Protectionists would perhaps say that if steel, pig iron and rails had not been stabilized we would have similar armies of traders, with exchanges and pits in them, to the detriment of national economy.

After the war, conscientious Protectionists said that in view of the disruption in world affairs and the high level of American costs it was reasonable and defensible to grant a new measure of protection to the steel industry. A tariff was laid on in 1922; the price of rails moved to $42 and was stabilized there. It is higher than the world price, but it may work down toward that price. Furthermore, it "stays put," whereas the British price, for example, sometimes fluctuates from $38 to $43 in a single day. To secure this kind of stabilization and the development possible under it, would seem to be the dream of the present Administration.

This is no brief for the Administration, or the party or the Protective system. The evils seemingly inherent in that system have weighed too heavily upon me, as they weighed too heavily upon South Carolina in 1833 and 1860. Remember that in the Civil War, South Carolina was the aggressor against high tariff and high American costs. The North was not the aggressor against slavery. The founders of the Protective system probably did not contemplate that the system would have the effect of raising the general level of American costs far above world levels. But that is what has happened. It is these high American costs that throttle almost every business in America which has to exist on world prices.

It is these high American costs that keep American ships off the seas, for they must exist on world rates for shipping. It is because the railroads have had to pay high American costs — protected prices for steel and for most of the thousand and one things they purchase — that they have to charge rates prohibitive to many projects. The rate of $2.52 a ton from the principal mines to tidewater is a second equally potent factor in keeping our coal out of world commerce. It was high freight rates that broke the live stock industry of the West eight years ago, as they are continuing to stifle many other branches of agriculture.

But a consideration of protection for industrial products is really beyond the scope of this article. It is only because the Protectionist point of view is now giving attention to agriculture that I write. From the considerations given, the "relief" now being extended to agriculture should be construed as protection. It remains to consider what Protection can do for the five big industries constituting American agriculture, those producing wheat, cotton, corn and meat, fruits and vegetables and dairy products.

FIRST, as to the need, there is one item, which, if accepted by the reader should settle the matter of agriculture's need for protection. That item is that if you apply the usual and accepted methods of accounting to agriculture, making the just and proper charges for interest on the investment, depreciation, maintenance, taxes, miscellaneous expenses, and give full credit for food and shelter furnished by the farm, American agriculture shows a deficit of five billion dollars a year. This conclusion was first announced by Dr. Virgil Jordan of the National Industrial Conference Board and is widely accepted by economists and business groups. It is demonstrable from the figures of any recent year and also by the cumulative loss in value of the American farm plant over a period of years.

A second item should show the nation's need to protect agriculture. It has to do partly with Malthusian considerations, but is not Malthusianism. American agriculture could double its production in five years, could probably quadruple it in twenty years, whereas America's population will hardly double in less than a century and may reach a stable point. But as Sir Daniel Hall says, the great increase in world population in the last century was possible because of the addition of over five hundred million acres to the world's fields; there is no equal area of free land available during the present century. And further: "Our wheat consuming population is increasing at the rate of five million annually, necessitating an increase of twelve million acres, whereas statistics indicate that there is an actual shrinkage of wheat-growing area."

EVEN now, there is a world shortage of wheat. Or at least this may be said: if we apply American standards, there is a world shortage. America has a rather balanced diet, due to her great production of almost all agricultural products. She has plenty of rice and to spare, plenty of potatoes, corn, meat, fruits, vegetables and dairy products; she exports all these, and yet the average American eats about five bushels of wheat a year. Certainly we visualize the time when the rest of the world will come to that standard, which after all is not very high. If we multiply world population — which, according to the League of Nations is 1,906,000,000 — by the American *per capita* consumption, about five bushels a person, we arrive at a possible world consumption of wheat of nine and a half billion bushels. The present world production is four billion bushels, leaving a potential market and a possible need for five and one-half billion bushels more.

Finally, to the contention that America does not need to worry about her agricultural production any more because of the conviction that no matter what happens, we shall be fed, if not by our own farmers, then by others — to that contention, I would feel inclined to say, "Don't be foolish." Agriculture produces not only food, but industrial products. Chemists tell us that there are now over three thousand industrial products that can be made from our harvests, in many cases from the waste products of the field. Artificial leather and silk, buttons, paper, wall board, alcohol, substitutes for gasoline, commercial lactic acid, furfural, gun cotton and artificial gas are a few instances. Professor Sweeney of Iowa says that nowhere in the world is there such a great storehouse of cheap raw materials as in the farms of the Middle West. We shall need that storehouse in the future.

SO MUCH for the need. And now what can Protection do for wheat?

It can do or try to do what Protection is intended to do—economize marketing, regulate supply, stabilize prices, possibly raise them temporarily, work toward the control of production, protect the industry. If agricultural prices had been protected in 1920, they would not have fallen from 105 per cent above pre-war levels to only sixteen per cent above in three months' time. Protected industrial prices fell only to a point 73 per cent above pre-war levels. Apparently the long-time trends can not be countered. But the terrific fluctuations can be decreased.

Here again, the ups and downs are the crux of the programme. The Administration felt that it was the "highs" in the wheat market that kept the marginal producers in business, losing money in most years, but hoping to make it up at the high times; and further that agencies could be created to buy on the low dips of the market and sell on the highs, thus ironing out the jagged line to a more nearly constant level, which because of its constancy would tend to eliminate the marginal producers and would supply a more stable and safe basis of business for the efficient producers.

THUS the stabilization corporations were provided for. The one in wheat bought wheat on the low dips and advanced $1.18 to coöperative associations against their wheat which was at the time selling for less in the markets. There was public outcry, condemnation. There still is. But don't forget that the man at the head of the Federal Farm Board is schooled in Protection. For many years, the steel companies of the country have sold steel to the agricultural implement makers under a system of "allowances." For steel used in implements for the foreign trade, an allowance was made; that is, it was sold at a lower price because the implement itself had to pay its own ocean freight and sell in many instances at a cheaper price. So what did the Federal Farm Board do? Holding plenty of wheat itself, it made "allowances" of twelve cents a bushel to millers who would buy from them and export the flour made from the wheat so purchased; in effect, a sort of export debenture plan of its own, the cost of which will be made up by the increase in the domestic price of the wheat it continues to hold. Of course! What else would the Board do?

Naturally, there was an outcry, the same outcry that always rises from middlemen when Protection is attempted. Professor Rice shows how under Free Trade the margin between wholesale and retail price is always large, the "spread" costly, the middleman's tax burdensome. In a very true sense, Protection is the effort to market in an orderly way, and that lessens the function of the middleman. The Federal Farm Board is extending Protection to the wheat industry by attempting to market wheat direct from the field to the mill at a stable price. That is Protection. And it means, as Protection has meant in the past, the elimination of those who do not perform an efficient and valuable service.

In cotton, the situation has been even more difficult, because we export such a larger percentage of the crop. The Board "pegged" cotton at 16 cents by lending that amount to coöperatives against their cotton. The market price went lower, the Board bought in the open market to bolster the price, and there were outcries, charges of a "squeeze," cries of scandal, everything. There is getting under way in this country at present a large fund for the circulation of propaganda against the Federal Farm Board. It is being supported in many cases by the advocates of Protection who do not know they are fighting the very thing that they advocate.

In both wheat and cotton, the Board plans extensive educational and crop-planning campaigns. Large areas in both wheat and cotton can be gradually won to the production of grades which sell on a quality market. For instance, the Board feels that the Southeast can not grow ordinary cotton profitably. Its programme for that section is one of education toward better grades in cotton and toward more diversification in farming.

In the third great industry, live stock and corn, Protection can function to advantage by stabilizing markets and thus cutting down expenses of marketing; by encouraging coöperatively owned commission firms, which can and do save the farmer money; by fostering direct marketing from the farm to the packer. The experience of American industry indicates that producers, in order to obtain best results, must own or control the machinery for marketing their products. Following its philosophy of Protection, the Government is extending aid to live stock producers to assist them in orderly marketing. That coöperation can function in the case of live stock in the ways indicated is a proved fact.

In fruits and vegetables, Protection is needed in the form of coöperation. For instance, chaos has almost always reigned in the shipping of the Florida citrus crops. The Board lent the Florida Citrus Growers, Inc., three million dollars in an effort to unify their marketing. If successful, it will mean that in place of several hundred individual agencies shipping haphazardly, one agency will be directing that shipment with commercial intelligence. Much lost motion, waste and inefficiency will be eliminated. Similar action is pending among the grape growers of California, the cherry growers of Wisconsin, the seed potato people in Michigan, the general farmers of New York State and others.

And now what about the milkman? He really is the farmer that should profit most from protection. And this is why:

MILK is perishable. An overproduction of even ten per cent above the need will demoralize the market. And yet in the spring and early summer of every year, there is a tremendous overproduction of milk, due principally to fresh grass in pastures. Thus over the year there is a fluctuation in supply of from thirty to fifty per cent above the market needs to from ten to twenty per cent under those requirements. And the market under Free Trade conditions is likely to remain generally at the demoralized level. As a result, dairymen the country over do not get more than three or four cents a quart for their milk, and it retails from twelve to fifteen cents.

Here is a big "spread." Here is the same situation that obtains in England under Free Trade, that obtains in industrial and agricultural products the world over in Free Trade, unregulated, unprotected conditions. The dairy industry needs Protection.

It can save the dairy industry. In one case the farmers got together, got control of production, made arrangements for the conversion of the surplus fluid milk of the spring into canned products, and served notice on distributors that they would be ready to bargain their milk when the distributors should set up an efficient system of distribution; and as a result those farmers are now obtaining eight and nine cents for their milk instead of three cents, and the consumer is paying practically nothing more. This began before the war and is continuing today. To be sure, there were exterior factors, chief among them, the war itself, which raised the price of milk in the outlying provinces so that the distributors had to come to terms with the local producers. But the point is that coöperation, helped by exterior factors, succeeded in attaining a situation which is better for the dairymen, better for the people of that city, better for the business of that locality, and of the nation.

Coöperation is going to succeed in dairying throughout the country. To be sure, local coöperatives do not have the exterior factor of the war on their side now. But they have another, in fact two more, the United States Government and Alexander Legge.

The Federal Farm Board is apparently here to stay. The passage of the act and the creation of the Board were momentous steps. These acts lead to new political thought. The chairman of the Board says: "Whatever power exists at Washington must look to the good not only of business, but also of agriculture, to the good of producers, transporters, processors and all others who perform a useful and efficient service, including the milkman."

This is bigger than traditional Republicanism. It is free from certain narrownesses of Democracy. It is actually a sort of *Panocracy*, a belief — now expressed for the first time — in the possibility and practicality of rule according to the good of all. And this is progress.

This Laugh Business

By Homer Croy

Humorous attractions treated seriously from the inside point of view

Amusement parks they're called — the suburban parks where people go to have a good time. And the way to make people have a good time is to make them laugh. Sometimes they laugh, and then sometimes — but that, Monsieur, is a sad, sad story.

If they laugh, all is well and good; the money comes jingling pleasantly into your purse. But if they don't laugh, the money goes jangling in another direction, and no money in the world can get away quite so fast as money spent on making people laugh when they simply don't and won't, darn 'em.

But who can tell what will make people laugh, even when they want to laugh? There are Laws of Laughter. Park people know why you laugh — that is, sometimes they do.

Have you visited an amusement park lately? Do you remember a barrel at the entrance to one of the sections, a huge red barrel lying flat and turning over and over? Maybe you have tried to walk through it. Did you ever happen to think why that barrel was there instead of in some other place in the amusement grounds? Well, it wasn't dropped there by accident. Half a dozen men sat around a table with a lot of blueprints scattered over it, and smoked many cigars before the location was hit upon, for it makes a mighty difference where that barrel is placed.

There are two laws engraved on the park showman's tablets. One is to "Bring 'Em In Laughing"; and the other is to "Send 'Em Out Laughing."

People are queer. It's easy to make them laugh, after you have pried the first laugh loose. Human beings go around with their faces frozen and set; they don't know how to laugh, and it takes a jolt to get that first laugh, but once the ice is broken, the laughs come fairly easily. But that first one — it's what makes park showmen old before their time.

Do you remember what happened to you after you got through that terribly, ceaselessly, terrifically rolling barrel? You started to walk across a platform, and suddenly it shook like a leaf in the Great Wind, and then you started to walk past a pile of barrels, one stacked on top of another, and just as you got up to them they gave a lurch and started to fall on you. And then, as you jumped back, a terrific gust of wind came from below and swept your skirts where skirts should never be in public. Do you remember how you fought and squealed and tried to get those pesky skirts back where skirts properly belong, while all the time you thought you'd die of mortification? And then suddenly the hurricane was turned off and they floated down as lightly as a cherry blossom on a lovely May morning.

WHILE you stood there, a man came through. Oh, he thought he'd be wise! He wouldn't let those rope-tied barrels tumble on him, and so he skittled over to the other side. And an attendant, who was standing there, unnoticed, reached out and touched him under his coat tails with an electric wand. Do you remember how suddenly he thought he was an Alabama Coon Jigger? He jigged all over the place, because it isn't fun to be touched with an electric spark when and where you're not expecting it. Do you remember how you laughed in spite of yourself? You looked around, and there was a whole crowd of people, with their faces open, just having an awfully good time watching you. Pretty soon you stopped and watched the others as they came in, and laughed at them for doing the very things you yourself had done! Well, they had brought you in laughing.

But some don't laugh. They sue. It isn't funny for them to have their skirts blown to Jericho, and so they set the law on the park man, who already has enough troubles of his own. And sometimes they collect, which isn't so funny. But it is generally found that the people who have their dignity shocked are professional collectors; then the laugh is on the other cheek.

In the whole category of outdoor park laugh-makers, there is nothing surer than the puff of naughty air that sends the skirts floating gaily aloft, and especially if it is a fat woman who comes ambling along and gets in the way of the rapidly ascending air. Every fat woman who passes over that platform is worth a dollar to the amusement park man. And strange to say the people who laugh most at the distressed creature are the women themselves. They like to line up, on the inside, and see other pilgrims like themselves meet with the same difficulty which harassed themselves a few terrified moments before.

THE person who manœuvres the drafts of air that shoot upward is a very important person in purveying amusement to outdoor patrons. He can turn on the air so softly and gently that it is only a zephyr moving languidly across the evening meadows, or he can turn on a hurricane that knows no mercy. And he must know when to turn it off. He doesn't turn it on all the women who come across the treacherous platform, but picks his customers. An old, dignified lady runs no more risk than she would in the seclusion of her drawing room; but a young and giddy girl, out for a good time, is going to have something happen to her! But the blower-man is only human; sometimes he picks the wrong woman; the woman is older then he thinks, or more dignified, and he makes the mistake of closing the switch.

To offset this, and to select an operator who would be more lenient with the unsuspecting ladies, one park manager hired a woman and put her in command of the air. But he had to change her — she was too merciless. He tried another, and he had to change her, too. They showed less generosity to the women in their plight than did the men operators. The reason was that the women were so anxious to do a good job and to make the patrons waiting on the sidelines laugh, that they turned on the air full blast, when a gusty swirl would have sufficed. And so now, if you will pause at the next air blower, you will see that the person in charge is a man. Also pause a moment to note the persons he lets go by without torturing them with the wind of the seven devils. Many a woman has walked over the platform and never dreamed of the hidden perils that lurked below.

You have gone in laughing; the ice is broken. You will now laugh at something which, a few moments before, would have seemed about as funny as a cry for help. And that is point One, in the Laws of Laughter.

And as you have gone along the Midway of any amusement park, have you ever heard the sound of people laughing? What a good time they were having! Rather wanted to go in yourself, didn't you? Well, you didn't happen to hear those people laughing by mere chance. No, indeed. It was all calmly, coolly, scientifically planned. In the business it is called a "Walk-Through Show." That is, an attraction where you start in at one end, and keep on going until you come out the other. Not a show where you sit down and listen to actors sing, dance or otherwise, but one where you are the actor yourself. There are dozens of Walk-Through Shows with fancy names: The Fun House, Fun on the Farm, Noah's Ark, Mystic Maze, and Over the Falls, are samples.

You buy your ticket and then start in at one end, quietly and sedately. But the further along you go, the worse it gets. Louder and funnier. Suddenly, as you come near the end of it, you step on what seems a solid part of the floor, but it gives way and you lurch forward; a skeleton leaps out, a horse-fiddle squawks in your ear and a terrific gust of air swirls under your feet while you shriek at these phantoms of the night which beset you — and then laugh at your childishness. There is nothing that would harm the first crocus of spring, but you have shrieked at the top of your voice, and have had a good old-fashioned, liver-shaking laugh.

You come out and look about you. You are on the street and the show is over. But your laughter has been heard by other people hesitating and fumbling at their dimes, and that is the Second Law: Send 'Em Out Laughing.

But it's not so simple as it sounds. People have a funny way of not laughing as they should. Life, for the summer park managers, would be much sweeter and nicer if people wouldn't be so contrary. A manager spends a lot of his hard-earned money on the finest laugh-provoking contrivance ever produced, installs it, advertises it, has an opening, and the people come away looking like icebergs in the North Atlantic. And then some fool thing that you hardly think worth trying will be a riot. Extremely upsetting, it is.

CONSIDER the case of William F. Mangels, who has more than fifty patents to his credit, all meant to purvey happiness to patrons of summer parks. He is responsible for the Razzle-Dazzle and the Tickler and for promoting the Whip. The royalties on the Whip alone have amounted to $300,000.

Not so long ago Mr. Mangels got the biggest idea of all. It was a much better idea than the Whip and had a novelty that the public had never seen. He drew up the blue prints, got the best builders and mechanics he could find, and set to work on the million dollar idea. This new one was to mingle laughs and thrills — the dream of all park men. At last, the device was finished and the great day came for trying it on the public, for nothing can be told about a new device in advance. Your friends may say they laughed themselves sick and that it is bound to ring up a million, and then it is tried out and the public, which has to pay money to pass the clicking turnstile, says something different.

And so it was now. The device failed. Miserably.

"It failed because it was paced too slowly," said Mr. Mangels. "I was ten years late."

And then sometimes something so simple that nobody with any brains would even consider it comes along and rings the cash drawer bell. As witness:

One day a man at an amusement park astonished the other concessionaires by driving up a truck loaded with cheap crockery and dishware. Concessionaires watch each other like stock brokers, and when they saw this misguided man, new to the game, fit up a booth and spread a set of dishes on it, they shook their heads.

A brother concessionaire wandered over.

"What are you going to do with those dishes — sell them?" he asked.

"No. I'm going to let people throw at them."

IT WAS taken as a joke. People wouldn't want to throw at dishes; that would be ridiculous. But the man went calmly ahead; he furnished bricks and balls and flatirons, and to the amazement of the other concessionaires the public walked up and began to whang away. A psychologist or psychoanalyst might have explained it by some theory of repression — that people often get mad and want to throw things around at home but are restrained at the thought of the breakage. Anyway, the dish-throwing booth was a great success and the song of the cash register rattled in the ears of the others up and down Concession Row. Such a success was it, that it is now to be found in almost every amusement park in the land.

Some of the things that people laugh at are coolly calculated and scientifically nurtured. They are built up, little by little, added to here, taken away there, until they are almost certain laugh-makers. And then comes along a big laugh-maker which no one ever thought of before. A hundred inventors will be working on things to make people laugh, a thousand showmen will be racking their brains to find out just one new angle of laugh-getting, and then the new idea falls like Newton's apple.

A few seasons ago there was a storm in Florida, and when people ventured out again a house was found balanced on the edge of a cliff, held in such a way that it would not fall. Chains and ropes were placed to secure it and curious people started walking through it to see what whimsies the storm had played. As they walked through the tilting house, they had a curious sensation; they complained of being dizzy and when they came out they talked about how creepy it felt. The house became quite a local attraction, and tin-can tourists, getting out of their cars, came and marveled.

One day an amusement park man walked through it, and as he walked he pondered. Here was a new idea; people liked it; people would pay money to see it. And so he had a house built, using the same idea as that of the dislodged dwelling. He had the floors slanting and the windows set so that when a person walked in, the house seemed natural in every way; but after the person had taken a few steps he thought that it must be a terrible night at sea. Even the electric light fixtures were slanted to correspond to the sides of the room. The furniture was arranged with the legs of the table shorter on one side than on the other. And then as a final touch of art, a stream of water was allowed to run along a trough. A blind entrance was set up so that the people could not see how the rooms were arranged, and then the crowds were allowed to go through. Their feet had the curious feeling of stepping on nothing at all and they stumbled along like children who had been too long at ring-around-the-rosie. And among the strange and ghostly sights, they saw the stream of water running up hill! Kind of creepy, it was, when you have always understood that water flowed only down hill. Then the sight-seers were sent through a dark exit into a world where their feet found what they expected to find. Afterward these Marco Polos told strange and weird tales of their travels, and business was quite good, thank you.

The explanation was simple. Everything was set at such an angle that the person going through the house had nothing to orient himself by, and he had the strange and creepy feeling of a world gone mad. The house was given various names, from The Mysterious Knockout, to Damfino. And under such names it is operating today.

Last summer at one of the resorts a strange sight was to be seen. It was a small group of men standing across the street from a gravity ride, silently watching and studying it. It was two o'clock in the morning, and as the men listened peals of laughter rose and fell, while bright cars raced and roared along a gravity track. Two o'clock in the morning, when normally park business is over at midnight! A few of the attractions keep open house after that hour, but they hardly pay expenses. Yet here people were lined up, actually pushing and shoving to get on. And, once these people were on, they stayed for repeats.

The showmen, who thought they knew the laugh business inside and out, couldn't understand it. People paying thirty-five cents for one minute and forty seconds of pleasure! And the ride was contrary to all accepted methods of what was necessary to give people a good time. There was no "flash front" — that is, the entrance was not grotesque with *papier mâché*, painted canvas, beaver board and plaster. Instead, it was just a simple, commonplace entrance. Never had it been heard of before in amusement circles. But inside that simple, prosaic entrance was something that the people wanted — thrills and laughter coming thick and fast. The laughs had been speeded up. When a car started down the gravity ride, a trail of laughter floated out behind it like the tail of a comet. The people were jiggled and joggled, but not enough to upset them; they were pleasantly thrown against each other, and they could come out without looking as if they had met a Kansas cyclone face to face. Speed, thrills, laughter — the perfect combination. And now the gold rush is on. They are all hastening to equip themselves with this new golden three.

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The Sport of Kings

By Lupton Allemong Wilkinson

Following the big races discloses some momentous data about the regal pastime

"Two things only the people anxiously desire — bread and the circus games."

The line is from Juvenal's Tenth Satire, and Juvenal was right.

We no longer feed minority sects to the lions, except perhaps in covert psychological ways, and the cruelties we practise on men whose maladjustment to life has made them criminals are furtively hid away behind frowning stone walls.

Man's love of excitement, however, still remains and must be fed in wholesome ways. Vicarious drama must be available. The deadening routine of modern life leaves the individual with an imperative craving to experience, by identification with actors in thrilling spectacle, some of the blood-stirring pulsations that only intense and vivid competition can afford.

Probably our nearest approach to the pageantry and mass excitement of the Roman circus can be found at the thirty-odd tracks in the United States where the thoroughbred running horse competes for purses aggregating $11,000,000 a year. Society, the big S Society of *The Social Register*, combs Paris and vies with Hollywood to disport at Belmont, at Saratoga, at Churchill Downs and at Arlington Park the latest creations of the world's most expensive modistes. In a maelstrom of democracy, all the remainder of the social scale is also in evidence, down to the day laborer, often black as to skin and happy if he can get within a few yards of that fascinating animal, the horse, with a dollar or two to back the judgment of instinctive liking or nights of careful calculation.

Horse racing, which has had its millions of devotees in the United States for years, moved, in 1930, to the front pages of the newspapers, to an extent not comparable to any year since 1919, when Man o' War swept all opposition before him and became a part of the nation's news. Three factors in 1930 have stimulated public interest in racing as it had not been stirred since that wonder horse gave fillip to a form of entertainment which adversities of various kinds, principally the passage of the Hughes anti-racing law in New York State, had brought to a precarious point of instability.

In the first place, 1930 saw the visit to the United States, including Kentucky, of George Henry, Lord Villiers, seventeenth Earl of Derby. The genial Englishman, for whose family the British racing classic is named, journeyed to the Blue Grass State, contracted a bad cold, asked to be carried on a stretcher to see Man o' War, now in sultanic splendor at a historic Kentucky breeding farm, and then stood in a cold rain, at Churchill Downs, Louisville, to broadcast greetings to American sport lovers after the annual running of the Kentucky Derby. But with all due respect to the titled guest of America's racing upper set, nature sent a more effective ambassador — another truly great horse.

IN 1929 Harry Payne Whitney's Whichone, a son of Chicle and Flying Witch, won the Futurity, run annually at Belmont Park, New York. This is a fixture, rich in tradition and money value, for which entries are nominated before the nominees are foaled. Whichone's share of the purse was nearly $100,000 and he earned it so convincingly that smart horsemen began to talk about the handsome two-year-old as another Man o' War. Third in that same race was a large-framed bay, which did not get to running in the early stages but which was closing in resolute fashion when the winner flashed across the finish line. That third horse was Gallant Fox, by Imported Sir Galahad III out of Marguerite.

The three outstanding races for three-year-olds in the United States are the Preakness, run at Pimlico, Baltimore; the Derby, at Churchill Downs; and the Belmont Stakes, contested at the magnificent course of the same name, on Long Island.

This year the big bay which finished third in the Futurity had filled out to match his conformation. He was pointed, *i.e.*, trained especially, for the Preakness. The son of Sir Galahad III was away slowly in that race and the head of the stretch found him running eighth. Three times his rider tried to weave a way through the pack, and three times the front runners blocked him off. Then the colt was taken to the extreme outside where he came around the field, charged down before the cheering crowd in a phenomenal burst of speed, and won as he pleased. A little more than a week later he broke in front in the Kentucky Derby and stayed in front all the way.

MEANWHILE Whichone, too, had thrived over the winter. On the occasion of his first out in 1930 he led home a cheap band in sparkling time. Then he won the time-honored Withers, at a mile, running last more than half the way and sweeping through the stretch as Gallant Fox had done in the Preakness.

On June 7 these two horses met in the sixty-second annual running of the Belmont, and few racing duels have aroused such widespread interest. Turf followers fancied Whichone, remembering last year's Futurity, and the Whitney horse was odds-on, 3 to 5; while 8 to 5 could be had on Gallant Fox.

The rider of the big bay broke him in front and took a snug hold. Five times competitors worked up close and each time the restraint on the smooth-running leader was eased for just a few strides and he bounded away. Down the stretch Whichone passed all the others save Gallant Fox and seemed for some breathless moments to be catching the front one. The leader was "let down" for the last time, drew away with superb ease and crossed the finish line four lengths in front, in 2:31 and 3 5. The mile and a half of the Belmont Stakes has never been run faster. In a race of another name, Man o' War set the track record for the distance, 2:28 and 4 5. Man o' War was running on a lightning fast oval and carried 118 pounds. Gallant Fox's sterling performance was over a surface slowed by a morning of drizzling rain and he had 126 pounds up. The crowd, which had bet heavily on the defeated horse, tendered the winner the most resounding ovation that any turf reporter present could remember.

BY WINNING the Belmont, Gallant Fox brought his total earnings to $198,730 and took seventh rank among American money winners. Zev, first in the list, won purses totalling $313,639. The 1930 Belmont winner was declared out of the $50,000 American Derby, run June 14 at Washington Park, Chicago, remaining East to garner the rich Dwyer at Aqueduct later in the month. Sound in wind and limb, eligible, when he has swept the Eastern three-year-old fixtures, for the $25,000 Latonia Derby, the $70,000 Arlington Special and other rich prizes in the West, Gallant Fox seems likely to surpass the world's money-winning record of the former French champion, Ksar, who brought his owner $335,340. To those who love racing he is already enrolled among the immortals.

No horse, no matter how fine, contains the potentiality of drama that a human can offer, and the third and most effective advertising agent for racing in 1930 has been a sandy-haired, 31-year-old rider, Earl Sande. Years ago a blue-eyed boy ran away from home in Idaho to ride on the "bush" tracks of the West. He came to be America's ablest jockey, noted equally for clean and skilful riding. At what was then thought to be the height of his fame, he went down in a mad spill at Saratoga and for weeks was expected to die. He recovered, and returned to brilliant triumphs in the saddle. He married the niece of Sam Hildreth, a famous trainer, and millions sympathized with him when Mrs. Sande died.

The task of making weight became apparently too much for Sande. He announced his retirement, bought some horses, trained them himself, and dropped most of the money he had saved. This year his weight went down, and he decided to come back.

WHAT a come-back! Sande has been the rider on all of Gallant Fox's victories of the year, contracting for ten per cent of the purses and receiving bonuses each time from William Woodward, the millionaire owner of the shining bay. Also, Sande, riding probably the most spectacular race of his life, won the Suburban, a tradition-hung stake for older horses, by a scant nose on Peetee Wrack, half brother to Gallant Fox. The record ovation at Belmont Park after the vanquishing of Whichone was, as one reporter phrased it, equally a tribute to Gallant Sande.

Nature, I said, sent 1930's ambassador from horse-racing to the public. Nature has been helped by a vast deal of careful thought and millions of money. Every thoroughbred horse traces back to one of three Arabian stallions, the Byerly Turk, the Darley Arabian and the Godolphin Arabian or Barb, imported into England in the Seventeenth Century. The study of how best to blend the divergent lines has been the hobby of uncounted rich men in the centuries since. Equine eugenics works. In the past fifty years the height of thoroughbreds has increased nearly two inches and to their average weight has been added 150 pounds. Speed, the breeding goal, has accounted for new records from three furlongs to three miles.

A glance at the family trees of the two major competitors in this year's Belmont would show that, whatever part luck may play on the race course, blood-lines, crossed and recrossed with skill, are the breeder's mainstay.

The banker owner of Gallant Fox has bred horses for fifteen years. Such rich men, loving the horse for the horse's sake, are the backbone of racing. They have carried it through its many perils to its present popularity and prosperity; they have kept the Jockey Club a virile influence toward cleanness in the sport, and from their stewardship must be hoped and expected certain further reforms that are imperative in a field that has always had its sinister fringe of unsavory hangers-on. Other names in the East which stand high on racing's roster are August Belmont and Payne Whitney, now dead, Harry Payne Whitney, Walter J. Salmon, W. R. Coe, John Sanford, William Averil Harriman, Joseph E. and George Widener, Gifford A. Cochran, W. S. Kilmer, Howard Cushman, Mrs. H. C. Phipps and her brother, Ogden Mills, Mrs. Payne Whitney and Mrs. Graham Fair Vanderbilt. Sportsmen all, including the ladies.

Kentucky, with its rolling blue grass hills, is the paradise of the breeder. More than one hundred breeding farms dot the pleasant landscape of that State and, while figures are not available on many of the costly establishments, the investment in horse-breeding in Kentucky is generally conceded to be in the neighborhood of $100,000,000. Elmendorf, in Fayette County, owned by Joseph E. Widener, who succeeded the late August Belmont as star patron and watchdog of racing in the East; Xalapa Farm, in Bourbon County, the property of Edward F. Simms, multimillionaire oil man; the Greentree Farm, pride of Mrs. Payne Whitney; the Idle Hour Farm, where Colonel E. R. Bradley names his horses with a B and sends them East and West to compete with the finest; the Himyar Stud of P. T. Chinn; the Hartland Stud, in Woodford County, of former United States Senator Johnson N. Camden, and the Claiborne Stud, owned by A. B. Hancock, who is also master of Ellerslie in Virginia, are a few of the leading Kentucky establishments.

Virginia, where blue grass also

grows, Maryland and New York are the next most important breeding States, with California returning fast toward a former eminence. Admiral Cary T. Grayson, formerly physician to President Wilson, and "Ned" McLean, owner of *The Washington Post*, lead the contingent of racing and breeding patrons in the vicinity of Washington.

The stud fees for famous sires indicate the high value of potential stake winners. Man o' War's fee is $5,000. Sir Galahad III and Sun Briar are held at $3,000. Broomstick, St. Germans, Chicle, Peter Pan and the unbeaten Colin stand for $2,000; and Black Toney, Bubbling Over, Mad Hatter, North Star III, Royal Minstrel, Reigh Count and Display are also reputed to be in that charmed circle. There are many whose fee is $1,000.

New York, Illinois, Kentucky and Maryland are the principal scenes of thoroughbred racing, with Florida making a growing bid and New Orleans operating two winter tracks. Tracks of lesser importance hold meetings in Ohio, Missouri, Utah, California and one or two other States. Across the Canadian border is a thriving circuit, centering about Toronto, Montreal and Quebec. In the winter Havana and Agua Caliente, Mexico, compete with Florida and New Orleans. More than 8,000 running horses are now in training on the North American continent and they will earn for their owners in purses an average of $1,750 apiece this year.

There are four race courses contiguous to New York City — Jamaica, Aqueduct and Belmont Park on Long Island, and Empire City, owned by William Butler, of chain store fame, near Yonkers and Mt. Vernon, in Westchester County. The season begins in May, each track having a spring meeting. Then, in August, the horses and those who follow them go to Saratoga Springs for a brilliant month. September, October and early November see a second rotation among the New York City tracks. Maryland has four major tracks, each with a meeting in the spring and another in the autumn. Three tracks in Kentucky follow about the same calendar as the Maryland courses.

There are six active tracks in Illinois, five near Chicago and one at East St. Louis. They are busy, in rotation, spring, summer and fall. Arlington Park, Chicago, on June 30 of this year, began a thirty-day session at which the purses offered totalled $650,000. There are no profits for stockholders at this track, no salaries for executives. It is one of the world's most pretentious sporting ventures. Otto W. Lehman, Laurence H. Armour, Weymouth Kirkland, John R. Thompson, Jr., Roy D. Keehn, Charles A. McCulloch and John Hertz are among the financial and social leaders of the Middle West who sponsor the association and serve on its board.

More than 5,000,000 annual paid admissions to race tracks in the United States represent a steady tribute of patronage and enjoyment to the high standards of competition which have been set up and maintained by the men who rule racing. It would be pleasant to paint only the attractive features of the picture and let the ugly phases go, but there is no blinking the fact that the professional gamblers of the country have closed their talons on racing to a degree which, while rarely corrupting the sport itself, makes the operation of the tracks an unwilling auxiliary to illicit turnovers of money aggregating possibly $2,000,000,000 a year.

That figure is an estimate. A conscientious attempt to learn the amount of gambling on horse racing in the United States meets with as many discouragements as a similar effort to record accurately the consumption of alcoholic liquors. In either case a man with a point to prove can evolve impressive "statistics." In either case an undiluted quest for information results merely in a collation of guesses, with the certain conclusion, however, that a staggering amount of the traffic exists.

The vast bulk of gambling on the races is illegal. In Kentucky and Maryland it is legal so far as wagers at the tracks themselves are concerned. The system used is called *pari-mutuel*. The total amount of money wagered (in three separate pools — bets for first place, bets for second and bets for third) is awarded to the bettors who hold the winning tickets, each man getting a share in proportion to the amount of his "investment." A deduction is made as the track's handling charge and to help pay State taxes, which average $7,500 a day for each track. In Illinois an ingenious system brings track gambling within the law, and the distribution of "profits" is on the *pari-mutuel* basis.

Kentucky and Illinois are not disposed to be frank about the totals wagered at their meetings. Maryland, which is not nick-named the Free State for nothing, doesn't give an old horseshoe who knows. In 1929, at the four big Maryland tracks, the amounts bet at the spring and autumn sessions came to $54,420,867.

The consideration of this total leads to a somewhat inflated mental picture, unless one takes into account a peculiar, inherent fallacy. Let us imagine, for instance, the case of a man who goes with $500 to a twenty-five day meeting at a *mutuel* track and spends a month in the excitement of trying to outguess his neighbor as to which of the outstretched noses will come first to the finish line. He wins his first race, or makes a winning bet before his capital is exhausted. Thereafter he has a fluctuation of luck, winning as often, or as much, as he loses. Let us say that he never gets more than $1,000 ahead and that, steadily through the meeting, he bets an average of $143 a race, or $1,000 a day. Let us also assume that he is fortunate enough, when he cashes in his tickets on the seventh race at the end of the twenty-fifth day, to have in hand exactly $500, the sum with which he started. This hypothetical patron has never held more than $1,500 at one time, but he has added $25,000 to the total *mutuel* play of the meeting. Furthermore, the track and State, through the 6½ per cent rake-off on each race, have collected a broker's commission of $1,625 on his wagers!

The answer to this seeming paradox is that somebody else has had to lose $1,625 in order for Mr. Hypothetical to break even. Put another way, a man who goes to a *mutuel* track on any one day and bets an equal amount on each of the seven carded races has a percentage against him of 45, or about seven times 6½. He must be nearly two to one smarter, or luckier, than his average neighbor in order to break even.

The $54,000,000 does not seem quite so large after this analysis, but $54,000,000 is real money, even in repeated wagers.

THE odds against a *pari-mutuel* player would seem a sufficiently forbidding handicap, but compared to the chances of the day-in-and-day-out customer of the New York bookmaker, the *mutuel* system offers virtual philanthropy. Even the apologists for the bookmakers admit that the prices quoted by these thin-lipped gentry are scaled on the basis of a ten per cent rake-off, no matter which horse wins. Critics of the system contend that fifteen per cent is nearer the right figure, and that place and show bets (wagers that the horse will come in at least second or third) are laid at prices guaranteeing a broker's commission of, respectively, fifteen and thirty per cent.

These figures are probably high, but there is another catch. In the *mutuel* machines cold mathematics is king. The percentage against the bettor is automatically fixed, and public. The price he gets for his winning selections is determined by how many other people at the track were right about the race. He really is in a guessing contest with his fellow patrons and he has, for the most part, the same information as they from which to make his deductions.

The bookmakers are not satisfied with any such impartiality. They protect themselves generously on the mathematical basis, and then they bring to bear one of the most elaborate information systems in the world, to see to it that the sucker never gets a break. The highly paid trio which fixes prices from minute to minute during the twenty-five minute intervals before each race at a New York track have the benefit of every fragment of ascertainable knowledge about each horse in each race — his workouts, just how long he has been getting ready, his other engagements (sometimes indicating that he is "pointed" really for some more important stake a little later and may be merely racing himself into condition) and the amount of money which known agents or friends of the stable are betting on the entry. This, plus the benefit of the calculations of expert handicappers on the horse's maximum potentiality against his competitors of that day, all goes into the "laying" of a price.

IF THE crowd is betting heavily on a horse which the bookmakers have reason to believe will lose, the mathematical standard prevails, and the bookies keep the figure low enough, in proportion to what is bet on other horses, to prevent any loss to them if their information is awry. On the other hand, if there is light betting on a horse which the combined informational resources of the bookmakers indicate has a better chance than the crowd surmises, the price is artificially shaved to fit what is considered by the bookies as the true chance of the entry.

Throughout the betting period scores of runners move swiftly between the bookmakers and their central clearing house. All bets are carried to the price-fixers for their consideration, both as to volume and source, and new prices are brought back, with amazing speed. These shifting prices are gobbled with avidity, and without question, by a milling crowd that jostles frantically to hand to the bookmakers little slips of paper, each containing the name of a horse, the amount bet, the amount that would be won at the prevailing figure, and the signature of the bettor.

It is not hard to understand why one of the bigger bookmakers, who recently died, left an estate in excess of $15,000,000, nor is it difficult to credit the story that another of the "big boys" dropped $5,000,000 in the stock market crash last year and was able to shrug his shoulders and smile.

BOOKMAKERS travel from track to track on the New York circuit, moving with the horses. About fifty operate on "the lawn" in front of the main grandstand, and a more élite twenty breathe the rarefied financial atmosphere of the club house porch. Bets are eagerly solicited, except by the club house contingent, credit is easy to establish, and there are no formalities or difficulties of any kind in the way of the would-be bettor.

On the basis of the Maryland figures, it is reasonable to estimate wagers of $50,000,000 annually at the Kentucky tracks, $75,000,000 in Illinois, and $100,000,000 under the outlaw bookie system at the New York courses. What is wagered in Florida, at New Orleans and at the smaller tracks will easily bring the annual total of track play to $300,000,000.

Before looking for the remainder of the estimated annual total of $2,000,000,000 it is necessary to recall a bit of racing history. The sport in the United States, beginning with early Colonial days and originally sponsored by the cavaliers of Charleston and its vicinity, spread in popularity, and in unmanageability, until, in 1894, it was almost wholly in the clutches of professional gamblers. Scandals were rife. Horses were painted, names were changed, electric batteries were placed under saddles, and, lest some of the gullible escape, meetings were held in the blinding snow of northern winters and at night under the glare of electric lights.

THE Belmonts, the Whitneys and other responsible horse owners in the East set out to effect reformation. The Jockey Club was formed, to the infinite good of racing. But the malodorousness of conditions at the scores of unregulated tracks throughout the country had brought racing into disrepute which led, during the Governorship of Charles Evans Hughes in 1919, to the passage of a law "forbidding" gambling in New York State.

Of all the attempts of reformers to change the habits of mankind by prohibitory legislation, this New York anti-racing law probably takes the prize for effecting an end diametrically opposite to the one in view.

The immediate effect of the Hughes legislation was to frighten those who had money invested in racing. When Man o' War won the Belmont, the richness of which is based on the number of nominations, its value to the winner was less than $8,000, as contrasted with the more than $66,000 earned by Gallant Fox in the same stake this year. Yearlings at the annual Saratoga sales in 1920 brought less than a third of the average price they command today.

But the law, like a certain other famous piece of prohibitory legislation, passed into disuse because there was no unified sentiment to support it and much inherent human nature to oppose and nullify its execution. The bookmaker is now king at the big New York tracks, unhampered by State supervision or by discipline from racing leaders, who must preserve the legal fiction that gambling does not exist and who therefore can not accept any responsibility concerning it.

Here is the supreme irony of the "abolishment" of race track wagering in New York. Throughout the country, pool rooms and gambling dens, estimated variously at from 75,000 to 125,000 in number, thrive and prosper because they can accept bets and pay them off at the well-protected margins of the New York bookmaker. Bets on horses running at *mutuel* tracks are accepted at these places, but the operators are frank to say that the "no gambling" tracks furnish them the odds that keep them in business. The *mutuel* percentage is so moderate, in comparison, that a small pool-room operator can not take the risk of being caught in a *coup*. The margin of profit at the bookie prices is so great that it will sustain an occasional "killing."

J. B. Snodgrass, long a racing authority, estimated, two years ago, that $1,500,000,000 a year was bet on races in New York City alone through the medium of handbooks. He also figured that one in six of New York City's population wagered an average of five dollars a week on horses they did not see run. If this is even half way accurate, the $2,000,000,000 a year is not hard to visualize.

The first and most imperative of the reforms needed in present-day racing is a frank facing by the men in control of the sport of this gambling situation as it exists. Instead of a sort of gentleman's agreement not to talk about the facts (the odds are published in all the newspapers every day!) this ostrich-like head-hiding should be abandoned. A new policy is needed. Racing men themselves should go courageously to work in New York for the passage of a law establishing the *pari-mutuel* system of wagering in the State. It would be a mortal blow to the pool-room magnates and hand-book kings; it would end the easy credit system of gambling now open to school-boy and bank clerk alike; it would represent a practical solution of an ugly problem instead of the good old hypocritical panacea of pretending the evil does not exist.

The second reform needed is the elimination of the tout. All the exposures concerning blue sky stock offerings and stock market tips from unscrupulous brokers are pale and anæmic beside the audacity of the men who sell "information" as to which horses will win races. Racing, for its own good name, should initiate and prosecute every possible means of wiping out these leeches. The Federal Post Office Department would certainly respond to a suggestion from men of the standing of Mr. Widener and his fellow pillars of the Jockey Club. Local police in the various cities could be impelled to sweep the race-track approaches clear of the down-at-heel, shifty-eyed men who are selling what they herald as racing's dishonor.

These two reforms, from the standpoint of the public good and racing's fair name, cry for execution. There is a third worthy of the serious attention of the men who plan America's race meetings. The plea that thoroughbred racing helps to build a sturdy strain of horse for cavalry purposes, and is consequently an aid to the Government, has become almost wholly fiction. Each year our thoroughbreds, bigger and faster, grow also more fragile. Hundreds of the finest horses break down under training. The answer lies in the fact that the great stakes are for two-year-olds and three-year-olds and most of them are at short distances. Speed, speed, is necessarily the goal of the breeder, and stamina has almost been forgotten. A horse that will go a mile is now regarded as a stayer! How it is possible, through this type of breeding and racing, to develop an animal better suited to carry a 175-pound cavalryman in the saddle all day, is a laughable and regrettable mystery.

Thoroughbred racing is on the upswing in popularity and prosperity. Eliminate the bookmaker, eliminate the tout and develop the stamina of the horse, and there will be a more deserving case for consolidation of present gains and for protection against that day when the professional reformer licks his lips over a royal chance to smash a national amusement.

Uncle Sam's Bellboys

Ray T. Tucker

Showing how a Congressman's heart beats in tempo with the desires of his constituency

It was "Congressional night" in a Republican clubhouse in an eastern metropolis, and the Honorable Member of Congress for the District had met with his constituents to ascertain what he could do to make easier or happier their pursuit of life, liberty and happiness. Actually the meeting had been called to keep him in closer contact with the voters against the Day of Reëlection, and to convince them that Providence had created him for the sole purpose of serving as their social, economic, political and spiritual aid and adviser — all things to all men in the best tradition of practical American politics.

Beneath a bizarre bouquet of partisan banners, Presidential portraits and patriotic colors sat the honorable gentleman himself, or as his announcements had read, "in person." Beside him sat his secretary with open notebook to record the desires and demands of those who had responded to the call. It was already apparent that the evening would be a success. A long queue of men and women shuffled forward to the golden oak table, slowed up as each individual confided his troubles to the Congressman, and continued its snakelike movement up and down the dingy, narrow and stuffy chamber. Was it a Government job, an increased pension, permission to bring in a relative within or without the quota, bulletins on killing rodents, reviving drowning persons, feeding babies, or making dandelion wine? No matter what it might be, the secretary jotted down the notation with a flourish of his brass-bound fountain pen, the M. C. promised to grant it, and the "constit" passed along with a light in his eyes revealing that he had been thrilled by his temporary proximity to the great and good statesman.

One there was, however, who faltered at each approach to the democratic throne. All requests that he have no hesitancy in asking for anything, from the Lincoln Memorial to the Capitol Dome, failed to move him. In broken English he murmured that he would wait, and he dropped out of line again and again. Not until late in the evening did he approach the dispensing station, where the M. C. and his amanuensis were congratulating themselves upon the outcome of this new experiment in and on a democratic form of government. Wistfully he revealed that his request was of a personal rather than political nature.

"My wife, you see," he began, "is running out with a fellow down the block, and she will not listen to me. Will you tell her that she ought not to do it, that the Government does not allow it? She will, maybe, listen to you — a Congressman. Tell her that I am a better man than this fellow, who is not yet naturalized. She will believe you — a Congressman."

This incident, without any exaggeration, furnishes a vivid illustration of the demands which a large and enlarging section of the American people make upon their elected Representatives. Not all members hold "Congressional nights," it is true, but all perform a grotesque variety of jobs not listed in the Constitution or Jefferson's Manual. The normal medium by which a District voices its needs to its Representative or Senator is through visits or letters to Washington, where this sort of popular, chain store service is rapidly assuming the proportions of a fourth branch of the Government dominating the other three. Though it is an entirely extra-constitutional activity, it actually dwarfs the other duties which our national legislators are sworn to perform under their oath of office. In short, our statesmen have been transformed into glorified bellboys, and all that is needed to complete the figure are snappy uniforms, red caps and tips.

None deny it. Though some admit it rather ruefully, and pray that means to relieve them of this popular pressure may be devised, there are many who invite these indignities in stump speeches and letters urging their constituents to "come one, come all." In the South it is the custom in seeking reëlection to boast of the volume of mail received and the numbers of errands run at Washington. Thus many Members welcome their degradation to the rôle of bellboys, and their attitude as well as the accompanying burdens imposed upon our statesmen may serve to explain the degeneration of Congress, concerning which we hear so much in the pulpit, platform and public prints.

I recently asked a prominent Member of the House what proportion of his time was allotted to this sort of menial labor, and his prompt reply was: "Seventy per cent." The same question brought from one of the most outstanding dignitaries of the Senate the estimate that he was "ninety per cent bellboy and ten per cent Senator," and he was not certain that he had not overestimated on the score of statesmanship. A Senator, of course, must answer the calls of a whole State, whereas a Member of the lower and lazier body is fortunate in that he bellhops for a more restricted area.

Moreover, these duties are becoming more numerous and onerous year by year. It is probable that they first reached perilous proportions during and following the World War period — an era when legislation establishing new and close contacts between the central Government and John J. Citizen was enacted to make the world safe for democracy and drunkards. There were, for instance, income taxes to be paid and wrangled about, liquor to be withdrawn or transported under federal permit, friends to be named dry agents, Volsteady violators to be protected, immigrants to be brought in despite the drastic 1922 and 1924 laws, an increasing number of pension cases, difficulties over war risk insurance, and an immensity of other problems arising out of the attempt to heal the hurts of war. There were under-age boys to be got out of the Army and Navy after the feverish spirit of militarism which had caused them to leave home. There were ties with the ancient Governments of Europe to be broken on behalf of post-war immigrants, involving in one instance a plea that a Congressman force a Moscow bank to give up a pre-war deposit of Czaristic and depreciated rubles. Indeed, space does not permit a complete catalogue of the new questions confronting the citizen, and, therefore, his Congressman.

EACH year, too, sees the enactment of additional legislation to befog the law-abiding sons of Uncle Sam. Each year Bureaucracy grows more avaricious by that it feeds upon and reaches out a fat and strong arm to drag the citizenry within its grasp. Each year there are new regulations or amendments affecting an infinite variety of activities, until now such a conservative as Senator George Higgins Moses of New Hampshire avows that from the cradle to the tomb, as well as from each dawn to dusk, an American lives in "the region of the regulated instead of the land of the free." It is from this bewildering labyrinth of federal and local laws that, with some justification, the folks back home write for relief to the Pooh Bahs they have sent to Washington.

NOR are these demands confined to humble people who succumb to a sense of awe in dealing with the vast and distant Federal Government. Business men, bankers and manufacturers are among the chief offenders. Though they could easily obtain desired data from the proper bureau or department, they turn to their Congressmen for information concerning the tariff, income tax laws, banking measures, railroad regulations, provisions of the federal power or homestead acts, and the Administration's attitude toward foreign investments. Among these elements the desire to possess supposedly inside or advance news of Government activities amounts to a disease, which explains why one-man lobbies and tipster services at the Capital thrive on the sale of departmental news releases and "handouts."

Moreover, it is the so-called intelligent and inspirational groups which expect their Senators and Representatives to "fix it up" if delays or difficulties arise to embarrass their ventures. In far too many of these letters there is reflected a "fix it up" attitude which indicates at least an unmoral insistence that the honorable gentlemen at Washington break or evade laws when and if necessary. In more recent years, however, a higher sense of ethics seems to prevail, and although they lie outside the realm of rigid Congressional activities, the requests may be deemed legitimate.

Though the mail received by members varies in proportion to the size of their States and Districts, few Senators get less than fifty letters a day, and the large majority concern chores a constituent expects to be discharged as a matter of course. If a Senator has been in office for many years, and also represents a populous State, his mail averages from 100 to 300 letters a day. It is his task to see that all requests are acted upon, not some time, but immediately. More important still, the receipt of the request must be acknowledged at once, and the constituent informed in polite and parliamentary language that, no matter how outlandish it may be, it will be given "every consideration." In one batch of mail a member may be besieged with demands which necessitate an immediate and personal visit to half the Government departments and numerous foreign embassies. The physical labor involved in cataloguing the petitions, in answering them and in discharging them, is almost incredible.

These duties could easily occupy all the waking hours of a legislator, and unless he avails himself of an able secretary and friends at strategic points in each department, they will. Members who take this sort of assignment with sufficient seriousness spend from three to four hours a day at it, and this explains why a visitor to Senate galleries frequently observes a Senator's desk piled high with documents, even though the occupant of the seat never delivers an oration or gives much heed to current debate. When Senator Wesley Jones, of Washington, whose care for his constituents' cries is almost paternal, spends hours bending across his desk in reading and signing letters, it does not mean that he is busy about Uncle Sam's business. It simply signifies that he is striving vigorously but vainly to keep up with the demands of the faithful and the franchised. When Vice-President Curtis, despite much ringing of Capitol bells and pounding of his black gavel, can not obtain a quorum in the early afternoon hours, it is not always explainable on the ground that Senators are being held up in committee or on the "nineteenth hole." They may be struggling over the woes of constituents with members of the Cabinet, the Shipping Board, the War or Navy Departments, the Interstate Commerce Commission or the Board of Taxes and Appeals.

A certain philosophic Senator who chooses to shroud his bellboyism in secrecy recently described his day in unusually frank manner and detail. Except for the qualification that expert secretaries now perform more of this kind of jobbery, his story of his daily round differs little from those of his colleagues. I imagine it will prove to be an amazing and heroic epic to those Americans who, whether they have written one or a hundred or no begging letters to their Congressmen, think that those harassed gentlemen earn their $10,000-a-year salaries solely by delivering speeches on the floor.

From his breakfast table our Senator may be called to the telephone to learn that an unknown but apparently influential politician from a town in his State has just arrived at a downtown hotel, and expects the Senator to make his sojourn in Washington both pleasant and profitable. The "constit" wants to shake hands with the President, wants to know who will be speaking in the Senate at 3.10, and wants to obtain admission cards. He would also like it arranged so that he may inspect the private apartments of the White House, go aboard — in the old days — the Presidential yacht *Mayflower*, and, for full measure, visit the Treasury sub-basement where the bullion and bad liquor are stored. Would the Senator also meet him and his party on Capitol Hill later in the day and introduce them to such celebrities as William Edgar Borah, "Sunny Jim" Watson, "Tawm" Heflin, Thad Caraway, "Pat" Harrison and Hiram Johnson? The Senator agrees to do the best he can, and spends at least an hour in telephoning for the proper credentials so that gates and hearts will be opened wherever the boys from back home care to go.

The Veterans' Bureau, the State Department, the Treasury Department or the Department of Labor may be the next Senatorial stops — one or all. If it be a Senator from a Western State, he must, in all probability, hie himself to even more distant places, such as the Department of the Interior or the Department of Agriculture, where problems affecting power sites, rival homestead claims, oil permits and the plaints of the farmer must be arbitrated. If he hails from a Central State, and questions pertaining to lake and river shipping constitute most of his troubles, he must betake himself to the Navy Department, the Coast Guard, the Department of Commerce or one of their auxiliary agencies. How prolonged and perspiring the sessions may be depends on the Senator, the Government official and the nature of the case.

At the Veterans' Bureau, for instance, the Senator may discover that the claimant for disability or an increased pension has not submitted the proper evidence, and it becomes necessary for the chore boy to obtain the necessary papers, send them to the petitioner and look forward to another visit to the bureau upon their return. He may, however, meet better luck at the Department of Justice when he protests to Colonel Amos W. W. Woodcock, federal dry czar, against a prohibition agent's unlawful invasion of a constituent's home or the improper seizure of a vehicle suspected of transporting liquor. Colonel Woodcock, though a dyspeptic-looking man, may have enjoyed a hearty breakfast, and, as the Senator does not fail to recall, did not the Colonel take office with the pledge that the Bill of Rights would be respected even by the "noble experimenters"? But at the State Department, where official tape is of a color that does not run or fade even in reaction to Senatorial chemistry, he may not be able to obtain the admission of a niece of an Irish political boss as a non-quota immigrant. Again, he may fail in his effort to convince hard-boiled Under-Secretary of State "Joe" Cotton that three college graduates belonging to the best families of a rock-ribbed Republican

State should be given appointments in the consular service.

These tasks are the most important of those imposed upon our statesmen day upon day and year upon year. They demand too much tact or effrontery for delegation to a secretary, unless a legislator is blessed with such an *alter ego* as those who serve Senator Moses, Senator Borah or Representative John L. Taber of New York, to mention a few eminent servitors. Meanwhile, the Senator's secretarial staff spends almost all its time on other petty, political "contracts," as they are dubbed in Congressional circles. The regional office at home may have rejected a veteran's application for disability or an old pensioner's request for larger payments, and the only recourse is for the Senator or his representative to appear before the Board of Appeals in person — an enterprise which may require from one to three hours.

PREVIOUS to this appearance, however, the M. C. must have forwarded the proper papers to the applicant, instructed his constituent concerning the evidence to be submitted, suggested where it could be obtained, and outlined the prescribed procedure for marshalling it most effectively. Though some Members dismiss such problems by referring the old soldier to a lawyer — preferably a friend — to the credit of most Congressmen it should be said that they frequently perform the service of legal expert free of charge. In any event, no matter how simple the case may seem, it consumes an incredible amount of time, thought and physical effort.

Perhaps the demands which cast clearest light on the psychology — or psychoses — of the "gimme" constituents are those for passports and visas. Although the procedure for procuring these documents is simple and well defined, involving only an intelligent letter directed to the State Department and a visit to the consular offices at the port of sailing, thousands of constituents insist that their Congressmen shall relieve them of this labor. They constitute, with pension, veterans' and immigration cases, the principal portion of the extra-constitutional, cash-and-carry work for which neither the Government nor the Congressman collects a red penny. This lone errand, by the watch, requires almost a full morning's peripatetic service, since it involves a long wait at the passport office in most instances and a swing around the embassies and legations of the countries which the journeyer plans to visit. Inasmuch as the offices of the nations listed on the grand tour stand miles apart along streets which have been described as "magnificent distances," and visas are issued only on specified days, it may be realized what a tremendous trek is entailed.

THEN there are the requests which may be characterized as "freakish." Senators and Representatives from such nearby States as Maryland, Virginia and West Virginia are besieged by people who think that they should be permitted to serve the Government as local firemen, policemen, railroad detectives and inspectors. In most instances legislators from these communities enjoy considerable influence at home, so that patronage demands of this sort are not so presumptuous as they seem. They do, however, reflect the widespread feeling that the Government owes each citizen a livelihood, as the dear old lady in dusty bombazine from a Southern State informed her Senator in no uncertain or ladylike terms. She was, she explained, "a member of one of the finest families of the Old South," and since her ancestors came to this country before the Civil Service laws, such peccadillos should not be permitted to prevent her from being placed on Uncle Sam's payroll.

More fantastic are the petitions that the honorable gentlemen at Washington intervene to save a friend or relative from going to the hoosegow, to settle disputes with employers and kinfolk, to obtain credit for the constituents at the grocery or drug store. And hardly a day rolls around that some itinerant from the home District or State does not call upon his Congressman for the temporary loan of sufficient money to pay the wanderer's fare back to the family fireplace. Strangely enough, these birds of passage are the most insistent and indignant of all, and, if sent away empty-handed, they convey by their injured looks the impression that they and their tribesmen mean henceforth to dedicate themselves to the holy mission of driving the skinflinty statesman from public life.

There is, of course, a definite advantage for the constituent in laying his troubles before a Member of Congress instead of an impersonal and indifferent department of the Government. Each office on Capitol Hill serves as a break-up station for a tremendous volume of mail, and the comparatively few letters which each legislator receives command a personal interest that can not be shown toward the much larger batch of communications which flood the downtown departments. Moreover, federal bureaucrats are notoriously slow in handling correspondence or in passing judgment on the questions which constitute their governmental grist. It may take months for a letter to pass from office to office before it reaches the desk of the proper official, and many more months before a decision is rendered.

But these same doubting, dilatory and buck-passing office-holders become veritable Mercuries when a Member of Congress speaks or asks a favor, and even though action may not always be favorable, it will at least be prompt. Members of Congress control appropriations and promotion lists, and these are matters of moment to those who slave in a department, whether it be a Cabinet Member or a new clerk. It is not, therefore, unfair to place some responsibility for these politically perverted activities upon the Central Government itself.

Nevertheless, it is only natural to ask why Members of Congress tolerate and truckle to these importunities. The answer is that our public men are not wholly blameless; there breathes hardly a politician with tongue so dead that he has not at some time pictured himself as "the servant of the people." Indeed, they themselves are men of letters. Form letters for use on all emotional occasions constitute many a Member's only stock in stationery. Meticulously they peruse local newspapers to insure that no participant in a "blessed event," no newlywed, no new graduate, no lately promoted clerk, no bereaved parent, may have cause for feeling that their Congressman's heart does not beat in *tempo* with theirs, that their Congressman does not rejoice when they are glad and grieve when they are sad. It is a maxim of political warfare that a Napoleonic statesman must maintain contact with his source of inspiration — and votes — and none neglect this strategic consideration.

Thus the discharge of these extracurricular duties is not quite a labor of love. It is as certain as Election Day that every person benefited in this manner will be listed in a card catalogue and that, on the approach of the first Tuesday after the first Monday in some November, he will be reminded that the M. C., if returned to office, would be glad to serve again as unselfishly as he has in the past. Moreover, though a Senator or a Representative ranks rather low in the social and intellectual scale at the Capital, he is, it would appear, a great man 200 miles from Pennsylvania Avenue, and his letters and services soon become the small beer of the countryside. "Satisfied" customers, as is seeming, tell their friends, and they, in turn, ring for one of Uncle Sam's bellboys when the need arises.

Pernicious Prosperity

By Donald F. Rose

A Pair of Striped Flannel Trousers Induces a Train of Pertinent Thought

When Wall Street was so thoroughly mired in the slough of despond last autumn, there were many to say that its recovery to dry land would be equally sensational though much more enjoyable. They were largely those who had previously pointed out that under the benevolent rule of Republicanism and the Federal Reserve the stock market had been made a one-way street, leading onward and upward but never down and out. They were just as right the second time as they were the first.

For the market mood of last November lasted long beyond the ordinary limits of a hang-over. There was no perceptible resilience in its recovery, but rather the painful reluctance of an unwilling repentance. It responded hardly at all to emergency measures. It was psychoanalyzed by experts, and still felt sick. It was cheered and exhorted, and stayed gloomy. It was vaccinated heavily with stimulants, including cheap money and a tariff act, and responded hardly at all and usually in the wrong direction. For the market was very unwell, and could not be convinced otherwise.

And so the pillars and pinnacles of prosperity were not only pulled down about our ears, but they stayed that way, granting us all an opportunity to think of our sins and — incidentally — of our mercies. After six months or so of a noble experiment in whistling to keep up our courage, we were even willing to admit that times were bad and that this could not reasonably be blamed on the Democrats. Somewhat later we were ready to confess that it could not even be blamed on the stock market, for if the stock market were indeed the devil amongst us, then it was a devil which did not know how to take care of itself and its own, and should not be regarded too seriously.

By the slow alchemy of common sense among the passions and prejudices of Americanism, it was discovered at last that prosperity is not the inalienable right of any generation and that what goes up may just as well come down when the mood takes it. The economists and statisticians had other explanations for the phenomenon of deflation, but they were somewhat less convincing than the simple statement that the nation's luck had turned. Possibly it had not altogether turned; possibly it was just resting from the big post-war push toward the day when nobody will work more than four days a week and will have at least six days a week to spend the proceeds. But eventually there were few to doubt that the tide was at least temporarily on the way out, despite the protests of presidents, bankers, financiers, economists and assorted experts, who stood on the shore like a regiment of inverted Canutes and said the thing was impossible. And eventually the average citizen quit listening to them and went to work.

These are mildly philosophic reflections which come rather readily to one who has never known the slings and arrows of a falling market or pledged a nickel's worth of margin as hostage to fickle fortune. But it is to be remembered that philosophy is the poor man's luxury and the only one which no one envies him. Moreover, he needed not a little of it to contemplate without unworthy emotion the spectacle of his neighbors' noisome prosperity while they had it. Now that they have mislaid it, they must bear with him as once he bore with them. And in these doubtful days it is still the poor man's prerogative to be philosophical about prosperity, even though his views bring no comfort to those who are still stiff and sore from the catastrophe of last November.

After a series of such philosophical studies extending all the way from the 7:51 morning train to *The Congressional Record* I have come to the comforting discovery that a surprising number of my neighbors are still eating three meals a day, in spite of all that has happened. Most of them still get butter with their bread and many admit a little jam. Some who confess that they suffered severely when Wall Street broke all its suspenders at once have not perceptibly pulled in their belts to compensate for shortened rations. As one who once waited a full day for something to eat in a country not so much afflicted with prosperity as this one, I confess that this single circumstance takes some of the sting from our national adversities for at least one spectator. I mourn with my impoverished neighbors but I can not suffer with them. Their own suffering is not yet sufficiently convincing.

So I look around elsewhere, and discover what hard times mean to those who once sat so prettily on society's upper crust. One of them, I find, is feeling the pinch of poverty so seriously that he will be content with last year's car for three months or more beyond his normal habit. Another has given up going to Europe and will retire simply and quietly with all his family to the rocky coast of Maine for a pauper's vacation. In the same spirit of sacrifice and retrenchment he will take only seven servants and a mere handful of chauffeurs. Others are practising still more violent economies, sometimes by extending their expectation of credit from sixty to ninety days or by reducing their church contributions.

The captains of industry, of course, are squealing here and there like pigs under a gate. Apparently they are appalled by the prospect of having so little to engage their serious attention and abilities that they will be compelled to extend their golf allowance to three days instead of a trifling two per week. As one who sees no sense whatever in batting a piffling pill around a lumpy landscape, I sympathize earnestly with their misfortune. Too much golf is a heavy price to pay for financial experience.

But in the midst of my commiseration I seem to recall that these same business men aforetime worked hard and long with no obvious purpose except that some day they might have time and leisure and money enough to play all the golf they wanted. Leisure, rather than luxury, was their heart's desire, so that they might enjoy at last the rest and recreation presumably earned by their industry and ingenuity. In the slower *tempo* of slack times they have their opportunity, if not their reward. They can play golf till the cows come home, or until the bulls take possession again of Wall Street.

THERE are only two considerable classes left to bear the brunt of bad times. One consists of those professional people who are always chasing the wolf from the door and are used to it. The others are those who do most of the world's real work, and a good many of them are out of a job.

If you have tears to shed and can spare them from the impoverished financiers, the bankrupt bankers and the unhappy business men, this is the place to use them. It is bad to drive last year's car and to get along without the third assistant butler, but it is worse to be out of work. It is tragic to be reduced to a mere month's vacation or to be driven to golf for lack of better things to do, but it is terrible to know that nobody needs the work of your head or hands. This is the true occasion for sympathy, though sympathy is not what these sufferers need. They can not eat sympathy and they are likely not to care for charity. They want a job.

SOME day we may possibly stop talking economic nonsense and political poppycock and recognize the stark simplicity of the problem of hard times. We shall see that men shall have work to do when they want it and need it. We shall despise the hypocrisy of those who preach business optimism and meanwhile cut their payrolls. We shall admit that we are wrong and that France is right in caring less for efficiency and more for humanity. Prosperity in France does not mean that every worker must have a piano which he can't play and a radio which isn't paid for; it means that every man has a job, even though it is but a little one. Germany is sick with unemployment and so is England, and we don't feel very hearty ourselves. But in France there is some work for all — not a great deal, but enough to save a nation's self-respect.

It would be very comical indeed if it were ever discovered that prosperity depends not upon more work for some of us but less work for all of us, and not on increasing wealth but on increasing contentment with the wealth we have. Yet no better explanation has been made of the fact that we all woke up one sour morning to wonder where prosperity had gone overnight. It was a most mysterious disappearance, something like the vanishing of a rabbit or a family of goldfish in a magician's high silk hat. It wasn't gone out of the country, for nobody can leave this country without a passport, various visas, a birth certificate and a fistful of traveller's checks. By careful count it was soon determined that there were just as many nickels in the country as usual, but nobody had any to spend or spare. Nor had our prosperity been stolen or borrowed by the neighbors, or else some of them would have showed more palpable signs of possessing it. It had just vanished like a baby's balloon or a candle flame or a state of mind — which is possibly what it was. Very likely it will come back again in the same mysterious manner that it went.

We can not properly bewail the missing link between work and wealth, for there is no *corpus delicti* around which to conduct the wake. We can not reasonably blame anybody for hard times, for nobody would cut off his own nose to spite his face. We should not even blame Mr. Hoover, unless we are such deep-dyed Democrats that we can do no other. We can only sit and think and work and wait, wondering meanwhile why we take so much trouble looking for something which we didn't know we had until we lost it.

Now it happens, very much as usual, that these profound observations are supported by nearly nothing in the way of actual experience. If I can speak at all dispassionately of prosperity, it is because I never made its too intimate acquaintance. By the same token, I never fell off the band wagon and landed heavily on my *medulla oblongata*. In other words, I never flew a kite on a shoe string in the stock market, nor mourned a rich relative, nor exchanged a comfortable conscience for forty per cent and a bonus on the year's business. The weekly or monthly pay check has always — or nearly always — been my only visible means of support, which is no way to grow rich and prosperous.

But by the slow increase of salary and the natural course of events I have, within the recent memory of man, escaped from the thickets of honest poverty into the pleasant pastures where prosperity goes about seeking whom it may devour. I have discovered what it means to have a dollar in my pocket which nobody can immediately take away from me. I have, in fact, reached the precarious point where I have slightly more than my share of this world's goods, if the statisticians and economists know what they are talking about. I have tasted prosperity, though I am by no means used to it.

I have discovered already that a little prosperity is a dangerous thing. Take, for example, the mere matter of my striped flannel trousers. I lived more or less happily and successfully for thirty-nine years and eleven months without a pair of striped flannel trousers. At any time within a third of a century I could have said honestly and with conviction that I did not need a pair of striped flannel trousers, and that the world around me was neither better nor worse for lack of them.

But at the very threshold of prosperity there loomed a pair of striped flannel trousers and immediately seduced me. I bought them, wore them, spotted and wrinkled them, and began to pay for cleaning and pressing them. I shall continue to do so all summer, and after that shall buy moth balls for their long winter sleep. I wear them now and then, and am afflicted all the time with anxiety for their chaste loveliness. I spend my moments of recreation in living down to my trousers; I am become a slave to my pants, and prosperity is to blame.

These striped flannel trousers are only a symbol of a score of similar afflictions. A year or so ago I had no idea that life could be made so complicated by an extra ten dollars a week.

But these are the least of the penalties of prosperity. A more serious matter is that my credit is now considered good in department stores and other dens of iniquitous opportunity. I no longer need money in order to spend it, and the day of reckoning is always some weeks away. This also is prosperity, and it keeps me constantly in debt where once I paid my way.

Under the same unyielding necessity of increasing income I find myself carrying three times as much insurance as was once enough, owning a bigger and better mortgage, and saving more desperately than in the darkest days of poverty. I have to worry about banks and building associations, where once the high cost of living was the beginning and end of the family problem. I am trailed and entreated by charities, churches and subscription campaigns; I must buy tickets to benefits which I won't attend and join clubs which demand my time as well as my money. And whenever a tradesman, contractor or other local business man is particularly hard up, he thinks of me among the first to make a collection.

These are only the first payments on the price of prosperity. There are immense possibilities of prosperous enjoyment awaiting me in hospitals, barber shops, garages and vacation resorts, which were once safely beyond my modest means. And beyond these lies the stock market, waiting in wolfish patience until I have more money than sense and will gamble one on the other.

I think this is prosperity, as preached and practised by the present generation. It is a process of pyramiding possessions and responsibilities until their owner staggers beneath the load into a grateful grave. It is a matter of deliberately biting off more than a man can chew. And very likely in the sight of high heaven it is an asinine performance.

It seems to bear within it the seeds of its own dissolution. It seems to lead at last to an individual and national weariness of bills, installments, subscriptions, mortgages, margins and charge accounts. There comes the time when one more vacuum salesman is the last straw, and one more superfluous possession is ten too many. There comes, in fact, the day when the perpetual boosting of business topples it over. And when that happens, all the king's horses and all the king's men and Henry Ford and Roger Babson and the Federal Reserve and the Smoot-Hawley tariff and the Farm Board and the Interstate Commerce

Commission can not put Humpty-Dumpty together again as though nothing had happened.

This is not pessimism; it is simply disillusionment induced primarily by a pair of striped flannel trousers. Those trousers are a product of prosperity and they have proved unworthy of their price. So, I suspect, are most of the prizes and privileges of prosperity. In the mood of the moment, prosperity seems very much like success, which — says Henry Ward Beecher — "is full of promise 'til men get it; then it is a last year's nest, from which the bird has flown."

It seems rather strange that while so many are bewailing our prosperity or running in circles looking for it, there has been practically nobody to consider what good we gained from it while it was here. I do not refer, of course, to physical possessions, some of which I myself enjoy whenever they grant me peace and time to do so. I do not refer to the extraordinarily useful telephone on which I may talk to so many uninteresting people, nor to the electric refrigerator with which I invite the neighbors' envy, nor to the accursed car which takes me so readily wherever I don't want to go and needs as much expensive care and feeding as a baby elephant. I am surrounded, indeed, by incredible conveniences, and prosperity paid for them. But what of happiness and peace of mind and goodwill among men, and other riches which life should yield to those who work hard and are called successful?

Well, I have looked in the pockets of my striped flannel trousers and they aren't there. Sometimes they seem particularly to avoid me when I am wearing my striped flannel trousers. And though it may be heresy and treason to say so, I begin to suspect that they have nothing at all to do with striped flannel trousers or with prosperity either.

I suspect, in fact, that prosperity is too often paid for in fear and worry and discontent, as well as in work and thrift and shrewd bargaining. Sometimes a picture seems to say so from the front pages of our newspapers, where some crowd of prosperous Americans is shown in the agonies of entertainment. Our American crowds belie America's reputation as a land of inspiring opportunity and enjoyable prosperity. They seem to suffer as they have a good time; they are sour and sullen and suspicious and it is written in their faces. I do not necessarily include the average concert audience, which wears the pained expression of an æsthetic stomach ache because it has left its sense of humor at home. But at all our public feasts and festivals there is little joy in the faces of the beholders, and less kindliness and contentment. And yet we are and have long been the most prosperous people in the world, and should surely be happy and even jovial in our striped flannel trousers.

The price of prosperity deserves some consideration as we scramble around to recover it. No doubt we shall succeed in doing so, for an ironic fate often chooses to chasten us by giving us what we want. We shall certainly earn it and possibly deserve it. But nothing in past or present experience guarantees that we shall enjoy it.

Reynard Runs

By Rose Wilder Lane

A Fox Hunt is still a Fox Hunt in the Ozarks

The moonlit nights of the ripening year are nights made for hunting the Ozark foxes. In April and May the woods are newly burned over, and the best of hounds will lose the scent when his nose is stung by the fine ashes. In June the sudden thunder-shower may roll up its cumulus clouds, obscuring the moon and drenching the hills in a downpour which sets the creeks to roaring. July is haying time, and men are weary when cool darkness comes to the shimmering fields. But the clear, still nights of the August moon are the hunter's joy.

It was a brave sight, thirty years ago, to see them setting out at twilight — twenty to sixty men in the saddles, hunting horns blowing, a sea of eager dogs flowing and billowing at the horses' heels. But the Ozarks do not lag in the march of progress. Now we go hunting in our cars.

Never mind. Our spirit is not altered. A fox hunt is still a fox hunt. Ardently as ever we look forward to it, proudly as ever we cherish the good "bawlin' hound," and our pleasure is still the same in slopes and hollows echoing to the belling dogs.

"When it's pleasure I'm a-seekin'," says Herb, the blacksmith, "Give me a fair moonlight night like this yere one, an' leave me set on a hilltop a-hearin' a race."

Our cars stand in the tree-lined streets of the village, between bungalows alight with silk-shaded electricity and loud with radios. Small boys on their way to the talkies stop and beg to accompany the hunt. The banker's daughter has postponed the bridge-club meeting, and comes bearing many thermos bottles of coffee. Packages of sandwiches and cakes are stowed away.

The baggage-carriers of our coupés stand open, and eagerly whining hounds clamber upon the rear bumpers. It is astonishing how many hounds, carefully packed, can be compressed into that space beneath and behind the seat. Liver-colored, brown and spotted, they lie close upon one another, their noses pressed toward the crack that will be left for air when the baggage-compartment's top is shut down upon an inserted stick.

Seven go into Herb's car; nine, counting two pups on their maiden run, will press like sardines into another. One of the hunters has a trailer, made to order for carrying hounds to a hunt, and a score of tails wave in it.

The men discuss once more the best place for this hunt. Some say Bryant, others favor Flat Rock, or Prairie Hollow, or the Ten Forties. The Ten Forties, cut over by a lumber company many years ago, now spread their four hundred acres of second-growth timber without a house or fence. Foxes abound there. Only last night hunters started an eight-hours' race at the Ten Forties.

"No, we'll do nary huntin' thar this night," says Herb. "Leave them foxes get their rest."

The women call, "*Do* make up your minds! Let's get *started.*"

ALL at once a car starts, and then rapidly all are going in procession, smoothly down the street, turning at the drug-store to pass the village square, then bumping over railroad tracks and soon leaving the last small house behind. Wheels hum along the curving, wide highway, headlights flash across fields and dart far between trunks of trees on wooded hillsides.

In some cars the men ride, in others the women. This happens naturally, without thought. Here in the Ozarks women seek the companionship of women and men stay with men, as simply as savages or Moslems. It was always so in the old-time frolics and picnics and singings, and it is still an unquestioned custom. We follow it as though it were a law of nature. Perhaps it is.

After we leave the highway, the road is little more than two wheel-tracks straddling stumps and boulders. The wild forest closes it in and boughs overhang it. Hazel and sassafras bank either side, wild blackberry bushes thrust out their thorny branches, and the poke-berries drip their luscious and deadly fruit. In the headlights' glare the dusty goldenrod seems as pale as the closing blossoms of wild carrot, but already the sumac shows here and there a leaf as red as blood.

The road plunges down slopes where brakes squeal and levels to fords where the running water curves like wings beneath the fenders. In low gear the cars struggle up rocky hillsides where the air brings the scent of pines.

Someone will start an Ozark song — still ours, though Broadway has borrowed it. All along the line of cars we will sing.

Oh, it ain't gonna rain no more, no more . . .

Or,

It makes no difference if he is a houn',
You gotta quit kickin' my dawg aroun'.

IT WOULD indeed go hard with anyone who assaulted one of those hounds packed beneath the car seats, or one of those slim, eager creatures in the trailer. Can there be persons to whom a hound is only a hound? To us he is pride and joy; he is fleetness and music and poetry; he has renown, and bestows it. We talk of hounds as brokers discuss future movements in stocks. We send far afield and spend great sums of money for a fine hound. And if we trade but the puniest one of a litter, we do this with all the deliberation, finesse and mendacity with which David Harum traded horses.

The cars stop at the chosen place,

beneath the bald top of a hill so steep that engines can not climb it. The baggage carriers are opened, and hounds boil up and out. Engulfed in surging dogs, men seize and chain them. There are exclamations, shouts, above the frantic whines.

Someone says, "Who'd you leave go, Loney?"

"Gran'maw," Loney says.

We all clamber up the hill, flints clattering beneath slipping feet. We carry rugs, blankets, the packets of food. The massed dogs move beside the men who hold their chains.

"I was a-aimin' to send out Pickle," Loney adds. "But Gran'maw, she was too swift for me."

"She's a right good starter dawg," someone says. "She'll jump us a fox if ary dawg can."

Another remarks, "Thar's them that admire to hear Pickle. But as for me, I never taken to sour notes. I'd liefer hear a good, deep, mellow tone, like Gran'maw's." He adds tactfully, "Yet for a sour-toned dawg, thar's few can best Pickle, an' him in full tongue."

THE top of the hill, treeless and covered with flints, is white as snow in the moonlight. The deep shadow of the woods rings its slopes. A vague sound of rustling leaves and of running water comes up from miles upon miles of hill and valley, and far away the immense sky meets the pale line of the horizon, that level line which is like that of the sea.

It is only in the Ozarks that a land so broken by abrupt hills and sharp declivities, by cliffs and streams and peaks, draws always against the sky that level line. This is deceit; there is no levelness. Journey fifty miles, and from a peak on that horizon look back at this peak, and you will not see it; you will see pale blue distance as level as the sea's skyline.

We build a fire, spread rugs around it. The men take a few top-rails from a fence, and with them build comfortable seats. Cigarettes are rolled and lighted. And every instant, with keen anticipation, we are listening to the silence behind our talk, that silence of miles of moonlit hills, from which presently will ring Gran'maw's call.

ONE night, in this pause before the starter dog gives tongue, Herb told us that he reckoned we had no idea how foxes are hunted in England. "I'd shorely never've credited it myself, if I hadn't seen it with my own eyes," he said.

Lean and brown, with a drawl in all his movements, Herb is the typical Ozarkian whom strangers regard patronizingly as the ignorant, primitive hill-billy. Herb does not mind. His attitude toward these outlanders who do not know the Ozarks is as amused and kindly as that of King George toward the American who cordially shook his hand and said, "Pleased to meet you, King."

Sitting in the firelight, we all turned our eyes to him, and Beau quieted the pups.

"Them English," Herb said, striking a match with his thumb-nail and lighting a cigarette, "They set out on horses, maybe thirty-fifty of 'em, an' fifty-sixty dawgs, all a-layin' out to run down one pore, leetle fox. An' you wouldn't credit it, but they'll run him ontel they run him down, an' then—*they'll leave them thar dawgs set on him, an' tear him plumb to pieces.*"

A boy exclaimed, "They never!"

"They shorely do so, son. 'Pears like 'tis their object, to wear that thar fox down, an' wear him out, an' exhaust him, an' then leave that thar multitude of dawgs set on him, him with nary chanct in this yere world. all's left of him when they get done, is mangled remnants. Sport, they call it.

"What's more, they *raise* them foxes. They raise them up from pups, or so I was told. I never seen it myself, but I was told so. An Englishman told me so. 'Well,' I says to him, 'all I say is, ary livin' creature that I'd raised up in the house a pet, I'd never do thataway to. Never in this world,' I says to him.

"But the English, it appears they enjoy a-doin' thataway. Some lady, she'll come a-ridin' back all wreathed in smiles, a-totin' that thar pore fox's bloody tail. An' they all a-congratulatin' her on it, like she's done something to be set up about. Well, when I seen it, 'Maybe that's sport,' I says, 'in England,' I says. 'But when I'm a-honin' for sport, give me a fair moonlight night in the Ozark hills, an' leave me set a-hearin' a race. An' don't leave the dawgs catch up with nary fox, neither. That's my idea of sport,' I says, 'is to *run* the fox.'"

WE ARE not too quick to speak, in these hills. We turn things over in our minds, and contemplate them. But at length, out of this contemplation, someone spoke. "Whatfor do the English do thataway?"

"I make no sense to it," Herb replied. "If they enjoy to run the fox, like they say, what do they kill him for? If they want to kill him, why not shoot him? Well, I asked that thar question, an' them English looked like I was a-favorin' baby-murder. It appears 'tis nigh as much as a man's life is worth, to shoot a fox in England. Thar's laws ag'in it.

"Well, them English, they're a mighty curious nation."

Thus idly our talk ranges, from the strange ways of the English to the roads of California and the rains of Panama, while we wait. Then suddenly — word broken in the middle — we listen. And in an instant, on our feet, breathless, motionless, we hear again the clear and echoing call.

We scatter on the barren hill-top, each alone, far from the others, for even the rustle of a near-by garment, the drawing of a breath, may blur the fine intensity of our listening. And now the keen pleasure, like none other, begins for us.

NOT a movement is to be seen in the forests spread beneath us. Fold beyond fold the wooded hills spread to the far level line where they meet the sky. The nearer hollows lie in darkness, from which lesser hilltops rise into the moonlight. There are ceaseless murmurs of leaves and the ceaseless small liquid sounds of many streams. And all this is like a page on which is being written, in music, the almost unbearably exciting story of the fortunes of the chase.

We see nothing, yet we see everything. Senses intermingle, and we see with our ears. Every note of those chiming throats is a picture.

"Dad gum it!" Beau shouted. "'Tis Smilin' Jim Hensley's Brown Dick!"

We are Ozark fox-hunters; there's not a racing hound in five counties who can give tongue without our knowing who he is, what he is doing, how he feels. We "know their mouths."

Ours was not the only hunt abroad that night. Smilin' Jim's Brown Dick was coursing the woods, too, and he had jumped a fox. His deep and mellow note echoes faintly from the cliffs by Bryant Mill. Brown Dick's struck a hot trail!

FAR away, suddenly clamoring, a score of throats bay. That's Smilin' Jim's pack — and as it circles the hill and sweeps down the hollow, sketching its course by chiming notes, we recognize every dog.

Brown Dick in the lead, Susan and Silver Bell running almost neck and neck, the pack behind them. There they are, sweeping across the cornfield, over the meadow, toward the ravine. That's Sweetheart, loosed last and running far behind, but fleetly. An unknown pup hangs on her flank. That's Silver Bell now, far ahead of all but Brown Dick. Sweetheart gaining, passing the pack, slowly, surely pulling ahead of it. Who's that pup? Sweetheart gaining, neck and neck with Susan now. But what's the fox doing? Head him, Brown Dick! Head him, before he tricks you into that ravine! What's become of the rascal? Where is he?

"Where is he?" Brown Dick's bay echoes. Silver Bell is silent. Sweetheart is silent. The tumultuous pack comes on, full-tongued, and sweeps into confusion and babble. The pups still yelp, incoherent with excitement. Susan bays once, circling. The fox is lost.

We breathe again. Sitting where we are, each lonely on the moonwhite hill, we speak. Low voices drawl, louder than the choked whines of our own dogs.

"Gray fox, I reckon." Gray foxes don't enjoy the chase as red foxes do; they go to earth. Bored, perhaps, or perhaps not trusting their own speed and wit. The reason is a mystery of the gray fox's personality; we only know he will not run.

"Herb, was that thar his young spotted pup, Smilin' Jim's a-runnin' tonight?"

"Shore is, an' a right likely pup, too. Favors old Dewey, his grandsire's sire. I never hope to hear a sweeter mouth. As for speed, you heared him yonder, a-streakin' it next behind Sweetheart."

"I reckoned 'twas him. Thar's the tone of old Dewey in his mouth."

Respect was in our voices, respect for the pup and for Smilin' Jim, and a little envy, too.

THERE was a yelping cry beyond the ravine, then a cascade of them. For an instant we sat dumb, appalled. Herb leapt up, shouting, "He's jumped a mule!" and laughter shook us. Lads rolled on the flints, holding their sides. Every yelp redoubled our mirth, till we gasped and wiped our eyes. Far over the hills we heard Smilin' Jim's furious shout, and crashing brushwood marked his speed toward his darling pup. Unheeding, hysterical with excitement, that joyful misguided youngster continued to pursue a rabbit.

"I reckon Smilin' Jim, he's not a-prizin' that pup as much as he was, two minutes gone."

Herb says, "Ah, he's but a young pup. Jim'll l'arn him."

The pup's yell announced that he was learning. Then silence.

The moon rises slowly higher. Cigarette smoke mingles with the scent of the pines. Quietness flows over us.

Out of the silence presently comes one low, distant call. Gran'maw. Yonder, on t' other side of Hickory Knob, she's struck a cold trail. Five miles away. She speaks again, and is silent. That's Gran'maw's character. From a pup, she never wasted breath. She has told us that she's following a cold trail and coming toward us. Now, swift and absorbed, she is running.

Anguished whines tear from the throats of our leashed dogs, but we hold them. We try to quiet them, and their eyes implore us to understand that they would be silent if they could. If they were still, we might see the fox. There are no moments like those in which, not breathing, we watch the canny fox pausing in moonlight, listening, then tricking the dogs.

A FOX grown tired of the chase will often retrace his own trail some distance, then leap to a high boulder and lie down there, watching to see the pack sweep past him and go mad at the trail's end.

Only a very hard-pressed fox will take to a stream to cover his trail, but wily use of fences and boulders and herds of cattle or sheep are part of the game. Often, too, several foxes will spell each other. Four foxes were seen at different points during the famous Cedar Gap chase which lasted eighteen hours. Each in turn leapt from his resting place to lead the hounds on, while the weary one lay down in safety and smiled at the hunt rushing by.

Once more Gran'maw gives tongue. She's struck the hot trail! Two miles away, and the fox coming down Beaver Hollow by Smack-Out. Slip the leashes!

All the eager dogs are gone, swifter than swallows, and the clear air resounds to the carillon from their throats. Down the hill they go, and our hearts pound in our chests, our nerves quiver to that music. Black Dick leads, baritone chiming two notes at every cry, and fast behind him Pickle's banshee wail follows. Lady Lou's voice is a clear bell, and the pack is a fleeing orchestra. There's no music like it.

WE WERE perfectly still. The clanging clamor grew every instant louder. Suddenly, noiselessly, the fox was there. His shadow loped beside him up the white slope. His fur was rusty-red, and for an instant the moonlight became emeralds in his eyes. He was there — an outstretched hand would almost touch him — there's one little click of flints as he passes. He was gone. So still, so like a wraith, a thing imagined. So wild, so beautiful.

Like a storm, a hurricane, a rush of madness, the pack was upon us. Straight over Loney the torrent of hounds went, rolling him on the flints. Ears were stunned by the uproar. The heat, the fury of that passionate chase engulfed us for an instant. Then it, too, was gone.

We were left breathless on the hill-top, listening again, again absorbed in the unseen hunt.

"Whatever are they a-circlin' thataway for?" Beau wondered.

North and east and south and west, all night the pack had followed a wide circle around our hill.

"Whar's Herb at?" Loney asked. Lady Lou is Herb's dog, and when she is in the lead we should ask him before blowing the horn to call the dogs in.

Herb had gone down into the woods an hour ago. Now his low hail came up to us. "You-all come along down yere, quiet like."

From where he stood, we could see below us a little stretch of moonlit clearing, dotted with the shadows of stumps. Across it the dogs were going, Lady Lou's dipping flight soaring over the ground, her clear tone silvery against the booming gong of Brown Dick, hard behind her.

"He'll best her yet, Herb," said Smilin' Jim, who had come to join us.

"You-all watch out, now," Herb told us.

The racing hounds passed swiftly, by twos and threes, then the straining mass of the pack, and the desperately striving slower ones. Last came the pups, weary, but doggedly not giving up. For a moment the moonlit space was empty. Someone began, "Well, wha — " Herb's gesture silenced him.

Into the moonlight the fox came, running easily. He paused, and his sharp nose upturned to the sky seemed to sniff the coming dawn. For an instant he had an air of carefree leisure. He yawned widely. Then, once more serious and intent, he ran. His body appeared to lengthen as he gathered speed, and he departed fleetly on the heels of the dogs.

A roar of laughter came from Smilin' Jim. Slapping his thigh, he shouted, "That thar's a cute one! A-runnin' 'em plumb exhausted, an' he at their heels the whole endurin' time! That thar's a *fox!*"

"I was a-marvelin' that they kept a-circlin' thataway," Beau said, rubbing his ear. "Thar's a fox, shorely, will give us many a night of rare sport."

"He shorely will do so," we agreed; and Herb said, "'Tis a new fox, to me. 'Pears like he may be a newcomer in these yere parts. Don't leave us say ary word about him, or the boys'll be a-runnin' him ragged. They're a-wearin' out Old Tricky, at Bryant. Last time I taken the dogs down thataway, he wouldn't be fetched out."

Old Tricky is the well-known fox that so likes a hunt that it is not necessary to send a starter dog after him. Blow your automobile horns, and he will come out and bark until the pack is loosed.

Loney unslung his horn, and Herb nodded. When the mellow boom of the buffalo horn goes over the hills, the hunt is ended. Treasured from the days of the buffalo herds, sandpapered lovingly to tissue-paper thinness, sent to New York to be fitted with silver mouth-piece, Loney's great horn sends out a note that can be heard for many miles.

Awaiting the hounds, we sit by the fire and rifle picnic boxes. We argue the merits of the dogs, we tell tales of hunts long past and clever foxes that run no more, and we plan future hunts. For there will be fox-hunts in the Ozarks as long as the moon shines and hounds bay and men love beauty and excitement.

The Swing of Styles

By Charlotte Dean

Celebrating a Year's Anniversary of the Long Skirt

A year ago this September a young woman shut up shop and took her losses. It was a dress shop, nothing over twenty-five dollars, in as likely a spot on Broadway as you would find. Everything seemed propitious when she opened the shop two months before. Her capital was ample to carry her for a year with no profit. She had prepared for her venture by working for two years as a saleswoman and in other capacities in department stores and small shops similar to her own. Her sister is a popular actress with a huge acquaintance among fashionable people as well as a large following on Broadway. The sisters also numbered among their friends two or three men and women with a wide experience in various branches of the garment business — one a dress manufacturer of many years' success, one a style authority and so on.

With such a foundation there was every reason to count on a bright future. Even the first year might do better than an even break. Nevertheless the losses were so heavy during the two unlucky months the shop was open that any money-making possibilities were pushed forward at least two years. This misfortune was due to one circumstance only. The fashion had changed, and all the short-skirted, straight-line frocks which stocked the shop were a total loss. Paris had spoken, waistlines and long skirts were in, and no one could be induced to enter a shop with a window showing last month's mode.

A good many people have been puzzled at the suddenness and completeness of the change. The new style is so different from that which prevailed for several seasons that it forces itself on the attention of the least observant. As for people with an economic interest in fashion — New York manufacturers, wholesalers, retailers, designers, underwear manufacturers and dozens of allied workers — the intense excitement of a year ago has now somewhat subsided, and they are calm enough to devise explanations for the benefit of curious inquirers. When their responses seem inconclusive, as they almost always do, the prying mind may turn to the stylists, the experts on trade papers and the representatives of Paris in New York for further instruction.

A great deal may easily be learned

about the effects of the sudden commands of the great French dressmakers, but it is harder to find out just how they put their plan over. There is no doubt that they did have an agreement on the new silhouette and that they compelled every one to fall into line, but in some quarters in New York opposition to the idea of complete dominance by Paris is so strong that the wish is father to the thought. Certain individual manufacturers and certain organizations wish so much that America could design her own fashions that they really believe she does it. For this reason it is impossible to get any information from them on how the French *couturiers* changed the American woman's figure overnight. They will not admit so unpatriotic a fact.

On the last day of last June the Merchants' Association of New York sent to all the city's newspapers an announcement for immediate release. It began: "No longer need the women of America look to Paris as the style centre. For New York designers have made such rapid strides that they anticipate Paris, often outstrip it, and put the season's vogues on the market before Paris can catch up to them." Further on it makes the point again: "Paris may on some occasions originate; but New York anticipates."

It may have been such propaganda as this that blinded garment makers of more experience than the young woman who lost her specialty shop. There is a house specializing in clothes for young women and girls which is owned by the brother of four famous stage comedians. He did not believe that well-dressed girls would accept the dictates of Paris. Last September he brought out a line which adhered to the knee-length skirt. Not only his sports frocks but his semi-formal dresses kept the old silhouette. He must have learned an expensive lesson, for it was the younger women who put the first stamp of approval on the new ideas of the French designers. These girls had only the haziest recollection of long skirts, and they seized on the new styles in their most extreme interpretations. Older women, who had everything to gain — in dignity, in elegance and in ability to wear the new fashions becomingly — balked at the change. Slowly and reluctantly they gave up the short, simple frocks which spelled youth to them and accepted the styles which are suitable to their type.

It is always the younger generation that takes up new style ideas. Girls serve as a kind of shock troops in all such matters. They rapidly became so feminized that now they are hardly recognizable as the boyish chits of a year ago. With them in their enthusiastic welcome of the change were the enterprising buyers of American department stores and specialty shops. It meant more business, the reassembling of entire wardrobes for their customers, and at no greater expense than would have been the case if the styles had remained the same.

American manufacturers, on the other hand, saw themselves confronted with the problem of making dresses that required more material and, even more important, more labor in their construction. Another extra expense was discovered in the quality of material. The new styles did not encourage the use of heavily weighted silk, which will not drape nor lend itself to what the experts like to call manipulation. Many a manufacturer had previously availed himself of the opportunity to buy heavy silk which was half or more than half tin weighting. It is cheap and does not wear well, but it feels heavy in the hand, and escapes the critical attention of the purchaser when made up in short straight dresses. But it is not satisfactory when draped or gathered.

There is too much competition among manufacturers to allow of the possibility of an advance in prices among the great majority. It became important to five or six hundred of them to produce dresses of better quality at a price comparable with that of last year. They tried in various ways to meet the crisis. Some of them ignored the dictates of Paris, like the fifth brother of the comedians, and lost money. Others used silk substitutes, and some failed to meet the change and went out of business.

The effects of such a change are much greater than is generally appreciated. It is not only the American dress manufacturer who is concerned, but the corset maker, the lingerie maker and even the maker of such accessories as blouses, gloves and hand bags.

The corset people, who had been in despair for years over their situation, took a new lease of life. The natural waistline and the new figure required what is euphemistically called a foundation garment. It became at once a necessity and a luxury, for the French again led the way in creating a corset which was beautiful as well as practical.

In spite of all the talk about hour-glass figures and the restoration of curves, the actual fact is that the shape under the billowing or flaring dress must be as slender as possible. It became a high mission of the corset makers to produce something which would impart the desired willowy slimness without creating discomfort. Most girls and women had worn nothing boned and rigid for years, and they wanted to be beautiful without suffering, even though they have it from the French *il faut souffrir pour être belle.* Whether the corset manufacturers accomplished the hoped for results or not, they at least sold foundation garments in greater numbers than in the last twenty years.

The lingerie manufacturers also caught the reverberations. No more straightline short slips with a minimum of material. Like the dressmakers, they had to use more silk, for flares, for fitted tops and for length. One house naïvely contributed length to its products by the simple expedient of lengthening shoulder straps, which formerly had never been longer than nine inches. Thus the hem extended nearly to the hem of the new frocks, even though at the top it came only half way to the arm pits.

There is hardly a section of the great combined industry built on women's fashion which did not feel the effects of the change wrought in Paris a year ago. And most of them benefited by it financially. With the acceptance of the normal waistline, blouses of the tuck-in kind which had entirely disappeared from the local scene came back. Gloves had dropped out more or less during the seasons of simple informality, and they are now to the fore, even for evening wear. Bare legs were not impossible with boyish clothes, but stockings are a necessity with graceful skirts.

A YEAR after the event, with evidence of the complete success of the Paris *coup* visible on every hand, some of the wise ones are saying that they knew it all along. The time was ripe for a change, women were tired of the old silhouette, the swing to a new fashion was bound to come anyhow. They can point to the lack of prepared publicity beforehand as proof that the great dressmakers themselves did not know what the women would want. It is quite true that there was no advance notice of the change. It may seem strange to American business men, but the French preferred to let their action speak for itself. They could not do it if they did not have the prestige and authority of years of leadership.

American style creators have tried to engage in similar enterprises. When some department of industry decides to attempt a change, it works in one of two ways. In one case, which Helen Woodward described fully in her book, *Through Many Windows*, a tremendous effort was made to popularize cotton goods. The interest of French designers was enlisted to some extent, but it was an interest founded on the generous outlay of the cotton people and not on the intuitive feeling of the designers that this was the time to put women into cotton dresses. In other instances new fashions have been exploited through the press and by costly publicity campaigns. Americans have greater faith in such devices and in the printed word than the practical minded French. Occasionally they have even tried to stem the tide by such methods, seeing their error only when thousands of dollars have been wasted.

The French *couturiers* started no propaganda before acting. They did not call for reporters or photographers, nor did they engage a high-powered publicity firm. They simply made the change and allowed the resounding echoes of their drastic action to create what publicity was needed. It created plenty.

THE silhouette was determined by the style creators of Paris functioning as a body. Several competent observers are authority for this statement. One is a woman in charge of an important fashion bureau in this city which distributes style information to the biggest newspapers and magazines in New York and the whole country. She goes to Paris at least four times a year, sees all the openings, and is in the confidence of several of the most famous dressmakers. Another is the generally recognized expert on the staff of the most important trade paper of the New York garment business. She also makes frequent trips to Paris and is familiar with the methods of the *haute couturière*.

These and other authorities agree that no matter how details from numerous houses may differ, the outline and proportions of the fashionable figure are determined by all the important ones working together as a unit. Jacques Worth is the president of this body, called the *Chambre Syndicale des Couturiers.* When he visited this country a few years ago, he made an informal talk to a small gathering of fashion writers and editors, in which he said: "Most of you think of the high *couture* of Paris as a kind of body of autocrats. You think we go behind closed doors and decide what women all over the world will wear during the coming season. This is a flattering portrait, but unfortunately not true. We must experiment. Every year we bring out hundreds of models and those which are retained are those chosen by the majority of women, who after all are arbiters of their own fate" — and more to the same effect.

This is literal truth mixed with French politeness. The minor details of many models fail to please, but even the failures follow in their general outlines the plan decided upon in advance when the autocrats do meet behind closed doors. Women are certainly allowed to choose what they want, but their choice is extremely limited. It is confined to coats, frocks, suits and sports clothes which, this year, are built on the lines of the natural figure. The probabilities are, in spite of rumors to the contrary, that the French *couture* will continue discreetly to exploit the present fashion, making only such small changes as a new season demands, until there is an indication of a need for another change. The members of the *Chambre Syndicale* are autocrats in the sense that they act with complete authority. Like other modern monarchs, they keep in touch with popular feeling and swing styles at such times as popular thinking needs the hand of power.

Once the silhouette is decided, each house stresses the details appealing to the head or to the chief designer. Small distinctions, such as the asymetrical neckline which Vionnet made her own a few seasons ago, or the use of capes, the seaming of a skirt, intricate cut and so forth may distinguish the output of individual houses. Certain dressmakers cater to conservative taste, others bid for a more enterprising clientèle; some like tweeds and others use jersey for similar purposes; various kinds of fabrics are favored by different designers, but all conform to the chosen silhouette.

When the decision was made, it was done by concerted action and at the psychologically right moment. Season after season the American buyers had been going to Paris in the hope of finding something new, for novelty is the basis of prosperity in the garment trades. It stirs interest and loosens purse-strings. Year after year these buyers were dissatisfied with the static silhouette, with nothing more than slight deviation in details offered for their inspection. The French feeling that the time was not right for change has been justified in the light of recent experiences. Women were still content with their short skirts, even for evening wear, the rather high, rounded neckline, the waist somewhere in the region of the hips. It was all so easy and simple, and few women questioned the becomingness of the styles.

When a vague unrest began to manifest itself a couple of years ago, the French dressmakers put their heads together and began a tentative offering of the now prevailing silhouette to some of their private patrons. A year ago last winter a few of them were seen at French resorts, particularly for evening wear. Apparently there was general satisfaction with the response of the fashionable women to the new idea, but it was not pushed, and it was not until last September that it was launched, with the suddenness of a summer thunderstorm, on a waiting world.

The resistance offered by the more conservative element among women and by American adapters and manufacturers was insignificant in comparison with the pleasure of everyone else. The French textile houses work closely with the designers, and their own trade body coöperated with the dressmakers' organization in putting over the change. Gradually conscientious objectors have been forced to accept the new conditions, and any resistance has become a matter of ambush fighting.

There have always been rumors that the French Government has lent special support to the French dressmakers, partly in recognition of their preëminence and their value to the nation. This rumor could not be substantiated at the French Chamber of Commerce in New York. According to an official at those offices, the French *Chambre Syndicale des Couturiers* transacts any business with the Government through the national Chamber of Commerce, just as would be done in America. He was pleasantly hearty in his refutation of any idea that the French *couture* might be a special favorite with the home Government.

"The French Government can not be bothered with the making of petticoats," he said. And he thinks the *couturiers* are well able to handle affairs for themselves and glad to work with as little interference, even well-intentioned, as possible. "These people," he said, "are artists, not mere industrialists."

The probabilities are that their special strength is of their own making. If they are artists, they have demonstrated that the temperament may be bent to a wise course of concerted action. They can agree on something that benefits their art, that allows individuals ample free play, and at the same time maintain their jealously guarded national prestige. Like other workers, artists and industrialists alike, they feel a strong, pulsing competition among themselves, but they recognize the necessity for unanimity as well as for individual success. In spite of the incredulity and opposition of many American dress manufacturers, who believed that the old silhouette would last forever, they led the way triumphantly to a fresh view. And they did it in the time-honored way of the French, not by prepared propaganda and advance publicity, but by the *fait accompli*.

So This Is London

By R. H. S.

Notes on Recent News in England

The longest day of the year has gone, the hottest (so far) has come, sport is in full swing, and the voice of the American is heard in our land. Of him, in the bulk, we have nowadays nothing but good to say. We like him and we can use his holiday money, though nobody can accuse us of separating him from his roll with undue eagerness. Indeed, an old American friend complained to me the other day — with rather needless bitterness, I thought — that if you wanted to buy something in an English shop you had pretty nearly to go behind the counter and sell it to yourself.

I admit the British salesman isn't quite the knife-edged article to be met elsewhere. Perhaps that is why we still owe America such a lot of money. Anyway it is not for you to complain. You may find a London hotel with some advanced idea of how that annual £30,000,000 or so ought to be collected back, but outside of that, provided you stick to beer and gooseberry tart and avoid fake Cotswold cottages, we shall always give you value for your money.

There is however another class of American — the sort that comes over here and carries off a lot of souvenirs by what the lawyers call the exercise of *vis major*. One of these I have particularly in mind, a chap called Robert Tyre Jones. I went out to Oxhey to see the said Jones play a four ball match with three English veterans, Vardon, Braid and Ray. The game was staged for the benefit of the Professional Golfers' Benevolent Fund and was entirely the idea of this Mr. Jones who, though ruthless in other directions, has a large heart. By way of giving us value for our money he went round the Oxhey course — which he had never seen before — in 66, one more than the record for the course, 65, accomplished once by Ted Ray, the professional, in the twenty years that he has been there.

Well, I need not tell you what this Jones fellow has taken back home with him, for you know already, but I am not sure that all Americans realize how much we think of the young men you nowadays send over to show us how to do it in the world of sport. If I were a statistician I should appraise the "amicable relations value" of one Bobby Jones as offsetting at least fifty Senator Johnsons and falling not far short of that of General Dawes, in spite of the fact that the latter is a whole-time worker at it.

In my one day at Wimbledon last week I found myself watching another of your young men who will plunder us before he is through, only to realize after a while that I must first have seen Johnny Doeg when there was precious little of him to see. It takes you back, as they say. But who would not be a lawn tennis champ with three Sutton sisters for tutelary aunts and a fourth — and some used to say the best of them all — for one's mother. But Johnny may have to look to his laurels, for if I recollect aright there ought to be a husky young Sutton-Bundy coming on, unless he is going in for something effeminate like aviation.

* * *

The real focal point of political interest is the Simon Report. As I foretold, it advocated the strengthening of central control in British hands and a much larger measure of decentralized Indian control in the to-be-Federated Provinces. The Report got a thoroughly bad press in India — that was to be expected — and not a particularly enthusiastic one in London, where the subject is still academic to most people.

One point seized upon by the moderate Indian critics is that the Commission recommends placing control of the police in the Provinces entirely in native hands. The critics say that if Indians are capable of policing themselves in Provinces they are certainly capable of managing the affairs of India as a whole. The answer is of course that Indians are not a bit capable of policing themselves in the Provinces, that British controlled police would be back to stop the rumpus about six weeks after the Provinces started to govern themselves. But the Commission obviously can not make that point.

The real weakness of the Commission's Report is that it envisages Indian political progress too closely on Western lines. The London-trained Bengali babus may approve of that secretly, because it lets them into the picture, but it is obvious that a country of over 300,000,000 Oriental minded people, of whom only one per cent are literate, with 4,000 castes and God knows how many languages, and hundreds of jarring sects ranging from the elevated creed of Buddha to the most primitive devil-worship, with 60,000,000 "untouchables" to whom their fellow Hindus scarcely concede the right to live, and another 70,000,000 Mahometans who deem it their duty, when the occasion offers, to wipe the Hindu off the face of the earth, can not be turned into a Western democracy overnight nor perhaps in a thousand years.

Until the British came no part of India had ever in all its history been governed except by tyrants or, as we call them politely, absolute monarchs, some of them good, but the greater part of them thoroughly bad. The obvious solution to the Indian problem therefore, if Indians are entitled to and insist on being governed by Indians, is for the whole of British India, excluding Burmah and the Northwest Frontier, to be carved out into native States with native rulers enjoying the same independence and the same autocratic powers that the existing Native States enjoy, British control being confined to a resident agent in each State, to see that the local Maharajah does not grossly misbehave himself, and a central Imperial Executive to deal with inter-State disputes and other matters.

This scheme would not commend itself to Anglo-Indians, but as a matter of fact they would be as much in demand as ever for service in the local administrations and their positions would be considerably more dignified and probably better remunerated than at present.

* * *

POLITICS count for more in Fleet Street than in the American newspaper world. Hence the disappearance of an old established London Liberal morning paper, *The Daily Chronicle*. It has been swallowed by *The Daily News* — the Cocoa Press as it is called, because owned by the Cadburys of chocolate fame. That leaves the Liberals with one morning and one evening paper in London instead of the two of each they used to have. It is two too many, because the Liberal Party, all of it, that is to say except Lloyd George, is as dead as cold mutton.

It took more than politics, however, to settle *The Chronicle's* hash. High finance did it. At the end of the war it was sound financially and had the largest circulation, after *The Daily Mail*, of all London penny papers. Then Lloyd George decided he must have a morning paper to win the "Khaki" (1918) election, and with the help of Sir Basil Zaharoff and a Scots shipping magnate who had made seven million out of the war and got a peerage for his pains, he secured control of *The Chronicle* for £1,500,000. It was a fancy price. Nevertheless in 1926 L. G. managed to sell the paper to a couple of well-meaning Liberal East India merchants with more money than sense for something like £3,000,000, he, Lloyd George, retaining control of the paper's policy. On that condition it was worth, outside the tangible assets, about fifteen cents, but nobody seemed to realize it.

FORTUNATELY for the East India merchants there recently loomed on the Fleet Street firmament one Harrison of the Inveresk Paper Company, a young man in a hurry to buy up all the newspapers in sight. He bought, among other things, *The Chronicle* — the price has not been disclosed — bought a lot of new machinery, and lured away high priced journalists from other papers with the offer of fancy contracts. The Harrison kite came down with a swish and Lloyd's Bank, which had found the money, put the brokers in. They sold the paper, presumably for what it would fetch, and *The News Chronicle*, which is really *The News Westminster Chronicle*, takes the field against the powerful Rothermere and Beaverbrook groups and the reorganized and steadily growing Labor organ, *The Daily Herald*. *The Chronicle* is not the last paper to go phut, but it would be indelicate to mention the next in line until the obsequies are actually announced.

THE LITERARY LANDSCAPE

by

HERSCHEL BRICKELL

SINCE this department, no matter where it may appear, is of necessity somewhat in the nature of a serial, it may be proper to bring to an end the sad story begun in the July issue, and to report that the automobile accident, which at the time of the writing of the last Landscape was depressingly contemporary, has now faded quietly into the background. Thanks are due to Mother Nature for the restoration of the human victims and to the ingenuity of Mr. Ford for the restoration of the inanimate sufferer. The Landscaper has been told many times that everyone must have at least one such accident, and if he can only keep his ratio to the minimum, everything will be satisfactory all around.

There is no especial excuse this month, therefore, for any philosophical ramblings, and it happens that a sufficient number of books of importance has appeared in the past few weeks to furnish material for comment without going too far afield. Publishing is emerging from its early summer doldrums; the fright occasioned by the appearance of new fiction at $1, most of it being new fiction of the second or third grade, seems to be passing, and the older houses, together with the conservative younger ones, are at least willing to take chances with their books. In general a good deal less fiction is being bought just now than has been customary for a year or two, that is, bookstore fiction within the ordinary price range of $2 to $2.50. In part, at least, this situation is explained by the general economic depression, since reading, especially of books, is for most people a pure luxury, and one that is easy to surrender. It is also true that there has been very little outstanding fiction on the market since the first of this year; one could name the important novels of this period on the fingers of one hand and perhaps have a thumb left over. In this respect, at least, the autumn season will be an improvement, as there are several quite promising novels in the offing, and perhaps it should be added before the subject is dropped for this time, anyway, that they are priced virtually without exception at $2.50. The only $1 novel carrying the name of a first-rate author that has appeared up to this time is H. G. Wells's *The Autocracy of Mr. Parham*, which bears the imprint of Doubleday, Doran, and not even Mr. Wells's most ardent admirers have been able to work up much enthusiasm over this satire of English politics.

Bad News for the Public

PERHAPS it is only fair for the Landscaper to explain that a connection with publishing may prejudice him somewhat in this matter of $1 books, or perhaps the prejudice may arise from a deeper source, a natural conservatism. But the observations that have been made about the quality of the fiction that has thus far appeared at $1 are accurate and reasonably unbiased. Thus far, at any rate, it is quite possible to buy reading matter between covers at $1, but it is not yet possible to buy really first-rate novels for such a price, and the prospects that there will be any very general slash in the prices of fiction seem at this writing rather remote. There are certain fixed economic factors in the situation that must be changed before the public will be able to treat itself to books at less than one-half the current price.

The Landscaper has already mentioned one book in connection with the price controversy that those who are intelligently interested will wish to read. This is Stanley Unwin's *The Truth About Publishing*. A much newer volume that is right up to the minute is *Books: Their Place in a Democracy*, by R. L. Duffus, the result of a study undertaken for the Carnegie Corporation (Houghton Mifflin, $2). Mr. Duffus, as those who read *The New York Times* know, is an intelligent journalist, and his book is accurate and thorough. It discloses one fact that has an important bearing upon the existing situation in publishing, namely the extremely small part in the lives of average Americans that is played by books.

Those of us whose lives are filled with books from morning until midnight may find Mr. Duffus's statistics a little hard to take in, but his observations have been made with accuracy, and when we pause to reflect that in a country of 130,000,000 people, the sale of 100,000 copies of a book is pathetically rare, we have made our own check on his statements. This Average American of whom we hear so much and see so little, buys only two books every twelve months. He borrows two more from public libraries. Perhaps he borrows one or two more from rental libraries and friends, bringing his total up to six a year, or one every two months.

Poor Showing for America

IT IS needless to point out that in a country with supposedly high literacy these figures are depressing, and needless to emphasize the fact that certain European countries, notably Germany, are far in advance of us in the manner of buying and reading books. Mr. Duffus adds the statement that we spend something like $150,000,000 a year for books, and goes on with this quotation from a Government bulletin:

"The national bill for soft drinks is eleven times as large as the public library bill; the radio bill twelve and a half times as large, the moving picture bill twenty-two times as large, and the candy bill twenty-eight times as large as the public library bill." It may be readily deduced from these figures that our poor showing in the purchase of books, and in the support of our public libraries, does not come from any lack of funds; on the surface at least it appears that we simply prefer other forms of amusement, such as comforting our stomachs with soft drinks and candy, and our minds with radios and movies. Of course, Mr. Duffus does not leave magazine reading out of account, and American magazines are unique. They offer more good reading matter for less money than may be had in any other way; certainly there is nothing in Europe to compare with them. But granting this, there is little for us to be proud of in the figures relating to our reading habits.

Mr. Duffus Is Hopeful

Mr. Duffus is not overly pessimistic, however. Indeed, he thinks there is a chance that the current flood of cheaper books will break into the great untapped market that all our serious thinkers discover whenever they set out to examine the situation. If, however, books have to be brought down to the general level of radio entertainment and the movies in order to tap this great market, it is a little difficult to see just what cultural gains may be expected. This statement is heretical, we know; the good democratic theory is that the people who even begin by reading books cheap in quality and contents will pass rapidly on to better fare until we have a whole nation eager to devour good literature. The truly extraordinary improvement in the movies during the past ten or twenty years is evidence of just how well this theory works out. [Meant "sarkastikal."] But regardless of theories, Mr. Duffus's book is extremely timely, and will prove interesting to those who still have a yearning to buy their books in bookstores, rather than in hot dog stands and chain drugstores.

For The Serious Drinkers

Believe it or not, the Landscaper knows a more tiresome subject to write about than the price of books. It is none other than Prohibition. If Gilbert Seldes had not made a real contribution recently, there would never have been any mention made of it. But the versatile Mr. Seldes, who writes good dramatic criticisms for our favorite New York tabloid, which, since they are without diagrams, must be somewhat of a puzzle to Mr. Macfadden's followers, has written a really amusing book, called *The Future of Drinking* (Little, Brown, $2) illustrated with a great many hilarious drawings by Don Herold. Mr. Seldes is flippant and ironical about drinking, and his book is sure to give the Anti-Saloon League a great pain, but this will be only fair, for that august body gives a lot of other people a great pain, including, no doubt, Mr. Seldes himself. It is only fair to explain that Mr. Seldes's book is really not about Prohibition, but about something much more important; Prohibition, from all appearances, is only a passing phase of the more serious question of drinking. Mr. Seldes believes that there are two new religions in America: one the religion against drinking, the other the religion of compulsory drunkenness.

He finds that drinking is growing among women by those often-mentioned leaps and bounds. The women, as the leisure class, have ample time to drink, and even the most casual observer of the contemporary scene must have noticed that women are doing more and more of the hard drinking just now. Only a short time ago an upright suburban husband told the Landscaper he was getting very tired of coming home in the afternoons to a houseful of half-lit female bridge-players, his wife among them, especially when his job made such stern demands upon him that he had to let liquor strictly alone. Mr. Seldes does not think much of women drinkers, and neither for that matter does any other man who has any respect for drinking done properly. These remarks may appear somewhat beside the point, however, which is that *The Future of Drinking* is an entertainingly done essay, and deserves a reading.

On The Serious Side

THOSE who like their Prohibition treated more seriously will find *Before and After Prohibition* by Millard E. Tydings, United States Senator from Maryland (Macmillan, $2), a balanced study of the subject, with every evidence on the part of the writer of the desire to retain his objectivity. His solution is local option. Perhaps this is as good a time as any to repeat from Senator Tydings's volume some of the reforms that the proponents of Prohibition claimed would follow the passage of the Eighteenth Amendment:

"It would end drunkenness; it would practically eliminate deaths from alcoholism; it would decrease crime and it would practically empty the jails and penitentiaries; it would end the traffic in intoxicating beverages; it would abolish the saloon; it would decrease the number of the insane; it would offer a better example for the young; it would make roads safer for travel; it would make bank deposits and savings accounts grow at a faster rate; it would direct the money then being spent for liquor to the purchase of more socially useful things; it would decrease taxes; it would enhance the moral grandeur of America, and it would bring into being those broad principles of humanity which are the aim of all civilized people."

Is any comment necessary?

Our Cultural Origins

MR. SELDES has a suspicion that Calvinism is at the back of Prohibition, Calvinism and its child, Industrialism. Mr. Seldes is a Humanist, or if not that, at least a Humanitarian. As a companion volume to his small book, the seeker after further knowledge in the same direction might well direct his attention to Professor Thomas Cuming Hall's *The Religious Background of American Culture* (Little, Brown, $3.00), in which the author exculpates the Puritans from the charge of having set some of our most disagreeable culture-patterns and traces our ways of thinking straight back to Wyclif. It is English Dissent, he thinks, that has shaped our course in religion, and he has worked out this theory in a manner that will hold fascination for any observer of American life who has wondered just how we have come to think certain ways and to act invariably in certain predictable directions. Professor Hall is now teaching in Germany. He writes with admirable detachment and a real understanding. A book of this sort is far too provocative to be fairly dismissed in a few paragraphs, for it gets at the roots of much that we think of as characteristically American, but space prevents any fuller treatment at present. Professor Hall is obviously correct in going back as far as the England of the third Edward to find the origins of many of our most familiar ways of thinking and acting.

Since there are implicit in his excellent volume many of the reasons for the deep and bitter hatred of the Catholic Church that exists in this country, another recent volume that touches upon the recent growth of Roman Catholicism in England comes to mind. This is Father Ronald Knox's *Caliban in Grub Street* (Dutton, $2.50), in which one of the most brilliant of the English Catholic Apologists pleads for a return to what is to him the Mother Church, and argues for the retention of belief in all its miracles and mysteries. Father Knox writes like another G. K. Chesterton, in fervor, at least. By a roundabout route, it appears to the Landscaper that Mr. Seldes, Mr. Chesterton, and Father Knox might sit down to a round of bitters and enjoy each other's society. . . .

More About Our Culture

THIS matter of American culture comes up again in *The American Road to Culture*, by George S. Counts (John Day), who is the associate director of the International Institute at Teachers College, Columbia University, and whose book is an examination of the way our young folk are educated, with considerable criticism of methods in vogue. As a companion volume, one might read Cyril Norwood's *The English Tradition of Education* (Dutton, $3.50), Professor Norwood being Headmaster at Harrow and therefore fully qualified to speak out, especially with regard to tradition in secondary education. He has a great deal of respect for the English manner of training youth, but is not narrow-minded on the subject. The Landscaper has brought the two books in a single paragraph because nothing could be farther apart than the English and American educational systems in general; in this difference lies the reason for much of the feeling of utter strangeness that is bound to arise between even the most congenial Englishmen and Americans.

Students of American history and particularly those who, like your humble servant, are especially fond of the Emersonian times, will find a small volume by Charles Gide, a Frenchman, on *Communist and Co-operative Colonies* (Crowell, $2.50), especially interesting; it relates the story of many experiments in colony life, and explains the reasons for the failure of these idealistic efforts. It begins with the Jesuit republics, and discusses the Shakers, Perfectionists, Fourierists, Anarchists, and so on with scientific balance and impartiality, and is altogether a book that will have a strong appeal to some people. Ernest F. Row has done the translation.

War Themes

WAR, Politics and Reconstruction is not the most fortunate title in the world for another of the most important of recent books, as there have been many wars, much politics, and many periods of reconstruction; but this volume relates to the troublous times in Louisiana that began in the 'Sixties of the past century and continued long enough to leave memories in the South that will be a long time dying. The book is by H. C. Warmoth, the Reconstruction Governor of Louisiana, and is published by Macmillan. It brings to light many new documents and will be of interest to historians as well as to those who like to read of the period for its sheer drama. Warmoth was Governor of Louisiana from 1868 to 1873. It is worthy of note that the Reconstruction Period is receiving much attention at present; other important books on the subject of recent months have been Claude Bowers's fiery *The Tragic Era* and Judge Robert W. Winston's *Andrew Johnson: Plebeian and Patriot*, both of which throw much light on a vexed subject, and incidentally upon one of the most wholly shameful periods in the history of our country.

Verdun, by Marshal Petain (Lincoln MacVeagh-The Dial Press, $4), is the whole story of one of the greatest battles ever fought, by a man who knew the story from the inside. It is a fair history, and even goes so far as to praise the humanitarianism of the muchly-bedamned Crown Prince. This would have been one of the most widely discussed of war books had it been published six months ago; it still deserves attention, but there appears to be little doubt that we have abandoned the War for a time, at least. The excellent translation is by Margaret MacVeagh.

Referring to the War, George Sylvester Viereck has written the story of German propaganda in this country in *Spreading Germs of Hate* (Liveright, $3.50), with a foreword by E. M. House. This book grew out of some articles in *The Saturday Evening Post*, in which Mr. Viereck appeared in the third person, and he has continued this manner of telling the story in the full-length tale. All those of us who were in the midst of the world of newspapers during the War will find the book thoroughly worth reading; it also has its importance historically speaking. Mr. Viereck does not give himself the worst of the deal, and it is a little hard to remember just how much we good Americans hated him during the war times, but this has no bearing upon the value and importance of the book he has done. He is also the author of *Glimpses of the Great* (Macaulay, $5), in which he tells many anecdotes of Shaw, Clemenceau, Mussolini, Joffre, Barbusse, Voronoff, Einstein, and a score or more of other worthies.

War Novels Still Come

SPEAKING of the War, works of fiction that are mainly concerned with it continue to appear, despite the fact that the public has lost a good deal of its zest of last year for this type of book. This change of heart is unfortunate in a way because it means that good books will be neglected merely for the reason that they do not happen to fit the passing fad. There has been a marked reaction against the "horror" type of war novel in England, some rumors of which were reported by the Landscaper early this year; the British Legion has even gone so far as to pass resolutions opposing the use of the War as a background for fiction, which takes its place easily with the more ridiculous acts of 1930. The objection to a certain type of war novel is not without foundation, although it may fairly be said that anything as big as the World War must have thousands of angles, and a book that preaches pacifism in every sentence through the terrible experiences of its writer may be just as true as one that depicts war as a glorious adventure and the privilege of dying for one's country, no matter how messily, as man's supreme experience.

Henry Williamson's *The Patriot's Progress* (Dutton, $2.50), is one of the better war books and does not deserve to be overlooked. Mr. Williamson, a trained writer, has undertaken to write the war history of an "average" Englishman, whom he calls John Bullock. Bullock joins up in the infantry, and sees a good bit of fighting, which comes to a close when he loses a leg and is sent home to Blighty. Mr. Williamson's descriptions of war are among the best the Landscaper has read, and the pathetic lack of understanding, the dog-like fidelity, of John Bullock, are movingly portrayed. The author has preached whatever sermon there is in the book by indirection; his book is done with simplicity and restraint. It is short, and the more dramatic for its brevity. There are many linoleum cuts by William Kermode that keep faithfully to the spirit of the text.

How It Might Have Been

An altogether different type of war book is Bernard Newman's *The Cavalry Goes Through!* (Holt, $2). Mr. Newman was a staff captain in the British army; in his engaging book he has told, with footnotes and maps, how the War was brought to an end in 1917, by the use of strikingly original strategy worked out by an officer named Duncan. Duncan, according to the tale, made his beginning in a sort of private war, the cleaning up of a colony called German North Africa. The story of how he arrived in France with his rag-tag and bobtail outfit, who could not drill, but who could march thirty miles a day and then fight, is convincing and entertaining. It has had the approval of a number of British military authorities, who say that the War might really have been brought to a close by just the tactics outlined by Mr. Newman. The book is a genuine *tour de force*, and should give especial delight to ex-service men, many of whom knew at the time they could end the war if the chance had only presented itself.

Another war book that sticks closer to the truth of history than *The Cavalry Goes Through!* but which is also amusing rather than shocking, is Jacques Deval's *Wooden Swords* (Viking Press, $2.50), which is war from the point of view of a near-sighted soldier in the Service of Supply, a good, ironical spoof of the whole business. A thoroughly well-written war novel of the more conventional type, although more of an artistic achievement than most of its fellows, is Vernon Bartlett's *The Unknown Soldier* (Stokes, $2.50), which is made up of the reflections of a young officer as he lies wounded in a shellhole. Bartlett made a novel of *Journey's End*, and did an unusually competent job of it. A war book that can not by any stretch of the imagination be termed a novel, since it is made up of the actual experiences of some sixty men and women actually in the trouble, is called *Everyman at War* (Dutton, $2.50). It covers all ranks both on sea and land, and is authentic history so far as the British forces are concerned, although much of the material is less interesting than is to be found in the more fictionized versions. It does, however, give a valuable and accurate picture of the War from many angles. Certainly no war in human history will have been so well "covered" as this one; we shall have whole libraries devoted to the single subject. The next one will be even better covered; perhaps we may look forward to the help of television with sound effects and shall not have to wait at all for our knowledge of what goes on in wartime.

Germany And The Germans

SOME of the important books that are to be discussed under the convenient heading of miscellaneous bear on the War also; for example, Rudolph Olden's *Stresemann* (Dutton, $3.50), a biography of the great German statesman that could not have been written without full attention to recent history, and especially to the after-effects of the War. R. T. Clark has done the translation; the book itself is thorough and interesting. The same house has published General von Seeckt's *The Future of the German Empire* in a translation by Oakley Williams.

Margaret Goldsmith and Frederick Voight have collaborated on an excellent biography of the President of the German Republic, in *Hindenburg: The Man and the Legend* (Morrow, $3.50), the book having won the highest praise from a number of the most discriminating English critics. Miss Goldsmith is an American by birth, although she has spent much of her life abroad; Mr. Voight is her husband.

Passing along under this heading, one of the most delightfully painful books that the Landscaper has seen lately is *Only Saps Work* by Courtenay Terrett (Vanguard, $2.00). Mr. Terrett is a star reporter who has worked on several New York newspapers with distinction. *Only Saps Work* is about racketeering, which is rapidly becoming our most important industry, a by-product of democracy that grows in quantity too rapidly for comfort. We all know from reading the newspapers that racketeering has penetrated almost every business large and small, and that its parasitical followers grow in number and influence every day. Perhaps the most shocking of recent revelations of its prevalence comes out of Chicago, where a great hue and cry over the murder of a reporter by gangsters was quickly hushed when it was discovered that the reporter was no more than a highly successful racketeer himself. There are indications that all is not well with the rest of the press in Chicago, which is hardly surprising; such lawlessness as goes on in the Illinois city is never permitted unless the people who ought to stop it are involved in it. Mr. Terrett explains how we can all be racketeers, which may be a solution of the present unemployment situation. His is a bitter book; it should be required reading for hundred percenters, together with Danny Ahearn's *How to Commit a Murder*, published a few months ago.

An Achievement

A much more cheerful volume is James Weldon Johnson's *Black Manhattan* (Knopf, $2.50), which is the record of this island's Negro population from the beginning down to the present, with much space devoted to that most extraordinary section, Harlem, and to its recent achievements. A great deal of the inspiring progress made by the black folk of Manhattan has taken place within the personal knowledge of Mr. Johnson, and the record he sets down is in every respect encouraging for the future. Mrs. Paul Robeson has recently told the story of her husband's life in a book published by Harper, which fits in quite well with the Johnson volume; the amount of influence on race relations exerted by a man like Paul Robeson is almost beyond calculation. Those who are interested more deeply and widely in the whole race question will find Charles S. Johnson's *The Negro in American Civilization* (Holt, $4) a remarkably comprehensive study, the most complete done up to the present time. It is a factual volume, accurate and thorough, its author being one of the best known Negro sociologists in the country.

A bit of rambling in this section of the Landscape is excusable, so the Landscaper would like to mention several diverse sorts of books that have engaged his attention recently. Not to be overlooked by anyone who is at all interested in Emily Dickinson is Genevieve Taggard's splendid study, *The Life and Mind of Emily Dickinson* (Knopf, $4), the finest biography that has been written on the subject. Miss Taggard has made distinct progress toward the solution of some of the mysteries that surround the life of the "New England nun"; at every point her book is intelligent and deeply interpretative. It is easily one of the best of this year's literary biographies. Books on the Brownings have been astonishingly prevalent this year, and there are more to come, the two newest ones being Dormer Creston's *Andromeda in Wimpole Street; The Romance of Elizabeth Barrett Browning* (Dutton, $3.50), a full-length biography using much material from the letters, and Elizabeth Barrett Browning's *Letters to Her Sister, 1846–1859,* edited by Leonard Huxley (Dutton). The latter volume is made up of newly discovered letters from Elizabeth to Henrietta, and they will delight all those who are moved by the Browning love story. Miss Creston's biography is good, although the letters are somewhat wearisome.

A Variety Of Volumes

The most interesting book of science the Landscaper has seen recently is *Numbers: The Language of Science* by Jobias Dantzig (Macmillan, $3.50), which might be termed a Short History of Mathematics. Even to one to whom this whole science is a closed book, there is genuine fascination in Dr. Dantzig's volume; it is the sort of book that provides mental exercise, tests the joints of the mind and tries one's mental wind. Without in the least claiming to understand much of it, the Landscaper has found it thoroughly engaging reading. In exploration the current prize goes to Delia Akeley, the widow of Carl Akeley. Her book is called *Jungle Portraits*

(Putnam) and has a number of delightful chapters on monkeys. Of adventure at sea there is nothing better to be had at present than A. J. Villiers' *By Way of Cape Horn* (Holt, $3.50), the story of a voyage in a full-rigged sailing ship that surpasses the author's *Falmouth for Orders*, which was hailed last year as a nautical classic. Walter B. Hayward's *The Last Continent of Adventure* (Dodd, Mead, $3), is a well-done story of Arctic and Antarctic exploration which, like the Villiers books, will appeal to the male members of the human race no matter what their age.

On Life In Alaska

WITHOUT much emphasis upon the elements of adventure, but with much more upon the ease with which one may live and be comfortable in the country under discussion, Mary Lee Davis has written an informal, entertaining and comprehensive story of Alaska in *Uncle Sam's Attic* (Wilde, $3.50). Mrs. Davis has lived for years in Alaska, and her book is the outgrowth of her desire to see the country better understood. Many readers of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW will recall her article, "Muk-Pi and Her People," a sketch of a charming young Eskimo girl and her family, which reappears in the book. There are many excellent illustrations, and a book that is without any literary pretence becomes by the enthusiasm of the author and her knowledge of the subject just the sort of thing that is likely to accomplish her exact purpose. There will be few people who do not know Alaska to whom many of Mrs. Davis's statements will not come as surprises; the widespread belief that all of Alaska is frozen up tight twelve months in the year dies very hard. It sounds in Mrs. Davis's book like one of the most attractive spots on earth; if the Landscaper ever slips off in that direction, *Uncle Sam's Attic* will have to take most of the blame.

A few more of these miscellaneous remarks, and we shall pass on to the mention of some more recent fiction. Other recommended volumes are *Come on Texas* by Paul Schubert (Cape and Smith, $3), the story of a battleship; *D. H. Lawrence* by Stephen Potter (Cape and Smith, $2.50), an attempt to understand and to interpret Lawrence's genius; and *Do You Know English Literature?* by Blanche Colton Williams and John Macy (Appleton, $3.50), which is a corking book of questions and answers that removed the last remaining fragment of conceit from the Landscaper. Perhaps it will from you — at any rate, it is worth trying. One marvels at the number of embarrassing questions Dr. Williams and Mr. Macy have thought up, embarrassing because they are so hard to answer.

Some Worth While Novels

A NUMBER of the recent novels are worthy of mention, notably another charming fantasy from the pen of Edith Olivier, who wrote *The Love Child* and *As Far as Jane's Grandmother*. The new book is called *The Triumphant Footman* (Viking, $2.50), and the scene is the City of Florence in the 'Nineties. The footman has a trick of impersonating people. This is a book which will appeal to certain people very much; it is quiet and subtle and skilful. From the same publishing house also came recently a collection of Dorothy Parker's short stories called *Laments for the Living*, which has aroused the critics and driven the timid public back into a good many bookstores. At least half these stories are remarkably good, remarkably original, remarkably accurate as to dialogue, and the Landscaper enjoyed the other half, too. In other words, even if you don't ordinarily care for collections of short stories, try this one.

Honoré Willsie Morrow, whose historical novels are entirely dependable, completes her Lincoln trilogy with *The Last Full Measure* (Morrow, $2.50), which tells the story of the whole Booth conspiracy; this house has an interesting novel by a newcomer called *The Tides of Malvern.* The author is Francis Griswold, a New York man, who went South some years ago and fell in love with the Low Country of South Carolina, and who means to write a number of novels about it. He has made a good beginning in his story of Malvern Barony and its people; the setting is the Charleston neighborhood.

The Passing Of A Poet

The Landscaper can not put away his typewriter without a few words about the death of one of Spain's best writers and one of the most admirable and lovable men it has ever been his good fortune to meet. The reference is to Gabriel Miró, who died not long ago in Madrid in his middle fifties, the victim of a sudden attack of appendicitis. His only work translated into English was *The Figures of the Passion of Our Lord*, which, unfortunately, won him no recognition. He wrote many books, however, and did much other writing as well. For years he held a small post in the Department of Education; he was always poor, always cheerful and kindly, but too intelligent not to be ironical. Essentially a poet, he made his native tongue sound like the most beautiful of languages, and he was never more appealing than when he was speaking of Alicante, his home. When he was dying, a delegation of natives of his province came to Madrid to ask that they be allowed to take his body back to Alicante, but he had said almost with his last breath that he wanted no one bothered by his funeral; that, indeed, he preferred to be buried at five o'clock in the morning in Madrid so that no one should be molested. There are many things that any one of us who knew Miró might say of him, but none of them would do him quite justice. He was Spanish and Catholic, and both in a sense that is unknown to those without love for the country that gave him birth. Madrid will never be the same to the Landscaper now that he is gone.

And speaking of Spain, one of the most recent additions to the Modern Library is a complete *Don Quixote.* The Introduction is by the person his readers know best as the Landscaper; on the whole it is a pretty good Introduction. At least a lot of honest research went into it, and there are facts in it about Cervantes that are not easily accessible elsewhere. Even without the Introduction, however, the book would be a good purchase at 95 cents.

The Reader's Turn

A Department of Comment and Controversy

The Dunster Case

By Joseph Lee

Readers of The North American Review remember the article *Banned in Boston* by Robert T. Bushnell concerning the Dunster case, in which a man who kept a book shop near Harvard College was convicted upon the testimony of an agent of the New England Watch and Ward Society of selling a book which the defense admitted was obscene. Many will remember also the rather sensational accusations made at the trial by the District Attorney, Robert T. Bushnell, at that time a candidate for the Republican nomination for Lieutenant-Governor of Massachusetts, against the Watch and Ward Society and its agent, and his threat of prosecuting them for conspiracy if they ever did such a thing again within his district.

The New England Watch and Ward Society, formed in 1878 by Phillips Brooks and others, to remove commercialized temptation to vice, is carried on by a board of directors composed of prominent citizens, who attend closely to its business. Their knowledge of criminal investigation is not quite as naïve as that of a child of four — as was said of some of them by Mr. Bushnell. One of them, Godfrey Lowell Cabot, who may be taken as the type, having learned that a certain doctor was abusing his young women patients under pretense of medical practice and religious fervor, not only righted that specific wrong but — finding that the district attorney, to whom he appealed, was more interested in the guilty than in the innocent — secured, in the Pelletier case which followed, both the disbarment of that district attorney and the imprisonment of another whose wrongdoing he incidentally discovered, and thus did more for law enforcement in Eastern Massachusetts than any other man of the present generation has accomplished.

Against the paid agents of the Society Mr. Bushnell, without citing instances, makes some sweeping accusations. Considering the dangers which private detectives face and the temptations to which they are subjected, the Society has been well served in this respect. Of the three men named by certain newspapers, one was a man whom the Society had never employed, another a man whom it had not employed for the seven years preceding his offense, and the third a man who apparently was framed.

With this record, so far as it goes, may be compared that of Mr. Bushnell's own predecessors in Middlesex County: first, his immediate predecessor, Arthur K. Reading, concerning whom in 1928 a special committee of the Legislature reported recommending his impeachment on grounds of malfeasance in office (while the report was being considered Reading himself resigned, but was next year disbarred by the Supreme Court); second, Nathan A. Tufts, who was removed from office by the Supreme Court on grounds of misconduct and was later disbarred; and third, the predecessor next higher in this series, William J. Corcoran, whose imprisonment resulted as an outcome of the above mentioned Pelletier case. This record does not show marked superiority on the part of public officers over those employed by the Watch and Ward.

It is impossible to give in a few words a picture of what a Society like this has done in its half-century of work. Suffice to say that of over two thousand cases brought into court by the Society during the past ten years, the proportion of those successfully prosecuted is 98 per cent. The courts of Massachusetts do not find such a high percentage of defendants guilty in any set of cases unless the facts have been clearly proved.

Besides its work in other directions the Society has championed the cause of clean literature, co-operating with the booksellers in their informal censorship before 1927; and improving the law on the subject by successfully advocating the substitution, in the description of books that must be banned, of the words "that is obscene" for the too limiting phrase "containing obscene, indecent or impure language," while rejecting "taken as a whole" as requiring unnecessary work by juries. Put in a nutshell, their action was taken somewhat in the spirit of Walter Hines Page, who, when editor of *The Atlantic Monthly*, once wrote to a woman whose article had been rejected and who, having gummed some of the pages together, accused him of not having read it: "Madam, when I have an egg for breakfast and find the first spoonful bad I do not have to eat the rest in order to form an opinion."

We come now to the Dunster book case. Being warned by the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice on October 11, 1929, the Watch and Ward Society on October 15 sent their man to a certain bookstore in Cambridge, where he talked with the clerk, who offered to try to get a certain book for him for $15. The next day when he called to place an order for the book, the head of the shop, DeLacey, said: "Take his name and address and we will try and get it for him." The agent, not desiring practically to announce that he was an agent of the Watch and Ward, gave his first and middle names. Thirteen days later, on learning by telephone that the book had arrived, he called and secured it for $15.

And that is all that happened in the Dunster case as bearing on the conduct of the Watch and Ward. There was no solicitation, there was no enticement, there was no pursuit. The accusations against the Watch and Ward Society to that effect are based on the testimony of Mr. DeLacey, who indicated his own reliability as a witness by first testifying that he did not remember having bought the book and should not know where to get it and afterwards admitting that he had previously sold five copies of it, of which one had gone to a lawyer, one to a book collector, and three to college professors, at a profit of $10 or 200 per cent on each, thereby also demonstrating that he needed no persuasion other than a desire for profit to make a sale.

The findings on the facts in this whole case, as bearing on the action of the Watch and Ward Society, by the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, to which the case was carried, are substantially as above stated. And they are conclusive. The whole basis of the attacks upon the society is thereby swept away; the ground is cut from under it.

If any further exoneration were needed, the findings of Thomas W. Proctor — former president of the Boston and the Massachusetts Bar Associations, respected leader of the bar, employed by the Watch and Ward Society to tell the whole truth about the matter as he might find it from the testimony, are in point. He says in summing up his report upon the subject:

> The suggestion of improper inducement to make the sale is without foundation. It is plain that the offense was committed without urging. I have seen nothing in the activities of the agents of the Society in this case that was not in the public interest, and in view of established facts it is obvious that this work done by the Society is work that should be continued.

In conclusion, there is another witness I would like to call — not necessary to the defense of the Watch and Ward but providing cumulative and rather interesting testimony in its favor. I mean the chief accuser, Mr. Bushnell. At the trial in the Superior Court, as reported by the press, Mr. Bushnell pounded the rail and shouted:

> I want the public to understand that the District Attorney does not indorse the Watch and Ward Society's policy or tactics. I serve warning here and now that as long as I am District Attorney of this district and agents of this Society go into a bookstore of good repute and induce and procure the commission of a crime, I will proceed against them for criminal conspiracy.

Why this lame and impotent conclusion? Mr. Bushnell's opinion of the Society has not been concealed. He hates it evidently with a holy hatred. He has shouted his opinion from the housetops. Nine-tenths of the publicity that he so deplores has been furnished by himself. A previous prosecution in which the same book was involved took place in 1927 — what reader of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW has heard of it? That the Dunster case went round the world, to the joy of those who hate the Puritans (Mr. Bushnell's special contribution to our Tercentenary), was not owing to a prosecution for selling an evil book but to his own coruscating attacks upon the Watch and Ward — helped by the tacit fury (or was it furious taciturnity?) of Herbert Parker, immortalized in an editorial in *The Boston Herald.*

Now, with the Dunster case came opportunity. Here was Mr. Bushnell's chance. His enemy was delivered into his hands. The Watch and Ward had entered his very bailiwick and there committed, as he says, an odious and criminal offense. Why content himself with threats? What is the excuse for this delinquency? Why does he not prosecute them now?

The explanation seems to be: he has no case. It was all very well to fight the Society where it was merely his own witness, where it could not employ counsel, could not cross-examine witnesses nor put up a defense of any kind. It was very well to hit an enemy whose hands were tied. It was quite another thing to do so where the enemy could answer back. So as a wise and prudent officer of the law he shunned the battle. There could be no more striking vindication of the Watch and Ward.

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Why *Arithmetic*?

BY GEORGE J. TURNEY

THE thesis laid down by our witty friend, Donald Rose in *Stuff and Nonsense*, that much of our school work is superfluous, it is not my purpose to deny. His "horrible examples" of the kings of England and the bones of the body are well taken, but it is my purpose somewhat to amend his diatribe against mathematics in general and arithmetic in particular.

Schopenhauer would have been away off from the truth if he had stated that arithmetic was the basis of all mental activities, but he would probably have been as near the truth as he was when he called it the "basest of all mental activities," because a machine could accomplish some of its functions. Let us follow his method of reasoning a little farther. Because a machine (airplane or auto) can accomplish locomotion, is walking the "basest" of the physical activities? Because a dynamo, a machine, can generate electricity, therefore is electricity the "basest" type of energy? Is that good reasoning?

It does not take a profound knowledge, a bright intellect or a wide experience to realize that there is bungling in our present school system. But it is always easier to offer destructive than constructive criticism.

Let us see if we can suggest something constructive. If our pupils were taught the "fundamentals" *well* and taught to *think* and given a taste of some of the best in the vast realm of knowledge, then teaching would advance to the lofty pinnacle of real education (the act of drawing out, as the word means) and cease to be the process of cramming in by verbal memory.

It was my good fortune before I entered high school to know how to add, subtract, multiply and divide whole numbers, and common and decimal fractions well. This is all that is *essential* as a mathematical basis. Knowing these enabled me to learn the whole metric system in about thirty minutes. Though it has been of little "practical" use to me I know it yet after three decades and am convinced of its immense superiority over our present cumbersome systems. The psychologists often say that what you have really learned you never forget.

We, too, have a comely thirteen-year-old daughter in our home. Last winter she brought home problems in stock and insurance, but wasn't noticed looking "cross-eyed" in solving them. In this day and age of women in business, law, politics or what-have-you, the "mental gymnastics" of arithmetic will probably not be an insuperable handicap in her after life. Our girl has two hours a day out of doors. When she has not finished all her lessons at school she usually studies an hour after dark. Mayhap there are better ways of spending the evening, but there are also worse ones. I'd much rather she'd be wasting her time on square root or even cube root than at the average movie or shuffling a deck of cards.

Now, as to the unsuccessful and successful men both dispensing with arithmetic. Yes, they could. They could also dispense with nearly every other study, activity and interest in life, in like manner.

Next to reading and writing number work is fundamental to our progress. Virtually all material inventions have a mathematical basis. Does Mr. Rose ever ride on a train? Every rail in every curve in the track is laid by mathematical computation, even if the foreigner who drives the spike does not know trigonometry. Does Mr. Rose ever ride in an auto? The strength, elasticity, etc., of each part has been mathematically computed. Does Mr. Rose ever patronize a druggist or a doctor? If he does he buys mathematics.

The words in Mr. Rose's article against mathematics were set on a linotype, one of the world's greatest mathematical machines, and printed on paper mathematically as well as chemically compounded, and they were read by me through glasses mathematically ground to +2.50 diopters, that being the mathematical amount of presbyopia in my eyes.

Mr. Rose says, "learning is only what you make of it." He might also have added that work, play, companionship, home, love and even God, are to each of us, only what we make of them.

The curriculum *is* overloaded, and the "potato patch and ash heap" would be better than some of the work sent home by the overzealous specialist intent only on grinding out the pupils to match a course of study. What is the remedy? Time alone will tell. But let me make bold to offer a few concrete suggestions toward betterment. First perhaps in importance to the health and proper reaction to life, do much more of the school work in God's big schoolhouse, the out-of-doors, instead of the brick and mortar "prisons" as our fifteen-year-old son calls the school he attends. Some one said, "It is a crime to learn in a house anything that could have been learned out of doors."

Mahatma Gandhi's advice to his fellow-countrymen to dispense with inventions and mass-production and to return to more pioneer methods, has more of value in it than some people realize. Mr. Rose stresses work and play. Well and good. This would give plenty of work of the best type. While it might curtail children's playtime it should not lessen their zest. And it would dispense with much of the foolishness of our scholastic régime.

Another aid to education would be to hire, coax, coerce, train or otherwise persuade our legislators to limit the powers of our State schools. All high schools should not exist primarily to feed politically controlled State Universities and State Normal Schools, whose entrance requirements will bear looking into.

Perhaps it would be a real aid to the best in education if we would devise a way to consolidate some of our organizations and activities. It is not conducive to peace of mind or clarity of thought for the church, school, Y. M. C. A. (or Y. W. C. A.), Boy Scouts (or Girl Scouts, Camp Fire Girls), movies, radio, etc., *ad nauseam*, to all be competing for the attention and interest of the child, and often against the best interest of the home. There should be a simplification or an elimination. Our so-called civilization is far too complex for the best health and highest happiness of our children and ourselves. (The Gary, Ind., plan of coöperation of church and school was partly such a corrective measure.)

One of the great weaknesses of our educational system is the deep-rooted notion that each pupil in the "class" must study and learn the same things, in the same way, in the same quantity, at the same time. Patrick once said, "God gave every man a chance by making no duplicates." This is just where many schools do not give every boy or girl a chance. There is no such thing as an "average" boy or girl. God does not deal in averages; He deals in individuals, and our schools must learn to do so.

Health and happiness — two of the greatest prizes, if not the greatest two, in life — can only be attained by a wise coördination of play, work, companionship and ideals. School is not *the* essential thing, but if properly conducted it will not hinder but greatly help in this proper coördination.

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Tariff Again

By Carl F. Kuehnle

I was amused if not edified when reading Scroggs's article, *Revolt Against the Tariff*, in the July issue. Though the author quotes editors, he shows convincingly that his own views are low tariff. Have him read Secretary Lamont's recent comments on the Hawley-Smoot Bill. These same objections have generally been urged whenever a Republican bill has been enacted in past decades.

I recall the "storm of indignation" against the McKinley Bill, the defeat of McKinley for re-election and the election of a Democratic Free Trade Congress. But do you recall the come back? McKinley's election as President, improved business and general prosperity.

The East wants more protection for its wares but objects to the farmer being protected — the farmer wants high duties on his products and objects to higher rates on manufactures which he consumes. Each wants his special interest highly protected, but complains if the other fellow's product is. Laws of this nature generally are compromises, but our history proves that we prosper under high Protection and suffer under low tariffs or "tariff for revenue only" — practical Free Trade. I have just reread a dispatch in *The Chicago Tribune* of June 17, 1930, that, "Twenty-two ships, chiefly freighters, made port that morning, saving hundreds of thousands of dollars for the importers. Other ships with large cargoes of imports were racing to get to port before the law became operative." They were thus depriving the United States of large sums in duties and flooding the country with foreign made goods to the detriment of American manufactures and laborers.

If duties are high the cheap foreign labor and the product thereof finds it more difficult to compete with us. It is best to keep our factories open and producers and laborers employed, even though the consumer must pay a little more for what he buys. The American worker is the best customer for our own products, especially of the farm. When our factories shut down or work only part time their employees do not consume as much high priced food, and we thus lose the home market and create poor business.

If manufacturers are highly protected, internal competition soon reduces prices. Whenever money is made or to be made, others will go in to make some and then the competition soon regulates the price and prevents exorbitant profits. Protection-high duties have in the past brought and always will bring good times. Low duties, or tariff for revenue only or Free Trade, give the foreigner our markets, throw American laborers out of work, destroy the purchasing power of our best customers, bring depression, poor business and hard times.

⁂

An Apology

We are indebted to H. M. K. Smith, author of *Silver Lotus*, for calling our attention to an error in printing his story in our August issue. The Japanese girls do not dance "with" the men; the expression should have been to dance "for" them.

Res.

North American Review

October

Rec'd SEP 20 1930 P. L.

Give Us Democracy

Governor Ritchie

Publicity Chiefs

Moscow Goads China

Rodney Gilbert

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Walter Butler Mahony
Editor

John Pell
Associate Editor

The North American Review

ONE-HUNDRED-SIXTEENTH YEAR

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The Financial Outlook

By Alan H. Temple

Notes on Pessimism

In that small area south of Fulton Street in New York City, which incontestably holds more wealth than any other spot of like size in the world, it seemed to this observer, as the autumn approached, that pessimism was still the dominant business philosophy of the moment. I refer not so much to the reasoned opinion of some careful students of business that any improvement in trade during the autumn will be less than seasonal, and that substantial betterment will likely be deferred until spring; but rather to the feelings of the district, which so promptly affect the least sensitive of visitors. Thus a gentleman from Texas: "I came up looking for bargains, and now I am going home believing that I ought to sell short even the State of Texas."

The New Era of prosperity and exhilaration, left behind last November, seems to have a counterpart and successor in a New Era of poverty and depression. Instead of explaining, "It looks high but I am buying for the long pull and I can't afford to miss the market," the average holder of stocks is now asking, "Do you think if I sold them I could buy them back cheaper?" He is referring to the very shares for which he paid two or three times as much last fall, although it is quite possible that the corporation represented, as many are, may be earning more profit this year than it did in 1929.

But this is another year. Then it was argued that the United States would never again suffer from severe business recession; now there is an honest fear in some places — not very high ones, however — that the present depression will last a decade or so, that another era of the 'Nineties is upon us, and that the only property that is really worth much is gold dollars. To support this, tenuous arguments are spun out; the dish is served up with as much seasoning and garniture as the New Era philosophy of 1929; what is in most cases entirely an emotion is rationalized to the limit just as the mob beliefs of last year were rationalized.

Not long ago it was suggested to a cotton man of long experience that the low price of cotton during this fall, whatever it may be, is likely to be the low for several years. The arguments advanced were, briefly, that the price already was substantially below the cost of production, and certain to compel a reduction in acreage and output if it persists until the end of the year; that overproduction of cotton goods had been largely corrected by the very drastic curtailment in manufacturing since January first last; that the need for cotton steadily increases with growth of world population and greater use of automobiles; and that the supply presently available will not be at all excessive once consumption hits its normal stride again. These considerations should, it seems, be satisfactory antidotes for despair. But they carried no weight with this cotton man. He believes that even 18-cent cotton will never come back (literally never); that the South must and will reduce its cost of production as the only salvation against the excessive output which he sees ahead for years to come. He admits that on his large and presumably efficient plantation he can not even cover the cost of growing cotton at present prices; he doesn't know what he is going to do about it, or how he can reduce his costs; he knows that in the past twenty years such a price as the present one has never failed to cut the acreage 10 to 15 per cent in the following season; but he insists that, all of a sudden, cotton growing is to find itself on a lower cost level, and that, without even temporary price advances, enough will be produced to supply the world at pre-war prices. In other words, that the cotton world is entering another New Era, new by comparison with the past seven or eight years, but similar in many of its major characteristics to the 'Eighties or 'Nineties.

This cotton man is cited at length because his prototype is to be found in every industry, in every staple commodity market, and in Wall Street in great numbers. It is said that wages must be deflated, that real estate must come down, that "frozen loans" must be liquidated, and that the falling off in the gold supply which the economists agree will occur after 1935 means a long period of declining commodity prices in which business will be sore put to make profits. As a direct result of the circulation of these ideas there was accumulated in the stock market in the late summer what is said to have been the largest short interest on record. Measured by the fact that about two hundred stocks were lending "flat" or at a premium — which means that the lender of the stock gets the use of an equivalent amount of money without paying any interest upon it, or even receives a premium — it was obviously huge.

But the United States was believed to be in a New Era last year, and it proved to be only a boom. It is believed by many to be in a New Era this year, and the overwhelming probability is that it will prove to be only a cyclical recession. When enthusiasm was at its height in 1929 the boom was at the point of collapse. When despondency is at its depth in 1930 it is equally likely that the recession is scraping bottom. The cotton man, and his fellows in other industries, expects to see overnight something which doubtless will come with time: a general lowering of production costs. But it will come gradually, and there will be many upward convulsions of the price to punctuate it. After each recession the consumption of cotton has never failed to advance again to another new high record; and it is conservative to say that a price of 10 cents a pound is not going to produce enough cotton to supply the necessities of that coming consumption.

Generalized, that statement will be equally true of other commodities; it will be true of business as a whole, which enjoys a normal annual growth of about 3 per cent, and which therefore climbs again to a new high after each backward step. That progress will continue at a rate approaching this figure can scarcely be doubted. It may be true that population will grow more slowly hereafter, but the desires of the present population are so little satisfied that even if no new wants are discovered and no new luxuries transmuted into widely distributed necessities (both absurd conditions) there is still unlimited opportunity for the exercise of the energy, capital, labor and resources which go to make up business.

Wages and Real Estate

IN A cyclical depression labor and land costs, that is to say wages and real estate, must share the burdens of deflation along with capital. But that is characteristic of every severe downswing of the business cycle, and to adduce them in support of the 1930 New Poverty Era theory shows to what extent it is merely a rationalized emotion. One of the outstanding features of the present depression is the effort to keep wages up to sustain public buying power at a time when it is needed. Many large employers have declared publicly that they did not intend to reduce wages, hoping that by keeping up disbursements, and by the force of example, they can limit the severity of the recession. It is equally true that many skilful and forward-looking efforts are being made to reduce fluctuations in unemployment. That the latter are only partially successful, however, is attested by everyone's eyes and ears. And in fact little more success attends the endeavor to keep up wages. For wage disbursements are being cut, necessarily, a fact which outweighs maintenance of wage rates. There can be no more real wage cut than that of a skilled worker turned out to do unskilled work. But all this affords no reason for arguing that wages must be depressed to pre-war levels, or anything approaching them; the New Era of wages is not a spurious boom phenomenon, it is soundly based on the tremendous increase in efficiency and productiveness that has come with the machine. Wages go down with the business cycle, and they will rise with it.

Deflation of rents and land values is with good cause one of the most feared of economic phenomena, for it can leave vast distress in its wake. But it seems obvious that no such deflation as in 1921 need be feared, for the beginning of the downfall is at so much lower levels. Land values generally are not inflated, with the exception of some urban centers and a few other areas where booms have raised prices out of line with the return from the land. Residential building has been so promptly and so greatly checked this year that the oversupply will soon be absorbed, and the business of caring for the normal population increase and replacing obsolescent housing will soon be under way again. Students of the building figures look for an increase in this class of construction in 1931.

Loans

ANOTHER of the fears that has been cited is that of "frozen loans." By this term is meant, of course, loans upon collateral to a greater value than the present worth of the collateral. The great increase in bank loans upon securities, as compared with last year, which totals $800,000,000 for reporting member banks of the Federal Reserve System, is cited as evidence of the necessity of liquidation. It is taken as an indication, first, of frozen loans, and second, of an excessive quantity of speculatively held securities which will weigh against advances and be dislodged by any further decline. Definite testimony as to the volume of under-collateraled loans is contributed by the New York Federal Reserve Bank, which in a survey of its country members found that two-thirds had none or a negligible number of such loans, only nine had as much as 5 per cent, while the maximum was 11 per cent in one bank. Judging by the well-known disposition of banks to stay with a bad loan until they can recover on it, there is not much threat to investment prices in the situation.

(*Continued in rear advertising section*)

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The North American Review

VOLUME 230 OCTOBER, 1930 NUMBER 4

Apéritif

Apologia

"LICKERISH baits, fit to ensnare a brute . . ." An apt quotation, but, like much of what we have to work with, not too clear.

Anyhow, we thought it a good plan to strew baits about in this space to ease the reader comfortably into the rest of the magazine, as does a real *apéritif* into a meal; and we thought the best baits we knew of would be to tell the hidden causes of obscure yet significant things which baffle the average reader, to answer once and for all such questions as "Will the new ticker machines bring boom times back to Wall Street?" and "What is the dark and secret reason behind tree- and flag-pole-sitting?" Needless to say, we felt quite capable of doing this.

However, though our confidence is still whole, we have made some disturbing discoveries about news events in this connection. They are divided into three kinds, thus:

A son born to Mr. and Mrs. Melvin J. Sackerman on the 3:39 from Lynbrook, L. I., is named Penrod in honor (by nearest approximation) of the Pennsylvania Railroad; a naïve smuggler in Havana attempts without success to sell a gold brick; and Bernard Shaw sells his soul to the movies. This kind is too obvious to bother with.

Bishops at Lambeth lift the ban on birth control; William Bryant, farm hand, tries to collect $15,000 wages, having worked for forty-one years without pay; and the headline, "Lindbergh Drives Horse." These things we find a little hard to understand and lay them aside for a moment, procrastinating.

LOUIS FERDINAND HOHENZOLLERN announces his departure from Henry Ford's employ; Harry F. Sinclair endows a Mexican university with football coaches; mad foxes run over Ruth Hanna McCormick's front lawn. And these, we sadly confess, are quite incomprehensible to us. We had a theory to cover such matters, that everything which happens to a man is determined by his character — but where is the connection between Henry Ford and the divine right, between Mrs. McCormick and foxes, between Harry Sinclair and Mexico? Where?

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Scialoja's Eclipse

DURING the past few months, European diplomats have vainly sought explanation for the gradual exit of Vittoria Scialoja as Italy's representative on the League of Nations Council and in most other of the League's activities.

At the unfortunate Paris Peace Conference, Dr. Scialoja was his country's delegate in the League's formation; thereafter, he was her Geneva delegate when aught important developed. Almost alone among the Italian statesmen's elder school, he survived the Fascist upheaval. It was known that, in private and abroad, he sometimes spoke smilingly of Fascism, with a tongue not famous for its caution; but he is perhaps Italy's most eminent lawyer — and League States-members need lawyers at Geneva. Therefore, people wondered when, last autumn, he began to absent himself from one League commission after another, and when he was replaced on the January Council by the Minister for Foreign Affairs, Dino Grandi.

For what it is worth, here is the story:

In October, it says, Scialoja was sought at Rome by the American wife of a powerful Fascist official; she wanted to divorce her husband and retained the doctor because he is a generally successful advocate. A few days after her visit, her husband called and advised the lawyer to abandon the case. He replied that his duty to his client forbade such a course.

"Then," the official is reported as prophesying, "you will be sorry."

He proved right. By that week's end, Scialoja had a summons from Mussolini himself. Il Duce, it developed, had just been for the first time shown — and so proceeded to show the lawyer — a secret *dossier* compiled by Fascist espionage agents at Geneva, relentlessly recording all his private quips against Fascism uttered over dinner tables at the seat of the Nations' League.

How about this one? How about that? Did he really say such-and-such a thing? And did he really say such another?

Scialoja is a resourceful pleader, but an honest man. He could, and did, deny some of the record — could, and did, explain away some more. But there seems to have remained a residuum unpalatable to Il Duce.

"In any case," the latter is reported to have declared, drily, "the spirit underlying all these is not exactly the spirit of New Italy. Grandi wants to go to the Council. Other good Fascists want to go to other League meetings. I think that, in future, they mostly will."

Now they mostly do.

❧

Poets

"THE only virgin is the poet, a virgin whom use can not spoil, who is more than ever virgin when he is with child; one who can be ravished daily by Ideas and Images and still be a virgin. In his sight each day is a First Cause, each object a miraculous invention of that immemorial Mystery whose flesh-burgeoning he is . . ." — Benjamin De Casseres, in *The American Mercury*.

This seems almost unanswerable, disillusioning though it is and reproachful as we feel toward Byron, Catullus, Walt Whitman and all those others who have so long deceived us; but if only it can be stretched to include unrhymed songsters like Richard Halliburton, we will rest content, for we shall begin to see Light.

* * *

More War

Dr. C. S. Simkins, heredity expert of the University of Tennessee College of Medicine, advocates fighting future wars with man power selected from the weak and feebleminded, so that healthy, intelligent citizens may be saved for the race. Already two young men have been turned away from the Naval Academy at Annapolis because of their great size, and another from an Army enlistment office in France for the same reason, so it is plain which way the signs are pointing.

In this crisis our first duty is to Senators Moses and McKellar; we must soothe them on the question of national safety. And for once it seems easy. We have information from Dr. H. H. Goddard, professor of abnormal psychology at Ohio State University, to the effect that forty-five per cent of our people are morons; our own statistical department computes that a mere nine per cent of this number will have been fortunate enough to have averted disabling themselves with fast cars, bad gin or housemaid's knee; so that we have something like fifty millions of raw material from which to choose our new army. Not all the rest of the world combined could get together a force of cripples and mental deficients to beat this one.

That done, however, we confess to a greater interest in the spectacle such an army would present, how its parades would look in the movies, what West Point would come to. We see men marching sternly under the colors, their expressions determined and set as false teeth will permit; their heads up and backs straight — if the weather is fine and their lumbago not very troublesome; their feet sending up from the pavement a rhythmic tramp, tramp tramp, unbroken save by ten thousand of the corned and bunioned out of step. Our hearts thrill to the martial sound of their coughing and wheezing. We cheer as the special brigades pass by: the Knock-kneed, the Bow-legged, the Bald-headed, the Deaf and the Dumb. At last comes the crack battalion, and we throw up our hats in a very paroxysm of emotion, we yell till our throats ache. They surge up the street, shambling, shuffling, limping and stumbling — every man a misfit. "Hooray!" we shout, "the Paper Doll Cutters!" And here they are, busily snipping away with their shears, catching their thumbs — Napoleons one and all.

* * *

A friend of ours who is an expert on crime and its accessories tells us that chorus girls much prefer the company of gamblers and racketeers in the evening because, unlike the garden variety of business man, they never talk shop.

Emma

We are encouraged about the animal situation. There is a report of several all-dog pictures produced or under production in Hollywood; the Department of Agriculture has imported from Porto Rico a number of gigantic toads to do battle with grasshoppers, worms and crickets; the American Society of Mammalogists has been making cats solve problems for their daily bread in an effort to determine which sex is the more intelligent (males won); and Drs. Henry Fairfield Osborn and J. H. McGregor have been threshing out the knotty problem of whether a gorilla's thumb is useful — with favorable prospects for the affirmative.

This shows a distinct tendency to put animals to work, to take them out of their present status of pets. And that is why we feel encouraged. All our lives we have objected vigorously to pets: their very existence, the people who keep them, and above all the deadly talk about them these people inflict on helpless friends and acquaintances. Gladly would we hear the whole truth about Prohibition four times over in preference to Mrs. Jones's panegyrics on the intelligence of her poodle: how well he understands her, just like a human — how cute he is, the little darling!

Still we must confess that there was a lonely time in our lives when we were tempted to acquire a pet; but weak as we felt, we were staunch in one respect. It would be no frilly, malformed little beast; our pet would be man-sized — an animal which would not only be company in the long winter evenings, but also be of use around the house. One that could beat out the rugs, throw trunks about, clear snowdrifts from our doorstep. And withal a philosophic creature to which we could bring our troubles and get sympathy. In short, a whale.

For the sake of domesticity, it would be female, and named Emma. There would be no having to sleep with Emma to keep her calm during the night, no barking or mewing to frazzle our nerves, no jumping in our laps on sudden and disastrous whims. No sitting up and begging — as well for the safety of the priceless old English oak beams in our ceiling — no hoarse croaking of unintelligible words, as with parrots, and no inadvertent stepping on her, as with mice.

Much, however, as we would value Emma's strength in household duties and the absence from her make-up of these annoyances, our greatest appreciation would be for her calm, phlegmatic mien. To her we could go with our most vexing problems and come away soothed by a look. No question, of what world-shattering import you will, but would dull its sharp horns against her cool brow, and turn docile as a lamb.

Not, you understand, that Emma would never make a show of temper. Under our tutelage she would quickly learn the aspects of all salesmen, distant relatives and other bores. And on these she would expend her little store of anger, with gentle lashings of her tail, or from her snout a graceful, parabolic stream of water of which a brimming tub would always stand close by.

Benefaction

In a hard-hearted world whose graduate Boy Scouts immediately forget their resolve to do a good deed every day, it is encouraging to find an occasional act of mercy, even though the finding requires persistent search. Thus we have an instance of a Kingston, N. Y., jailer who released a prisoner to be married, placing him again behind the bars when the ceremony was over and the bride on her way back to Brooklyn; another, of a lifer who was let out for one day to attend the funeral of his wife; and another, of a robber who returned to a weeping lady her wedding ring. As an example of the intermittent kindness of fate, we have the case of Salvatore Fiore, who was sentenced to life as a fourth offender and subsequently got out of it because of suspended sentences in two out of his first three offenses. However, at the same time, Joseph Johnson who had nearly completed a three-years' sentence was discovered to be an actual fourth offender and will spend the rest of his life in jail.

But our best case is that of Max Levine, hero street sweeper, who by hurling his refuse pan through the windshield of an automobile killed one bandit, wounded another and stopped the flight of them both. He was commended with a long and ceremonious oration by the head of the Department of Sanitation, and presented with a gold band for his uniform. He asked for a little raise of pay, in consideration of twenty-six years of faithful service, but the authorities overlooked this *faux pas* and gave him the gold band anyway.

With a far-sighted eye cocked perhaps on the Magistrates of New York City today, Jeremiah Evarts wrote in The North American Review for October, 1830:

"It would be a hard case, indeed, if our judges were required to sanction, with the weight of their private character, as moralists, philanthropists, and Christians, all the laws, which, as parts of our code, they are bound to enforce."

* * *

Kava

There is the liquor *kava*, which natives in the South Sea islands are accustomed to drink. When the mood is upon them, they gather in a large circle, separated enough from each other so that the bottle may be passed around but no native can touch another. This is because a few good drinks of the *kava* raise in each dusky breast an irresistible desire to slaughter anyone within reach. At the same time, fortunately, paralysis of the lower half of the body sets in, so that no harm is done as long as a safe distance is kept between drinkers.

In the early days of Mr. Coolidge's famous column, when it was receiving sedulous attention from other columnists, Elliott Thurston in *The World* made a suggestion in line with Mr. Coolidge's well-known plea for more pulling together and less complaining. It was to the effect that little get-together dinners and luncheons be held in Washington, with such boon companions as Hoover and Hiram Johnson, Tinkham and Bishop Cannon, and Speaker Longworth and Vice President Curtis as guests. Slight differences would be forgotten and in a spirit of happy comradeship they would usher in an Era of Good Feeling.

We thought this a fine scheme; but we did want to have *kava* served at all the functions, to keep some reasonable check on the flood of brotherly love. Part of our plan, was to place the chairs farther apart than is usually the case at banquet tables, for the sake of next-day quorums in Congress. But we still felt a little dubious about the attendants. We could hear Mrs. McCormick call to one, sweetly: "Oh, waiter! Bring that chair here, will you? — No, no! Not that one — the one over there with Senator Nye on it." And the waiter *might* have brought it.

* * *

Also, the announcement of our Government's acquisition, of the "forty-two-lined" Gutenberg Bible for future Presidents to take oath upon — at a cost of $280,000 — raises in our minds the question: "Wouldn't a stack of old *Herald Tribunes* be cheaper?"

Evolution

THERE came to us the other day an indisputable token of change from the old ways. On our way through the park we stopped to watch two little boys sailing toy boats on a pond, and became quite sentimental at the earnestness with which they enjoyed the sport — appointing captains and crews for the ships, picking out destinations, riding bravely through storms, delivering cargoes in strange ports.

"Boys will be boys," we thought happily as we moved closer to listen. Then one of them asked, while busily docking his ship, this casual question:

"What's your cargo, Eddie? Scotch or rum?" W. A. D.

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THE EDITORS regret that unforeseen circumstances prevent publication of the Mark Twain memoirs in this issue.

Moscow Goads China

By Rodney Gilbert

The Soviet State will not be secure until Moscow dominates the Mongol masses. Chinese intellectuals, militarists and politicians have rejected Communism. Has Moscow abandoned hope?

China is notoriously a land of stupendous calamities. Floods, famines, pestilences, earthquakes, civil war and banditry succeed one another like the "supers" in a stage army, strutting across the boards, around behind the scenes, and back upon the stage again with ghastly monotony. This past summer another figure, which has had a part in the procession in China for some years past, adopted a major rôle and cut some gruesome capers that instantly won it front-page notices throughout the world. This figure was labeled "Communism." Emerging from the mountains of the southeast into the very richest heart of China, the great fertile valleys drained by the Yangtze River and its tributaries, Communism has, in a few months, not only given an effective pause to agriculture, industry and trade, throwing a native population of perhaps fifty millions into a state of hopeless confusion; it has also laid a heavy hand on foreign interests throughout this territory and has wantonly done much damage to mission and other foreign property.

It seems hard at this long range to understand the purpose of such an ebullition. It seems hard to believe that the savage hordes which fly the red flag and resort with such avidity to butchery, torture, arson and rape, can enjoy any direct relations with the Communists who are making such strenuous efforts in Russia to build up agriculture, industry and foreign trade and are making such free and flattering use of American machinery and technical advice. Yet a connection does exist and, once it is traced, it is not so hard to understand why a massacre in Hunan is as highly esteemed by one bureau in Moscow as an American tractor is by another.

During the past ten or eleven years Soviet Russia has made three distinct appeals to China. The first was an intellectual appeal to the *illuminati*, the professors and students in the half-modernized universities and middle schools; and Moscow's offering was theoretical Marxism, strangely blended with nationalism and race prejudice. This offering, first made early in 1920, was gratefully accepted and assimilated; but the intellectuals proved to be as slow to action as they were ardent in conversation, so new agents of the Third Internationale appeared instantly with new offerings to a new clientele.

THEY approached the militarists and the politicians with proffers of returned Russian concessions, finance, munitions, and expert leadership in war, propaganda, conspiracy, espionage and diplomacy. With these inducements they bought outright, between 1922 and 1927, scores of Generals, bevies of political sages and hordes of rather useless soldiery. They acquired what seemed absolute control over great areas of China and dictated the policies, particularly in foreign affairs, of that Government out of which grew the recognized central authority at Nanking. Then, just three years ago, they suddenly found themselves rudely ejected from the administrative structure which they had been at such pains and expense to erect. They found their native agents proscribed and hunted to death, their doctrines denounced as disreputable and subversive, and even their diplomatic and consular representatives treated with contumely and deported from the country. It was a nasty shock, because it involved a great loss of what is known in the East as "face."

It was in December, 1927, that diplomatic relations between the Nationalist Revolutionary Government at Nanking and Soviet Russia were officially severed. The Reds, who had invested something like fifty million roubles in gold in their Chinese experiments, opened the year 1928 with the solemn resolution that they would never again squander so much as a kopeck on a Chinese official. Nominal Chinese adherence to Communist or any other doctrine could be bought with a handful of cartridges, said the under cover agents who remained in China when the Red advisers and consuls were gone; but no system had yet been devised by a transplanted Ogpu which could hold a Chinese of the official class loyal to his backers if he saw an advantage to himself in betraying them.

It was quite publicly and frankly announced that the Soviet had no idea of abandoning and writing off its investments in China. Some return was going to be exacted on the great sums devoted to propaganda, munitions and bribes, and particular vengeance was going to be taken upon General Chiang Kai-shek, the Kuomintang politicians and the Nationalist organization at large, for their graceless betrayal of Moscow's confidence. *Revanche*, said the Reds, they would achieve in due course by what they called "subterranean work."

AND this was no idle boast; for the Red consulates were scarcely closed when the police of the foreign concessions and settlements noted a wholesale exodus of Russian agitators, of the type formerly employed in the Chinese armies and in mob demonstrations, and very shortly trouble began in remote rural districts. Bands of outlaws in the mountains of the South, remote from garrison towns and the main arteries of communications, began to harry the villages, killing, looting and burning under the red flag and in the name of Communism. Sometimes they took a market town, had a grand massacre and killed or kidnapped a missionary; but the outrages perpetrated by those Red "armies" did not at first impinge upon foreign interests directly enough nor often enough to earn them the attention in the Occident that they deserved. There has not been a day, however, from the early months of 1928 down to the present, when these so-called Communists have neglected to visit terror and misery upon some rural district in South China, and therefore no day when the Nanking régime has been allowed to forget the former *entente* between Red Russia and the Chinese Kuomintang — or Nationalist People's Party.

How the Red agitators found it so easy to start and carry on such work must be explained. In exchange for munitions, financial support and actual leadership in both war and political organization, Dr. Sun Yat-sen, founder of the Kuomintang, and his successors had to give the Russian agents and their Chinese understudies, trained in Russia, a free hand in agitation among the "workers and peasants," that is within the semi-criminal rabble of the great cities and the landless countrymen from whom bandits have always been recruited in China's many periods of disorder and distress, and from whom the huge armies of modern China are largely drawn. These dangerous elements with nothing to lose were saturated, between 1922 and the end of 1927, with the kind of Bolshevism that they were capable of understanding.

The Chinese phrase which serves as a translation of "Communism" — *Kung Ch'an Chu-i* — is capable of several interpretations and therefore of a variety of translations into English. Most literally it means, "Public wealth idea." As it was passed down to the illiterate and submerged elements to which the agitators made their "subterranean" appeal, it conveyed little more than the ideas that the very poor had a right to slaughter and loot the property owner; that the aged, past useful work and living on invested savings or on the work of their children, were burdens on society and reservoirs of conservative notions, so should be exterminated; that alien religions were a medium through which "imperialism" was foisted on China; and that the women of the prosperous were for the delectation of those who could afford no wives.

These doctrines were first propagated within the Nationalist armies, while Soviet officers were actually directing them, and were spread in the cities when Russian agitators were financing strikes, mob demonstrations, kidnappings and assassinations under Nationalist license. Disbanded troops carried these ideas rapidly into every rural district and the floating riff-raff of the cities took them to every walled town. The small farmer, small trader, boatman or city coolie, reduced to destitution where taxation, banditry and military impositions put an end to normal commerce, was a ready convert to the doctrine that the robbery and murder of the rich were ethically sound proceedings. Poverty growing out of maladministration has broken the morale of millions in South China during the past few years; and the broken man falls gleefully into step with any band that gives him weapons and promises him a chance to kill and loot, without great risk to his person, on the single condition that he memorize the slogans and other hocus-pocus of an alien political cult.

For three years past the centre of this kind of Communist enterprise has been the mountainous borderland between the rich provinces of Kuangtung, Kiangsi and Fukien. The Chinese leaders are politically obscure persons with Russian training whose names mean nothing abroad, as for instance: Chu Teh, Mao Tse-tung, Pang Teh-kuai, Shao Erh-ping, Fang Tze-ming, Li Yueh-chien, and so forth. Provincial authorities in China do not pursue outlaws beyond their own frontiers. They are content to push them over on their neighbors. So the Reds, sitting on a junction of three provinces, have never had to give soldiery battle but have always escaped punitive expeditions by moving from Fukien to Kuangtung or from Kiangsi to Fukien, as conditions dictated. Their best opportunities came, while they were playing this game, when the garrisons of isolated interior cities were reduced during civil war elsewhere. It is because they are now reduced everywhere in the South to pad Chiang Kai-shek's armies in the North, that the Communists have come out in the open; but their tactics remain much the same. They take no chances. They move in small bands until some poorly protected town is indicated as the next objective. They then assemble to the number of about ten thousand, descend quickly upon the place, fight their way in and butcher the garrison to get their weapons. These are passed out to unarmed Red recruits and the raiders kill off all the rich and aged, take what ready money they can find, carry off and hold to ransom a few merchants, who are known to have negotiable property, and the foreign missionaries, if there are any. They seize as many of the young women as they want for their diversion — many become "converts" — and disappear into the nearest hills.

In impoverished districts the raiders are invariably joined by thousands of young peasants in the attack on and sack of the local walled city. These local malcontents are not only intent upon getting something back from the grasping officials who live behind the walls and lay intolerable burdens upon the poor, but are also concerned for the safety of their own little properties and families; for one does not have to have much to be a "capitalist" in the sight of these Chinese Reds. The rustic who joins in a raid on the walled town can bargain beforehand for the security of his own elders, women and petty accumulations of grain and cash. Since one does not owe much to humanity in China outside the family, the butchery of townsmen, among whom he has no kin, does not greatly burden an impoverished yokel's conscience.

In those agricultural districts of the South where some degree of prosperity has survived taxation and banditry, the country folk have made isolated efforts to organize themselves into militia regiments when garrisons were withdrawn, with the idea of protecting themselves from the Red outlaws. Such defense measures are noted from afar off and are quickly discouraged by the Communists, however. As soon as they hear of the forming of a militia regiment, the Reds swarm together in overwhelming force, descend upon the township that proposes to defy them and make a horrible example of it. Villages are burned and leveled, crops are destroyed and, in the market town of the district, every man and woman over thirty is slaughtered before the place is fired. The organizers and officers of the militia are hunted out and are tortured to death in a public place. The favorite method is a piece-meal dissection, beginning with nose, ears and fingers, that may last several days.

Emerging from their mountain fastnesses early last spring, when the Nationalist armies moved into northern territory to face the Yen Hsi-shan rebellion, the Communists during five or six months pushed their operations into almost every corner of the Yangtze Valley, terrorizing all the richest agricultural districts in China and interfering with both native communications and foreign shipping on the rivers. During the past few months they have devastated the greater part of Kiangsi, at one time holding more than forty of the province's walled towns, and have paralyzed farming and trade in much of Hupeh, Hunan, Kuangsi, Kuangtung, Fukien, and in various districts of Chekiang, Shantung, Szechuan and Honan. Since it is their policy to promote misery, they have everywhere given particular attention to the bedevilment of farmers; so that there are now great areas which have not only been stripped of all food reserves but in which the peasants dare not venture into the fields to harvest standing crops.

Much as these ruffians resemble Chinese bandits in their methods, they have an organization among themselves, even when widely scattered, which bandits do not have. It is not Red policy now to erect a central command and a generalissimo who might become self-important and betray the cause, so they seldom move in bands of more than three thousand and never assemble in numbers greater than ten thousand. But their "armies" are numbered and a passport issued by any one of their leaders is honored by others in widely removed territory. They never get together in overwhelming force and try to hold and exploit a district, fighting pitched battles with regular soldiery, as bandits do when they become ambitious. But there is a method in their mad barbarities which reveals that they operate under highly intelligent direction. The skilful advantage they take of military movements, their expert avoidance of encounters, the well-timed appearance of independent bodies, converging from many directions upon a designated city as the soldiery are drawn off by civil war, all indicate that they march under orders from a master strategist.

The uncovering of one of their

bases in the international settlement at Amoy a few months ago, where great masses of literature of Russian origin and correspondence with Russia were found, established clearly enough what everyone in the East had taken for granted. Vladivostok was the source of inspiration, orders, money and of some munitions and supplies. Similar establishments have been raided in Shanghai and Hongkong, yielding similar results. They probably exist in every port where there are sufficient aliens in residence so that Russian agitators can come and go without being too conspicuous.

Every little while the big foreign concessions at Shanghai, Hankow and Tientsin have their mob demonstrations, when these towns are fairly plastered with Red literature in the best Russian style, despite all police surveillance of Communist nests, as evidence that the "subterranean work" goes tirelessly on in the cities as well as in the remote rural districts. Both in town and country these illiterates of the lowest order whose knowledge of world affairs is that of a five-year-old American child, use not only the red flag but the hammer and sickle insignia of Soviet Russia. Their literature is illustrated with likenesses of Marx and Lenin; and their patter is that of the Third Internationale's supporters in Moscow or Paris, New York or Budapest. If the Russian press did not boast of the activities of its allies among the "workers and peasants" in China, it would still be too absurd to suggest that these mimicries of Bolshevist abracadabra were spontaneous in Chinese coolies whose vision of the world and of world affairs is much that of a Mexican Indian.

The question that occurs to the average person who reads of these seemingly purposeless Red antics in the interior of China, leading up to nothing but misery and chaos, is: "What can the Third Internationale possibly hope to get out of such use of such material?"

Every Communist who has been in China pronounces the country a hopelessly poor field for the cultivation of Marxism. The industrial proletariat, the ruling caste in a true Communist state, does not make up a thousandth part of the Chinese population and never can be a large element in a country so poor in industrial resources. There is no aristocracy to overthrow, there are no castes to break down, and there are no hereditary classes to pit against one another. Equal opportunity has been a matter of course for two thousand years. The rise of ambitious youths from the lowest ranks of cooliedom to the highest official positions has been a common phenomenon in all ages.

There are no great estates to break up. Farms are small and are generally owned outright by the families that cultivate them. Tenant farmers are proportionately fewer than in most Occidental countries. The Chinese farmer is neither a serf nor a peasant in the European sense. National tradition rates him high in the social order — much higher than the bourgeois merchant, for instance. Add to all this the fact that the Chinese are instinctively patriarchal, rather than social, and are innately suspicious of any kind of coöperative effort outside the family or clan, and it will be obvious to anyone who knows the theory of Communism how little appeal this theory, if honestly presented, can make to them.

In private conversation every Russian envoy who has been involved in Oriental affairs, not excepting such indefatigable trouble-makers as Karakhan and Borodin, has confessed that the Chinese were the poorest material in the world from which to shape a Marxian commonwealth. All that the Red agitator can hope to do, by exploiting poverty and discontent under bad government, is to throw the country into confusion, stop production, stop the movement of commodities in and out of the country, and heighten misery.

This in itself seems a pretty poor objective for an organization of professed idealists like the Third Internationale. Yet it is the one real Red objective in Asia; and chaos in China is the one contribution that China can make to world revolution which the most exalted Communists think worth whatever it costs. In deviating from this objective, by trying to set up a Communist State in China, Borodin exposed himself to bitter criticism in Russia; and for this he was disgraced when his effort failed. The present movement, appealing directly to the lowest, most ignorant and most ruthless elements, and working directly towards the disruption of all economic life in the country, is the first of the several Soviet experiments that really satisfies Red policy in China and is not regarded in Moscow as a pursuit of ephemeral vanities. This perhaps needs explaining.

According to the doctrine which Lenin made the Soviet Union's world policy, Communism can not be a thoroughgoing success, can not even be given a fair trial, in any one isolated country like Russia. Lenin also recognized that Russia, being largely agricultural, was not an ideal base for the establishment of an international "dictatorship of the industrial proletariat." He needed countries like Germany, England and America for his experiment. He hoped that the flame lighted in Russia in 1917 would sweep rapidly over Europe, before reconstruction set in after the war, and then spread throughout the world.

Promising conflagrations began in Germany, Hungary and Italy as soon as the war ended; but these were quenched by strong reactions and Europe not only began to recover without the aid of Bolshevism, but reared stout defenses against that cult. Lenin was disgusted and embittered, but out of his bitterness grew a fresh resolution in 1919. That was to throw Asia into turmoil, by supporting Asiatic malcontents of whatever political faith, in the hope of closing Asiatic markets to Occidental trade. He knew that if he could reduce the productivity and buying power of a sufficient number of yellow and brown men, he could be sure of a big reduction in international commerce, a perceptible slowing down of industry in the Occident, unemployment, poverty and discontent in Europe, and eventually in America as well. He hoped to avail himself of this discontent to introduce Communism in the nations of the West that had rejected his gospel.

This inspiration made such a strong appeal to the Third Internationale that it set instantly to work to put it into effect; and, in eleven years, it has never for an instant lost sight of its Asiatic objective.

RUSSIA'S attention was turned to the Far East late in 1919, and, before the end of that year the first school for Oriental agitators was opened in Irkutsk, in Siberia. Within a few months small groups of Korean, Mongol, Chinese and Japanese "workers" had been graduated and were seeping into their respective homelands with abundant funds in gold coin. These first Irkutsk alumni were rather short on Marxian doctrine but long on race-prejudice and an appreciation of trouble for trouble's sake. They understood one thing clearly, and that was that the white man's ruin in Asia was the first step towards racial equality. White "imperialism" was the bugaboo which they had been schooled to exhibit to every yellow man they could buttonhole as something to distrust, fear and hate.

The development of this bright thought in China during the past ten years would make too long a story to review here even in outline. Antiforeignism did not die in China with the collapse of the Boxer movement. It has always been latent. The Red agents had only to arouse it and to instil into the students, and then into the timid Generals and politicians whom they financed, the courage to give violent expression to their anti-foreign sentiments. It was the Russian agent's business to interpret the Occident's tolerant and conciliatory attitude towards anti-foreign and anti-Christian demonstrations as signs of weakness in the West, and to encourage their Chinese pupils to perpetrate greater and bolder outrages as minor offenses against foreign persons and property passed unresented.

As the correspondence seized in the Soviet Embassy in Peking, in 1927, proved beyond cavil, they deliberately tried to provoke the armed forces of the Occidental Powers in the East to punitive measures, which their propagandists could advertise throughout the world as evidences of the ruthless imperialism of the capitalist nations. In their reports to Moscow and instructions to agents, they lamented, over and over, that there were so few clashes between native mobs and foreign soldiery. They expressed perfect confidence that post-war public sentiment in England and America would not tolerate such effective disciplinary action in any part of Asia as would discourage anti-foreignism; but they hoped for such spasmodic action on the part of hot-headed police, soldiers or sailors, as would satisfy Lenin's ambition when he said: "China is seething and it must be our part to keep the pot boiling."

SKETCHY in character as this review of Red ambitions and of Chinese reactions is, it will convey at least a glimmer of understanding of what is now going on in China. Red tactics are different since Borodin went home in 1927, but the objective remains the same and China continues to improve as a field for Moscow's endeavors. In onerous taxation, maladministration and petty persecution, the Nationalist Government has contributed more than any of its blundering predecessors to the discouragement of production and trade. Poverty and the spirit of revolt abet each other in every quarter of the country except Manchuria, where Japanese influence acts as a sedative and trade booms. The Red agitator finds it easy to exploit the wretchedness that is born of poverty and the restlessness that makes more poverty.

Nanking is involved in a life and death struggle with organized revolt in the North and has withdrawn every effective unit from the southern provinces most worth looting. This has left the Communists a clear field and has enabled them to approach the Yangtze River and other great waterways and to make an occasional direct attack upon the real butt of all their efforts, foreign trade. Every assault upon a village which stops the production of commodities for export or lowers a community's buying power, is, of course, an indirect shot at the same mark. Every time a missionary is carried off, abused or killed, and nothing comes of it but diplomatic correspondence, notes and regrets, foreign prestige is lowered, foreign life and property become less secure in China, foreign firms in the Coast ports withdraw from dangerous markets and dangerous lines of communication, insurance and transport costs go up, and trade is generally discouraged. Every time an alien is maltreated in China, Moscow chalks up a credit to Communism; for every such incident means a degree of trade retrenchment in the East, and every such retrenchment means a degree of poverty and discontent in the West.

General industrial depression in this country, with the inevitable accompaniment of unemployment, makes Red activities in China all the more opportune to the far-sighted gentry of the Third Internationale. Our trade with China may keep a very trifling proportion of our factories working; but if it means anything to us to keep them open it means much more to the ardent Communist to see them closed.

To the average American it will seem very far-fetched indeed to suggest that someone in Moscow prompts bands of Chinese outlaws to sack Changsha and destroy most of the foreign missions, to fire on American, British and Japanese steamers on the Yangtze, and to close in on the Wu-Han cities — "the Chicago of China" — and cut their communications, so that workmen in New York, Chicago and Detroit will lend a readier ear to Communist doctrine. But to the worthies in Moscow, whose whole business in life is "world revolution" and whose one great absorption is the economic and political interdependence of the industrial nations, the idea of torturing Changsha to elicit groans from Chicago is no more fantastic than the thought that the burning out of a fuse at one end of a long and much tangled wire will put out a light at the other end. It is easy to reduce Red operations throughout Asia to as simple terms as these if one can only get over the initial error of predicating scruples to the "world revolutionary."

Give Us Democracy

BY ALBERT C. RITCHIE

Governor of Maryland

A plea for freedom from Federal transgression in the domain of the State

POLITICAL philosophers have for ages debated the relative claims of the individual and the State. In American politics this has taken the form of a contest between the claims of the local community organized into a State and the claims of the Nation organized into a Federal Government. The Colonies grew into States, and as States they formed a Federal Union. They created, as our Supreme Court has said, "an indivisible union of indivisible States." But from the very beginning there was a conflict between two schools, two tendencies, one standing for a highly centralized, aristocratic, all-powerful National Government, the other for a Democratic Republic in which power, through the medium of the States, should always remain close to the people.

The term State Rights is not now a well chosen one. It is hardly applicable any longer. It harks back to the Civil War and bears the label of a lost cause, a cause no one would revive. Yet it has always been the symbol of those who take the side of the States against advancing and encroaching Federalism of any kind, the side of less government against more government. It is so applied today, although I would rather adopt a term which would seem to me more expressive, such as State duty, or State responsibility, or local self-government.

IT IS, however, important not to misunderstand or misconceive the phrase, and to remember that it has meant different things at different periods of our history.

Woodrow Wilson said in his *Constitutional Government:*

> The question of the relation of the States to the Federal Government is the cardinal question of our constitutional government. At every turn of our national development we have been brought face to face with it, and no definition either of statesmen or of judges has ever quieted or decided it. It can not, indeed, be settled by the opinion of any one generation, because it is a question of growth, and every successive stage of our political and economic development gives it a new aspect, makes it a new question.

Today we are face to face with a development of this relationship between the Nation and the States which has been made at last acute by the constantly expanding growth of Federal power at the expense of the powers and duties reserved to the States.

Once the absorbing question was whether we were to be a Nation at all, whether the Federal powers were to be supreme within the Federal sphere, or whether the States could nullify them. The States were fearful for their existence, and their struggle was for State supremacy over the Federal Government in the Federal domain. John Marshall and the Civil War settled that. Now the struggle of the States is for quite a different thing. It is for State existence against Federal transgressions in the State domain.

The term State Rights today involves the right of the States to local self-government as against the tendency of the Federal Government to deprive them of it more and more and to centralize in the Federal Government more and more of the functions which constitutionally and traditionally belong to the States. It involves the right of the States to settle their home affairs at home, and not to be deprived of this right by the Federal Government or by the other States acting through the Federal Government.

THE issue this raises, as I see it, is whether Democracy and democratic government are to survive. I believe it is Democracy itself that is slowly but surely facing a crisis.

We are steadily moving to a conflict in which the issue will be very much more fundamental than whether this or that current contention is to prevail, or whether this or that party shall dispense the powers of office. Rights and liberties that are guaranteed to us by charter and tradition are being lost and sacrificed in the flux of events, and Democracy itself is being put to the test. My appeal is that we see our duty and our opportunity in this larger perspective.

This country is still a Democracy in the making; a Democracy that must fight for its existence. The conflict between Hamilton and Jefferson was not one of theories but of actualities, and in the fulness of time these same elemental actualities are confronting us again today.

SHALL this Nation be a Democracy in fact as well as in name? Shall we govern ourselves, or shall we be governed? Shall Democracy be a vital, working political actuality, or shall it be merely an academic theory?

Today the school of Hamilton is unquestionably in the ascendant. Centralization of power has proceeded at a pace that would have appalled even his most ardent followers.

Government not only regulates commerce on land and sea and sky as between the States; it regulates it intrinsically and within the States. It is itself in business as monopolist, competitor, and adventurer in a thousand lines: in manufacturing, banking, forestry, shipping, shipbuilding, aviation, irrigation, mining, warehousing, oil, power, etc. It undertakes to regulate, control, supplement, or stifle competition. It attempts to shape the course and spirit of almost every variety of human enterprise. It dictates as to private finance and commerce at home and abroad. It guides and influences directly and indirectly, through subsidies and advice and the magic of actual or supposed power, the internal life and processes of every State. It builds roads, supervises industry, regulates or controls rates, prices, wages, factory conditions, hours of labor, vocational and cultural education, the care of our infants and mothers, and our meat and drink.

With this comes a system of bureaucracy which always spells tyranny. The army of office-holders grows over five times as fast as the population, and our Government becomes steadily the most costly, wasteful, and extravagant on the face of the earth. And the end is not yet! There are still unexploited fields — child and adult labor, education, the producer, the merchandiser, the consumer, the press, the church. A live bureaucracy will be glad to bring them all under its jurisdiction. It may even be glad to encourage the popular impulse, always so easily aroused, for the "nationalization" of this, that, or the other, and for new forms of government ownership and fields of control.

WE ARE forgetting the example and the teaching of Grover Cleveland, who believed in a maximum of self-government, and held that the true ideals of liberty and Democracy can be attained only under a Government which grants the utmost autonomy to local political units. This, he thought, would mean cleaner politics, fewer bitter conflicts, less corruption, less bureaucracy, less centralization, less abuse of power and less tyranny. Political progress, he claimed, rests with the individual, and must be self-achieved; "an enlightened people can be trusted to govern themselves." He believed in the supremacy of the law, and in its honest enforcement with equal justice to all, rich and poor; but held that all laws should be kept down to an irreducible minimum, and that both men and nations have the inalienable right "to choose their own ways of life and obedience."

WHY lose faith in the State? Most of our great reforms and proposed changes in organic law to fit modern needs have been of State origin, and should be left to State control. If the political mind and ingenuity of one State conceives of this or that possible change, it can put it to the test of experiment and the others can copy. If they do not all copy or can not all agree, that is their right, and it should be respected. Not to respect it, and to force it on them through the medium of a central government, is a nullification of this right.

It is precisely here that unnecessary conflicts arise, like those involved in the Eighteenth Amendment and its attempted enforcement by the Federal Congress. One section or group of States undertakes to impose its views, its ideals, or its will upon other States. The call is made upon Government to pass and enforce laws which prove unenforceable where they do not have the sanction of "the people's consent." It is all well enough to charge the people of States which don't want such laws with "nullification," but the truth is that, if such laws prove an inevitable nullity in operation, it is because good people feel that their fundamental and inalienable rights of self-government have been nullified by the States which thus try by force to impose their will on unwilling sisters.

In such cases men feel that violence has been done to the spirit which created the Union, and the natural instinct to exercise the right and liberty to govern themselves in such matters again asserts itself, and the law fails. And every law that fails because good people will not respect it or obey it, is a bad law. You don't give it any special sanctity by putting it into the Constitution. People will feel that defiance of such a law is not an evidence of badness or of "nullification," but an assertion of freedom. Where people feel that they are governing themselves they will observe and enforce the laws of their own making.

Here lies the fatal defect of all laws of sumptuary interference, like Prohibition. Men's grievance against Prohibition is not that it restricts their drink, but that it restricts their liberty of decision. It invades a field in which men instinctively feel that their rights of self-government are sovereign. When the State tries to make my right and my wrong your right and your wrong, it violates this inalienable sovereignty and substitutes arbitrary government for self-government.

THERE is no reason to despair of Democracy politically if we look upon what it has done. Its record of accomplishment is too impressive. Why not recognize that it has made this great nation what it is; and that it has done more to free the spirit and the energies of men; more to protect religious freedom; more to establish the rights of women, of labor, of the poor; more to prevent social conflicts and stratifications; more to protect the rights of property and the security of acquisitions; and more for education, health, happiness, and the greatest good of the greatest number — than any other political power of all time?

WHY, therefore, lose faith in it? Why not concentrate our energies more on its political guidance and on strengthening all those domestic, self-governing possibilities that are inherent in it, instead of concentrating so vehemently on trying to mass power in a central government? In these days, when the individual is lost in the mass, you can rouse his political instincts only by localizing them. He can't be interested in a government too complicated to understand, and he won't be interested in political issues that seem too remote from his local interests.

Nor do I want to see the industry of the Nation become the victim of standardized bureaucracy, with all that means in cost and incompetence; or constantly look to Washington for aid and subsidies, and thus become not only over-favored, but also over-regulated and badgered by job-creating and jurisdiction-grabbing commissions and bureaus.

We should not be hostile to business or to big business. We have the right to ask that business look not to Government for special favors and privileges, that it leave the door of opportunity open for all to enter, and that the economies and efficiencies of big business inure in fair measure to the benefit of the consumer. Those things granted, business is as much entitled to grow big as it is to stay small, and Government should keep its hands off it and out of it as far as possible.

I refuse to believe that the intelligence of the country can not see that business prosperity must rest on a sounder basis than political favoritism or inspired guidance from Washington. Business should look to and trust the States and their people, as the sources from which its strength and safety spring, and as the arch and security of our governmental structure.

I have no fears about our ultimate prosperity, but I would like to see it with less concentrated power to make it or break it. If our prosperity is to be maintained or revived, this will not be because of burdensome or discriminatory tariffs, or multi-billion dollar budgets, or governmental benedictions, or all the inspired wisdom which is now being handed out by some four million office holders.

With our unlimited natural resources, a hundred million workers filled with the spirit of enterprise and initiative will assure prosperity, if you but make them feel that they have equality of opportunity and free play for their free energies in a free country.

So I would keep the democratic units of our Government — State, city and county — strong, and thus keep the spirit of Democracy alive. I know of no way of doing this except by protecting the rights of the individual as he has defined them in his various charters of liberty and as he guarded them by his system of Constitutional limitations. And this means above all that you must let him have that measure of local self-government which the Tenth Amendment promises him.

* * *

Today's Confessionals

By Mary Day Winn

Who Listens?

When a kettle begins to boil, there must be some outlet for the steam; otherwise the consequences are apt to be lively.

American life today is in a state of continual agitation; there is a ferment of growth, a twitter of learning new things, a turmoil of emotional outpouring.

For all this we must have escape valves, especially as many of us think we have learned from psychoanalysis the terrible consequences that sometimes follow keeping anything to oneself. "Tell it to somebody" has therefore become one of our national slogans. The man who has found his secretary more diverting than his wife; the wife who knows it and has been doing a little experimenting of her own; the daughter who has taken one joy ride too many; the son who believed in a "hot tip" — all these look round for a sympathetic ear (preferably that of a total stranger) and insist upon confessing. They have read somewhere that if they conceal anything, the Twentieth Century bogie man, "Inhibition," will surely get them.

Our Puritan forbears regarded restraint and the masking of emotions as one of the first duties of a Christian; their unlawful desires were confided to no one but their God and an occasional diary. Today, we are baring our souls by air post, 'phone and radio to anybody who will listen; and frequently paying thousands of dollars for the privilege. Even when we aren't exposing our sins in so many words, we are revealing them, in every unconscious look and gesture, to a host of professional and amateur psychoanalysts.

It is significant that the modern passion for telling all was started, or at least accelerated, by a woman, for soul-outpouring is largely a feminine recreation. This momentous person was an early patient of Dr. Freud, who was practising at that time in Vienna. The great father confessor of the Twentieth Century had not as yet formulated his theories of the subconscious, but was working on the idea, learned from other neurologists in Paris, that certain kinds of nervous patients could be questioned, while hypnotized, about the causes of some of their symptoms more successfully than while they were in the waking state, and that these symptoms could later be treated by suggestion.

One day a woman of this type came in to consult Dr. Freud. As a preliminary to the treatment, she was asked to tell him what her troubles were. She did. She told him with gusto and in exhausting detail. When her time was up, she had not finished. Nor did she finish in the next talking session, nor in the next. When she finally did come to the end of the tale, her symptoms had vanished, without the help of hypnotism or any other recognized remedial measures; apparently the confessing had itself cured her.

The principles of the cure, as finally developed into the modern theories of psychoanalysis, are of course a good deal more complicated than I have suggested in the above story, but the basic fact remains that the Freudian system owes its inception to a garrulous woman's relief when she was allowed to pour her troubles, *ad lib.*, into a sympathetic ear.

Today ears are just as sympathetic, but usually much more costly. Confessing to a psychoanalyst usually means an outpouring of money as steady as the outpouring of confidences, with no returning financial compensation unless the patient happens to be a fiction writer or column conductor. These two classes of people have discovered that one of the quickest ways to get new plots is to go to a psychiatrist and let him dig forgotten nuggets of experience out of their subconsciousness, nuggets which later appear, molded and refined, as prize-winning fiction.

This form of ventilating the emotions has also other drawbacks, aside from the pecuniary strain. The husband who sends his wife to lie on a sofa in a pleasantly shaded room and tell her innermost thoughts, hour after hour, to a sympathetic listener of the masculine gender, has been known to discover that by the time the "cure" was accomplished he had a different and even greater problem awaiting his solution. For it is part of the Freudian technique that the patient, to derive any benefit from her soul-searching, must temporarily fix her affections on the medical confessor, who — as the psychoanalytical gentlemen carefully explain — becomes for the time being a "father substitute."

When the treatment is over, the doctor faces the necessity for "transference," which is a protectively colorless term for the interesting and delicate undertaking of shifting the lady's affections back to where they legally belong.

"Transference" is the subject of much discussion *in camera* when psychiatrists get together, though the privately admitted difficulties are dwelt on as little as possible in the public press. One unmarried analyst explained to us, in an expansive moment, that his method was to keep the photograph of a very beautiful woman on his office desk. When his feminine patients reached the stage of bringing him little cakes made with their own hands, he would look at the picture and drop a casual reference to "my wife." Competition with the beautiful original was so obviously impossible that "transference" was accomplished almost at once. (This story is offered the reader at his own risk. Together with the whole problem of transference, the incident throws considerable light on the early decision of the Roman Catholic Church that its priests had better be protected by vows of eternal celibacy.)

For the man and the woman, especially the woman, who must unburden her soul and doesn't find it convenient to do so to a psychiatrist or a priest, American life today provides many other outlets. Really thrifty hearts sob out their stories on the shoulders of one or another of the confession magazines, at two to five cents per word. The growth and popularity of these periodicals, one of which has a circulation of over two million, proves that they meet a genuine need. They are escape valves not only for those who write the stories, but for those who read them, identify the experiences as similar to their own, and therefore have the thrill of vicarious confession. In a double sense these magazines are substitutes for priest and preacher. The editor of the most popular one explains that he never prints a life experience in which vice has triumphed — or, to be more exact, in which it has brought ultimate happiness. This means for the readers a confirmation, in life episodes recognizable as similar to their own, of popular standards of right and wrong. On the first of every month, from January to December, they are thus strengthened in their hope that it pays to be good.

From another group of father-mother confessors the public may also get assurance that its destinies are ordered from on high. Every year hundreds of thousands of men and women, seeking guidance through the maze of life, tell their secrets to mediums and to the priestesses of cards, palms, crystal balls, stars and tea leaves. According to a survey and estimates recently made by John Mulholland, Vice-President of the Society of American Magicians, hard-boiled New York pays to these latter day prophets $25,000,000 a year. Half of this sum the people part with for the privilege of revealing their innermost thoughts to the fortune tellers and hearing those thoughts repeated back to them; the other $12,000,000 they pay for charms, and as blackmail to keep the facts thus indiscreetly confessed from being passed along to inconvenient ears.

The dictionary describes astrology as a "pseudo-science." New York police have been willing to discard the word "pseudo" in this definition and accept the word "science." So the high priestesses of the stars flourish mightily in our most sophisticated city. Evangeline Adams, chief of the cult, has been chumming with Venus and Mars for thirty years, and in that time more than 100,000 men and women have poured their stories into her ear. Recently she has joined a number of other astrologers in fortune-telling over the radio, followed by an invitation to her listeners to unburden their souls by the next mail. They do so, enthusiastically. Long distance confessions frequently accumulate for her and the other astral seeresses at the rate of a thousand a day.

People go to fortune-tellers for the ostensible purpose of learning what fate has in store for them. But in the case of women, at least, this is not the real motive, if we may trust Miss Adams's many years of intimate observation.

"WOMEN come to me," she says, "for many reasons. Some practical. Some sentimental. But as the years go by I am convinced that most of them come to pour out their souls. Women should take stock of their souls every once in a while, just as men take stock of their businesses. A woman's soul should be her business. And it isn't so easy to find someone who will sit down with you for half an hour and discuss it."

Indeed it isn't, especially if you happen to live a distressingly long distance from seer or psychiatrist and your family just isn't interested. To meet this emergency the department editors and the columnists were born. Anyone who has the price of a two-cent stamp (or, at a pinch, a postcard) can drain off her secret sins into the catch-all of an agony column, to her own vast relief and to the even vaster pecuniary advantage of the column conductor, one of whom received last year, as her share of the syndicate sales, eighty-four thousand dollars. The intimacy of the revelations which men and women, but especially women, are making literally by the thousands every day to editors, is unbelievable to anyone who has not sat behind the desk of one of these modern confessionals. And the writers are by no means limited to the uneducated classes; letters come on crested paper as well as on five cent pads.

"I am writing to you," says a note from a daughter of English nobility, "to find out why I am not more attractive to men. I am twenty-nine years old and no man has ever made love to me, though I do not think I would be considered unattractive." (An obviously honest attempt to describe herself follows.) "Many men come to our house, for we entertain a great deal, but they all flock around my mother." (Here a description of mother is inserted.) "I am very unhappy and do not know what to do about it. Can you tell me what is the matter?"

From a study of this letter, the beauty editor to whom it has been sent guesses that the English girl is of the comradely, outdoors type, and is making herself ridiculous in an effort to imitate her mother, who is of the parlor sofa, teagown variety. She writes the troubled one to this effect, advising her to be herself, instead of trying to become a poor copy of her mother. A year later the editor receives an invitation to the girl's wedding, with the words "Thank you" written at the bottom. This is a true story.

TODAY'S confessionals differ from those of a former time in their almost complete lack of secrecy, or even apparently of any special desire for it. The erring lady of a less sophisticated age crept timidly into a curtained enclosure and retailed her peccadilloes to an unseen ear on the other side of a grille. The modern woman sells her indiscretions, recounted in detail and with an eye on the talkie rights, to the publisher who will pay the largest royalties; or if she is a poet she puts them into delicately suggestive sonnets which are read aloud before the more liberal women's clubs or recited at a Soul Song Salon in Greenwich Village. If she is one of the followers of Dr. Frank Buchman, Soul Surgeon, she turns the confession into a social event by attending one of his house parties, where the guests come together in a "sharing hour" and confide to each other every amatory sin they have already committed and others that they have simply contemplated committing (and are probably still holding in reserve).

As might have been expected, the modern woman's weakness for telling all has been studied with tender care by efficiency experts, and utilized by up-to-date corporations who want to reduce their labor turnover by keeping their women employees contented. A short while ago the Western Electric Company of Chicago selected six of its girl workers (probably without their knowledge) and for two and a half years checked their work under varying conditions. It was found that their output reached its maximum when they had a supervisor who also acted as "listener," by whom they were encouraged to discuss their little troubles and pour out their confidences. This clever discovery led to an entire revision of the company's methods of training the supervisors of its 40,000 feminine employees. In dealing with women, the hard-boiled boss has been supplanted by the sympathetic listener.

It is perhaps clear that, what with one thing and another, the soul stuff of the modern woman is spread out almost as conspicuously to the public gaze as tenement laundry. This being the case, there is no reason why we should not take a look.

When we do, a few interesting facts stand out.

The most significant is what one beauty editor has termed the "passionate friendships of the middle-aged." For a long time this aider and abettor of the cosmic urge has received a monthly mail of around 5,000 letters. She has studied from the inside the changing pattern of woman's emotional life. She has noted that in the last ten years proportionately more middle-aged women have written to her for advice than ever before, and that the percentage of the gay old girls is still rising. The letters from plaintive young wives seeking help in holding their legal loves have dwindled and dwindled; the letters from actual and would-be adventuresses on the wintry side of fifty have steadily increased.

This editor's observations are corroborated by those of other modern confessors, notably the most famous of them all, "Beatrice Fairfax." This lodestar for troubled hearts, whose mail sometimes rose as high as 800 missives a day, turned off her light and closed her column in 1925 because her letters from young people, for whom the department was originally planned, had practically stopped. During the seven years when the column was conducted by Lillian Lauferté, the average age of those who wrote to her for advice had been growing steadily older.

If we may believe what the modern women say about themselves, many of them are entering a second adolescence between the ages of forty and fifty. The first gray hair is apparently no longer the signal that its owner is through with romance; on the contrary, it often means that she is just getting a fresh start. The domestic felicities of Penelope and Cornelia seem to have lost their popular appeal; as boudoir reading, they have been replaced by *The Life of Isadora Duncan*, *Ex-Wife*, *The President's Daughter*, and similar accounts of excursions beyond the pasture bars.

MODERN confessors agree that the open gate which has admitted to these greener fields is frequently a business career and the economic independence which goes with it. Equally important is the fact that the woman in business meets Man on a different and in many ways a more honest footing than when the relationship was purely social. She gets an eight-hours-a-day picture of him, and for this reason has a more sympathetic understanding of his moods. Also, she is thrown with a more worth-while type of man, and frequently looks down with considerable pity on the débutante and her following of dancing partners.

That the débutante herself is conscious of the disadvantage she is laboring under and is doing her best to remedy it, is evident on every hand. It is not just a desire to be useful which has brought about the recent invasion of business by the younger feminine residents of Park Avenue and Sutton Place; which has led the Junior League to establish an Employment Bureau for its members, and has put daughters of wealth behind store counters and set them to pounding typewriter keys. Men are being hunted in their natural habitats, and the modern Dianas are interested in Big Game. In their determination to get their quarry, they are leaving no strategy untried and scorning no aid. They are even calling on Venus and her brother planets for help. This fact has helped to build up the flourishing businesses of the country's numerous astrologers, to whom an increasing number of society girls are coming for astral guidance in choosing a business career, with — as they freely state — matrimonial intentions. This peaceful but purposeful invasion of masculine territory is also one of the reasons for the mushroom growth of the cosmetic industry, and helps to explain the modern college graduate's aversion for teaching, aptly described as "pedagogical celibacy."

THE readiness of the modern woman to take the world into her confidence; to reveal thoughts, desires, aims and emotions which her Victorian grandmother — though possessing them — would never have admitted, is part of her general casting off of old reticences and restrictions of every kind. Once the idea of discarding clothes was well started, women discarded them with an abandon which turned the textile industry pale with horror; how far the enthusiasm for soul exposure will go, no one can say. It is repugnant to the aristocratic ideals of restraint that guided an earlier generation, but it has the modern virtue of frankness, and it should free men of that old complaint that they never could understand woman.

Publicity Chiefs

By Oliver McKee, Jr.

Who Creates Our Political Prejudices?

A year and a half ago, or so, the corps of Washington correspondents bade a professional farewell to Charles Michelson, for twelve years head of the Washington bureau of *The New York World*. It was a professional farewell only, for Michelson had been hired as publicity director of the Democratic National Committee, with headquarters in Washington. He was quitting the "newspaper game" for something better, in coin of the realm, for as super-director of Democratic publicity he now draws probably twice what *The World* was paying him as its chief Washington correspondent.

Other newspapermen have turned from journalism to politics, so the drafting of Charlie Michelson by no means blazed a new trail. It was so natural, indeed, that when the Republican National Committee chose a newspaper man, James L. West, as its publicity director a few months later, no one was surprised. The choice of the Republican Committee also fell upon a veteran political reporter who had a broad acquaintance with politicians, and was wise in his knowledge of their ways.

A political contest in our great American democracy may be waged in many ways, but there is always in it a battle of propaganda. Both parties need experts in popular psychology, who know how to play upon the emotions, prejudices, and economic interests of the voter. Each party hopes to out-manœuvre, out-guess, and out-wit the other.

Apathy and indifference are natural to the voter in his normal state; and if elections are to be won, he must be aroused from his apathy and made to think on public issues; and if his interest can not be aroused in any other way, issues must be created which will stir him to action. It is to quicken and maintain that interest that the propaganda mills of the two major parties are geared up to their maximum pitch of efficiency in the months preceding a national election. Trained newspaper men are an essential part of the mechanism of propaganda.

Head of *The World* bureau for many years, with long experience as a reporter and editorial writer back of that, a clever phrase maker, boasting a wide acquaintance among

Democratic chieftains to boot, Michelson was really selected for the job by John J. Raskob, the National Democratic chairman. Raskob had previously taken a liking to him, and felt that with a decade of anti-Republican dispatches from Washington behind him, he was just the sort of person to handle Democratic publicity. Like other Titans of American business who see a man they want, Raskob lost no time in "talking turkey."

Comparatively speaking, the Democratic National Committee is poor; it ended the disastrous campaign of 1928 with a deficit of $500,000, and the flow of funds into its treasury since then has been anything but a golden stream. A millionaire many times over, the Midas of General Motors, Raskob was quite able to assure the Committee that they need not worry about Michelson's salary. For with him, politics is as much a hobby as yacht racing is to Sir Thomas Lipton, and a rich man never economizes on his hobby. After the 1928 débâcle, he saw that the Democratic party, as a national organization, would have to start again from scratch. If it was ever to amount to anything in the future, it could do so only through a campaign of national advertising; so Michelson was given the job of laying down the preliminary barrages of publicity.

Though Michelson is Raskob's man, the latter neither butts in nor cripples him with instructions. Like most successful business executives, once he has picked his subordinate, he gives him a pretty free rein. He dines his publicity director when he comes to New York, and will drop in at the office during the rare occasions when the national chairman puts in an appearance in Democratic national headquarters in Washington. On the whole, however, Raskob keeps out of the way. There are no fetters to bind Michelson down, nor any cramping of his style from the outside.

The new director donned his publicity harness at a moment when the Democratic party lay prostrate under the staggering defeat which Alfred E. Smith and Joseph Robinson suffered in 1928. The party was disorganized, the leaders dispirited, Rum and Romanism had split it into two snarling camps, and only an occasional optimist thought of the future. One of these was Raskob. The man who had built up General Motors felt that with proper publicity, the country could be made to feel that the Democratic party was something more than a corpse.

Two things played into Michelson's hands at the outset. He admits his good fortune, frankly. The first stroke of luck was the stock market crash, soon after Mr. Hoover, prophet of prosperity, had taken over the reins of the Administration. The "Hoover panic," as Michelson calls it, in one of his neat phrases. The tariff provided the second lucky deal. American history tells us pretty plainly that a President who tackles the revision of the tariff is apt to have a hornet's nest on his hands. It was in the Payne-Aldrich tariff bill, for example, that William Howard Taft met his Nemesis. A general revision of the tariff rates, such as contemplated in the Smoot-Hawley tariff bill, inevitably produces some "sore points" in the body economic. There are increases in the cost of some commodities, certain manufacturing industries or groups have grievances, and during the long months that the tariff bill is being kicked around the Congressional football field, a feeling of uncertainty grips the business world. It has been Michelson's business to make the most of these sore points, to capitalize the grievances of every economic group. It was just the sort of job he enjoys; he can coin phrases, indulge in invectives, and dwell on the inequities of the tariff to his heart's content. Just as in ancient Rome the saying *Carthago delenda est* was reverberated through the Forum and the market places, so "Tariff, Tariff, Tariff," is the theme hammered upon by Democratic leaders in statement after statement issued from the publicity bureau of the National Committee.

As a further advantage, Michelson was on the job early, in his headquarters just under the National Press Club, convenient to the office of nearly every Washington correspondent. The Republican National Committee had not yet employed its super-expert; the size of the Hoover landslide in 1928 perhaps made them feel that for the time being they needed no more publicity. The Democratic press director, on the other hand, had plenty of time leisurely to work out his plans and programmes. What was the result? The Hoover ship of state had really not got thoroughly shaken down on its voyage before the enemy machine guns and artillery had picked their targets, and had begun to register on them.

Michelson's methods are simple enough. He applies his news training to his work, and functions much as any competent news editor would do. He takes a topic in the news of the day, or one is suggested to him. Reading carefully the proceedings in Congress, and examining the speeches of Republican leaders, or spokesmen for the Administration, he finds what he thinks will be an opening.

He thus proceeds to one of his Congressional Democratic friends, and says, perhaps to Senator Harrison of Mississippi: "Pat, here is a good opportunity for a statement. George Moses has gotten off on the wrong foot again. What do you think of this?" He whips out a memorandum, sketching the points to be made, gets Harrison's O.K., and in a few hours, special messenger boys are delivering to the offices of Washington correspondents the Mississippi Senator's latest blast on the Republican Administration. The name on the statement may be Harrison, Tom Walsh, or Jack Garner, but the wording and the phraseology, the kick and the punch, are Michelson's, exhibiting the tricks in the writer's trade which he learned as an editorial writer for Hearst and as Washington correspondent for one of the most partisan Democratic journals in the United States.

A visitor to Congress while Congress is in session will often see Michelson in conference with a Democratic Senator in the President's room, the usual place for trysts between a Senator and the newspaper "boys." The cynical may say, "Well, I guess he is homesick for his old hunting grounds, after all. Running publicity is perhaps not what it was cracked up to be." The cynic in this case errs. For Michelson does much of his work during the almost daily visits he makes to Capitol Hill when Congress is in session. For here it is that he meets the Democratic Senators and Congressmen who are in the front line of the battle front, makes soundings of the political currents under the surface, and obtains many of the ideas which form the basis for the later statements issued by the Democratic National Committee. Just as does the news editor of a paper, he senses the news trends of the hour, and by anticipating what people will be interested in tomorrow, provides them with it, when that day comes.

In taking over his job, Michelson promised his former colleagues that their papers would have to print a good deal of what he turned out because of its news value, if for no other reason. Every one who has ever sat in an editorial chair, or in the office of a Washington correspondent, knows what vast masses of propaganda and publicity material are thrown into the waste paper basket. Why? Merely because it has no news value; that is, has no relationship with the march of current events. Without a news significance, publicity material seldom gets further than the waste paper basket. Twelve years of reading Washington handouts made Michelson realize that unless he put a news punch in his stuff, Mr. Raskob would be greatly over-paying him. And it is the news punch that he has had his eye upon.

It is through such methods as these that he has livened up the tariff. Take, for example the case of the hypothetical bridegroom, whose plight it was given to that chief pin-pricker of Republicans, Thaddeus A. Caraway, of Arkansas, to describe. The story of the bridegroom can be briefly told. With $5,000 a year, he was all prepared to take his lady love to the altar, when, lo and behold, Smoot and Hawley put forward their tariff bill, with the result that what he has paid $5,000 a year for, will cost him $6,000, and so he can't get married after all. A Jeffersonian disquisition on the tariff is too academic in this day and generation. Michelson prefers to dramatize the tariff, make it a current issue, and bring it home to the man in the street, in dollars and cents. What if the man in the street happens to use his mind a bit and suggests that the tariff bill could not have been enacted into law without five Democratic votes? The answer is simple enough. The Republicans had traded the votes of these five for something else, and the Democratic party can not be held responsible for the votes of its erring brethren.

The Democratic publicity bureau does more than deliver its news releases to the offices of Washington correspondents. It finds time to flood the country dailies and the weekly press with its printed propaganda, and sends out a weekly clip sheet to fill to overflowing the measure of its generosity. Michelson, furthermore, will offer every now and again an editorial "suggestion" for the benefit of the weekly and country press. This is merely a euphemistic way of saying that it is an editorial written in Democratic National headquarters, reflecting the point of view of the national organization and strongly partisan as are the papers which receive it. Obviously, the papers to which it is sent are free to print the editorial suggestion *in toto* or in part. Any editorial writer can appreciate what a boon it is to receive in the morning mail an editorial contribution of this kind, all ready to be sent to the printer. How much labor is saved thereby, and how much mental and nervous strain! As a former editorial writer, Michelson knows that such craftsmen are an expensive luxury for some of the smaller papers to maintain, so with the facilities placed at his disposal by Mr. Raskob, he is doing what he can to save the Democratic press of the country from the necessity of spending too much on their editorial staffs, by applying the chain store method to the production of editorials and editorial ideas.

That Michelson has been able up to date to do a more effective piece of work with the Democratic publicity bureau than his opponents, is generally admitted by impartial observers of the national political scene. That, however, is not the fault of James L. West, the Republican director. It is due rather to the conditions under which he has had to operate. It is always easier to oppose and criticize than to defend, just as the job of a correspondent in Washington for an anti-Administration paper is easier than that of a pro-Administration journalist. Half the fun of writing is to stir up trouble. Michelson has everything to gain and nothing to lose. He has almost a free hand, while West, the big gun in publicity of the Republicans, must watch several masters. Nor is the difference in effectiveness due to more ample financial resources. The Republicans have no Raskob, but they ended the campaign with a quarter of a million dollars surplus, and if we deduct Michelson's salary, probably have as much to spend on publicity as the Democrats.

Not only did West start late — he was not appointed until months after Michelson was entrenched and in action — but he has had to contend with an organization split into factions, and with its chief, Claudius H. Huston, under fire. Surrounded by such forces, he has had a hard and up-hill road to travel. West has faced still another limitation; the White House. A President is always considered the head of his party, as well as Chief Executive. What the Republican National Committee says, therefore, or the statements which it issues, must be more or less in accord with the White House programme and its views. They must have dignity, but dignity does not always have a news value. Language which the opposition, out of office, and with no responsibility, can employ, might not be in keeping with the Republican National Committee while that party is in power, and with its candidate in the White House. West and other officials of the Committee are in frequent consultation with the White House, and if the liaison between the Barr Building and the Executive Offices was not of the best during the days when spokesmen for President Hoover were dropping hints that they expected Huston's resignation, now that Mr. Huston has retired from the picture, we may expect to see a closer touch between the two.

A FORMER Associated Press staff correspondent, a man who had covered the White House, the Senate and National politics, West has won his way into confidence of the leading Republican stalwarts. If the Pennsylvania Railroad starts an eighteen-hour flyer to Chicago, the New York Central invariably follows suit; and by the same token, the Republican National Committee could not afford to let Michelson stay on the job indefinitely without trying to meet him with his own weapons. The National Committee, of course, always has a publicity department, but since election day in 1928, it had been operating under reduced pressure. It had no super-expert to direct a national campaign in defense of the Republican party and its candidates. After casting about the field of availabilities for some time, and after giving consideration to a number of experienced newspaper men, its choice fell on "Jim" West, one of the top-notchers of the A. P. Washington service. West was made director of publicity, with functions broadly parallel with those which Raskob had placed upon the experienced shoulders of Charlie Michelson.

West operates his bureau in much the same way. He visits Congress when that body is in session, and arranges for statements on current events from the big men of the Republican party in both Houses. Watson and Tilson, for example, will review the work of Congress, and tell the people of the country that the promises of the Hoover Administration have been fulfilled. The new chairman of the House Foreign Affairs Committee, Temple of Pennsylvania, will outline the foreign policy of the Administration and make it a gilded achievement. While Michelson has been riddling the tariff and proclaiming to the American people its inequities through his statements signed by Democratic notables, West has put a soft pedal on the tariff, though occasionally it has been defended in his broadsides. Reflecting no doubt the view of the leaders of his party, he believes apparently that it may be just as well to delay a defense of the tariff until enough time has elapsed to see just how the new legislation actually will work out in practice. A good many Republicans, particularly those from the West, are still kicking over the traces, and this helps to explain why, in the interests of party harmony, the National Committee is not yet ready to concentrate its verbal artillery on a defense of the tariff.

WEST and his staff have begun a weekly clip sheet which goes out to an ever-widening group of Republican country newspapers. This clip sheet contains extracts from notable Republican speeches, as well as a good deal of material, not strictly political, setting forth the doings of the various Government departments and bureaus. Both committees set great store by the weekly papers. It is easy to see why. There are about 2,500 daily newspapers in the country, and most of these either have their own correspondents in Washington or have the wire services of the Associated, Universal or United Press. The country weeklies, over twelve thousand in number, have no Washington correspondents, nor do they get material from the regular press services except in rehash. Both committees, therefore, aim to provide weeklies of their party with a vast amount of material, which they can print gratis. The two parties indeed have as an auxiliary function the distribution of news items by wholesale to papers that supply the news requirements on a large bloc of voters. There is another reason why the political strategists in both parties hold the country weeklies in so high regard. The millions of Americans either live in or come from small towns, and read their home weekly, from beginning to end, wherever they may happen to be.

What the editorial of the home weekly says means more to them, and probably has a greater influence, than that in *The Chicago Tribune* or *The New York Times*. Realizing the influence of the country press on its readers, both parties aim to give a generous supply of political news, appropriately flavored, to the Republican or Democratic weeklies, as the case may be. West, however, has yet to prepare "editorial" suggestions for the benefit of the editors of the Republican weeklies. He has a greater confidence in the ability of Republican papers to write their own editorials, it would seem, than his opponent down in the National Press building.

Newspaper men have been in politics before. Many have gone from the ranks of the working members of the craft to high executive posts. John Callan O'Laughlin, for example, one of the Roosevelt crowd, became Assistant Secretary of State, and Bob Armstrong, of *The Los Angeles Examiner*, served for a time as assistant secretary of the Treasury, as did the late Louis Coolidge of Boston, for some years a reporter in Washington for a Boston newspaper. His close relationships with public men not unfrequently bring to a newspaper man an offer of high executive office.

The journalist, too, has often been sought after in political campaigns. Leroy Vernon, of *The Chicago News*, managed publicity for William Howard Taft in the 1912 campaign, and James T. Williams, Jr., later editor of *The Boston Evening Transcript*, was also associated with Taft, in 1908, and later was made Civil Service Commissioner. Many other cases could be cited. A public man, indeed, often seems to feel a little safer and more sure of himself, even if he is an old-timer, if in his outer office there stands on guard a newspaper man who knows the ropes, understands the dangers of false publicity, as well as the advantages of publicity of the right kind; and, what is most important of all, has the newspaperman's knack of following the shifts and changes in public opinion, the force which can knock a public man off his pedestal as easily as it can set him up upon it.

Of the four men in President

Hoover's secretariat, three have had newspaper experience. George Akerson, contact secretary, and conveyer to the press of the country of the official White House slant on all developments of the day, was for years a Washington correspondent and later Managing Editor of *The Minneapolis Journal*, and it was as a working newspaperman that he first caught the future President's eye. French Strother, research secretary, the man who helps gather the material for many of the President's public utterances, is a former associate editor of *World's Work*, and prior to that had many years of reportorial experience. Lawrence Richey, Mr. Hoover's confidential man, and closest to the Chief perhaps of all the four, is a former secret service agent and was for many years afterward a newspaper and magazine writer. Walter Newton, the fourth member of the White House secretariat, never worked under the orders of a city editor, so far as his official biography discloses, yet he was a Member of Congress long enough to give him a practical knowledge of the value of publicity, and the tricks of the trade.

The glitter and dazzle of power have driven many a young man into journalism. His pen, or his typewriter, will open up to him in his boyish dreams, the keys of great power. As *World* correspondent, Michelson's dispatches were read by three or four hundred thousand people, and his "Washington Undertow," by syndication, went out to a dozen or more papers. No longer does he write under his own name, but what he puts out goes to thousands of papers and furnishes the tone if not the text of editorial comment in many of them. As an Associated Press reporter, West's dispatches, chronicles of facts in the main, were distributed widely through the country. Today, he controls the publicity machine of the Republican party, has access to the inner seats of power, and helps to decide how the weapons of propaganda can best be used. Even George Akerson, though he never writes a line, can determine by a few verbal hints the tone and the slant of much of the comment on national affairs that speeds over the wires from Washington every day. If it is power that the young journalist wants, let him by all means consider the field of publicity.

* * *

Spying on the Reds

By Howard McLellan

Elihu Root's proposal that a Federal police be established to combat Red activities in the United States failed to arouse the favorable enthusiasm usually evoked by the sage counsel which Mr. Root has offered on other knotty problems of statecraft; probably because it was misinterpreted to an extreme which its author never intended. Almost unanimously the press scolded the elder statesman for projecting such an un-American idea, while the Congressional committee investigating Red activities quietly tucked away the proposal for further consideration.

There were many reasons why the proposal did not take. Aside from a democratic aversion to European systems of political and industrial espionage, the country is already well policed. The Federal Government maintains eleven detective services, and municipal and State police departments are larger and costlier than anyone a decade and a half ago dreamed they would be. With the cost of combatting crime approaching the cost of education, the added expense of a secret political police which, like all secret services of a political nature, would devour vast sums for unexplained purposes, was not, at that particular time, a relishable tidbit to set before the taxpayers.

Another argument, more formidable but known to only a few, may be set against Mr. Root's proposal. Why establish a secret police to protect America from the machinations of Moscow when there already exists an elaborate but unofficial secret police which is doing precisely the same thing that a Federal under cover police would do?

Much publicity has been given to the American industrial system, but it has discreetly avoided reference to a vast secret service organization which quietly serves industry in the form of an army of thousands of obscure, sharp-eyed toiler-spies, who for $4 a day secretly guard the internal and external security of great plants and industrial centres.

Although concerned chiefly with maintaining industrial peace, this army does all it can to fight off the Communistic chimera. If little is heard about its operations, that is because espionage, when its secret agents are exposed, becomes disastrous not only to the agents whose bodily welfare is involved but also to the private detective business which supplies the agents at good profit and goes to considerable and sometimes questionable lengths to frighten hard-headed industrialists and promote prosperity in the private sleuthing industry. The art of making much out of little is peculiar to detective agencies. The stagecraft they employ to invert the natural law of perspective compares favorably with the master tricks of the best illusionists.

The late Samuel Gompers, "grand old man of union labor," was often used to provide both figure and setting for the illusion. Probably no man in the public eye was more continuously and closely shadowed than he, especially after it became apparent in 1911 that the destruction of *The Los Angeles Times* building by dynamite was the fruit of a plot among a few direct action labor leaders to silence that outspoken and belligerent organ of the open shop. During one period of the Gompers surveillance I saw much of him, from the rear.

He was an outstanding example of what private detectives please to call a "soft shadow." He was both an agreeable and an easy "subject" to follow, although, for a long time, it was not apparent why he was being shadowed so closely and consistently. My duty, in the jargon of the shadow world, was to "get him up in the morning and put him to bed at night" without, of course, letting him know he was being given that assistance. My reports of his every observed movement and contact were sent daily to a client who was paying $15 a day and expenses to a detective agency for my services.

It was an interesting assignment. I saw much of the country at another's expense and a great deal of the grizzled old labor leader, discovering, incidentally, that while it is impossible for a "shadow" to keep constant track of his subject's person, he may often watch him through the medium of his habits. Gompers had an inordinate attachment to an umbrella of the "bumbershoot" type. It was green from long exposure to nature's elements and large enough, in full bloom, to cover eight men huddled close together. He also had a snore, a deep bass dissonance, which at times had its musical moments.

With his umbrella he did what most umbrella carriers do. He frequently forgot where he had placed it. This helped me tremendously. If Gompers dodged out of my sight into an office, hotel room or meeting hall, and I lost him, it was necessary only to look in various corners, find the umbrella and wait for him to come back to it. He always did that, just as an inveterate pipe-smoker returns to his favorite and fragrant old tobacco burner.

One morning Gompers embarked on a steamer at Portland, Oregon, leaving me behind in my hotel with no knowledge as to where he had gone. But I spotted his umbrella standing in a corner near the hotel desk where he had left it while he paid his bill. He came puffing into the hotel and picked it up, and I picked him up, following him to the steamer which he had held up an hour to make search for his missing rain protector.

Another time, in San Francisco, he managed to elude me. I learned after several hours' nervous search that he had departed for the train depot across the bay. When I reached the station three night trains were about to depart. Which one Gompers had taken I did not know. I boarded the train on the first track which I came to. The Pullman berths were all made up. The passengers were safe behind thick green curtains. I went through the first Pullman, hoping I might see the umbrella. It was not in evidence. But, in the second car, I heard deep bass sounds which gave off a dirgeful melody like *The Song of the Boatmen of the Volga.* It was Gompers's snore.

In all the time I shadowed Gompers I do not believe that he knew he was being stalked. He wore thick-lensed glasses. He had painfully weak eyes, due, it has been said, to the long hours he had spent in his youth at a cigar maker's bench. Even had he discovered his "shadow" I doubt whether it would have mattered. He had been "tailed" off and on for years.

IN THOSE times the friction between union labor and exponents of the open shop was at white heat. The approach of Gompers to an industrial centre was construed by nervous and war worn employers to presage the outbreak of fresh labor hostilities and the beginning of a disastrous season of unrest among the workers. Thus a detective's report that the belligerent and tireless "grand old man of union labor" was on his way to a given industrial centre was viewed with alarm by the industrialists of that centre and followed by feverish activity in the executive offices of the various plants. As soon as possible industrial operatives, who are the real hard working elements in a detective agency, were called into the plants to observe what effect, if any, Gompers's visit would have upon the workers. So the shadowing of Gompers was productive of employment at $8 a day for many hundreds of industrial "ops."

THE labor leader tarried in each centre only one or two days and then moved on. But, in the interest of protracted employment of the operatives, the fear of impending labor troubles was kept alive in the industrialists' minds by means of "Secret and Confidential Reports" laid upon their desks once or twice a week. As near as my memory serves me, this is a copy of a typical report of this character:

> Chicago, May 12
>
> To All Industrial Service Clients
>
> Informant G-262 Reports:
>
> At a secret meeting of the International Sheet Steel Workers Union a strike was voted for all members employed in the Pacific States. It will be called on the first of the month. The union reports a war chest of $40,000 and its agents in various plants are busy organizing.
>
> Informant C-41 Reports:
>
> He attended a secret meeting of Federation in Olympia on the 8th inst. when it was voted to accept support of the I.W.W. The I.W.W. is sending out agitators daily to strike centres.

Industrialists who received these reports paid the agencies which sent them out from $25 to $50 weekly, the rate being based upon the number of workers in a client's plant. The contents of the reports, particularly when they mentioned the much feared Industrial Workers of the World, were not conducive to peace of mind. In the face of such alarming news the industrialists would cling tenaciously to the army of "ops" already in his plant, or double the number.

Still, at the cost of a few cents he might have gleaned from papers in nearby cities the same information that came to him in the "Secret and Confidential Reports" from unnamed informants. Newspapers published it all. But coming to the employer under the cover of strictest secrecy, and from spies supposed to be planted in the unions, the information carried the weight of inside authenticity. Between shadows' reports of Gompers's travels and speeches, and the follow-up reports from supposedly inside informants, hundreds of thousands of dollars were coaxed from industrialists' pockets by some detective agencies whose reports showed the factories untouched by strike or unrest.

While today divorce investigations furnish the "velvet" for private detective agencies, their bread-and-butter money is still derived from industrial operations. And by far the most important service which the industrialist thinks his $8 a day operatives perform is the warding off of labor troubles — the secret attempt of union organizers to make the plant a closed shop institution. At present, with comparative peace existing between industry and labor, the threat of unionization is not the spectre that it was. Still thousands of "ops" are employed in the great plants. Carefully manipulated and assiduously circulated propaganda that America is on the eve of a Red invasion, plotted in Moscow, serves to create employment for them.

Generally speaking, industrialists continue to visualize a Red as a discontented, bearded and bloused peasant of Middle Europe who goes about with a bag of bombs and tosses them at the first man who looks as if he had considerable wealth. It is a childlike visualization and is due, no doubt, to the fact that hundreds of thousands of the workers in the great industrial centres of America are recruited from peasant classes of Europe.

It is not a difficult undertaking to warp this visualization into an intense fear. The faintest suspicion that secret Red agents are pouring inflammatory whisperings into the ears of foreign-born workers leads to the further and more alarming suspicion that the workers are being lured into a violent hatred of American systems, and that, like wildfire, the unrest will spread through one factory and devour others, the Red tide of discontent being subtly swollen by the ability of the foreign-born workers to carry on their machinations in tongues and gestures alien to their English-speaking employers.

In order properly to capitalize this fear of a Red invasion, detective agencies, for the first time in their history, embraced modern selling methods to widen the market for their services. Doubtless they had learned, as others have, that propaganda methods which helped win a great war also could be successfully employed in peace time to win clients when otherwise there would have been a lack of business because of the generally amicable relations between organized labor and the employing class.

The agencies were greatly aided, and at no expense to themselves, by the chatter of sociable persons around pink tea tables who saw in exponents of birth control, child labor laws, modernism, low tariff and realism in literature a menace to the country's security. Very possibly these same sociable persons would take to the other side of the street if they saw a lowly private detective approaching. But just the same their pink tea chatter puts dollars into the pockets of those same sleuths.

Not long ago the newspapers throughout the country briefly announced that a certain university professor of liberal leanings was about to undertake a lecture tour of all large cities. He was to talk upon a subject totally unrelated to labor, but it was known that he recently had toured Russia in the company of a Soviet guide. One unofficial Red-chasing agency, composed of the nicest people, bent on rescuing America from the machinations of the Third Internationale, succeeded in having the professor barred from the rostrum in one city for no other reason than a suspicion that, having been in Russia, he might drop remarks favorable to the Soviet, although his lectures were not about Russia. The society sent its confidential reports on the professor to its branches everywhere. One report fell into the hands of a detective agency with correspondents in all large cities. Forthwith mimeographed excerpts went out to every large manufacturer in localities where the agency correspondents were doing business, as follows:

> Secret to All Large Employers:
>
> Professor A. J. —— who is scheduled to speak before the local branch of the League for —— is a notorious advocate of Communism though he keeps his affiliation secret. Our informants advise that he claims to talk about the League of Nations but this is only a blind. His expenses are believed to be paid by the propaganda bureau of the Soviet Government in New York City. While in this locality he will be in contact with numerous persons with Communist connections. The real object of his lecture tour is to spread Red propaganda among foreign-born workers in large industrial centres.
>
> The —— Detective Agency
> Industrial Information Division

A few days were permitted to pass while the recipient of this alarming piece of information drank it in and made the most, and the worst, of it. Then he was visited by a gentleman with a portfolio, who announced himself as the confidential contact man for the agency which had been kind enough to warn employers of the menace they faced. And what could the agency do to meet that menace? Well, there was the agency's sign service by which the employer would be furnished with a suitable quantity of enameled signs which bore the agency's imposing and much-feared name. These could be posted in conspicuous places in the factory, the more the better. They would warn agitators that the factory was under the protection of the agency. These signs could be leased at $6 a year for each sign and the leasing of them carried a special privilege. Instead of paying the usual $12 a day rate for detectives if the manufacturer needed such service he would get it at $8 a day, providing he leased fifty signs.

PERHAPS the manufacturer spent some moments in silent quandary, running over the cost of signs and operatives. At this point the confidential contact man, with true selling perspicacity, unloaded his strongest selling point. While the agency would receive $8 a day for each operative, that operative would be doing a full day of regular factory work. Of course to provide the operative with proper "cover" he must be carried on the factory payroll like any other worker but, at the end of the week, he would turn in his factory wages which the agency would return to the client. A full day of factory labor by one hard-working operative free! A pretty inducement and one few manufacturers fail to fall for. And in addition, the contact man hastened to explain, the employer would be placed upon the agency's confidential mailing list to receive highly secret bulletins purporting to reveal the closely guarded secrets and war plans of labor organizations, Communist bureaus and other groups having destructive designs upon American political and industrial systems.

In a three-day canvass one contact man employing the selling tactics just described signed up twelve employers for 350 warning signs at $6 a year per sign, "planted" ninety-five industrial "ops" in twelve factories at $8 a day each, of which the agency retained $4 and gave $4 to the man. The "ops" had jobs which lasted five weeks. When they were finally let out, it was after the professor's book on Russia had appeared. It contained a scathing criticism of the Soviet system and warned American workers to fight shy of Communism!

IT IS not difficult to sell the services of an industrial "op" to an employer. If an automobile manufacturer discovers a drop in production, which his modern time-study devices can not explain or remedy, he calls in the "ops." He never sees them, but from their reports he learns that very often the cause of the drop is a grafting foreman who, for a bottle of booze handed to him by a worker, winks at idling or thieving in the plant. Or it often happens, where the plant employs both sexes, that the foreman is "sweet" upon one of the hard-working young women and favors her with half day holidays which the company pays for without knowing it, thus causing not only a diminution in production but injecting a sex problem with its companion problem of jealousy and envy. In exposing these hindrances to production and factory morale the industrial "op" often performs a real service to employer and employees.

Most industrial "ops" are pick-ups who are lifted out of the drifting army of unemployed and who seem never to fit permanently into any occupation. They are floaters.

One agency which does a lot of industrial work has a novel method of picking them up. When a man is wanted a white flag is wigwagged across the agency's office window. A wag for each man needed. Instantly the man or men appear in the office. It doesn't take them long to get there, for each day dozens of them stand across the street under the portico of a Federal building, waiting for the white sign of bread-and-butter money. It is a convenient and economical system of getting help, for it saves the expense of providing a rented waiting room. On occasion ex-convicts and thieves happen to answer the wigwag, but the agency has no means of knowing the men are wrong until some plant executive frantically complains that since he placed "ops" in his factory thievery had grown to alarming proportions.

Not infrequently the espionage departments of the labor unions take advantage of this loose method. I recall five "expert ops," picked up by want advertisements, who were sent to do under cover work in a factory whose owner boasted that he had never employed a union man. He wanted the "ops" merely to check up on factory affairs. The men hadn't been in his factory two weeks before they had signed up sixty per cent of the personnel as members of a union. The quintette of under cover men were labor organizers.

PROHIBITION has been a mighty help to detective agencies in making their industrial "ops" content with a low wage. When an apartment house owner suspects the presence of a bootlegger among his tenants, and seeks to avoid a Federal padlock on his premises as well as the notoriety of a raid, he sends to a private detective agency for an operative. The agency provides not only a man but also his wife and sometimes their children, at a charge of $12 a day. All of the $12 goes to the agency, but the man and his wife and children get their quarters free, the wife serving as a watcher during the day while her husband is busily engaged in a nearby factory. Rent free means a lot to a $4 a day man. And a lot to the agency too — a clear profit of $16 a day on the labor of one man while the agency's client, the factory owner, gets free one productive human's work.

THE chain store, too, has materially aided agencies in making the $4 wage attractive. Chain systems are impersonal institutions. There is no personal contact between store employees and owners under the chain method and these employees are found in the open labor market. Little is known of their pasts and because of this dishonest workers creep into chain establishments. The only way their honesty can be tested is to make regular checks. Test purchases are made regularly by private detectives who in turn report to the management of the chain. The agency makes either a flat charge per check or test or does the work on an annual retainer basis. But the checking is done by the industrial "ops." All they get for their work is the privilege of buying at cost the goods they purchase and turn over to the agency. Thus a man who works all day in a factory for $4, considers himself richly privileged when he gets rent free for his family and shirts, hats, socks, groceries and other necessities at cost. And since chain stores are forced to the necessity of continually checking on employees, they manage to get rid of considerable goods to the army of "ops" who do the checking.

Ice Water

By Win Brooks

A Short Story

The Old Man was going home on his last voyage in command, and the ship — his ship for eleven years — seemed to sense their parting and to be giving him her very best.

This Old Man was an old man, and none knew it better than himself. His feet, braced wide apart against the bridge casing, served always to remind him that he was getting along; they ached, and because of them he wore rubbers even while the decks of the great liner were as dry as a chip.

Not a very romantic Old Man of the Sea, this captain of the *Empress*. Romance and aching feet are as distant as stem and stern of a vessel, and his feet had troubled him for years. There was about him, in fact, none of the personal puissance which fiction is wont to bestow upon those in command of prominent trans-oceanic speeders.

His was a small, squarely built physique, with the appearance of having come wrapped up originally in a square carton; responsibility, as well as the years, had aged him, etching those many fine lines about his mouth and dull, dark eyes. His hair was a smeary gray and his nose was too large. And how his feet ached!

He had not been a romantic figure, even in youth before his first command. Never, without due deliberation, had he plunged headlong into anything, and he had built up about him, as he aged, a solid wall of that reserve and taciturnity whose foundation is laid by nature in the men of his physique.

Not once during the thirty years he had been a master had a ship of his command participated in a rescue mission; never had his name and photograph been emblazoned upon the front sheets of the public press. He had a record of merit, but one as unspectacular, as devoid of ostentation, as a tow of barges.

But now, at last, at the very end of his career as a captain of transatlantic passenger liners, the spectacular seemed about to happen, and in New York newspaper offices more than a thousand miles away, "graveyards" already were being searched for his likeness.

His ship was responsible — his ship and the gods of the weather which seemed to realize the Old Man was ending a work well done and so should be rewarded. For the *Empress* was approaching "the corner" and was less than two and a half days out of Cherbourg breakwater.

The sun blazed, the sea slept, the ship drove at thirty-one knots, and a record crossing beckoned!

A record transatlantic crossing! For an American ship! To beat the British flyer! To defeat the twin German sisters which had come out of Bremen a short time before!

TIME and again during the eleven years of his command, the *Empress* had been within striking distance of the mark held by the British line, yet never had she equalled it. Then the second floating palace came out of Germany on a four-day, seventeen-hour, sixteen-minute crossing, and the White Line board saw its last hope go glimmering until the Old Man, on his last trip on the bridge, carefully weighed his weather reports, checked his log and sent a laconic telegram:

"Forty-three, thirty, north; thirty-eight, nineteen, west. Ambrose Lightship in four days, sixteen hours, flat, with luck."

So the Old Man courted romance at last with weather and sea unequalled in his experience — conditions that would not be encountered in another half century.

More than once, without his knowledge, the possibility of a record crossing by the *Empress* had been a subject of discussion in the board rooms of the White Line, and more than once the publicity value of its attainment had been weighed against the colorless, and likewise spotless, record of the Old Man. The line directors had held for years that their flagship, given decent weather and a man to push her, could cross from Cherbourg to New York in less than four days and eighteen hours. The Old Man, feeling keenly the responsibilities of his post as god of safety for passengers and crew, had not been the man to push her.

Swinging down the edge of the fog belt near the corner of the fortieth latitude steamship lane, he had refused to race time when the shrouds rolled in. While other big ships ploughed along regardless of fog, secure in their size, the *Empress*, larger and faster than they, had proceeded carefully, holding only to schedule or behind it. In the winter and autumn storms over the North Atlantic, the Old Man always had shaped a course mindful of the comfort of his passengers and with no thought of records.

HIS discretion had been sneered at. Some had suggested that timidity, not caution, formed the basis of his solicitude. The White Line board had weighed his long, unblemished record against a hope unrealized, and had given him the benefit of the doubt.

Yet, behind his reserve, this was a sensitive Old Man who had felt the criticism and the chuckles through the years. They had bitten deeply, but they had not changed his policy. Nor had they changed it now. Only the weather had changed, and he felt free to call upon his ship.

Since eight bells of the previous day she had left seven hundred and eighteen nautical miles behind her oil-driven, forty-three thousand tons. She was a grayhound unleashed at last, with the sting of a master's hand upon her flanks.

"Mr. Thorne."

"Sir?" (They had always sir-ed him.)

"Did you notice the air is a bit cooler?"

"I hadn't; no, sir." The first officer wiped perspiration from his brow.

"I think it is, a mite," said the Old Man.

The windows of the bridge had been snugged and the breeze that reached them was no breeze at all, only air resistance as the ship raced forward.

The first officer glanced at the wet bulb thermometer. He glanced at the dry bulb. He read graph and barometer and wiped his brow again. Cooler?

BLUE as twilight and heaving flat the sea caught the sun, now at the zenith, and sent against the black sides of the ship the golden flames of the reflection. As far as the eye could see astern the liner, the broadening, white baby-ribbon of her wake curled, current-pulled, across the pond-like surface.

Across the bridge from port wing to starboard wing, peering in at iron-mike as he passed, the Old Man took a turn to stand beside the giant starboard bridge watch and to be dwarfed.

"Had you noticed the air a bit cooler, McPherson?" he asked.

McPherson's eyes did not swerve from the zone of his concentration as he answered, "No, sorr. I hadna noticed."

"Well," said the Old Man, "it is cooler."

McPherson had no reply, and the Old Man asked after a while, "Do you ever have trouble with your feet?"

"No, sorr."

"Ah, well, you wouldn't. The Scots are lucky beggars."

He swung back to the first officer, announced his intention of taking a turn about the ship, and stepped off the bridge, disappearing as if he popped back into the little box from which he had the appearance of having emerged.

"Always puddlin', isn't he?" remarked Mr. Larrimer, the navigation officer.

"When he puddles there is usually something to puddle about," Thorne dryly replied.

"I'll bet you a fin he puddles us out of a record. Why he's not even excited about it."

"You're on," the first officer accepted. "A fin."

IT WAS that period between the morning deck repast and the luncheon call when, in fair weather, a ship's passengers doze in well satisfied complacency in chairs along A and B decks or, on other than American boats, in the bars, arousing themselves now and then to replenish the liquid foundation being placed for a solid midday meal.

There being no bars worthy of the name aboard the *Empress*, most of her passengers were in deck chairs or on the promenade, and the Old Man's appearance was the signal for well wishes from nearly everyone. All were aware of the fame that beckoned the *Empress*, and all visualized themselves as When-we-set-the-record-ing the home folks. The liner carried upwards of twelve hundred passengers in first and second cabins and tourist-third, and not one but would assume his share of whatever glory lay at the end of the passage.

The Old Man paused occasionally to exchange greetings with groups of deckers and railers among whom the prospect of a record formed the only topic of conversation.

Miss Simpson, the Mt. Vernon school teacher, tourist-third and violating ship regulations by her presence on A deck, beamed upon him in her best Thanatopsis-recitation manner.

"Oh, Captain! Do you really think we shall win out? Will we break the record? My steward says we will! Just think, an American vessel after all these years beating the new German boats! I'll tell my class . . ."

Roland Boyden, the banker, and one of about a dozen of his regulars who knew they would not travel with him again, emerged from his deck suite, waved, and called: "Pull her through, will you, captain? I've a thousand rooting for you."

The Old Man moved on. His feet ached more and more. There was a vacant chair among a group of Boston merchants, and although he despised all merchants and those from Boston in particular, he sank down to rest his weary extremities.

"It's marvelous," one told him. "What a feather in your cap."

"The eggs aren't hatched," he told them.

Another: "We're getting up a pool of our own on the next run. How about the old high?"

"High or low," he answered; "you never can tell."

Moving on again, he peered into the lounge, which was almost empty, and into the smoking room. He declined Martin Jensen's invitation to lemonade.

"Water, with a bit of ice in it," he ordered.

"Hot as the very devil," remarked Jensen, one of his old travellers.

"It will be cooler," the Old Man replied.

He drank slowly and when the water was gone he tipped the glass and held the small square of ice melting in his mouth.

Three college girls in bright sports attire came in singing and ordered, "Rye highballs on the new record." They laughed when the steward, solemn-faced, assured them the ship had not been sold. They had meant ginger ale, it appeared.

"For you, sir." A radiogram on the silver plate. "We've been looking all over for you."

Jensen nodded permission to the question in his eyes and he tore it open slowly, and read:

"Master, *Empress*. At meeting this morning board elected you Director. Congratulations. Dolbear."

The Old Man smiled faintly, passed the message to Jensen, who read it and exclaimed, "Mine, too!"

"If we fall short of the record, they'll be sorry," said the Old Man.

He walked out and forward, descended to the starboard well deck, limped across it on burning feet, and climbed to the peak. He stood between the bow watches for a spell of time and finally, addressing his query to both, asked: "Does it seem cooler to you, men?"

They both replied that it did not seem cooler, and he sighed as if disappointed.

It was three hours later when he took the bridge again. He had napped, bathed, lunched, soaked his tired feet in hot water, and discarded white duck for blue. He carried a light coat on his arm and did not mind the stares of those who guessed him "baffy in the conk."

THE sun blazed, lower down. The sea still dreamed, flat, listless. The air was brilliant, clear. He read the thermometers and stopped beside Larrimer, glancing at the three-hour record and the wireless reports on the navigating officer's clamp.

"She's held very well, sir. Thirty-one, point nine, the last two hours. Anderson reports all well below and the weather gives no indication of change."

The Old Man nodded. "All that I read here. Does it seem cooler to you?"

"Well, now that you mention it, it seems a trifle cooler than it was a while back. But it's still hot."

"It is nine degrees cooler than it was at noon. Still, there is no breeze and it should be the hottest part of the day," said the Old Man.

Larrimer verified the statement from the thermometers and had no reply.

"Have Stokes up from wireless."

The radio chief arrived on the bridge with a boarded sheaf of yellow papers.

"Read me the ship reports from four bells of the morning watch, duplicating all reports to navigation."

The wireless man droned: "S. S. *Hamburg*, forty-five, sixteen, north; thirty-three, twenty, west, weather clear, sea smooth, east bound New York to Liverpool. *Tairufa Maru*, forty, twenty-one, north; thirty-one west, weather clear, sea smooth. Chatham cross-bearing, Cape Canso, forty-four, fifty, north; forty-one, seventeen, west. Sable weather report, fair, gentle westerly continuing tonight and tomorrow. S. S. *Cedric*, west bound, in communication with *Tropical* . . ."

The reading consumed ten minutes.

"No Grand Banks patrol, Mr. Stokes?"

"No, sir."

"They would be working the same wave length?"

"Yes, sir. The same as ours."

"All right," said the Old Man. "Keep in touch with the *Hamburg* and the Jap. Does it seem cooler to you?"

"No, sir. It's hot as hell down in that spark cage."

THE red disc of sun touched the water-hazed horizon, and the Atlantic became a lake of gently lifting copper. The banners of sunset were flung majestically overhead, pink, salmon, gold, then a purple verging on green, and the evening chorus of "Oh-s" and "Ah-s" arose from the *Empress's* decks. Speed still held, the mad white wake went boiling off the stern, whiter yet against the darkening sea behind her.

The sun dove from sight, and in the east it was full night. The air was suddenly very cool and the Old Man donned his coat. From the bridge he communicated with the wireless room.

"Get this off at once, Mr. Stokes: 'Dolbear, White Line, New York. Thanks, but can't accept. Sorry.' Read it back. That's right. My name."

THE sunset lingering in the western sky was abruptly smudged with an inky brush. Lights blazed aboard the ship that was taking the Old Man home in glory, and overhead the stars shone with metallic brightness. The Old Man touched the hand of his first officer in the new fallen darkness.

"Sir?"

"Three-quarters speed, Mr. Thorne."

There was a taut spell of silence before the telegraph jangled. The ship almost imperceptibly lost speed, noticeable to the men of her crew but not to passengers. From the engine room, Anderson, the chief, having obeyed an order he doubted, telephoned for verification and received it from the Old Man himself.

Larrimer said doubtfully, having weighed his words, "You know best, sir, no doubt."

"No doubt," the Old Man returned.

"Yet this ruins the chance of a record. We'll never have another like it," said Thorne.

"Do you forget," the Old Man asked, "that I'll never have another chance at all?"

They had forgotten for the moment. They had no answer.

The third officer swung topside, a puzzled frown on his face.

"We've lost some way, sir."

"We have. Three-quarters speed now, Mr. Henley."

A thin horn of moon shone in the sky and the stars lost brilliance. The *Empress*, leashed again, tugged at her master's heart. Was he a fool? he asked himself. Was he taking a needless precaution against a foolish "hunch"? Were they right, after all, those people who termed him an over-cautious master? Perhaps. Yet there was more than a "hunch" now. There were certain signs . . . There was memory to back him up . . . A lifeboat in the dark and a woman's scream, water-choked. The same hard stars burning overhead . . .

"Mr. Thorne."

"Sir?"

"Double bow, masthead and bridge lookouts."

The first officer's vexation got the better of him.

"It's a clear night, sir . . ."

"Mr. Thorne!" A little sharper, now.

"Very good, sir."

A BOATSWAIN received the orders, left the bridge. Another took his place. A gong sounded amidships, distantly.

"Are you going to dinner, sir?"

"You go along in my place, Mr. Thorne. I'll finish out your watch and stand with Mr. Henley."

"If you need me, sir . . ." the first officer was puzzled now, as well as troubled.

"If I need you, Mr. Thorne, I'll have you called."

The bridge 'phone buzzed from wireless, and Stokes's husky voice said, "Cross-bearing Chatham and Cape Race for navigation. Forty-one, thirty, north, forty-seven, minus one, west. Repeat please."

The third officer who took the message repeated it. Navigation checked. "The corner," said Larrimer.

Iron-mike set to radio compass bearing and the *Empress* swung to due west.

"It's much cooler," the navigation officer remarked.

"Half speed," said the Old Man. His feet ached worse than ever. His heart ached, too. They would never know, though, how much he had coveted that record.

An hour passed. Music floated up to the bridge from somewhere afar off, it seemed. The first officer returned. There was a queer, strained silence there at the centre of the ship's control. Another hour. The Old Man walked out on the starboard wing and Thorne followed.

"I'm sorry, sir. I wish you'd tell me."

"It's nothing," the Old Man replied. "Silly to pass up a record and a chair on the board, I suppose. But once before, I remember, it grew suddenly cold on a warm, bright afternoon. I can't forget it."

"When was that, sir?"

The Old Man answered, peering into the night ahead, "I was a guest on the bridge of the Titanic, you remember . . ."

The rest was lost in the cries of the masthead men.

"Ice ahead! Fog ahead!"

"Ice off the starboarrrd!"

It froze them there on the bridge. The bow watch called through megaphone: "Iceberg off the port, sir! Ice dead ahead!"

It froze them all. Cold enough to hold them frozen save for the movement of a hand that rang, "Stop!" and "Full speed astern!" to the engine room watch.

Thick hid the stars and moon, as the *Empress* shivered. Against the frantic reverse screw of her propellers, way carried the great liner forward.

"Berg ahead close by!"

"Iceberg off the port quarter!"

The Empress trembled, began to move slowly back, picked up some speed. The fingers of five great searchlights swept the gray shroud off her bows.

The first officer said, "God, what an iceberg!"

It passed close by them, blue as night, snow crusted still, borne south in the flow from the Flemish Cap.

"There will be many more," said the Old Man. "Slow her to half speed, reverse."

Cries arose from the decks below them, from passengers seeing only beauty where there was danger.

Another iceberg swept past them, larger than the first but not as near. There was a break in the fog, the stars shone through. Mastheads cried there were a dozen bergs in sight.

The *Empress* backed warily off in a half circle, swinging a two mile front of advancing ice. From the bridge they counted nineteen bergs. Mastheads reported twenty-seven. Sparks crackled in the wireless room, and the *Empress* sent the warning forth that danger lay directly in the most travelled course of the North Atlantic.

Mr. Thorne's arm was about the Old Man's shoulder.

"I was a stubborn fool" . . . the first officer was saying.

"Damn these aching feet of mine!" said the Old Man.

Biography Boom

BY LOUISE MAUNSELL FIELD

THE typical, one hundred per cent American has an inborn, ineradicable loathing of anything resembling moderation. And in this respect the female of the species is precisely like the male. His vocabulary knows no intermediary between "swell" and "rotten"; her skirts soar above her knees when they do not trail on the ground. When he — or she — rushes into the stock-market, it is in a spirit of self-confident elation that sets quotations leaping; when he — or she — rushes out again, he goes helter-skelter, panic stricken, falling over his own feet and leaving shares crashing down behind him. In an exactly similar spirit he — and she — has rushed into the literary market, and seized by a sudden passion for one particular type of fiction, produced the present astounding biography boom.

A glance at figures will show that to call this boom astounding is by no means an exaggeration. According to the statistics provided by *The Publishers' Weekly*, 667 new biographies and 71 new editions of biographies were published in 1929. Of these, no less than 405 were written by American authors. Figures for 1930 are not yet available; but the indications are that they will show no falling off in this particular production. The list of "best sellers" tells the reason. The tables provided by *The Bookman* show that in 1929 biographies appeared in these best seller lists no less than 43 times; all other forms of non-fiction, poetry and drama, history and autobiography, criticism and philosophy, religion and science, travel, politics, humor and adventure, only 96 times. In other words, twelve times as many subjects, taken all together, found places on the best sellers lists but little more than twice as often as the single item of biography!

YET this tabulation is perhaps not quite fair. For the kind of biography which has become so immensely popular that all ages and every country, from the dawn of history to this present year of grace, have been and are being ransacked for subjects around whom romances can be woven, is in truth a form of fiction; but of fiction with a difference. It is not only that plot and cast of characters are ready made, thus sparing the would-be author what might prove a very considerable tax on his ingenuity. The strain of Puritanism which runs through the American temperament, sometimes by inheritance and more often by contagion, produces a vague feeling that anything which requires the effort at concentration demanded by reading, ought in some way to be more than merely amusing; it should also be educational, or at least improving. All very well for motion pictures, on which one may gaze in a sort of sponge-like apathy, to be only entertaining, while watching a ball game has never ranked as an arduous intellectual activity; but reading — ! There is something quite, quite different. The deep and rather pathetic respect for the printed word, imbued in those pioneers and immigrants to whom it was a rarity, still persists in their descendants. The average American, like the young lady of Jane Austen's time, replies to the question, "What are you reading?" with an apologetic, "Oh, only a novel." But if she — or he — can proclaim the volume a biography, it is with the pride of the uncultured when fancying they are establishing a claim to culture. "I don't want a novel; I want a book!" as one of the species informed a librarian.

It is in great measure this desire to be instructed, painlessly at least, if not altogether pleasantly, that has produced the great biography boom. In the time of Walter Scott and Dumas *père* the historical novel flourished; Stanley Weyman's *Under The Red Robe*, and *A Gentleman of France*, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's *The White Company*, and a few others of the same kind, maintained the tradition almost to our own time. But success brought, as it invariably does, a host of fourth and fifth rate copyists. In their hands the historical novel lost every claim to novelty and almost every claim to history, declining into such a saccharine travesty of actual events that even the extremely tough digestion of the reading public could not endure the sickening mess. The stock of the historical novel sank lower and lower, until it was almost out of sight. And there for a long time it remained, though in recent years it has shown symptoms of reviving.

But after the World War had brought the nations into a painfully keen awareness of one another, and after the coming of peace had started hordes of Americans on an annual rush to Europe, curiosity about the past was inevitably quickened. Buildings and statues, tombs and traditions, spoke of persons and incidents of which the average American was woefully ignorant. He could not turn for help to the despised historical novel. And for the reading of so-called "serious history," his movie-trained mind was totally unprepared. The dilemma was none the less real because a majority of those immersed in it were unaware that it existed. Then, a little more than a decade ago, Lytton Strachey's *Eminent Victorians* suddenly and conclusively proved that real people could be made quite as entertaining as imaginary ones, and fact no less vivid and dramatic than fiction.

For once, the hour and the man had arrived together. Perhaps it was as well for the future of the stock thus put upon the market that it was offered at first in small quantities. These biographies, no longer than an average, fairly long short story, did not unduly strain either the attention or the intelligence. Their success was, to the unobservant, utterly amazing.

For the first time in many a long day, biography had been made not only to pay, but to pay as well as the most successful fiction. *Eminent Victorians* entered the best seller lists, and stayed there. So did its successor, *Queen Victoria*. Publishers and authors, who like other people find it necessary to eat occasionally and pay the landlord frequently, were inspired with that sincerest form of respect known as envy. They put their heads together, and acted. Authors wrote; publishers advertised; the public bought; and the biography boom began. It grew. And grew. And went on growing. Some writers, more daring or more frank than others, labelled their productions "fictionized biography." The dead, famous or infamous, authors and desperadoes, courtesans and bishops, queens and cutthroats, were disinterred from their more or less peaceful sepulchres to be paraded in verbal robes of every imaginable hue and texture.

How high the biographical stock now ranks in the literary market may be judged from the fact that when, last spring, a translation of an historical novel by a noteworthy author was issued by a certain publishing house, the book was described on the title page as a "fictionized biography." And why not? Since biography once masqueraded as fiction, why should not fiction now masquerade as biography? The gulf between the two has been so effectually bridged that it has practically disappeared.

No influence spreads as rapidly as that of success. In Germany, Emil Ludwig wrote his *Napoleon*, hoping, it would seem, to prove thereby that the Man of Destiny, Corsican by birth, became French less by choice than by chance. Napoleon, he declared, "lived entirely without feeling for a fatherland; . . . he would gladly have made his career anywhere, and merely placed the French before other peoples because he chanced to be their Emperor." Thus, you see, the famous Emperor of the French was not really French at all, even by adoption. He would as willingly have been of any other nationality; German, for instance.

Now here was biography usurping one of the two most precious prerogatives of fiction. Herr Ludwig could not, and probably did not wish to alter the time, place and manner of Napoleon's death; but he could, and did, tell us precisely what he was thinking about. The omniscience of the fiction writer was thus claimed by the self-styled biographer. Napoleon's thoughts were set forth — according to the ideas of Herr Ludwig. Page after page of the Emperor's meditations was bestowed upon the world, not as fiction, but as biography. Again the success of the method was immediate and enormous. One American edition followed another, and the biographical stock soared yet higher in the literary market. Meanwhile a French author, André Maurois, had produced a charmingly written and frankly fictionized biography of Shelley, *Ariel*. Its success led to the same author's brilliant and imaginative study of *Disraeli*, which professed to reveal the mystery of the sphinx and was followed by an equally imaginative piece of special pleading, *Byron;* therein we learn how greatly that prince of poseurs respected the judgment of the wife he first all but turned out of his house and then bitterly, and publicly, upbraided for going.

Accompanying, and following, these more important writers were a host of others, much too numerous to mention. Then Lytton Strachey himself brought out his *Elizabeth and Essex*, a fascinating book in which the fictionizing process came nearly if not completely to a climax. Some authors, finding that such more or less familiar personages were, if not too well known, at least too much written about to permit a perfectly free use of the imagination, went in pursuit of the more obscure or the more ancient, from missionaries to Tutankhamen. But fictionized biography was not to have everything its own way. Already two rivals had sprung up, one of them peculiarly American, though it too traced its lineage to that same influential volume of *Eminent Victorians*.

This was the "Let's tell it all," frequently called the "de-bunking" form of biography, whose purpose was to show how seriously overrated the great were. Examples of this type are still being produced with the rapidity of new radio models. Notable among them was, and is, Rupert Hughes's massive *George Washington*, which having already absorbed three stout volumes threatens to consume as many more. Urged on by an entirely laudable desire to remove the Father of His Country from that hideous and uncomfortable pedestal of irreproachable propriety to which the mistaken piety of his respectability-venerating admirers had hoisted him, Mr. Hughes enthusiastically devoted himself to the task of bringing Washington from sainthood to humanity. Eagerly and tirelessly he studied that English gentleman's fondness for gambling, joyously watched him empty and replenish his wine-cellar, and not only exulted to find his hero in love with the wife of his (the hero's, not Mr. Hughes's) best friend, but went out of his way to give Sally Fairfax all the credit for saving herself and Washington from a social débaclê, by preventing him from "making a knave of himself or an outcast of her," though he produces no valid proof that Washington ever cherished any such deplorable intentions.

Still imbued with this same admirable desire to prove that the immortal George was not so much white as whitewashed, Mr. Hughes goes yet further out of his way to attribute mean motives to Washington's actions. Thus when Braddock set forth on his famous expedition he made, we are told, a fatal mistake by taking the Virginia route advocated by stockholders of the Ohio Company," so that the Ohio Company could profit by the business involved." Washington too "preferred the Virginia route, being also interested in the Ohio Company." The inference is as plain as it is disagreeable. Yet it seems quite possible that Washington, not being infallible, was honestly mistaken. There is nothing difficult about knowing what should have been done, after the doing is over. In short, Mr. Hughes reveals everything about Washington, except his greatness. Testimony after testimony he gives to show how much men respected and admired George Washington. It is only the reason for this respect which is left hidden, only the frequently asserted greatness that is left an unsolved mystery.

Again the hour and the man had come simultaneously. For while Mr. Hughes was undoubtedly actuated by an honest desire to discover and to tell the truth and nothing but the truth, even though the urgency of that desire may sometimes have cheated him out of his sense of proportion, he as undoubtedly appealed to that belittling instinct, always existent, but especially notable and especially prevalent during the last ten years. The World War made such a terrific drain upon idealism that it almost entirely exhausted the available supply, and idealism is a prime requisite for hero worship. A weary and disillusioned generation, which had expected the millennium and been disappointed, took refuge in cynicism. Feeling unable to climb, men desired to drag down the great and the near-great to their own level, as a way of minimizing their own deficiencies. Of course there always is and always has been a sneaking gratification to the small-souled in discovering that this or that famous person drank too much, made love to his friend's wife, or was accused of cheating his neighbor. When Walter Savage Landor wrote, "There is delight in praising," he spoke truth only of those who are themselves praiseworthy. It is one of the ugliest, as well as one of the most disheartening, manifestations of the modern American spirit that it seizes so gleefully on all it can discover to the detriment of any established reputation. And this it is which is responsible for a good deal of the popularity of the so-called "de-bunkers." Under the guise of a search for facts, the search for faults has been eagerly pursued.

After the Revolution, the Civil War. We *Meet General Grant* under the auspices of W. E. Woodward, only to learn that the General didn't really amount to so very much, after all. It was merely that luck happened to be on his side. Why, if he hadn't been a drunkard, and therefore obliged to leave the army, he wouldn't have been the only man available to drill the amateur soldiers at Galena, and would probably have died in obscurity. "He drifted into this duty; he was by nature a drifter." Presently, so we are told, he was receiving the credit for work done by other men. He was successful, but not, it would seem, through any merit or any effort of his own. Luck, or opportunity, did it all; and the fact that many men fail to utilize either luck or opportunity is tacitly ignored. The desire to eliminate a halo sometimes results in eliminating credibility. Later, the very essence of the de-bunking process is shown when some 30-odd pages are devoted to the scandals of Grant's Administration, while such trifles as "the establishment of the principle of international arbitration through the Treaty of Washington," the putting of the financial affairs of the Government "on a sound basis," and the attempt at Civil Service Reform, are scarcely more than mentioned. Mr. Woodward's book is but one among many. Displaying the feet of clay which supported a goodly number of America's former idols has developed from a pleasure into a passion; the only trouble is that in this eagerness to call attention to the feet, the rest of the body is often ignored. And yet, when all is said, feet, however important, are not quite as significant as heads.

A THIRD popular type of biography, while not entirely unrelated to the *Eminent Victorians*, has an even closer connection with Freud. It also possesses a good deal of resemblance to that kind of detective novel wherein an entire series of murders are traced from the discovery of a splinter in the floor. This variety of biography ascribes John Doe's regrettable demise from ptomaine poisoning, not to the treachery of a stale crab or too ancient lobster, but to the fact that his great-grandmother was unlucky in love. An early and admirable example of the type is Van Wyck Brooks's *The Ordeal of Mark Twain*, which proves to the satisfaction of the author, if not of the reader, that all Mark Twain's literary shortcomings were due to the fact that he once promised his mother "to be a faithful and industrious man, and upright, like his father." Weighed down by this terrible promise, he inevitably became "a frustrated spirit," since it prevented him from developing into the social satirist which nature, as interpreted by Mr. Brooks, had intended him to be. For how could any boy who had promised his mother "not to break her heart," possibly grow strong enough to resist the temptation to become rich and respectable, when riches implied respectability in the eyes of all his Mammon-worshipping contemporaries?

MOTHER and vampire are almost interchangeable terms to this psychoanalytic type of biography, though fathers come in for their share of opprobrium; and not infrequently deserve it. Witness Katharine Anthony's best seller study of all save the probable reasons why Queen Elizabeth died an old maid, and witness too Rosamund Langbridge's clever scolding of Charlotte Brontë for not possessing, in the middle of the Nineteenth Century, the knowledge and characteristics appertaining to the Twentieth. No doubt Charlotte would have had a far happier life had she been able to treat her unspeakable parent with the casual contempt so often manifested by the present more enlightened generation, but in her day such behavior would certainly have been regarded as a somewhat more heinous crime than parricide might seem to our own. Emily Dickinson's father was a subtler, less materialistic tyrant than the Reverend Patrick Brontë. "Across the hearth a sixth sense in Emily doubtless told her exactly the shade of severity in her father's face (for sixteen years she had been the clever prognosticator of father's feelings), but she doubtless kept her eyes to her reading." (How in the world could the modern biographer possibly get along if deprived of those two blessed, all-embracing, all-excusing words, probably and doubtless!) But however detestable an autocrat Edward Dickinson may have been, Genevieve Taggard is much too grateful to him for providing her with an excuse for Emily's eccentricities to treat him very severely, while she is so pleased with the romance she has built up on what seems to the reader a not very substantial foundation, that she can scarcely bear to rebuke her beloved poet for submitting where Elizabeth Barrett so strikingly rebelled. Yet it is a characteristic of much of the current, and very popular, "psycho-analytical" biography, that it is often quite unable to forgive its subjects for being men and women of their own time, and not of 1930.

HERE it is that the psycho-analytical joins hands with the debunking biography in its appeal to that great mass of readers annoyed by a consciousness of their own inferiority. Most of us are not over-courageous; how pleasant to be assured that the admired Mark Twain was a mental and moral coward! Few of us are strong enough to rebel effectually when shut up within stone walls; the barriers of convention we often preen ourselves on overthrowing are seldom built of anything more formidable than papier mâché. How comforting to feel that geniuses like Charlotte Brontë and Emily Dickinson were no stronger, were perhaps even weaker, than our own feeble selves!

For more than ten years, biography has prospered. Buoyed on waves of curiosity, complacent satisfaction in entertainment disguised as instructon, love of backstairs gossip, and that pettiness which can find no delight in praising but infinite pleasure in being assured that no one is genuinely praiseworthy, the biography boom has shown surprising endurance. A good deal of conscientious research, much clever and some brilliant writing, an appreciation of drama, and an earnest, perfectly sincere endeavor to discover and report the truth, have gone into its making, particularly where the books above mentioned are concerned. So far as its success is substantial, its appeal directed to the more intelligent among readers, it is on account of these admirable qualities.

BUT of such are enduring values made, not bonanzas, and that is perhaps the reason why signs are appearing which would seem to indicate an approaching decline. Writers of every degree, from the first rate to the tenth, have thrown their stock upon the market, and the sad story of the historical novel threatens to be repeated. Fictionized biography is tending more and more towards a total submergence of biography in fiction; the formula of the de-bunkers is becoming familiar, and consequently wearisome; psycho-analytical studies may reasonably be expected to follow the Freudian theories with which many of them are so closely allied into the limbo of the slightly old-fashioned. Publishers' announcements show as yet no falling off in the number of lives of the famous and infamous, but the best seller lists of *The Bookman* tell a different story. For the first six months of 1930 biography, which once appeared on them nearly half as often as all other varieties of non-fiction taken together, dropped to less than a quarter, or in other words, was listed only eleven times to the others' forty-seven; a really startling depreciation.

And when the crash does come, when the fickle public begins to refuse the over-watered biography stock and the bottom drops out of the market, according to its unfailing yet somehow always surprising custom, what wailing there will be among those who failed to take their profits and go while the going was so extraordinarily good!

The Clavichord

By Carolyn Aiken

Scented sounds,
Like bugles in picture frames,
Proclaim,
With precise acclaim,
Fortunes of forgotten names
Fancy propounds.

Perfumed pasts,
Exhaling faint romances,
Excite
A dainty delight,
Recalling delicate dances—
A moment, lasts.

Smile at kisses;
The music bids you beware.
On guard!
The clavichord
Mocks at love and care,
But hints at blisses

Lovers did know,
Now bound in painted pages,
Moulded,
Yet unfolded,
And locked with countless ages
So long ago.

White Collars and Marriage Yokes

BY HENRY R. CAREY

Why Can't Young Men Marry?

"IN almost all the higher walks of life," writes Dean Inge, "the old are overpaid and the young 'sweated'. The young presumably acquiesce in this system in the hope of becoming fossils themselves after a time. But it is eugenically bad, making early marriage impossible, or encouraging the dysgenic art of fortune-hunting."

The tendency which Dean Inge finds in England is certainly strong in the "higher walks" of American life. The American college man, especially if he be clever and courageous enough to enter one of the professions, is being sweated and coerced into bachelorhood with a vengeance. While the American farmer may still frequently marry shortly after coming of age, the college graduate is often approaching middle age before he can afford matrimony; just one more way in which the leader or brain-worker class is being threatened with childlessness and extinction. To be sure, the birth rate among *married* college people is anything but encouraging. It is symptomatic that Roland Harper has recently found that in 17 American college towns, there was not, on the average, more than one child to every woman. Moreover, the number of childless married men, long out of colleges as diverse as Haverford and Harvard, is disconcerting, and, in the case of Harvard, a rapidly growing evil. But this phenomenon among married alumni is hardly as marked as the infertility of those men who are obliged by poverty and other causes to remain submerged in celibacy for years after graduation. Some of these must recall rather sadly the advice of President Eliot of Harvard, to marry young, if only to enjoy one's grandchildren! Probably it was easier to follow this sage advice when Dr. Eliot gave it, shortly after the turn of the century.

FORMERLY I was not so certain of this as I feel now. Not long ago, however, in glancing over a report of the Harvard College class which was graduated in 1920, I was struck by the confession of a young advertising man, written when he was nearly 30 years old: "Hair growing thinner. Matrimonial prospects zero." It seemed to me that perhaps this brief wistful confidence half revealed the history of a rather typical struggle. Then I began to wonder whether marriage, for the educated man, is any longer always just a matter of hard work and free will, or whether the parental inactivity of the educated bachelor is sometimes as involuntary as that other unemployment which now affects so many Americans. I knew that the percentage of Harvard and Yale graduates who marry has decreased from 98 in the Eighteenth Century to about 77 around the year 1900. "Suspicion is the father of knowledge." I decided to investigate. Part of the Harvard College class of 1920, both graduates and those who did not finish their college work, kindly agreed to be the subjects on whom I might experiment. My instrument was a questionnaire. The investigation covered particularly the year 1927, when these men were 29 years old and seven years out of college.

Guessing aside, was there really any relation between one's ability to marry and one's total income, earned and unearned? Some of my correspondents thought not. However, the query "Would you have married sooner if your income had been sufficient?" brought the answer "Yes" from 28 per cent of those who replied. Alumni with large revenues were more or less certain that money matters did not affect marriage, but it was interesting to notice that the smaller the receipts the more likely I was to receive assurances that lack of money did indeed handicap marriage prospects. Thus where the median income of the group was less than $3,000, 43 per cent of them complained, and in the case of the poverty-ridden young doctors, the proportion of those who felt the pinch as a menace to family life was nearly one-half. Below the doctors in intensity of protest — rather far below — appeared, in descending order, the lawyers, the engineers, and the teachers.

Next, I investigated the budget of the marriage year. For this purpose, I divided my Harvard friends according to their twelve principal occupations: Distribution (wholesalers, retailers and the like), Insurance, Law, Selling, Real Estate, Manufacturing, Journalism (including authors and editors), the Ministry, Banking, Engineering, Teaching, and Medicine. The median income for members of all these groups who had married turned out to be $3,000 during the year in question. Many persons were content with this figure or with $5,000; many "took a chance and got away with it" on much less. Indeed, the amount of money with which one dares to "take the plunge" doubtless varies with the standards of living of one's friends, sharply modified by the actual possibilities of the moment. At any rate, the young Harvard teachers and doctors, who reported the lowest 1927 emoluments of the lot, married accordingly on the smallest amounts, $2,400 and $2,200 respectively. The same rule held for those occupations reporting middling and large incomes. All showed a marked disposition and ability to cut the coat according to the cloth.

But the most interesting discovery came, not from a study of opinions, but from a direct comparison, occupation by occupation, between cash receipts and marriage percentages in the same year. The result showed a fairly close relationship between size of income and marriage frequency. In occupations in which the revenues were at or above the general median or middle point ($4,000) the marriage percentage was usually likewise above the dividing line (51 per cent). But where incomes were below the median, marriage percentages were invariably below par also — sometimes far below. The only exceptions were the lawyers and the engineers, who appeared unwilling or unable to attain even a middling marriage record, although their profits were above the half-way point. Remember that all these men were nearly 30 years old, and had been out of college seven years. In view of their age, the ministers, teachers and doctors seemed startlingly celibate — until one realized the slenderness of their resources.

But the story was quite different with the distributors, insurance men, salesmen, real estate men, manufacturers, and journalists, with middle sized incomes or better. These had married more freely. Perhaps most of us have always supposed that this money-marriage relationship exists. At any rate, students of economics have long recognized that the general marriage rate of a community is an index of its prosperity. Thus in the depression period following 1907, the Pennsylvania marriage rate dropped, leaping wildly again in the post-war boom of 1920, and falling once more in 1928. We are here simply observing, from a different angle, the workings of the same law. Indeed our Harvard business men alumni, as a group, proved to have clearly beaten their professional classmates both financially and matrimonially. Financially the money getters led with a median income score of $4,100 as against $3,950. (The advantage of certain Princeton business men, nine years after graduation, is even more striking.) Matrimonially, the Harvard non-professionals led their professional brothers by a wide margin, marrying a year younger, and being 67 per cent wed in contrast with 38.

The class as a whole, however, being only just over one-half married, had obviously a long way to go to reach the known 83 per cent rate for Harvard men of all ages. Something was clearly holding back many of the unwed half of the class. There is not the least doubt that in many cases the trouble was lack of funds.

Men of Harvard, Class of 1920. Age 29 (1927)

Occupation	*Total Income (Median)*	*Per Cent Married*	*Median Marriage Age for Those Married in 1927*
Distribution	$6,000	59.5	26
Insurance	5,000	72.8	25
Law	5,000	31.4	26
Engineering	4,250	50	26
Selling	4,200	72.8	25
Real Estate	4,000	66.6	23
Manufacturing	4,000	67.4	25
Journalism	4,000	52.7	25.5
Ministry	3,900	16.7	27
Banking	3,500	50	25
Teaching	3,000	40.5	26
Medicine	2,500	34.8	27

Note: Median income (12 occupations) $4,000; median marriage percentage, 51.3. Earned income figures for men of Princeton, 1916, at the age of 31, corresponding roughly to the Harvard data in the second column above, are, in the same order, $6,000, 6,800, 5,300, 3,520, 5,500, 7,500, 5,400, 5,200, 3,500, 4,240, 3,150, and 2,500.

The Harvard income and marriage details will be of interest to all college men and others who have been out in the world only a few years.

One has only to glance at such a table to see clearly that the occupation groups which are hardest hit of all, during the early postgraduate years, are the ministers, teachers and doctors, for they combine small earnings with low marriage rates, and advanced age when they do marry. It is clear that a minister can not think of supporting a normal family with several children, and still keep up appearances, on $3,900 a year. Teachers are in a worse case with $3,000, and doctors are at the very bottom financially, with $2,500 a year, which is about equal to the standard minimum wage in 1926 for a city family of wage laborers! As one would expect, the same professions among at least one class of Princeton Alumni, nine years after graduating, are equally badly off.

Two Harvard medical students reported to me that they had no income at all, seven years after graduation. One brave budding doctor married as a fourth year medical student, on $800 earned on the side as a teacher. Few indeed must be the men who can stand such a strain! In spite of this man's extra efforts, however, his young wife, instead of concentrating on the establishment of a home, felt it necessary to go to work to support the family. Another young medical man did not begin to practise or marry until he was 30 — about the normal programme for an ambitious fellow without private means, who has taken no pre-medical course in college. If, however, a young doctor is clever and ambitious enough to wish to prepare himself to teach medicine, he is sure to be further handicapped. In this case, postponing substantial earnings and perhaps marriage, he may have to extend his studies until he has been out of college twelve or thirteen years, and has reached the age of about 35! Only a small independent income can save such a leader from prolonged celibacy. For unfortunately, during the five years after graduation from medical school, the salary of even a talented doctor, earned as interne and the like, often averages less than $1,000 annually. Worst of all, in many hospitals it is impossible for a married man to get a place on the house staff. Young doctors are thus not only "sweated" but even dragooned into bachelorhood! It is easy to see, in short, why teaching positions in medicine are being largely restricted to men of private means who wish to remain single. So at least I am informed by a very successful young Harvard physician. A more dysgenic proceeding it would be hard to imagine!

To be sure, these conclusions, being based on a survey which is limited, are more or less tentative. But they throw enough light on the problems of the brain-worker to permit us to ask some rather searching questions. What shall we say, for example, of a profession which prepares its most promising members to pass the torch of learning to other men's children, only by preventing them for years from passing the gifts of life, talent and culture to children of their own? What must we think, too, of a community which penalizes its latter-day saints, its guardians of the seeds of progress — doctors, ministers and teachers — simply because they have chosen professions which are on the whole unusually altruistic and unselfish, rather than greedy and predatory?

INDEED, one is tempted to believe that our nation cares for nothing in the world but money profits, when one observes the young healers of our bodies and our souls, and the trainers of our minds, receiving a pauper's wage from the communities which they are preparing or beginning to serve. How long can such a civilization endure? How long shall we permit such men to be restrained from early marriage and fatherhood by the rules of the institutions where they have trained, and by our refusal to help them financially, during the few years after majority when they need help most desperately?

In this connection, it should never be forgotten that, as Whitney and Huntington have shown, every group of twenty ministers or 46 professional men, produces one distinguished child, whereas the proportion for skilled labor is 1,600 and for unskilled labor only 48,000 to 1. Is it not, then, wasteful of our spiritual resources as well as cruel, to discourage our professional men from reproducing themselves? What is to become of the intellectual classes in America, including those of Revolutionary stock, unless the economic postponement of their marriages, and the economic restriction of their families, can be overcome? How long can we continue sterilizing our leaders as they appear — even, occasionally, from the ranks of labor? How long without disaster can we keep on skimming off the cream as it rises to the top? Is one of the basic causes of crime in America the progressive self-extermination of our leader class, while the ignorant man increases his numbers by leaps and bounds?

WHAT, then, can be done to help our leaders financially during the desperate early years of study and small stipends? There are several possibilities. Where the parents are not really poor, the more promising of the younger generation might be put upon a secure fiscal basis by establishing for them an ante-nuptial marriage settlement, with a trust fund. American trust companies could develop this idea with profit to themselves. It is common and successful in England. In that country, when couples from the so-called upper, middle and professional classes become engaged, the parents on both sides are often willing and able to place securities or other property in trust for them, so that they can use the income from the date of marriage on. The lawyers of both parties draw up the papers prior to the wedding. The agreement, signed by both parties, becomes binding and irrevocable after the great event. The effect of this ingenious arrangement is to place capital in the hands of trustees, who pay out the income to young people in a regular and orderly way. Fathers are relieved once for all from perpetual requests for money, while the youngsters are saved from the humiliation and uncertainty which sometimes arrive with an allowance which may be ended at any time. In many ways, moreover, the ante-nuptial settlement has a steadying influence on young people and on their children. If it were to become a settled social practice in America, it might, by increasing security and self-respect in marriage, encourage our brain workers to take the step at an earlier age.

But of course, for such an arrangement to work, the parents must be both able and willing. Hitherto, especially in the pioneer days, it seems to have been comparatively easy for an American youth of courage and energy to earn a marriage income. Consequently, both young and old have inclined to think it disgraceful for a male child to depend even partially on his parents. But times are changing. With the urbanization and mechanization of the country, there presumably comes an increase in the number of "white-collar" intellectual jobs which require long and expensive training. The attitude of parents must and will change with the times. Not that it is good for any man to succeed without a struggle: rather let us realize that it is bad for him to struggle too long without success.

But the problem of the college graduate or other brain worker with desperately poor or ungenerous parents is harder. Perhaps he has had to work his way through school and college. How is he to marry before the completion of a long professional course? One suggestion for relief, an inverted form of insurance, in which the insured receives a large sum early in life, paying out small annuities thereafter, has been mooted by sociologists and promptly rejected, for practical reasons, by at least one insurance man whom I have consulted. There is always, however, the hope that some enlightened philanthropist, some intelligent and opulent alumnus who has suffered during the lean early years, will start the much needed custom of endowing colleges with funds which will enable the most promising and indigent students, in professional and graduate schools, to marry and bring up children comfortably, while they are young and struggling. The applicant for such a matrimonial scholarship will naturally regard it, not as a proof that he is a weakling, but as a tribute by the most competent judges — his instructors — to his unusual gifts and force of character. Banks, too, since they can and do loan money to reputable people without collateral, might be able to work out a helpful plan, in consideration of the fact that the borrowers would be college graduates of unusual promise. Fundamentally, however, what is needed is a new attitude, a general awakening to the exceeding usefulness of the talented, hard working highbrow.

At present, however, the policy of American society towards its intellectual leaders may be likened to a weird form of foot race. The stadium is crowded with spectators. The pistol cracks. The racers dart forward. At the end of the first mile the runners who, by special vigor, have won the lead, are stopped and forced by the spectators to drop behind. At the end of the second mile, the leaders are again penalized. Finally, when the strongest men are all hopelessly in the rear, the referee declares that the race is over!

They're Off at Boulder Dam!

By Joseph Lilly

A stupendous piece of work which will leash the Colorado, supply water to Los Angeles, and furnish more hydro-electric power than any other generating unit in the world

Several squads of young engineers, all of them brown as pennies, lean as mountain mules and hard-muscled as laborers, are out on the Great American Desert, lugging their heavy tripods and transits over the fiery sands, doing the first physical work in the latest of man's grandiose thrusts at nature. Quietly, undemonstratively, as befits their profession, they are laying the groundwork of Boulder Dam, which, surely, will be one of the wonders of the modern world.

It is too bad that words in themselves become stale, that to speak of still another wonder of the world is to risk a commonplace. But the conception of Boulder Dam is so imaginatively breath-taking and its realization is so staggering that nothing less conveys its tremendous importance. And if in this age of marvels another wonder of the world seems trite to us, that is because we have heard so much about the politics of this one that we have been unable to see its magnificence. During eight years Congress bellowed about it, and when Congress interrupted itself to talk of something else, seven of the Western States argued among themselves about it. We were engulfed in muddy discussions. But now the talk has ended and quiet men have rolled up their sleeves to pitch in to the heavy work, and we can hie ourselves into the desert and see what it is.

Boulder Dam is the greatest peace-time undertaking of the United States Government since the Panama Canal. The whole project will cost $165,000,000. It will be the largest dam in the world, more than twice the size of the famous Assuan Dam of Egypt, more than twice the size of the colossal Elephant Butte of New Mexico. Its bare dimensions are amazing. It will rise in the lonely desert more than 723 feet, a solid mass of concrete equivalent in height to fifty floors of a New York skyscraper, greater in massiveness than a dozen Chrysler Buildings, as strong and durable as the Rock of Gibraltar. The lake it will form will be the largest artificial body of water on the globe, a reservoir in which both New York and Chicago could be lumped and buried.

Despite the long discussions, or, perhaps because of their dullness, the significance of Boulder Dam is little understood except in isolated points in the Southwest. And even there few have the historical perspective to see the undertaking as it is — the culmination of exactly four centuries of a romantic search for wealth and glory. Indeed, except geographers, few realize that the Colorado is the third largest river in the country, and only economists know that in its mud-laden current flows more wealth than even Cortez imagined was in the El Dorado to his north.

As a matter of fact it was the unslakable thirst of Cortez, the greatest of the Conquerors, that gave the impetus to what is now being realized. Unsatiated after conquering the Aztecs and confiscating their wealth, Cortez was determined to find the Seven Cities of Cibola, the mythical towns which he believed were literally paved with gold and studded with gems, and in the search for them, El Rio Colorado, the Red River, was found.

THE discovery was made by Captain Hernando Alarcón, who had been dispatched on the hunt for the streets of gold. He came up the Gulf of California and into the mouth of the Colorado in 1540, and, abandoning his galleons in the shallow water, ascended its tempestuous currents in skiffs all the way to what is now Needles, Arizona, some 100 miles below the site of the dam. But the country was so unbearably hot, so utterly dry, that he believed life above there was unsupportable. He returned to Mexico City to tell Mendoza, the successor of Cortez, that the wealth they sought was not there.

THE country up and down the last half of the Colorado's length is still as hot as when Alarcón found it, and the rainfall is just as meagre, but on its sands civilization is extending itself in giant strides. The discovery of gold in 1849 brought the first real settlers, thousands of whom pulled from the Plains to start out anew in their covered wagons, many of them to leave their bones bleaching in the sagebrush and greasewood. It required another half century for the civilization of the Southwest to right itself. And this was because it was not until the early 1900's that it was discovered that the Imperial Valley, a trough of land just above the Mexican border, was remarkably fertile when watered. Fifty thousand acres were placed under cultivation within a few years. Reclamation was extending rapidly until 1906, when the Colorado overflowed its silt banks and rushed into the Valley, forming the Salton Sea. The hurling of the Colorado back into its bed was an herculean job, and ever since the Southwest has shuddered at the prospect of another flood.

It was patent that the Colorado must be controlled. Roosevelt, always attentive to the West, saw it and asked Congress to act. But it was twenty-four years later, in June of this year, that Congress appropriated the first money to make the control real. I do not mean that Congress was laggard for all the twenty-four years: in the interval it provided the money needed to make the studies of the river, its flow and its habits, and to examine all the potential spots in the river to determine just where the control station could be placed.

In the meantime the farmers in the Imperial Valley — seventy thousand people live there — did what they could, and they now are about at the end of their resources. The appalling thing about the Colorado is that it is almost as great a carrier of silt as the Nile — its waters are always a muddy yellow. It is continuously depositing this silt near its mouth, actually raising its own bed a foot a year, until for long distances along the Imperial it flows on a ridge so much higher than the adjacent land that powerful dikes are constructed to hold it to its course.

Until you see the impounded Colorado it is difficult to comprehend that a short generation ago the Imperial Valley was as useless as the Mojave Desert, that Los Angeles, now the fifth city in the country in point of population, was a small trading centre on the ocean edge of this immense waste. Today the Imperial Valley is the most prolific farm land in the world.

Unfortunately, due to the caprice of the Colorado, this treasury stands in imminent danger of destruction, because, in the twenty-four years since the flood of 1906, all the levee building, extending higher every year, has been merely a temporary expedient. Abnormal snows in the Rockies next winter, a sudden burst of the spring sun to melt it quickly, and all the king's horses and all the king's men could not hold the river in check.

That is what Boulder Dam is to do. But, while that is its primary purpose, the dam will do several other things. Beside protecting the Imperial Valley it will permit the extension of reclaimed land, to what extent can not yet be determined, although five and a half million acres is the official estimate. It will thus add to our natural wealth beyond the dreams of Cortez, since it will provide profit not only for the owners of the land, but the laborers, and all the thousands of employees who market, distribute and haul the fruit in hundreds of refrigerated trains from the West to the East coast.

Nor is that all it will do. It will produce more hydro-electric power than any other generating unit in the world, and, though this is a by-product of its construction, the question of power distribution and sale has been the point of contention over which Congress and the Western States have done their arguing. It will produce one million horsepower, a volume of power comprehensible only to mathematicians. And, in addition to the electricity, it will give Los Angeles an unfailing water supply at this crisis in its growth. Los Angeles can not safely expand much further without a surer source of potable water.

Indeed, though each is a by-product, either the electric power or the water would justify the construction of the dam. But, at most, these are municipal problems, or private corporation problems, not of immediate concern to the Federal Government. The Federal Government has the responsibility of controlling our navigable streams and it always has exerted itself to bring arid land to productivity.

The nearest town to the site of the dam is Las Vegas, Nevada, 297 miles by motor road from Los Angeles, up over the Cajon Pass, and down into the Mojave Valley, past the entrance to Death Valley at Baker. The site of the dam is thirty-one miles further on, over a washboard road that penetrates a bumpy, twisting pass in the River Range. It is inaccessible from land except for mountain climbers who have several days and Alpine equipment to make the last mile and a half. You must go by boat down the swirling river. It rushes you along in fifteen minutes, but to return against the powerful current requires four times as long in a small boat driven by a ninety horsepower motor.

From the level of the river the foundations of the dam will be sunk 137 feet, extending not only across the 350 feet of the river's width, but also fifty feet further into each of the cliff sides, as anchors. The dam will be in the shape of an inverted funnel, made solid, of course, tapering in width as it rises. At the bottom it will rest on solid rock and extend 650 feet up and down the river, its maximum thickness, thinned by graduated steps toward the top, where it will be 40 feet thick.

Technically, it will be what engineers call a curved, gravity structure, designed for a maximum stress of 30 tons to the square foot. Although the general design of the dam has been determined upon, its detailed plans still are being worked out under the direction of Raymond F. Walter, the Chief Engineer of the Bureau of Reclamation at Denver.

The first work is entirely preliminary. First, a railroad must be built over the desert and on up the granite mountains to the dam site; and, in addition to it, a motor road, not only to the site, but to a new town, which, a year from now, will have blossomed in the centre of the desert.

Mr. Walter's engineers were divided into squads. One scoured the country for gravel and sand beds for the concrete. Another laid out the site of the new town — Boulder City is the commonly accepted name — which the Government will erect to house 4,000 people — workers and their families — and which must include besides streets and dwellings such items as schools, stores, and sewerage, water and electric systems.

Already two contracts have been awarded, one for an aerial photographic map of the area of the dam; another for similar maps of the canyon walls at the dam site. All during July airplanes whizzed over the country-side, startling the mountain buzzards as they hummed aloft, sweeping and diving across the river while the photographers in the fuselages snapped away.

As I drove back from Emery's shack to Las Vegas, up the twelve mile grade to take me through the River Range Pass, I saw the engineers far out on the shadeless desert driving stakes and tying white rags to the greasewood bushes as they marked off the route of the railroad. And then, on the day I left Las Vegas, the whole town of 500 was eagerly bustling about, excited by the announcement from Denver that Dr.

Mead and Carl R. Gray, president of the Union Pacific Railroad, had decided to begin at once to lay the twenty-seven miles of shiny new rails over which 5,000,000 barrels of cement will be hauled.

And thus the preliminaries are proceeding methodically, step by step. It is the immensity of the project that has caused the designing engineers to proceed with caution. The structure they determine upon must be capable of holding back a lake 575 feet deep, some ten miles wide in spots and about 115 miles long, between 26,000,000 and 29,000,000 acre feet of water, enough to cover the whole State of Kentucky one foot deep. The strength required is enough to give pause to the most audacious. Their calculations must be right, since, should the dam fail under strain, half a dozen cities would be wiped out and the lives of 100,000 people directly imperiled in a rush of water that, for force, would reduce the last calamitous flood of the Mississippi, by comparison, to the upsetting of a bucket.

No one, however, feels the slightest danger in the undertaking. All of the fundamental problems were weighed and passed upon in 1928 by a board of five engineers, consisting of Major-General William L. Sibert, chairman; D. W. Mead and Robert Ridgway, consulting engineers; and W. J. Mead and Charles O. Berkey, consulting geologists. They reported that the idea, with modifications since made, was safe, economic and eminently feasible.

It will be at least eight years, possibly more, before the dam is quite complete, but long before that, no doubt, the river will be under control and the hydro-electric plant will be operating. This will be practicable because of the general plan of construction and the general scheme of the plant.

After the railroad, the highway and the new town are built, the first contracts will be awarded for the boring through the mountains of four tunnels, fifty feet in diameter and each about 4,000 feet long, two on each side of the river, and all through solid rock — a tremendous engineering achievement in itself, but in this case merely an accessory. When these are completed the river will be diverted through them, and coffer-dams will be erected above and below the spot upon which the big dam will be built.

With the river running through the diversion tunnels and the coffer-dams holding back seepage, the bed of the river will be dried out and steam shovels will be lowered down the cliffs to dig out the silt and sand and gravel until the bed rock is uncovered. When this is reached the pouring of concrete will start. This seems simple, but it is estimated that it will require two years and eight months alone to pour all of it — some three and a half million cubic yards — the largest thing of its kind ever done.

As the dam slowly rises between the cliffs, the power plant, a horseshoe design, will be built directly into it, on the down-stream side, extending along the canyon walls, and the turbines will be installed as fast as construction permits. As the dam rises higher and higher the water flowing through the diversion tunnels will pass through the turbines, giving them the power to turn the generators that will produce the 1,000,000 horsepower.

And thus, if the dam is completed by 1940, which now seems most probable, the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of El Rio Colorado by the gold-hunter Alarcón will be celebrated with the most fitting climax that man of the modern age could devise. For gold will have been found — the sort that flows through copper wires; and gems, too, the gems that blossom on trees and vines — the product of one year's flow of the Colorado, worth more than all the gold and jewels Cortez and the Kings of Spain ever took from the Aztecs.

Prayer

By Merab Eberle

Thy footsteps sound among the stars
And they are sands unto Thy feet.
The ages surge across Thy brow
And they are seconds in Thy reckonings.
Oh, what am I —
Breath spewed from the mouth of nothingness —
To beat against omnipotence with my small cry?
Yet God of the magnificences
Let me but know Thee once before I die.

The Mexican Maze

Snatches of Life in Aztec Lands

By Carleton Beals

A General in gold braid, one of the great chiefs of the land, sits in the Don Quixote ballroom of the Regis Hotel in Mexico City. Two light ladies in frowsy silk evening dresses fondle his fat jowls and sip champagne. Suddenly, with bleary eyes, he rises from the table, draws his revolver, and shouts, "Somebody's laughing at me. If anybody cracks a smile, I'll shoot him dead." The jazz slithers to a blank. Stillness clamps down upon the gay dance hall. Not a glass clinks. The white-bosomed pelican waiters slink into the corners.

The Great Chief turns and blazes away with his gun at one of the panels of the expensive Don Quixote tiles that line the establishment. They tumble down, crashing in a cloud of plaster.

* * *

A heavy set man in a movie in Córdoba, Vera Cruz, hammers the floor with his gold headed cane, and shouts, "Music, give us music!"

A runty policeman slides down the aisle and asks the *caballero* to desist from disturbing the public order, then returns to his post.

The heavy set man stops his noise, but even in the dark his creased fat neck glows angrily. Presently he rises, strides to the rear of the theatre.

"Pam, pam!" The runty policeman falls in a pool of blood.

The heavy set man is a GENERAL. No one shall reprimand him.

* * *

Meet General "Aspirin" and his aide.

"I have a headache, my General."

"Here is some aspirin," says the General, and blows his aide's brains out.

It is a good joke. Everyone laughs heartily.

* * *

General X. enters Uruapan and falls in love with the daughter of a French drygoods man. She repulses him. He arrests her brother. The virtual surrender of the girl is the price of liberation. In this way he forces himself into the family, finally shooting the brother under some pretext, anyway. The father protests to higher authorities. The General burns down his store.

The tables turn. The General becomes a rebel. He is captured and taken to the cemetery to be shot. On the way, with a debonair smile he tosses his silver-braided sombrero to a passing girl.

Romance knots her heart. She rallies other girls of the town; they rush into the cemetery and interpose themselves before the firing squad. She is the daughter of the leading personage of the community. The Federals do not fire. The General is saved. He marries her. She is his fourth wife.

* * *

General Z. and the wealthy *hacendado*, Irigoyen, sit over a banquet in the manor house. The table is littered with expensive china and wine-glasses.

The *hacendado* toasts the General with champagne.

"Benítez, the Agrarian leader, is stirring up the peasants to ask the Agrarian Commission for my lands," complains the *hacendado*.

"Leave it to me," boasts General Z.

Ten thousand pesos in bills change hands.

The next day Benítez is loaded into a cattle car of a passing train and threatened with death if he ever shows up again in the district controlled by General Z. Thus is justice meted out.

* * *

A man in an embroidered leather jacket, tall gray braided sombrero, and skin tight trousers, and an officer sit over the *tequila* in the private "Pullman" of a Guadalajara cantina.

Says the officer with a leer, "Next Tuesday, two thousand rounds of cartridges, five machine guns, and two hundred rifles will arrive in Actópan. The Federal garrison will then be reduced to fifteen men."

"In that case, the 'Hail, Christ the King' rebels will very likely attack the town," chuckles the other. "They can well use such supplies." Twenty-five thousand in bills change hands.

The officer visits the nearest jewelry store, buys his newest sweetheart a two thousand peso diamond ring, and telegraphs two hundred pesos to his wife and five children in Mexico City.

* * *

Los Altos in Jalisco is declared a combat zone. All the inhabitants are ordered to migrate into concentration centres under penalty of being considered Catholic rebels.

"Let me leave ten men on my hacienda to harvest the crop," pleads the owner of the Hacienda Estrella.

"If a man is there after May first, he'll be shot," announces General F., who has risen with the ideals of the revolution and now owns an entire block of the most fashionable residences in Guadalajara. "He'll be shot," reiterates the General emphatically, "unless, of course. . . ."

"What would be the consideration?" demands the owner.

"You might contribute fifteen thousand pesos to the Social Defense fund," announces General F., "in cash delivered to me personally."

"I have no ready cash."

"Too bad," declares General F.

and dictates orders to an aide as the owner leaves the office.

Colonel M., Sixth Regiment:—

Send captain and twenty-five men to harvest crop Hacienda Estrella, same to be delivered as promptly as possible ready for shipment at Station Ocotlán.

General F.

* * *

Down from Guadalajara to Colima, all day under the hot sun, the train-guard rides in an open steel car, sides slit for rifle holes. In the morning, the soldiers build fires on the steel bottom, toast tortillas, and boil coffee, into which they drop a lump of sweet panocha. All day they ride, stretching red serapes for shade, playing with Spanish cards for cartridges, thrumming guitars, telling yarns.

With them, as mascot, goes an eleven year old boy, cartridge belt crisscrossed over his chest, rifle in his hand, straw sombrero tilted cockily over one ear, his black touseled hair hanging into his perky eyes.

The train swings through a rocky pass. "Man the rifle holes!" cries the captain.

Suddenly a withering fire whips down from behind a cropping of rock. The mascot gives a cry. His sombrero flies into the air. His teeth smash-smash against the sprawling feet of a machine gun.

The train rolls on without being stopped.

"Where do they get their ammunition?" complains the captain, handing his smoking rifle to a soldier to be cleaned and reoiled.

Two other soldiers dump the boy's body over the edge into the abyss. "We aren't supposed to have his kind along. It would look bad," declares the captain.

A soldier with a pocked face and a thick-lipped mouth rips a flower from the cord of his visor and tosses it after the body.

* * *

Figures in snowy garb walk the white, white road to Totuta between rows of white-trunk palms. The slight breeze slides over the hot limestone, which crops out in gray masses from the thin soil of the Yucatán peninsula. The balmy wind is sirupy, saturated with the incense of papaya, rotting bananas, bitter oranges, humid smells of writhing gourd-vines. It rustles the sail-like banana leaves and the tall crests of the coconuts leaning against the moon-plated sky. Through the corn milpas it passes, whispering mythical tales of this land of the pheasant and the deer. We heed its mystery as we walk the white, white palm road to Totuta. A little rise, and there beyond is the jungle, a limitless sea of silver.

From the distance comes regular booming, like drums of doom, uncanny in the still white world. The sound gathers up into itself the deep-bosomed uncanniness, the potent strangeness of this setting becomes portentous. We reach the town and discover the mysterious primitive thud produced by a modern Delco light plant.

The oval, white-plastered, thatched houses cluster close together. Such a house is the hotel. At the entrance is a weeping throng, the eighth day of mourning for a lost child. The mourners are drinking *atole*, ground corn in milk and water, flavored with cinnamon. The *atole* water has been made holy and efficacious by boiling in it the finger and toe-nails of the deceased.

Two women extract themselves from the keening group and usher me into a plain, white-walled room. In spite of the evening breeze, the hotel is sultry. Though the doors and windows are left wide open, all night I toss restlessly in my hammock. Strange world! For long unreal hours, I listen to the wails of the mourners, the incessant *zzzz* of a bell at the entrance to a movie house across the street. The *zzzz* alternates with the screech of one phonograph record played over and over and that relentless balance-wheel of sound — dark portency like some fugue of death — the drumming thud of the electric light plant.

MORNING breaks glaring hot. And the people, all in spotless white, melt into wall and shadow unobtrusively, quietly. Their speech, too, melts — soft Chinese-sounding Maya. But they walk erect and proud. The hair of the women is sleeked back from slanting curved foreheads, and massed in divided rolls at the back of the neck, just as it appears on the ancient Maya stone carvings. Their white one-piece dresses, cut square over buxom brown breasts, arms bare, are embroidered at every hem in rich red patterns of orchids and roses, of deer and herons. This dress falls to the knees; below is the full petticoat of exquisite lace, rustling about slim bare ankles — the dress of ancient times, seen also in the carvings, save that now occasionally the embroidery is sewed on German machine-made importations, cleverly imitating designs that were evolved long before the time when the Saxons crouched in skins and ate raw meat by the gloomy shores of the North Sea.

I SEEK shade by massive scalloped walls, painted and repainted a dozen delicate tints, now peeling so that all colors are inextricably blended like a series of phantom rainbows, a palimpsest of fairy azures and amethysts and pinks. Over these walls are draped the flaming orange-red blossoms of leafless *flamboyón* trees. I come to the vast deserted castle, built centuries ago by the Spaniards for the pride of the last of the great Maya chiefs as a price of rendition. Now a huge *zopilote* crouches, with black outstretched wings and raw-red head, upon the cupola above the crumbling façade.

The market. Clean white-washed walls rise above a floor, made of a native cement laboriously ground by hand, a floor identical with those that once graced the great ancient stone temples of Uxmal and Chichén Itzá, when we Anglo-Saxons were still living in miserable huts. Potatoes for sale, each carefully washed, lie in neat piles on clean white canvas.

Such is a picture of the Maya peoples of Southeast Mexico — Yucatán, Tabasco, Quintana Roo, Campeche. And on beyond are their brethren, the Quiches and Lacandons, a tide of busy brown people overflowing the highlands of Guatemala and the Petén and Alta Vera Paz.

Near Mérida, the capital of Yucatán.

I stand beside the tomb of martyred Felipe Carrillo Puerto, a great race chief of our times, who freed his people from the serfdom of the *henequén finca*. Dead now, but I hear his voice, talking in that fine tone of his, night after night, as we walk through the soft tropic dark. He tells me of his hopes and plans for the people of his race. I see him standing in the heavy shadow of the great temple of Chichén Itzá. Its white columns glisten in the moonlight, rise in white glory out of the black expanse of jungle. "We must restore the old monuments, that my people have pride in their race and build again as they built of old.

"We must tell them of their brethren in slavery — the dark peoples of Africa, of Asia, of India, all struggling toward the light. Some day, perhaps not far distant, we shall make a league of all the mute peoples of the earth, that they know their ways are as righteous as those of the powerful."

I SEE him, back in Diaz's days, a mere boy, striking the lash from the hand of a brutal overseer, and being dragged off to jail.

I see him reading the Mexican Constitution to the Mayas in their own tongue, that they may know their rights, and being dragged off to jail again.

I see him sweltering in tropic prisons for seven long years, waiting, hoping, spirit unbroken, striding forth more confident than ever.

The hour is struck. He is ruler of Yucatán.

"We have used force, now let us use love," are his words to the white-clad throngs that flock everywhere to hear him, to see him, to touch the hem of his garments.

"In the name of Jesus, you have been betrayed," he declared at a ceremony transforming a church into a community centre. "In the name of Jesus, you have been driven under the lash. In the name of your ancient gods, I declare you free."

For such words the "Generals" assassinated him.

He was the Gandhi of the Mayas. He is dead. But every year the white-clad folk bring flowers to his tomb, like a tide of new hope.

* * *

TEHUANTEPEC drowses among its rolling hills by the silver river where nude brown bodies flash in the sun. Women with white kerchiefs about their heads wash clothes on the golden sands. Red-tasseled burros pass, loaded with water from wells dug in the river bank.

It is fiesta time. A solemn yet happy crowd is gathered under a thatched *ramada* fully fifty feet long and thirty feet wide and decorated with colored tissue paper, hung on strings in the fashion of prehistoric religious celebrations. A few dagger thrusts of sun cut sharp through the wattle walls, striking on the pinks and greens and reds of silk skirts; upon embroidered blouses, yellow on red; upon heavy necklaces of clinking coins — fire on gold — which hang from dusky necks, over brown skin more velvety smooth than any white woman knows. Huge, fan-shaped lace headdresses quiver above black eyes. Every movement, every hint of mirth, is translated into quiver of lace. And from beneath the long ruffles of pure expensive lace fully a foot wide, peep bare feet, faultlessly clean, nails carefully manicured.

At the head of the hall sit the Principales, headmen from seven of the *barrios* or wards of the town, all in spotless starched white, their shirt-tails hanging out Chinese fashion. The stranger is greeted with grave words of formal courtesy from unsmiling faces. He must drink a *copita* of *mescal*, take luke-warm chocolate, thick and cinnamon-flavored, drink the curd-like corn-meal *atole*, and partake of native pastry. If he wishes, he may then with good grace contribute a modest fee for the expenses of the fiesta. With this ceremony he becomes part of the assemblage, free to dance with whom he pleases — provided the girl is willing and has no *novio* scowling in the offing with his hand on his knife.

It is early yet. The older folk have their chance, tracing out the steps of the venerable *zandunga*, the historical dance of Tehuantepec — a slow weaving motion to a slow moaning unmelodious music.

As the day advances, jazz pushes the *zandunga* aside. The young folk will one-step and fox-trot and waltz. After their own fashion, for all of these dances will not be exactly as we know them; it is difficult to glide on dirt floors with bare feet; the one-step is a hopping whirl — rapid, exhilarating, energetic, sensuous.

A visiting woman from an Oaxacan hill-village is eyeing you speculatively. Perhaps she will offer you her virgin daughter to be taken up to the double baths — for fifty pesos; or mayhap for nothing, if she is pleased with you. Not prostitution, but a venerable custom. In her branch of the Zapoteca, a virgin is not marriageable. And so the parents look after the preliminary nuptials with zealous care, and are not averse to turning the transaction to financial advantage, provided they can find an *extranjero* (Mexican or otherwise) who values virginity higher than their own native men-folk.

The regular Tehuantepec courtship has its formalities. A youth, wishing to marry a girl, flirts with her until he sees that she is amenable to his advances. Thereupon, he will choose the best of his loved possessions — the best cow, or if he has no cow, the best sheep, or the best pig, or the best turkey, or the best chicken — and leave it at the door of his prospective father-in-law. If the offering is accepted, he is then an established suitor. He may follow the first offering with a load of wood. Negotiations are begun. The nearest relative of the youth calls upon the father of the daughter; and after various formalities, the matter is finally arranged. But among the poorer people, the woman often takes the initiative in picking a mate; her methods are always much more direct.

Yet not two villages of Zapotecs and Mixtecs, the races to whom the Tehuanes belong, are quite alike in their ways. Some are more "civilized," others closer to their original customs. Between many of them exists extreme rivalry. In some villages the women are considered very immoral, in others very chaste. But all of them, to the outsider, seem grave and formal on set occasions, delightfully jolly and honest in more casual relationships. These people extend from Chiapas up through Oaxaca and Vera Cruz, and strive to maintain their own language and customs. They are loyal to their *patria chica* — their little fatherland.

An old lady in the market winked at me, asking for a cigarette. "The young lady to whom you are talking (a quite beautiful Tehuana) is your sweetheart, is she not?"

"I would be enchanted if that were the case," I replied, "but I fear the young lady would not have me."

"Oh, yes, I would," retorted the Tehuana, "but for one difficulty: you would want to take me away from Tehuantepec, and a true Tehuana never leaves her *tierra*."

* * *

EVERY year on the twelfth of December the people of Mexico turn their faces toward Guadalupe Hidalgo, the New World Ganges of Mexico, shrine of the first miraculous appearance of the Virgin Maria on Mexican soil. The *camino real* swarms with pilgrims, many of them walking barefoot or on their knees. The roads leading to holy Guadalupe are rivers of bobbing sombreros.

At the portals of the great cathedral, the poor Mexican José wedges his way through a crushing, ragged, dirty throng all joyous and eager. Within, he faces the symbols of Aztec glory and Spanish power. Between celebrations of mass, Indian dancers in jackets and red pantaloons decked out with feathers and shells and mirrors and glass jewels, shuffle to the tune of one-stringed armadillo guitars. The towering arches and huge vault swell to majestic height above massive columns, impressing the cringing *pelado* with his impotent insignificance and the awfulness of God. In the dim light, the solid gold and silver balustrades and chandeliers, half obscured by clouds of sweetish incense and the smoke of many yellow candle-flames, gleam with heavy barbaric splendor and fling quick glints upon the broad copper-crusted prayer-engraved tablets which sink into the black brocaded walls between ascetic saints peering gauntly down from rich faded paintings. The lights flicker on brown skins, leap into flame in rapt eyes. Oriental profuseness and mysticism, Egyptian massiveness, brood within this sacred basilica.

BEFORE the majesty of the greatest Church of the world and grandeur and grotesqueness of its Aztec antecedents, the poverty-stricken José trembles on his knees with his lighted taper, in front of the flaming altar. With real and honest worship, he watches the tall, fat, big-jowled priest in his robes of ermine and velvet pass among the ragged, shining-eyed crew — past a woman who without the least show of embarrassment nurses her baby at her bare breast; past the boy who munches peanuts as religiously as he recites his prayers; past the starving consumptive who ejects his bloody sputum upon the floor beside kneeling worshippers; past the mangy dogs — past the great unwashed that knows more of catechism than of soap.

At the drone of the chants, the swelling peal of the full-voiced organ, the sonorous surge of the liturgy, the stricken peon's emotion masters him — he bursts into weeping. Finally he places his lighted candle before his favorite saint, drops two or three days' wages into the pittance box and passes with his shaken soul into the balmy sunlight of God.

* * *

One fine twilight in the Durango Sierras, when I was pushing on anxiously to a village in order not to have to sleep in the open, I came upon a place where the rock walls of the ravine made a natural chapel. In a niche of rock stood a black cross bearing a white Christ, bent head crowned with a gilt chaplet of thorns, skin stained with long, bloody streaks. Before it knelt a lone Indian, arms outstretched, body inclined, face suffused with appeal and hope.

I finally broke his trance. "Where, pray tell, is the village? . . . Do you belong to the village?"

He crossed his bony hands respectfully over his white blouse. "*Si, señor.*"

"Why, then, are you out here so late where the wild beasts may harm you? Is there no Christ in your village? Why don't you pray to Him?"

"Ah, señor, the Christ in the village is always busy. He has so much to do. Everybody asks Him to do things. And who am I? Nobody, nobody." A lugubrious shake of the head. "Do you think the great Christ in the village would remember what I ask? But this Christ is lonely. Few people pay any attention to Him. He is humble like myself. He has more time to listen to me, to do what I ask."

We sit on a platform draped with red bunting in the church-yard at Cuatla: the Governor of the State, high dignitaries faultlessly clad, peasant leaders in high-crowned sombreros. Below us is the white marble tomb of Emiliano Zapata, the black mustached whirlwind of the Agrarian revolution in South Mexico. Incongruously, his tomb is surmounted by a sentimental angel, holding an unrolled scroll. About her pedestal are great masses of flowers, and huge purple funeral wreaths, sent from all the villages around. The church-yard is choked with peasants, wearing *guaraches* on their feet, clad in white pyjamas and enormous broad-brimmed sombreros. Here and there gleams a scarlet serape flung gracefully over stalwart shoulders. The throng crowds under the languid palm trees, in every nook and corner; brown-faced men are perched like white birds along the high surrounding walls.

Later, from the Governor's palace, we look down upon ten thousand mounted Agrarians, riding by in formation on their wiry cayuses. Huge silver-embroidered felt and straw sombreros bob to the slow gait of the horses. The riders carry their guns, butt against the knee, or strapped to their pommels. Many of them wear white plaited blouses, shirt-tails out; others are in gray flannel.

The revolution is over now. But once these same men thundered out of the rocky fastness of Morelos, dashing with quirt and spur and cry of liberty down upon this same town, upon Cuernavaca, upon Yautépec. "Land and Water!" "Land and

Schools!" "Land and Liberty!" were their cries.

* * *

Come the seekers for oil, sniffing along the "golden lane" of Tamaulipas for hidden black treasure. On that lane lives a humble family, Señor Ignacio Ramírez and his sweet young bride. She is dark of skin, and wears beautiful red and gold embroidered *huipiles* and flowers in her black hair. Their cornfield whispers song at the caress of the breeze from the Gulf; their orchards shed blossoms in the early spring. They are happy, little knowing that under their feet flows the black tide of power, which turns turbines and flings battleships across far seas.

The oil seekers try to buy Ramírez's property. He is happy as he is; he refuses. So they try to lease merely the oil rights. Ramírez ponders. Money after all is good. Why should he give over his wealth cheaply. He has heard tales: Cerro Azul, making hundred of millions; wells that gush tens of thousands of barrels of the precious black liquid in a day.

He demands a million dollars for his property.

Two nights later he is murdered. The culprits are arrested by the police, but the military commandant snatches them away to the island prison fortress of San Juan de Ulloa. Later they are poisoned.

Sadly Concha walks through the whispering cornfield: its songs are different now.

Some days later, she notices a foreigner in a wide Texas hat, riding past her gate. He is young and handsome, probably an American. Every day he rides by. One morning he asks her for a drink of water. They talk.

He claims to be a rancher, further up in the Sierra. He is very nice and courteous; and he seems to like her. She looks after him a bit wistfully.

She does not know that he is a lawyer for one of the most powerful foreign petroleum companies, that he is a Southern gentleman with violent color prejudices.

Now he stops at her gate every day. He makes love to her and ere long she responds to his simulated passion. There are long walks under the swollen tropic moon; junkets by the rippling shore. At first she was afraid, thinking he wishes merely to possess her. But he offers marriage. The day is set. Her former husband is a remote dream now.

One day, he suggests that a marriage contract should be signed. Such a course is always customary among his people. This seems foolish to Concha but she acquiesces. He is a sun god to her; anything he says must be wholly right.

They journey to an elegant office in Tampico. There are numbers of men, some Mexican, some foreigners. They have hard wolfish faces, or soft cunning feline faces — but simple Concha does not perceive this. There are champagne and congratulations; and then papers. Long typewritten sheets. She is to sign here.

She takes up the pen, hesitates a moment.

Breathless suspense. Is she going to refuse to sign? No, she is merely looking for the proper line. She signs.

She has given away all of her oil rights. She is dispossessed. The blond foreigner rides by no longer.

A Lobbyist Tells

By One of the Craft

Nobody wants to be called a lobbyist.

At least a thousand lobbyists daily strut the streets of Washington. "Legislative Representatives," "agents," "counsels," they immaculately call themselves. Or "Washington Representative" for a change. Sweeter names. Yet every one of them is trying, for one reason or another, in a variety of ways, to direct the course of legislation in the Congress. Lobbying. But how they dread the word!

Take my case. For six years I was a lobbyist in Washington. "Legislative secretary" was my official title. I worked to advance a programme of legislation which was earnestly supported by a considerable body of citizens, believed to be in the public interest, and of which I wholeheartedly approved. A thoroughly enticing combination. But lobbying. I blushed in protest at the name. I am not a lobbyist any more.

It is really very curious. Every other profession, trade, or craft manages to rise above the reputations of its worst members and to clear its skirts of past sins. Not so lobbying. For in spite of the fact that honorable and intelligent men and women engage in lobbying from motives of public service, the furtive air of its most disreputable adherents clings to the name itself, and with its dubious glamour embraces all who bear it. A lobbyist! Every tourist wants to see one, and wonders with ecstatic murmurs just how it feels to be one.

Now, I can not justify those disturbing quivers. I have been a lobbyist, but my memories are quite innocent of the dazzling purple patches which identify the lobbyist of fiction. I never used persuasion which smacked of blackmail. I never won a vote by threat or promise. No Bacchanalian orgy figured in my schedule. They say that lobbyists work that way. In that case I must have been a great actress, a regular sheep in wolf's clothing.

For this is a sample of what I did. I studied Government reports and the records of social agencies. I interviewed experts. I knew about statistics and I was on committees. I wrote articles and memoranda. I spent days and even weeks interviewing members of the Congress on subjects as provocative as the nation's infant death rate. There is nothing especially giddy about that. It is exceedingly hard work. Remembering to yourself, "Be clear, be quick — don't argue. Be patient." Tactfully saying it over another way. Making the essential points again. Displaying just enough learning, but never too much. Remembering that men are always right. While your feet ache, and you wonder why the voters in their wisdom ever did it. Then a last sentence he will be sure to remember — just the right amount of deferential gratitude. A thank-you to the secretary. Out in the marble hall again.

And on to the next man on your list. Summon your thoughts and your data. What you know about his State and his district. And him. Then do it all over again. Statistics sugar-coated. Argument engagingly presented. Neatly, quickly, firmly. Answer his questions fully. Let him tell his story. Applaud. Then lead him gently back to the subject. Go over it simply and clearly again. Promise to prepare the memoranda. To bring in the comparative analysis. Leave before he starts another story. Control yourself. Don't ask to use the telephone and be put down as an office nuisance. Remember the pay station a block down the marble floor. Even though your feet ache. Now, the next man on your list.

THEN at the end of a day total up your accounts. Memoranda you must prepare. Analysis you agreed to make. Objections to be met. Letters to be written. Heels to be straightened. That's lobbying. A faithful drudge with a hussy's reputation. It isn't done with oblique glances. At least the kind of lobbying I know.

I have heard rumors of the gaudy parties when the lobbyists of those "special interests" entertain. Vine leaves in their hair. And it is commonly reported that the most persuasive never are encountered at the Capitol or in the Office Buildings, their drooping arches painfully protesting at the marble miles. Theirs is an unknown world to me. The lobby of the men whose favor means a campaign contribution, influence, and power. Big executives. That is not the kind of lobbying I know. I never even saw them.

Of course, I used to stumble on the fringe, the lower strata, of the business lobby. The buttonholers. Waylaying Senators on their way to the lunchroom. Nudging and poking. Telling "the one about . . ." as an introduction, maybe. Acting mysterious and intimate. A good many people seem to think that all lobbying is done that way, that a lobbyist's life is just one happy accident after another.

I REMEMBER once I came down the stairs leading from the Senate to the lunchroom just as a group of fairly flapperish visitors were gathered there. I suppose I looked at them inquiringly, because a nice old colored waiter took me for a solitary tourist, and came to whisper in helpful explanation: "Lady, Senators is coming down these steps to lunch now — and them" — a gesture — "is lady lobbyists powderin' their noses."

Shades of earnest suffrage lobbies! Of the righteous W. C. T. U.! Of me with my bulging brief case. Lady lobbyists are seldom as siren-like as that.

They go to see the Senators and Representatives in their offices, and interview them by appointment in the morning before the sessions begin. They do not depend on the hazards of stairway encounters. They sit, as I did, hundreds of times, waiting with the friends from home who want to meet the President, the boys who want to go to West Point, complaining Government clerks, other lobbyists, competing for a moment of grace.

Senators have spacious offices in the Senate Office Building near the Senate wing of the Capitol, and Representatives are found in the House Office Building correspondingly near the House side. The buildings are equally handsome and both are connected with the Capitol by underground passageways so that the hazards of traffic and inclement weather are removed alike from all the law makers. But there is a difference in degree of comfort. In the subway on the Senate side a little car races, a mono-rail contrivance plunging back and forth, loaded with Senators, secretaries, lobbyists and visitors. House members walk. I never discovered why the discrimination exists. Perhaps the difference in the size of the two bodies accounts for it. You see, when the absence of a quorum is "suggested," or a roll call is "demanded" on the floor, signal bells ring in the Capitol and in the Office Building. If a leisurely Senator walked, and the customary Senatorial pace is not a swift one, ninety-six names might be called and recorded before his arrival. A House member has time to dismiss his caller, finish his lunch, or sign his mail before he starts. Even then he can stroll, for he knows that he has plenty of time before more than four hundred of his colleagues will have answered "Aye" or "Nay."

Senators are favored with other advantages. Their offices are suites, usually of three rooms — a private office for the Senator, one for his secretary, which is often the reception room too, and one for the stenographic staff. Most House members have only one room, where they read, interview, dictate and ponder with no safeguard against invasion. Some lobbyists like that cozy arrangement. Certainly a Representative can not say he is "in conference" when he wants to mull over the events of the day. I liked the Senate better. I preferred to be announced, and to have my name and business known before my entrance. Lobbying was bad enough, any way.

But sadly enough, all interviewing can not be within the shelter of an office. Some men prefer to be called off the floor in moments of placid debate, and prefer it or not, in emergencies some get called off. Then, a page takes in a lobbyist's card and a responsive Senator can be interviewed in a stately reception room just off the Senate Chamber, and willing Representatives less circumspectly, in the marble corridor just outside the entrance to the House. The Senate reception room is more restful. It is very nice, except for one thing. The chairs and sofas which line its walls are upholstered with shiny black leather cushions, air inflated like the friendly water wings of childhood memory. And when a cordial Senator waves you to a seat and takes the one beside you it is fairly disconcerting to meet complete resistance in those cushions and to discover that the soft appearances of their bulges is entire deceit. Only time and weight can make you comfortable, so while a slender caller is still high and rigid, a heavier Senator sinks with swiftness into a relaxing hollow. I weighed a scant one hundred and ten. It was a fearful handicap to find myself so stiffly high above a mighty Senator.

I SAT for hour upon hour in the galleries of the House and Senate when I was lobbying. Not only as the measures I was guarding approached their turn, but to fill those restless moments when Members were busy, Senators were engaged. From that point of vantage I saw blocs grow lusty, disappear and come to power again. I learned to know the mark of a filibuster. I saw an impeachment begun, and I heard a vote of censure given. Those are the things I remember after six years of a lobbyist's life in Washington. Much I have forgotten. The wearing visiting of man after man. The moments of tense anxiety and the pleasure of success. The Congress I remember is the one I saw from my gallery seat.

Scenes like this. April, 1926. Every Senator is in his place while nine solemn members of the House of Representatives grimly file in. And the clerk proclaims:

"Hear ye! Hear ye! Hear ye! All persons are commanded to keep silence, on pain of imprisonment, while the House of Representatives is exhibiting to the Senate of the United States articles of impeachment against Honorable George W. English, Judge of the United States Court for the Eastern District of Illinois."

More sober still when the accused Judge English sat stolid and impassive while the Sergeant-at-arms bawled out:

"George W. English! George W. English! George W. English! District Judge of the United States for the Eastern District of Illinois! Appear and answer to the articles of impeachment exhibited by the House of Representatives."

The stentorian challenge went unanswered, because the Judge resigned, and the articles of impeachment were withdrawn in order that time might be conserved for legislative business. The somber drama ended, but the picture is still vivid in my memory.

TAKE that scene or this. The Chamber of the House of Representatives was crowded. And that in itself was startling, for it is no uncommon sight to see fifty out of more than four hundred Representatives present on the floor. Only a crisis brings every man to a seat.

This time it was a proposal to raise the salaries of members of Congress from seventy-five hundred to ten thousand dollars a year. There was some opposition to the increase, and hostile members tried to force a record vote, on the theory that men would be reluctant to be recorded voting for any increase in their own remuneration. Under the rules, one-fifth of the members have to demand the "ayes" and "nays" before the laborious roll call is begun. The advocates of pitiless publicity were seven short of the required number. So the vote was by a division, and the salary increase carried with 237 anonymous ayes, and 93 unknown nays.

And the scene I so pleasurably remember is of row upon row of blushing men with softly lowered lashes. Shyly downcast glances. Shamefaced schoolboys taking prizes!

In general the House of Representatives is a dull show to watch. The Senate has the characters. Excitement or amusement comes quickly there, but rarely to the lower body. I remember only one felicitous moment or two. Saint Valentine's day in 1925, for example. Mr. Garrett, of Tennessee, then the Democratic leader, interrupted the regular order to announce that word had just been received of the birth of a daughter to the Speaker and Mrs. Longworth. He made a graceful little speech and there was much applause. At that point the militant Georgia dry, Congressman Upshaw, entered on his famous crutches. Right in the centre of the aisle, with much spirit but meagre data, he proceeded in this fashion:

"Mr. Speaker, I rise to add my congratulations to what has just been so beautifully said by the minority leader, and to further say that if the congested condition of legislation did not almost prohibit, I think it would be a proper recognition of this happy event to declare, like the hero of Ticonderoga 'in the name of the Continental Congress and the Lord God Almighty,' and also in the name of Theodore Roosevelt Longworth, or Nicholas Longworth, Jr., that this Congress should adjourn for the day." The Chamber echoed with the members' mirth, and above it all the blushing Upshaw and the galleries heard some one helpfully cry out "It's a girl." He took the laugh good-humoredly, and carried off the honors by concluding, "Suppose we call her Princess Alice Roosevelt Longworth and adjourn two days instead of one."

In the Senate there is scarcely a day without some touch of color or excitement. There are moments there when it is breath-taking just to hear one of the ninety-six answer "aye" or "no."

I used to sit in the Senate gallery which is reserved for those who hold cards of admission bearing the signature of a Senator. As the number of cards is unlimited, the privilege is not as exclusive as it sounds. Most of the chronic guests sit there, and it is astonishing to discover how many visitors regularly follow the debate every day the Congress is in session. Some, of course, are lobbyists, on the job all the time and so sophisticated in procedure that their entrances and exits are an index to the importance of the moment on the floor below. They desert their places when the interest of the day is gone. Others are completely faithful, and never leave the gallery until the Senate quits the floor. A desperate few are waiting for the moment when a claim against the Government will be adjusted by the passage of a pending bill. For five years I saw one patient old man nervously waiting for a "Bill for the Relief of . . . " to come up and be passed. Meanwhile, he listened to endless talk on Prohibition and Farm Relief. He saw a treaty ratified. He was present when a bill for the control of floods was passed. Dilatory incidents to him, as he waited for the deathless moment when his bill would be enacted. Year by year I used to wonder if he would ever see his triumph and think it far more likely that he might expire in thin exasperation as he listened to his last debate on the merits of Branch Banking or Federal Aid for roads. He had the sympathy of all the regular attendants, for there was a sort of camaraderie established between us. A smile, a nod of the head, the exchange of an appreciative gesture between old-timers. It was a nice guild sense which excluded casual tourists but welcomed special guests.

In that gallery I met a famous pioneer. It was several years ago that a patriarchial newcomer appeared. Every one recognized that he was no ordinary visitor, and soon it was whispered from seat to seat that the white-bearded ancient was Ezra Meeker. His life was almost rounding out a century. Bit by bit I heard his story. He had crossed the continent with patient ox-team in 1852 and years after in a slow and puffing train. When the automobile was still a novelty he motored from East to West. Last of all a swift-winged airplane had carried him across. These newer routes he held in light esteem. It was the first Oregon Trail that he loved. A bill to provide for its proper marking was on the Senate calendar, and Ezra Meeker had come to see it pass. He sat for days in that stuffy gallery, loyal to the memories of the first long hard road. A pioneer to the last.

Every once in a while some such figure would appear, and always the tone of the gallery responded to the motif of discussion on the floor. In the midst of a violent debate one day an indefatigable listener to the Senate confided with a rich sigh of pleasure, "I can't understand a word they say, but oh! how I love the sound of their voices."

At the moment it seemed an odd taste to me, because Senator Reed, of Missouri, was in the midst of a snarling argument. I never knew Senator Reed. It is customary to refer to him as "brilliant" or "forceful." I don't know about that. I shall remember him for the appalling vituperation which he used to direct at his opponents, for his total lack of inhibition, and for one remark that my memory may have wrongly attributed to him. But I think it was Senator Reed who called Senator Bingham the "tall pale sycamore from Connecticut." It may have been the sharp tongue of Senator Caraway or the malicious wit of Senator Harrison which prompted the scornful characterization and accomplished the momentary puncture of the vanity of Mr. Bingham.

True, the Senator from Connecticut is tall and straight and slender. He is pale. His hair is silver. His suits are usually gray. He walks with trailing clouds of glory ill concealed. Sometimes he refers to himself as an "Ambassador from Connecticut." Unquestionably he would have been enchanted if he could have known that he was once identified to the gallery as the Ambassador from Spain. I happened to come in just as the Senator was making a brief but fluent address in Spanish. Distinguished Spanish-speaking envoys were in the diplomatic gallery and the linguist of the Senate had been selected to greet them. One of those ever-present guests too full of information said to me as I sat down:

"That's the new Ambassador from Spain speaking. They let Ambassadors on the floor."

There was no new Ambassador from Spain and the privilege of the floor is not extended to foreign diplomats. The truth is, however, that Senator Bingham looks the part. Ambassador is just the word. Æsthetically he might be selected as the pattern of what the average citizen thinks a Senator should look like. I heard him make a speech once which was a first rate example of what a fourth grade school teacher should talk like. In kindly selected syllables he patiently explained to the Senate the difference between a pure democracy and a representative form of government. When his patronizing voice was silent, a less dulcet Senatorial tone remarked, "Well, thank the Lord I've got that straight now." After all Senators don't take each other too seriously, and they are fairly good judges of bunk.

In six years of listening, I heard an immeasurable amount of debate in the Congress. It would be charming to report that all of it is brilliant and convincing. It would likewise be inventive, for while sometimes it is rapid fire argument, and occasionally eloquent oratory, there are other days when all the speeches make up a tedious filibuster.

Once I slipped in at a hearing when members of the militant Woman's Party were presenting to a sub-committee of the Senate Judiciary Committee the merits of their so-called Equal Rights Amendment. With considerable feeling a young woman had just ended a passionate plea that the members of the committee should not "keep women in the uncomfortable clothes of their grandmothers' time."

"I think I get you," was Senator Neeley's caustic comment. "If you're going back for your ancestor's clothing, it's your grandfather's pants you want to wear."

In spite of the fact that I saw them dozens of times, I was always stirred when I met Indians in braids and blankets, or in more conventional civilian dress, wandering around the Capitol halls or appearing before the committees on Indian Affairs. Courage in defeat, I thought I saw. Or stoics in despair. I grew seasoned enough to hide my excitement — but I had a quick sympathy with a new girl reporter who wrote a gushing story about a "colorful scene, when Indians in their native costumes came to plead for their rights." Her hardboiled superior tore the pages up. "Hell, there's no news in that. They've been here every day for the twenty years I've been around."

There is scarcely a day when debate in the Congress fails to follow the news. Like this. Some time ago the public was implored from billboards to "reach for a Lucky instead of a sweet." Candy stores began a boycott, and one noon the Senate was barely assembled before the powerful Senator Smoot of the sugar-raising State of Utah rose in his place for a lengthy address on the intolerable infamy of the tobacco companies who dared to direct their advertising to women and girls. For, according to the authorities cited by Senator Smoot, the tobacco habit will ruin health and turn fair skins to the color of ash. He was a lonely figure as he stood there resolutely defending sweets and womanhood, because most of the Senators seized the hour to go out for a bite of lunch and a stout cigar. Senator Smoot's thin voice can scarcely be heard in the galleries, but The *Record* preserves his remarkable flights, and notes his indignant introduction of a bill to place tobacco under the jurisdiction of the Pure Food and Drug Act.

A FIRE, a murder, lives lost at sea. There will be a speech in the Senate next day. And some of them will be worth the hearing. I miss the Senate scene. I wonder if Senator Copeland still wears his daily pink carnation and if Senator Borah is guilty of that astounding haircut. Does Senator Johnson still adorn his speeches with "Sir" instead of the conventional "Mr. President?" Those are trivial musings. The memories they stir weigh small in the general enrichment of life perhaps, but one thing is certain. Because I have been a lobbyist, I shall be a better constituent. I will not ask for personal favors from my representatives, and I shall try not to make stupid and useless inquiries. I shall understand something of the difficulties that confront a man who is sincerely trying to do the public business. I shall remember what one Senator said to me:

"The most discouraging thing about this job," he confided, "is the attitude of the folks back home. Last week I went home. I've been working and fighting for weeks on an important proposition here, and I was pretty proud of what I had done. I had dinner with the people that made up my campaign committee, and I told them all about it. Do you know what they said? Just this. 'Why, is the Senate still fussing about that?'"

I shall try to follow the story and to appreciate industry and courage. After all, as a form of political education, lobbying is unequalled.

But it's not an easy way to get it. Study lessons like school children. Understand people like politicians. Such a lot of work to do. Man after man to see. Forget your disappointments. Hide your scorn. Pester politely. Never give up. Excitement. Despair. Satisfaction. That's lobbying.

I HAVE no tales of sudden conquests to recount or stories of conspiracies to share. I prove my innocence at the expense of pride. For this disturbing notion is aroused. If my remembrance is as immaculate as this mosaic, perhaps I never was such a very fine lobbyist, after all. But this I know: there is no better moment than the one which comes when a great issue is at stake, when every man is in his place, and in a tense expectant hush, the solemn clerk begins the steady roll call: "Mr. Allen, Mr. Ashhurst, Mr. Barkley." I'd bear the name of lobbyist for that!

Making Flying Safe

What are the chances of safety for the average person who wants to fly?

By Howard Mingos

An airplane tumbled out of the sky a few weeks ago and sent many of its occupants to the hospital. The pilot was highly praised because the marvel of it was that all were not killed. But he did not receive half the credit due to him. He was a real hero, that fellow, as all who fly are heroes. He knew the risks he was taking.

He was working for an air transport company. Some smart executive on the ground had filled his machine to capacity with human freight. It was, in fact, overloaded. It required all its motor power to take off and get into the air with such weight. The pilot knew this. He was aware that contrary to the boasts of the builders the plane would not stay up if one of its engines stopped. But he also knew that without capacity loads the machine could not be flown at a profit. So he took a chance.

When an engine conked out cold he landed with consummate skill and, all things considered, exceedingly gratifying results. It might have been worse. But it was headline news just the same, and millions exclaimed:

"Another accident! Wonder if the darned things ever will be safe?"

They will, eventually.

People will one day grin at the picture of our present-day flying craft and wonder how we ever had the heart to use such machines. Scientists of the future will point out that we really knew no better and flew in our crude, inefficient and dangerous kites solely because they were the best we could build.

By then, however, they will have solved many of the puzzles with which nature is baffling our generation. The physicist and the chemist will have created materials so light and strong that they will defy the laws of gravity. Various forms of electrical energy now barely visualized by the research worker will provide magnificently efficient power.

The trouble is that we expect too much from the airplane. We like to think a thing is perfect when it distinctly is not. We take liberties with all our mechanical toys.

Two decades ago we were demanding the impossible from the motor car. We took it where it could not work. It fell apart on the road. The brakes slipped on steep hills and let it go slithering down out of control. Faulty ignition set it afire. The steering gear was treacherous and often sent it into a tree or another car. On the prevalent bad roads of the period the vibration jolted the teeth out of the occupants and scattered bits of machinery along the highway. We cursed the pesky thing and bought a new automobile every year; until the manufacturers wore themselves out devising machines that could not be destroyed except by gross carelessness and neglect.

THE airplane is passing through the same miserable process of evolution. Feared, despised and condemned as noisy and dangerous, it nevertheless promises much more than the old gasoline wagon, for it must soon get all of us up and away from the noxious fumes and dirt of the earth and into a rarer atmosphere.

Today the flying machine is a compromise between weight and gravity. It must have power to stay up. Power comes from engines and fuel, and they mean weight. But each year the engines become more reliable and give more power for their weight; and the airplane grows safer and more useful. Yet, it is still in the experimental state.

Some 10,000 airplanes are gadding about overhead in the United States, and this year will witness about a thousand accidents. Though less than ten per cent of them, possibly a hundred, will be serious, all, however trivial, will be displayed prominently in the newspapers. We will read that the engine stopped, broke down, the plane itself fell apart or caught fire or dropped into an air pocket, or a freak wind blew up and knocked it into so many pieces. Rarely, not once in a thousand times, will we read that some human creature was at fault.

Few will recall that airplane engines have remained up for weeks without once stopping, that planes stay in service for years without falling apart, that no longer do they catch fire in mid-air, that there is no such thing as an air pocket, and that no pilot has any business being up when a freak wind might hit him.

With all its faults the airplane is inherently safe. The principal trouble with the engine today is that vibration sometimes breaks a gasoline lead and ruins the fueling system; but that is not so serious, for any pilot knows how to bring a plane down safely with the engine dead. He finds his chief difficulty in making a landing on rough ground. Then invariably it is only some part of his under carriage that breaks, and that should not be fatal.

BAD weather, fog, storms and freak winds are held responsible for one accident out of every ten, but more than 80 per cent of all the accidents occurring in this country during the last three years have been traced directly to human fallibility. They should not have happened. They were avoidable; and the few which might be considered inevitable should not have caused death or serious injury to a single person.

It has become the fashion to blame the pilot for an aerial tragedy, and in truth he is responsible for plenty. He may be careless. He may be ignorant—many of them are. He may have the sort of mind that will not function in a pinch; or he may be drunk.

That is especially true of the private owners. Flying has become as easy as driving a motor car; and a surprising number of slack-brained persons have managed to procure pilots' licenses. The majority who can afford to buy and maintain their own planes would have been redhot sports in the early days of the automobile. Remember how they used to burn up the roads and kill themselves?

NOT so long ago the drunken driver was the most diabolical menace on the highways. Now there are more booze-laden personalities soaring aloft in flying machines than the authorities like to admit. Of course there's a law against it. All flying fields are supposed to ground a pilot who has been drinking. But the game is rather new; pilots know one another, and field officials and pilots are friends.

A few drinks of bootleg liquor, and your pilot-owner seems bent on dragging out his plane and putting it through its paces. He usually takes a friend or two along to participate in the suicide. The police can trace the drunken motorist, who very often emerges from a wreck alive. But one rarely loses control of his plane and lives to tell it; so the aerial tragedy is seldom pinned on a booze-befuddled pilot, because dead men tell no tales.

Then there is the stubborn, wilful pilot who insists on flying when he, or she, is physically unfit, ill or lacking in experience. One may be able to take off a plane and bring it back in fair weather, yet be utterly incompetent in an emergency. A girl some months ago set out on a long cross-country flight against the orders of her physician. Her plane suddenly lunged down from a great height, and investigation proved conclusively that she had fainted; her body pitching forward against the control stick had thrown the machine into a nose dive with the engine full on. The newspapers termed it a mystery.

INSUFFICIENT training, of course, causes most of the trouble, as it does with motor cars. Yet a recent survey states that fifteen per cent of all motor accidents are caused by improper servicing and maintenance of the car. Approximately thirty per cent of the airplane accidents are attributed to the same cause.

There is no good reason whatever for a standard engine to break up or stop within a few minutes after taking off; yet it happens frequently, and invariably it can be traced to careless hands on the ground. We have become accustomed to starting our car and whizzing away without even looking at the engine; and now some private pilots are doing likewise. Many fail to hire trustworthy experts.

Where there is some form of maintenance observed, the person responsible for the inspection of the machine takes a day off. That is when a tragedy occurs. Delegated authority passed on to a dim-witted mechanic is the bane of the pilot's life. That is why the great majority of accidents are charged against the private owners.

The organized air lines have less than ten per cent of the total mishaps. They operate on schedule, both day and night, in all kinds of weather; and their record of efficiency year in and year out is well above ninety per cent; but when they do have an accident it is sensational, because of the number of persons carried in a plane and who are either hurt or killed.

ALMOST without exception such disasters can be prevented; and they will cease when the air lines have succeeded in training their personnel. They have good pilots; but the surface management is not always reliable. It too must acquire experience in a business that is relatively new. The safeguards to flying, such as adequate weather reports, radio beacons, lighted landing fields, instruments and other facilities — described at length in a former article — will gradually eliminate accidents on the regular air transport lines. But most companies are only now completing the installation of the new safeguards, and occasionally something happens.

For example, an airplane on regular service set out from Albany for New York with a light load of prominent persons. The air was fair at the start. Presumably the pilot had been told that it was clear throughout the route and at the terminal field in Newark. Within fifteen miles of his destination he ran headlong into low fog and mist. He lost his way, struck a high tension wire on the outskirts of Jersey City, crashed, and burned the entire outfit. Why?

Did somebody fail to warn the pilot that he would encounter fog in the vicinity of New York? Was he flying without radio so that he could not receive a warning while in the air? Or did he see the fog and chance running through it? Pilots do that very often. There is one case where a big transport plane was sent out without radio, because an executive had had the apparatus removed for experimental purposes. The machine ran into a terrific storm, crashed and killed all in it. Still another met a similar fate while flying only a few hundred feet over the surface. Later it was learned that the pilot had the habit of flying low; and on being warned against the practice he had boasted that he knew more about flying than any of his critics.

THE aircraft people have divided airplanes into two distinct classes. They differentiate between the transport plane and the private machine. They say that it is not fair to compare the two because of their varied uses. The transport plane is a common carrier, like the railroad train or the steamship. It operates over a fixed route and it must carry loads that will return profits. The private plane is comparable to the motor car, for it is guided by an individual who picks his own route, does not have to carry paying loads, and is not called upon to maintain schedules, departing and arriving at certain times. There are technical differences, too.

Some planes are built solely for sport or pleasure. They are not carry-alls. They are designed differently. They require neither the speed nor the space for paying loads. Others must possess high speed and still carry cargoes to compensate the operators. We might be tempted to compare the two types with the motor car and the bus, but that would not be fair; the transport plane is useful chiefly because of the superior speed it makes from one point to another, while the bus does not necessarily have to maintain such schedules.

Yet the airplane is similar to the motor car in many respects. The high powered car making sixty or eighty miles an hour is more treacherous than the old coughing auto which could barely reach thirty. A bursting tire or rough spot in the road will send the fast car into a ditch. The slightest mistake in steering will take it off its course. The fast airplane is like that.

It is potentially more dangerous than the early machines with which the Wright brothers, Glen Curtiss and the others ushered in the aerial age. Their planes were mere butterflies compared to the hawks and falcons and wasps and hornets of today. They had a wide expanse of wing and relatively low engine power. Their best speed was fifty miles an hour. They could stay up for only an hour or so and therefore were not called upon to traverse great distances, climb over mountains and cross open water. Because of their large wings and low power they landed very slowly, actually gliding down with all the hesitancy of a bird. One had plenty of time to decide just what to do; and he needed it; for the plane lacking power also lacked control and was inclined to slip off sidewise and crash without the pilot being able to do much about it.

The modern airplane has at least ten times the horsepower for each square foot of wing surface. That makes it faster but much heavier. It lands at higher speeds. To retain control the pilot must be constantly alert, except during straight flying. He requires plenty of space in which to take off or land. On the other hand he has so much reserve power that he can step on the gas and pull himself out of imminent trouble — if he knows enough to do it. A third of all the accidents are caused by poor technique; one tries for a landing, loses control, tips over and noses into the ground. Only experience will save him — or a fool-proof machine.

The entire aviation industry is now concentrating on the so-called fool-proof airplane, striving to produce a machine that will not slip out of control when the pilot loses his nerve or his head. The motorist can bring his car to a halt and let it go at that. The aviator can not. He is constantly under way. His road, while wide and free of traffic, is also bottomless; and he must maintain a level keel. The safe flying machine is that which will not tip over under any circumstances. An approach to it has been made by using wing flaps, wing slots and floating ailerons which exercise control at whatever angle and speed the plane may be making, either going up or coming down, with the power on or off. The difficulty here is not in obtaining the safety features but in making them practicable in planes holding several persons.

The light airplane which will accommodate only one or two persons is about as safe as human ingenuity can make it. It is little more than a powered glider, and reverts to the old methods of design, with a wide expanse of wing and very little power. This combination gives it a low landing speed and it can be flown in or out of small places.

But the light plane is still the butterfly among aircraft. It is fit for only training and sport. Though several thousands are being flown, one can not take such a craft far from home without considerable risk. The light weight and slow speed make it vulnerable to wind and storm. Sudden gusts will toss it about like a feather. Lacking sufficient power to drive through the elements, one is virtually helpless. Here the history of the motor car repeats itself. Who ever heard of a driver who cared to own a car that would not make speed? Human beings are not content with mere safety; they insist on the best regardless of the danger. No sooner has an amateur learned to fly in a light training plane than he yearns to get up in something that feels like power and which he can drive anywhere at any time and as fast as he may desire.

In the hands of an expert the fast plane is safest. The laws of aerodynamics decree that the faster a plane speeds through the air the more responsive it is to the controls; and that is why the progress of aviation has been marked by the development of the high-powered engine.

The heavy motor provides enough power to lift loads. One can push his machine through almost any kind of wind or storm; but he must be a good pilot. He must know weather when he sees it, and he must understand every trait of his plane, so that in case of an emergency he can bring it down anywhere with reasonable safety. There are more than 10,000 persons learning to fly in the United States; but only long experience will let them fly safely.

The two or three thousand airports and flying fields now under construction here must contribute much to the safety of flying; just as the concrete road has made motoring, to say the least, less hazardous. At each field service stations are being set up to cater to the transient who drops in for gas and oil, spare parts and air for his tires. The Department of Commerce is locating weather stations, radio beacons, route lights and aerial lighthouses on all the airways. Within the next two or three years one may fly anywhere and be guided by these public facilities.

Towns everywhere are lighting their airports and setting up markers on prominent buildings which the aerial traveller can see and use as guides day or night. All these local aides must reduce the number of accidents. In several laboratories experts are working to perfect radio telephone apparatus which will be small and light enough to be carried in the private plane. Others are trying to make the navigating instruments fool-proof. At present only your well-trained pilot can use many of the instruments. A novice might as well do without and trust to luck.

Luck always has played a dangerously important part in aviation. The average pilot has attempted long cross-country flights before experience qualified him. He has taken chances on having fair weather and finding a place to land in case he is forced down. Many times has he been lost in the air, not knowing where he was or how to get out of the mist and murk through which he could not see. Hundreds of accidents have resulted.

The training of an aviator is so costly and lengthy that one often is tempted to cut short his flying course and strike out on his own before finishing. Many amateurs have done it, with disastrous results. So many accidents have occurred to untrained pilots that the Federal Government now prescribes an extensive schooling before granting a pilot's license. And that, incidentally, has only complicated matters; for such courses are expensive and arduous, and there is still the incentive to break away with the least cost and loss of time.

One must pay from fifty to two hundred dollars for a several weeks' course at a ground school. This is supposed to familiarize him with engines and planes, instruments, navigation and the rules of the air.

That completed, he may pay from four to six hundred dollars for a flying course — one or two lessons a day in the air with an instructor. First, however, he must pass a physical examination by a doctor designated by the Aeronautics Branch of the Commerce Department. Finally, he must pass both oral and written examinations, then be examined further by a Government inspector. Several hundred dollars and from three to six months of training may qualify one for a private pilot's license. Even then he is only a novice. A few days in a motor car would make an equally proficient driver, but he would not be capable of driving safely under all circumstances. The requirements for a berth as pilot on an air transport line include 2,000 hours of flying and various personal attributes. For one to set out to train as a transport pilot means from one to two years of study and expense — the flying schools charge from two to four thousand dollars for such a course. That indicates the importance placed on training and experience.

But it is discouraging to the average person who wants to fly. If he intends to be a private pilot and own his plane, he often hurries through the minimum course and tries to get his experience alone. The climax is duly recorded in the newspapers. Most of the accidents happen to beginners.

The aircraft people now admit that before private flying becomes safe they must provide a fool-proof plane and make it possible for one to learn flying as he learns motoring, in the same period of time and at approximately the same expense.

We still read of steamship tragedies and railroad wrecks, despite all the safeguards; and there is no indication that motor accidents will cease entirely. With a gradual increase in the number of planes in the air there is bound to develop the same kind of traffic problem. There will be collisions galore. Joy-riding airplanes will cruise through the skies at night without lights. Careless youth will take to knocking over church steeples and chimneys. Others will play tag with aerial traffic cops; but there is very little chance that they will be arrested for speeding. Planes will be used in rapidly increasing numbers because of their superior speed. Safety will remain a matter of secondary importance.

Spirits of the Dead

By Mrs. Cyrus E. Woods

Ancestor Worship in Modern Japan

THE spirits of the dead — a mystery we can not penetrate. Nevertheless there is a religion, the religion of a cultured people, in which the dead continue their activities as in life, but with the advantage of increased knowledge and power. They direct the destinies of mankind by whom they are worshipped, not as distant gods, but as an integral part of the home. This religion is Shinto, the Way of the Gods. It is the national religion of Japan and is followed alike by Emperor and coolie boy. Christianity claims many converts from this ancient faith, but are they really converts? Do Shinto followers forsake that belief which has been theirs for centuries? On the surface, yes; in their heart of hearts, no.

During my residence in Japan as wife of the American Ambassador, I witnessed many examples of the hold of Shintoism. One case in particular left a lasting impression. It was during the time of a great political upheaval — caused by the passage of the Immigration Exclusion Law by the United States Congress. As feeling ran high, a frank discussion of the subject seemed the best policy. One day my husband attended a large gathering of mixed classes. A friend, an alert, broad-gauge, educated, Christian Japanese gentleman, accompanied him. After the meeting, the two returned to the Chancellery of the Embassy. When they were seated in the private office, this friend with a dramatic gesture placed a loaded revolver on the desk, saying: "Your Excellency, I have spent the early morning hours praying to the spirits of my ancestors. I besought them that should danger threaten you, they would hold my hand steady to defend you. Do not misunderstand me. You could not have been in danger from the real Japanese people. But I feared some fanatic, who knew not what he did, might harm you." Did this man wrestle with his Christian God as Jacob of old with the angel? No. In a crisis, he went to the gods he knew and understood. He prostrated himself before the spirits of the dead.

SHINTO is primarily a religion of ancestor worship. To its followers, this present life is only an epoch in eternity. The spirit is imprisoned in this mortal body until death releases it. After death the soul becomes endowed with supernatural powers while still retaining earthly characteristics. The spirits of the dead control all the affairs of life, whether for good or evil. Births, marriages, deaths, good crops or bad, rain or shine, big events or little — all are in their keeping.

EVERY home of a Shinto follower has its shrine, and every day is begun with at least a moment's communion with the dead. The earthly needs of the spirits are remembered with propitiatory offerings of food and clothing. Every August the spirits of the dead return to earth to visit their families. This period is known as the Feast of the Lanterns. Affectionate notes are written by the living to the returning dead. The cemeteries are aglow with gleaming lights. The fragrance of lovely flowers is in the air. Incense sends tiny spirals of blue smoke heavenward. The homes are brilliantly lighted and, before the ancestral tablets, more incense burns, more flowers mingle their delicate perfumes, while dainty dishes are set out to tempt the appetites of those relatives whom death has deified. When the final night comes for these dear ones to return to their spirit world, elaborate preparations are made for their departure.

My husband and I happened to be at Hakone, a mountain lake not far from Tokyo, during one of these festivals. The route of the spirits led across this lake, and one night we joined our Japanese friends on its shores. There were as many Christian Japanese as Shinto followers gathered there to pay homage to their dead. The air was saturated with the perfume of incense. White paper lanterns, attached to little wooden blocks, floated on the water to light the phantom trail. A large boat, whose dim outlines could barely be discerned by the light of the flickering candles, sailed slowly back and forth. From its hull, the plaintive wail of music cheered the spirits on their way. Tiny sailboats carried the choicest food and other necessities of life to assist the travellers on their long journey. The spirit names were written on the small sails, so that no greedy one might appropriate that which was intended for another. Everything was done for their pleasure and comfort. A gentle wind carried these kindly tokens in one direction, while a soft mist enveloped land and water, thus creating the illusion of a weird unearthly procession. Even we trembled. Were the spirits of the dead brushing us with their ghostly garments as they returned to their heavenly kingdom?

WHEN great deeds are to be accomplished, faith in the power of the departed spirits is absolute. Many proofs of this power have been given both in modern and in ancient times. Here is a case in point:

Centuries ago, the great Kublai Khan was the conqueror of Asia. He had heard of the wealth of Japan and determined to annex it for his own. At this time, the prophet Nichiren appeared in Japan. He foretold invasions by sea and urged widespread prayers to the gods to send typhoons as a means of national defense. Then came Kublai Khan with a great armada of 200,000 men. The fighting lasted for fifty-three days, and then the prayers of the

Japanese faithful were answered. The battle was terminated in Tsushima Straits by a great typhoon, which almost annihilated the enemy.

In Japan of today another famous battle was fought in these same Straits. It was fought by that great naval hero, Admiral Togo, and it successfully terminated Japan's war with Russia. This modern Admiral chose for his naval engagement the exact spot where centuries before that other great battle had been won, and he did so because of his firm conviction that the souls of the victorious dead would lead him to victory.

GODS who have been so efficient throughout the centuries can not easily be set aside. When the fate of the Japanese nation was at stake, it was entrusted to the gods of its ancestors.

Now I turn from heroes to every day life. One of the Women's Clubs of Tokyo gave a tea in my honor. The Club was made up of cultured Japanese women, most of them professed Christians. The party was at the home of one of their members. The tea was so delicious that I took two cups. The owner of the house, hearing that I had taken two cups of his favorite beverage, insisted on coming in to meet me. In the course of conversation, he said he would like to show me the tablets of his ancestors. I was delighted, but not so the other ladies. Intuitively I felt their disapproval, and I was sorry, for I knew their only thought was that I would not understand. How they misjudged me! And yet I could not explain. The ladies entertained me in the most delightful ways to bring about forgetfulness. They played sweet music on that picturesque Japanese instrument, the *koto*. They sang plaintive Japanese songs. One of them made pictures out of white sand scattered on a black lacquer *plaque*. I was shown many beautiful works of art. Then I was led through a lovely garden. The old gentleman patiently accompanied us. The ladies talked against time. It was almost a filibuster. But the old Japanese stood his ground, and at last I was conducted to a small inner room, which contained a shrine. It was brilliantly lighted, and there was a background of gold on which many names were written. Beautiful vessels containing many varieties of food stood in front. I deeply respected the fine old gentleman for his devotion to his ancestors, and in the end I think the ladies felt I understood.

WHEN we were leaving Japan there were many ceremonial visits to be made — to H. I. M. the Empress, to H. I. H. the Prince Regent, to H. I. H. the Crown Princess, and many others. But there was another, greater than these. It was a visit to the mighty dead, to the spirit of the Emperor, Meiji Tenno, that emperor who opened his Imperial Kingdom to the world after the entrance of Commodore Perry into Japan. I do not say that Christian Japanese sponsored this visit, but Christian Japanese approved. The dwelling place on earth of the soul of this great Emperor is known as the Meiji Shrine, and is very sacred. We were invited to visit it in order that we might have the honor of making an offering to the Imperial Spirit.

Accordingly, one lovely morning we arrived at the great Torii Gate which guards the entrance to the temple grounds. Here we were met and escorted to the great high Abbot, Prince Ichijo, who received us with gentle courtesy. The formalities finished, we moved forward to the shrine. Halfway, we were met by a Shinto priest dressed in his long flowing robes of blue and white and set off by a very tall black head dress. He carried a wand with long white streamers, which he waved over us. As was afterward explained, this was to drive away all evil from our minds, so that we could enter the abode of the sacred presence with only pure thoughts.

Then we proceeded still farther into the holy place, where we were met by other Shinto priests, who handed my husband and myself each a long wand-like green branch to which had been tied bits of flax. This flax was typical of clothing which we were to offer to the Imperial Spirit. It was explained that it would be superfluous for us to offer him a house, for he already had this beautiful shrine; neither could we offer him food, for the priests supplied him with great plenty; but his clothes would wear out, so an offering of these would be acceptable. My husband and I took these branches, bearing the symbolical clothes, and leaving the priests, we went quite alone before the holy altar, where we made three low respectful bows, as we laid our tokens down. Then we backed away from the sacred presence, still bowing, and once more joined the High Abbot, who was waiting for us.

Do we who are professing Christians realize Deity like that? Is it possible for a people who for centuries have lived in this close relationship with their gods — gods who are the souls of their own beloved dead — ever really to reject them? They may accept the Christian religion, but I do not believe they discard their own. Perhaps they feel they are richer than ourselves in having many gods, and can well afford to forget the First Commandment.

The last incident I shall relate fills me with sadness. A man committed hara-kiri in the ruins of our old embassy compound as a protest to America against the Exclusion Law. He left behind a letter addressed to my husband, in which he said he could not live to witness this shame put upon his country, and offered his death as an atonement. He felt also that his disembodied soul could do more for the destinies of his country than that same soul confined in his mortal body. He became a hero in Japan, and his funeral was attended with the most reverent display. Christian Japanese as well as Shinto believers applauded his heroic sacrifice. Always, in a crisis, note how the Shinto beliefs stand out.

The Japanese are a very progressive people. They like to add new ideas to those they already have. And so I think many of them call themselves Christians who deep in their hearts still love the old gods.

Tremblingly I send this missive forth, with apologies to my Christian brethren and my friends of the Shinto faith. I fear neither will want to accept my theory.

Uncle's Gone Modern

By Elizabeth Cook

Ukeleles, golf breeches, nail files and facials are matters of course to the farmer folks today

I am feeling sad. I went out to the old place yesterday for a chicken dinner, an afternoon on the porch, and best of all, a session with Hank, the hired man. Nobody plays *Sweet Alice Ben Bolt* on the accordion like Hank.

But, if you please, after chores were done, along comes Hank in a pair of white pants, a blue coat and a ukelele. "Hi!" he says and climbs into a little roadster. The last we see of him he is laying a smoke screen down the highway. "Heavy date in town?" I suggest. "Yes," snorted Uncle George. "Ever since the new paving was put in, Hank has been using a safety razor. Hank has gone modern. He gargles with listerine."

Uncle stuffed his pipe. "When I was young, the hired man gave his girl a blue or pink celluloid toilet set. The only piece she ever used was the mirror. Or else he gave her a manicure set with a nail file that wouldn't work. She put the outfit on top of the bureau and dusted it whenever company was coming. A right popular girl would have eight or nine of these things stuck around her room. But nowadays the hired man spends his money for gas. All a girl has to remember a pleasant evening by is a bad conscience. I don't know which is worse," mused Uncle George, "a bad conscience or a celluloid toilet set."

"Don't pay any attention to him," said Aunt Minnie. "He's off on one of his talking streaks."

"I got something to talk about," said the old man. "Remember your mother's brother, the one we called Teddy? He used to climb into that old striped suit that was too big in the shoulders and too short in the leg, hitch up the young bays with the red tasseled harness and cut loose on the wide peerairie.

"All the women folks stood weepin' at the gate until he came back, which he always did. Now he's a fat Dane farmer, and talks bitter about the tariff.

"Anyhow he got his kid an airplane the other day. He said it didn't cost much more than a good car and he had one satisfaction. While the kid was up in the air, doing barrel rolls and Immelman turns, he wasn't picking up any girls. But I could see that the old man was worried.

"That's what we get for letting

these city slickers put their glass topped airplane factories down in the middle of our corn fields. And if it isn't an airplane factory, it's a landing field. Makes me glad I drive something that doesn't roll the whites of its eyes and lay back its ears.

"It's getting hard to be a hick. Once all a fellow had to do was get his neck sunburned, use toothpicks and eat in the kitchen. But now city folks lay around in bathing suits and get sunburned, wholesale, so to speak. City cafés serve toothpicks in individual packets and the whole nation eats in the kitchen, only it's called eating in the breakfast nook."

"You take it too much to heart, Pa," said my Aunt Min.

Uncle George went on. "Down at Shawnee's Corners the other night they had a horseshoe pitching contest. 'Now,' says I to myself, 'here's where I see some real hicks'; and I'll be johnned if every one of these boys didn't have on golf pants."

Uncle George puffed a minute or two. The twilight was sweet with the odor of Aunt Min's late roses. The corn across the road moved gently. Above the sleepy gossip of the chickens came clear and unmistakable, the hum of an electric refrigerator.

"Yes," said Uncle George. "Take your aunt Min, now. She used to be a dutiful wife. She churned and washed and scrubbed and stayed home with the kids. She didn't bother me at all, she was too busy."

"George," put in Aunt Min, "will you hush?"

"I won't hush," said Uncle George. "And then one moment when I was feeling weak and loving I promised to teach her to drive. And ever since then, she's been commuting. Does she need a spool of thread? She gets into the car and away she goes to the county seat. The whole neighborhood does it. They get marcels and facials and magazines and face powders and clothes just like city women. It's the window shopping that hurts. That's how we got the refrigerator."

"Listen, George," said Aunt Min hotly. "That refrigerator didn't cost as much as a second hand car, and every one of the boys has one."

"Hold on," said Uncle George. "I am all for you. I like it."

"I'd crawl, too," said Aunt Min, "if I had just dropped five hundred dollars on blue sky."

"Who was that over here early this afternoon?" asked Uncle George, quickly.

"That was Alice Somers, the one who used to be a Bigbee. Herb has been stepping out on her again."

"Is that so?" said Uncle George. "Somebody ought to shoot him."

"Oh, I don't know," said Aunt Min. "I can see how it is. Anybody likes a change once in a while."

"There, see what I told you," and Uncle George turned his white head in my general direction. "Ma has gone modern. I have to be respectful and everything or I'll get my walking papers yet." He laid his hand over hers affectionately. "But don't you get like Callie Winters.

"Did I ever tell you about Callie Winters? That's a good one. Well, it was this way. One of these strong minded city women, the kind that leads parades and writes letters to the newspapers, got it into her head that she wanted to uplift the downtrodden farm woman. And first of all, she must get acquainted. So out she comes, visiting each place in turn. She makes out that she is taking some sort of census. She got along fine until she reached Callie Winters's place.

"You never saw it, but it's mighty pretty. Modern buildings, silos, lots of fresh paint, landscaped grounds. It looks too good to be true. The city product wasn't looking for this kind of thing, but she was hot or hungry or tired or something, I don't know, so she stopped.

"Once inside, her hopes again climbed into the upper ether. The living room has bare walls, a bare floor, a stove and chairs, nothing more. The city girl saw that she had found at last what she was looking for. She drew pictures to herself of the lacklustre woman who had been squelched in this cheerless home. 'The desolation of a soul,' she murmured to herself. Pretty soon Callie strode in.

"She had just come from the feed lots and she wore hip boots, a hunting jacket, a sunbonnet, and her face was red with sweat. She weighed 350 pounds and made quite a showing. The city gal just opened her mouth and let it stay that way.

"After all, you can't do much for a woman who makes several thousand dollars a year off her herds and who has given six children college educations and started four on places of their own."

"What became of the city woman?" I wanted to know.

"She married a meek little sonuvagun and had a baby right away."

"Pa!" said Aunt Min indignantly.

"Quit shrieking at me!" said Uncle George. "She asked me and I told her."

It was completely dark now. The frogs carried their tune back and forth in ever increasing volume. I liked the glow in Uncle George's pipe. The moon shone like a little silver lake held up behind the apple orchard.

"I don't see what city folks have to be proud of, anyway," continued Uncle George. "I see by the paper that an etiquette teacher gives lessons on eating lobster. Think of sitting down to a pile of corn on the cob and having to wait until you got an expert opinion from your etiquette teacher. I like things hot. There's quite a knack to eating peas with a knife, too. I never could get the hang of it but I respect those who can."

We laughed. Uncle George has beautiful table manners. The moon was now getting one white shoulder over the apple orchard. We rocked. We enjoyed each other. We enjoyed the evening. Pretty soon I got to thinking about the Chicago firm that refused to advertise in our farm paper. They wouldn't believe that farmers used toothbrushes. I told this to Uncle George. He stopped rocking. He pounded his pipe on the chair arm. "I guess all the hicks aren't on farms," said he.

"Send them a telegram and tell them we use soap, nail files, toe nail clippers and bath brushes, too, will you? Tell them we are housebroke."

"George!" yelled Aunt Min.

"Don't shriek at me. Why don't folks find out what we are like before they start broadcasting? A pale pink bathroom won't make a man any cleaner than a bench by the back door. And who wants to dip his head and shake it in a pale pink bathroom? The missus would get mad.

"ANYHOW I'm not as dumb about bathrooms as the city girl who climbed into the tub with a good book. She turned on the faucets and got so interested in whether Jack was going to kill Claude and give the pearls to Adrienne that she forgot to turn the water off. She came to in time to swim for shore."

I kept still. I don't know who told Uncle that story about my bath, but it was real mean, whoever it was.

"Yeah," said Uncle George, warming up, "I remember Susie John who used to twist her pigtails and listen to the salesmen's lies with open mouth. But she didn't look any more believing or admiring than my city niece who got introduced to the winner of the Kentucky Derby a few weeks ago."

I continued to keep still. The so-called winner of the Kentucky Derby had turned out to be a common yegg. He was in the city calaboose now and no one was sending him any flowers.

"Well, niece," said Uncle George, putting his hand on my hot neck, "we all get fooled. Wish you were going in with us next week to hear *Thaïs*. I haven't heard Mary Garden for nearly twenty years. Is it all right for you to drive home alone like this? I know you do it right along, but I never get used to it. I'm sorry about Hank and the accordion. What all, between his uke and his car, he's going straight to hell."

It was a pleasant thirty miles' drive. The paving curves gently over our rolling prairie. The corn has its own perfume. An occasional elm tree on the sky line spreads open like a black fan. Uncle George had been very entertaining. He can afford to be. He owns several farms, deals in real estate, controls a bank, and in spare moments, writes a little insurance. The type is not at all uncommon in the Middle West. They go to the State capital for a session or two, calmly vote millions for schools and roads, moan over their poverty-stricken condition, send their children to the university, visit Yellowstone in the summer, and plan to die in California.

UNCLE likes to stand before an audience in a New York made suit with a diamond and platinum shrine pin in his lapel and tell how he had to save string for a year in order to have a baseball. He boasts that he never had a store overcoat until he was seventeen. Then he hies him to the local course, finds a caddy, spends four or five bucks for new balls, and gets down to business.

His enemies say his skill with the driver comes from that old game of "Swat the bee." Pioneer farm boys played it by sneaking up on a bee hive. The idea was to grab a stick and get the bee before the bee got you. It gave the wrist a certain sureness.

There are wedding pictures of Uncle and Aunt Min in the family album. He wears paralyzing sideburns. Aunt Min, plump and pretty in a basque and a full draped skirt with many pleatings, has a little bang across her forehead. They both look slightly devilish and very sincere.

Aunt Min can remember piling out

in frosty November mornings to husk corn. And uncle can remember kneading the bread when the babies were born. He can darn, too, but he doesn't want anybody to know it.

Aunt Min isn't strong on Browning but she fries chicken in a miraculous way. You'd never catch her listening to a lecture on "Why We Have Morals," but she got the women of her township to stage a baby clinic. "What these kids need is more cod liver oil and less rocking, and I hope the doctor tells them so," she said. Aunt Min has never engaged in any of these discussions of what a woman's time is worth, but she's been a school board member, county chairman of her farm organization, raised her family by hand, voted at every election and run a good home. Her children all like her.

UP TO this evening I had always thought of Uncle George and Aunt Min as hicks. Not in any scornful or belittling way, to be sure, but gently and lovingly in the secret places of my heart. It was a comfortable mental attitude, just like anything is that you consider settled for all time. But forces were at work within me. I drove up to see Uncle George again. "What's on your mind?" said Uncle George. He is like that, very discerning. "Out with it," said he, settling back into his old armchair and pulling out the familiar pipe. "My life is an open book. Shoot," said he.

I PUT the question to him. He laughed. He blew out a cloud of smoke and his old eyes twinkled merry and blue behind it. "What is a hick? Bless my soul and body. You came right to headquarters, didn't you?"

"Now, Uncle," I began.

"Don't deny it. I feel honored. When I was in New York I got my Adam's apple sunburnt. I admit it."

"Oh Uncle," I began again.

"Just the same," continued the old man, "there's lots more to this business of being a hick than getting your mail a day late. Its sort of like love, it all depends on the person, the time and the place. Now scatter, my child, or Aunt Min will catch you and put you to work. She's canning peas."

"But Uncle —"

"Shoo, I've said. Go home to your children; or are you raising them by radio now? I've got to stand in the receiving line with the Governor today and I want to get in a formal frame of mind."

Maureen Orcutt

By Ruth Brown Park

Golf Is Not All Fairways And Bunkers

In this supposedly dark age of modern youth, when all is reported hopelessly jaded and ignominiously lost, it is refreshing to be able to turn the searchlight of character illumination on one member of youth's aggregation, to find there someone who has strong determination, high purpose and real achievement to her credit. This young person is twenty-three year old Maureen Orcutt of Englewood, New Jersey, known from coast to coast and in Europe as one of America's foremost women golfers, and, incidentally, as one of her best newspaper golf reporters.

Her story is simple, like most stories of solid advancement, yet touching, too, for it traverses the hard road gawky youth must travel when on trial before mature sophistication. It jogs along something like this:

When Maureen was fourteen, she and her twin brothers were living with their mother and father, both newspaper writers, in a modest frame house near Englewood, on the edge of the White Beeches Country Club. The family amusements were limited and wholesome, golf playing no little part in them. On week-ends, the five Orcutts might be seen trudging over the sandy White Beeches' course together, the boys acting sometimes as caddies and sometimes as players, with Maureen lagging behind, not caring particularly whether she played or not, since golf was not her passion. Instead, in her heart, smouldered another love — basketball; basketball, to be played swiftly and excitedly in the Englewood High School Gymnasium. But unlike most golfers, from the start, she was an adept golfer in spite of herself, her swing having the timed grace of a Jim Barnes, and the force behind that swing of a Gene Tunney.

Since, naturally, you can not hide a golf light under a bushel for long, hers was soon brought forth by the eagle-eyed George Kerrigan, "professional" at White Beeches, and made to flame up at once, strongly and brightly through his lessons. Maureen must enter the Junior Championship that year and continue to enter tournament play every year following. Maureen, according to the canny George, could and therefore must be a great golfer.

That first year, rattling off in the one-lunged family Buick towards the tournament, she and her mother looked very immature and unsophisticated, in comparison to the other fashionables in low racing cars and closed limousines, flying along to the same tournament. But immaturity and unsophistication, with "the goods" behind them, can produce often upsetting results. Maureen did not win the tournament that year, but she emerged runner-up with 116 strokes. The next year, 1922, with the faithful George still prodding her with instruction, she was able to pare her 116 strokes to a 94 for a win. This means that within one year her game had improved so rapidly that 22 strokes had been eliminated in her final match of tournament play. A really remarkable advancement!

But curiously enough, even at this point, golf did not matter to her. High school basketball was still the dominating sport and a newspaper reporting job, out of school hours, her means to pin money. *The Bergen Evening Record* accepted columns of school happenings from her enthusiastic pen and in return deluged her with the large sum — some weeks — of as much as five dollars. With this wealth, she paid for most of her clothes, for her trips to and from basketball matches and for her golf equipment. Her mother abandoned her own golf in order that with what it cost her to play, she could pay for Maureen's golf lessons. Was her sacrifice to be a vain oblation? Maureen cared so little for the game.

The answer was not long in coming. At her first entrance into grown-up competition, Maureen woke up. Not because the competition was so much stiffer than junior competition, but because she found herself, despite her golfing ability, a nonentity.

It happened at one of those Metropolitan championships, where complete smartness reigns throughout, that she first realized she was alone and quite unfriended. This was a new experience for her and it must have astonished her. In the medal play, the first day, her round was made with a well-known lady from Long Island, who literally dripped millions. The picture is an unforgettable one: the first tee banked with fashionable onlookers from the Metropolitan district; the clubhouse in the background, gay with striped awnings; the lady with the "mazuma" arriving bepearled, begloved and beclubbed with her private caddy — and by contrast, standing apart, forlorn, unhatted, ungloved, lightly clubbed, in a home-made plaid skirt, darned stockings and too tight sweater, the unknown child from White Beeches. Then the rest of the day, the same marked contrast. Although the callow Unknown played magnificent golf, the crowd following this match showed plainly its complete sympathy for the established player. Even after the match, when a surprisingly low medal score had been turned in by the Englewood player, no one among the large group of congenial lunchers in the convivial clubhouse paid any attention to her, nor asked her to lunch with them. Instead, she sat alone at a small table and munched her sandwich, thinking that perhaps things were not all they should be with her at that moment. Something within her that day was challenged, and something within her ever since that day has accepted that challenge and mastered it. Right then, golf became her guiding passion. Through golf, and her skill with it, she would tear down world obstacles and meet these outsiders face to face, as a respected equal.

Remember she was less than sixteen then. She was without any real financial or social backing, and finding herself without those things, she realized she had a hard pull ahead. But she set that jaw of hers, which is a jaw, and went to work. She secured a position on *The New York American*, running a woman's golf column. When not working at that, outside of school hours, she played and practised golf. In the mean time she continued to go to tournaments and to take her social beatings even when her tournament performances were victories. Such victories as 1925 Metropolitan medalist; winner of Women's Eastern Championship in 1925, 1928, 1929; four years consecutive winner of the Women's Metropolitan — 1926, 1927, 1928, 1929.

When she was graduated from high school, she not only had her *New York American* column, but she did a monthly article on golf for *Golf Illustrated*. Slowly through her work and the shekels secured therefrom, she was able to expand her golfing horizon. She went to Florida and there in 1927 won the Florida East Coast championship, and in 1928 the Florida State championship at Palm Beach. Gradually, because of her sporting qualities and her steady integrity, she widened her acquaintances and her contacts, so that she was no longer the outsider. She became the one "sure bet" at any tournament, always affable, always hard to beat.

From *The New York American*, she went to *The World*, where she has remained ever since, as women's golf reporter. The discipline for her of these newspaper positions can not be estimated. For this reason. Whenever there is any competitive golf to report, Maureen is on deck always, not only as a reporter, but as a competitor. This occasions daily rounds of gruelling golf, which usually bring her to the finals or at least the semifinals of the tournament. And anyone who knows anything about competitive play knows that after a match of this kind one feels more like a dish-mop than a reporter. Yet, morning after morning, no matter in what part of the country the ladies are battling, one may open *The World* to read there signed articles of those battles by Maureen, articles both entertaining and naïve. Entertaining because perhaps of an inherited reporting ability from both father and mother; naïve because the writer herself is often the heroine of the particular event she is reporting, yet able to state simply and frankly her own case, along with accurate praise for the other contestants. This makes her column one of the refreshing bits of Metropolitan journalism today. For instance, *The World* of March 25 last printed this news from her:

> Southern Pines, N. C., March 24.—The Women's Mid-South medal play championship which started over No. 1 course at

Southern Pines was led by the writer with a score of 78. This is the competitive record for women on this course. Virginia Van Wie, who is not defending her title, set the previous record at 79, in this same tournament last year. Glenna Collett finished in a burst of glory, today, scoring a birdie 3 on the 18th hole to be in second position with an even 80.

Certainly as news, entertaining; as subject matter, naïve and lacking in self-consciousness.

When asked how she holds down her reporting job and holds up her position in the golfing world at the same time, Maureen attributes her success to her good health. And her good health she attributes to her lack of interest in either alcohol or cigarettes. She never touches either, but then, she says, she is not alone in this, for many of the big women golfers are weedless and non-alcoholic, too.

SITTING opposite this girl today, after her eight years of participation in golfing festivities, one sees not the long, darned stockinged legs. Nor the short, faded plaid skirt; nor the too tight sweater. One sees instead, a well-dressed, well-poised young woman, capable of meeting people of all types and stations, and capable of engaging in straightforward intelligent conversation with them. In these chats one hears not one word of criticism about anybody, nor anything. If the past was a bitter pill, no one will ever know it. She has swallowed that long ago and forgotten it. Instead, she will tell you of her lovely visit in Florida last winter at the Van Wie estate, where Virginia Van Wie entertained her so royally. She will tell you of tournaments in which she has played in mixed foursomes with Bobby Jones, a darling! Or with Jess Sweetser, another prince! She believes that sports people for the most part have the highest ideals and strongest loyalties. For instance, the time back in the Harvard days, when Bobby Jones actually had tears in his eyes at beating his pal, Francis Ouimet. And she herself admits she can not bear to win from Virginia Van Wie.

IF YOU push her, she will talk of heart affairs and her plans for marriage. Plans for the future, of course, but nevertheless plans, because she believes every girl should be married — that is, when love has definitely "come to Main Street."

She talks about her family with sincere devotion. Although she supports herself she chooses to live at home and even to accept some of the household duties, one of them entailing the cooking of breakfast for the five Orcutts every morning that she is at home.

She likes Englewood, but she has less time than formerly to take part in suburban life. However, whenever there are any dances at the club, or school alumnæ dances, Maureen is all wound up, ready to go.

Her trip to Europe this year with the American Team of Women Golfers was made possible because she was able to report the games for the American press. One could not help but wonder how she did this. First, because an initial sea voyage for anyone, young or old, is always upsetting. Then, landing on strange shores, where even the automobiles run on the wrong side of the streets, is bewildering; getting accustomed to the climate and the different food;

learning the names and faces of the foreign players; herself on parade before thousands of curious onlookers. These things in themselves would upset anybody of husky type or not. But added to this, playing winning golf in the team matches and not uncreditably in the championship affairs — to rush off after these contests to push hundreds of words across the cables to interested American readers.

All this is why we claim for Maureen Orcutt the stuff we do — determination, high purpose, with achievement in the end. Certainly she stands high in the sport world; high in her field of newspaper work, and high, very high, as an example of the best in modern youth.

* * *

Spats or Specie?

By E. F. Bax

Is the International Banker Displacing the Diplomat?

The majority of young men who on their graduation day turn their eyes towards foreign countries to find their life work, think of three possibilities as a rule. There is either the mission field, or diplomacy, or international banking. If the young man has any leaning towards the mission field, his troubles are solved, for the way lies straight forward. He knows the triumphs and the penalties, and just about what the future holds.

But as between diplomacy and international banking the decision is not so easy. In his studies of international law and history the young man has probably acquainted himself with the high place that diplomacy has held in the world ever since the Twelfth Century, as an interpreter of one country to another, with the diplomat as the personal representative of his Sovereign to a foreign potentate. He sees the diplomat as a creature of courts, associated with those Chancellors of foreign countries who seem to our modern eyes to have had many of the characteristics of stage villains and pirates, and he knows that a diplomatic career in this modern day will offer him many opportunities of associating with the Twentieth Century successors to these gentlemen and with their Kings and Emperors.

To men to whom the intrigue and back-biting of courts, the "trivial round" of social doings, and the humdrum of diplomatic business carried on rather casually, appeal, who have little sympathy with modern business hustle and know little, and care less, for the sacred word "efficiency," diplomacy offers a place. Sheltered in an Embassy or Consulate, absorbed most of the day with a miscellaneous assortment of annoying little matters, the backwash of the quarrels and misunderstandings that arise between individuals of two nations when they meet face to face, the junior diplomat can please himself more or less as to what he accomplishes. He can come down late and leave early. He can with impunity blame delays on the Government to which he is accredited, as they will never contradict him, and he can win easy popularity by sufficiently blazing abroad his small successes. The more ambitious man — as contrasted with the mere dilettante — who goes into the diplomatic service, will find that he must serve an apprenticeship of many years, first in the Consular Service and later doing mere chores in an Embassy or Legation, before he is taken into the more or less secret counsels that determine the procedure to be adopted when questions of international importance are pending.

Such counsels are becoming more and more infrequent and of less and less importance, however, as the more universal use of the telegraph and telephone enables the Government to communicate with its Embassies and Legations without loss of time, and dictate exact procedures. For when a Secretary of State, such as there has been in Washington more than once, sends instructions to an Ambassador, with orders to "transmit the following to the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs without delay," and then proceeds to quote the exact wording to be used in the Note to the Foreign Office, the Ambassador and his staff become little more than Post Office employees, with no discretion whatever. Fortunately for them, however, many matters can not be handled quite so exactly, and there is still room for that display of tact, discretion and specialized knowledge with which all members of the Diplomatic Service should be well equipped.

If our aspiring young man has little private income, he is apt to consider seriously the meagre salary that will be his lot as a diplomat, and the small pension, to which he will have to contribute for many, many years to make himself eligible for its benefits. He will notice that if he should leave the service at any time all these contributions will be lost to him. He will listen carefully when other diplomats complain of the high cost of living in some countries, the lack of schools for their children, and in many places the generally unhealthy and unsanitary conditions prevailing. He will wonder if, while he is passing the best years of his life in foreign countries, absorbed with matters neither exciting nor world-disturbing, his own country will forget him and he it. He will become a cosmopolitan, with a varied and colorful set of experiences on which to draw at dinner parties, but his children will have been brought up either in foreign countries under difficult conditions that will make them strangers to their fellow Americans, or else they will be strangers to him because he has sent them "home" to be educated. His wife will have lost her looks, and his life will be embittered by her reproaches for the homesickness that assails them both.

Should he remain in the service all his active life, he may finally, if he has no enemies at home, and has made a good record in the eyes of the stay-at-homes who usually know little of the conditions under which he has been working and are not in a position to judge whether he has done good service for his country or not — he may be made a Minister at one of the less important Courts — less important meaning that there is not likely to be enough happening to enable him to make a record. Of, if he is wealthy enough, and has enough political pull, he may even aspire to be a Minister at a slightly more important Capital, or even an Ambassador to a second-class Power. But that would not happen to him for many years in any case, and even at the end of a successful diplomatic career he could seldom become an Ambassador to a first-class Power. Such posts are not for "career" diplomats. With a fine cynicism, the American Government assumes that the successful business man, or the clever lawyer, is a better man to represent it at important Capitals, and that the whole profession of diplomacy is inferentially so unimportant that any man without training but with average intelligence, a large fortune, and a facility for glad-handing or publicity, can handle it. But even the American Government, when appointing a professional politician or merchant to an important Ambassadorship, is apt to make sure that the members of his staff, on whom he must rely, and whose time will be taken up in preventing him making mistakes, are men well trained in the service.

ON THE other hand, the diplomat has an assured place in the world. In England foreign Ambassadors rank next after the Royal Family, with the single exception of the Archbishop of Canterbury, who, as head of the English Church, precedes them. Secretaries of Embassy also stand high in the social scale, and to men with social talents the life is delightful and full of interest. But the man who interprets his instructions to keep his Government fully informed of the attitude of the country to which he is accredited as an invitation to be communicative in general, should remember the experience of the late Ambassador Page, whose letters to the President, in which he was only trying to carry out these instructions, were very often not even read!

THE case of the international banker is quite different. He is becoming more and more important in an increasingly commercial world. He needs a good deal of the same equipment as the diplomat, a knowledge of language, a love of travel and adventure, and an ability to make himself at home wherever he happens to be stationed. As nations become more conscious of the possibilities in the financial field, they seek increasingly to get money on terms as convenient as they can to build up their commercial business. They turn to the international banker for help, and he must be able to gauge accurately the value of the security offered for a loan, the psychology of the nation regarding its external obligations, and the amount of success that is likely to accrue if a loan is floated in the open market.

If the nation has a good reputation in international finance, if its people are hard working and progressive, and the security offered is adequate, the international banker gets to work, and through his ministrations, the loan is made and the country takes on a new chapter of economic life. He can therefore be a benefactor as well as a creditor. Living as he often does in the country to which the loan is made, or having his representative or agent there, he can keep his eyes open to see that the conditions are being met, and in the course of his usual work acquires, probably, a more minute and useful knowledge of certain aspects of the people than does his diplomatic colleague, who is not so much concerned with finances as with the psychology which dictates peace and war. The international banker needs all the skill of a diplomat, all his tact and patience, and in addition he must be a master of finance and economics.

Should our young man decide to try diplomacy for a time, with a reservation that if he is sent to dull capitals he will resign and go into international banking, he must not stay in the diplomatic service too long. In fact, a period of service there is not always an asset in international banking, unless the period is so short as not to have impressed upon the young man a leisurely view of international happenings and a belief in the routine method of handling business. For a man trained in diplomacy is apt to be all too securely married to phraseology, to working through definite channels along well-travelled roads, toward a well-defined goal. There are very few surprises for him, and he becomes stereotyped. Every question is taken up in the same way, notes written in the same language addressed to the same officials, and the diplomat must confine his official relations to the Foreign Office. All this is apt to make him opinionated, to make him suspicious of quicker and not quite so legitimate methods of getting information, and therefore to make him less elastic and less effective in an emergency.

If the career of international banking, therefore, is the young man's end, he had better perhaps cut out diplomacy altogether, unless he is lucky enough to be sent to a capital where he can become a master of the language, win irreproachable contacts with the right people, and get a knowledge of local conditions that will make him invaluable to a banker. Then, in due time, the banker may make him a flattering offer because of his specialized knowledge. But the chances of this happening are small, and he does not need to be a diplomat to ensure even this. If he were in the same capital, with the same knowledge and the same personality, but minus the diplomatic background, the offer might come just the same; so that it would not be his diplomatic knowledge that would be the deciding factor, but his personality.

There is a feeling that a diplomat can never — or very rarely — become a successful business man, whereas a business man can and often does become a successful diplomat. The case of Dwight W. Morrow is an example of the banker turned successful diplomat. It is again a case of personality, of breeding, of background. A business man does not need these to make money, but they are essentials in a diplomat, for no man can be a successful or popular Ambassador unless he has good breeding, and can mix with ease in court circles. A pair of knee-breeches and buckles on his shoes can not translate a commonplace but wealthy business man into an acceptable Ambassador, and even the United States, with its democratic desire to thrust upon foreign courts Ambassadors who do not represent either culture or good manners — as has too often been done — can not make them acceptable. Of course it is equally true that an international banker must be acceptable, but he is not, as the diplomat is, the representative of his country at the foreign court. He can be ignored if his conversation is too racy or his tastes too vulgar, whereas the members of the diplomatic service can not be ignored by the court. It would be interesting to know how many international deals have been menaced by mishandling by a commonplace, undistinguished Ambassador.

The young banker has a fairly safe field for his endeavors, once he is well started under the right auspices. From lowly beginnings he can advance to the top of the tree, and there is no reserved territory at the top to which he can not aspire. His financial rewards will be commensurate with his ability, and many opportunities will be given to him to make himself useful not only in the counting house but in many other unusual ways. If he shows ability in languages, for instance, there is a growing market for his services. For business does not drop into the lap of the international banker any more than it does into the lap of any other business man. It must be solicited in some form or other, and the openings as confidential agents, with discreet titles, discreet offices and the open sesame to financial circles of the various countries, are many. These jobs, however, are only for the initiated, for they require an amount of general knowledge, a pleasing personality, and an aggressive purpose, which only a limited number of men possess. A young man who sets his heart on that sort of an opening and wishes to assure himself some measure of success, will do well to ally himself with one of the great international banking houses, for it often happens that the smaller banking groups are disregarded — however active their agent may be — when the actual moment comes when a country wishes to borrow in any large amount. At that point the Finance Minister is likely to come to the conclusion that it will be more satisfactory to have dealings with the more important and better known international bankers, even if he has to seek them out instead of their approaching him.

The diplomatic service has little or nothing to do with these financial transactions between countries. Instead of borrowing countries dealing with lending countries through the usual diplomatic channels, the Finance Minister of the borrowing country is more likely to deal with the international banker direct, and often when Government finances are in question the arrangements are made outside of the diplomatic service. For instance, when the British war debt to the United States was funded, it will be remembered that Mr. Baldwin, then Prime Minister, came to the United States for that purpose, and with him came not diplomats but financial experts. The Embassy at Washington was the headquarters of the group, though the Ambassador was not its official head. In the recent flotation of the new Austrian Loan, the Austrian Finance Minister went in person to London to arrange its terms with the bankers, and although the Finance Minister was the guest of the Austrian Ambassador then their relations were but those of host and guest. The more direct method of principals meeting to discuss important financial matters has superseded the indirect methods of diplomacy.

THERE is still a further reason why the diplomatic service of the United States — unlike that of England, for instance — is so unsettled, and that is its insecurity of tenure. In Great Britain the service has its great traditions, its splendid personnel, and its continuity of office. The personnel does not change with the change of Government. Politicians are not permitted to interfere with the conduct of foreign affairs, and England's foreign policy is a more or less continuous application of the rules under which the Empire has grown up. The British diplomat is well paid, has an established standing in the Civil Service, has a pension at the end of his service, and has quarters provided for him in each capital in keeping with the dignity of his position and the standing of his country. It is true that just after the war the British Government appointed a few eminent, but none the less "undiplomatic," ambassadors to various posts, but this departure from custom did not last, and the trained diplomat has come back again into his own.

In the United States it is different. At any time a parsimonious Senate may undo the diplomatic work of years by cutting down an appropriation; an ignorant Senate may, without any evil intention, do a grave injustice to a body of men who are too far away to take effective action to protect themselves; and a Senator who wishes to pay a political debt can, if he can marshal enough votes, foist upon the State Department and the President a constituent for the service who is absolutely unfitted to help build up a world policy.

For it takes a man of broader vision than politics offer in the United States to make a diplomat. Politicians are after all small potatoes in world affairs, and their noisy clamor is not audible to any extent outside of their own boundaries. The same is not, of course, true in England, and it is interesting to note that when a British diplomat resigns it is nearly always to go into politics, when he can make good use of his specialized knowledge in the House of Commons, whereas the American diplomat usually resigns to go into banking, journalism, or education.

EVEN the national societies in the United States which exist to promote peace and international good will do not make use of the retired diplomat, nor do they seem ever to give him an opportunity to speak of the things which he knows and which might have value to his hearers. If any diplomat is called upon for his views, he is likely to be a gentleman with a legal or political background, who has had a temporary connection with diplomacy, and not a man who has made a life study of the question at issue.

The able American diplomat is

resigning more and more from a profession which offers him so little. In his work he necessarily meets the outstanding men of his own country as well as those of the countries to which he is accredited. Is it to be wondered at that offers come to him constantly to change his job, and to go into something that gives better financial returns, security for the future, and just as interesting a life, without the necessity of being an expatriate all his days? That he accepts these offers is also not to be wondered at, for if a man wants success and fulfilment he must take the obvious means of getting them. It is not necessary in order to attain these for him to go from Dan to Beersheba, up the world and down the other side, to get a meagre living with a very uncertain future, as is the case if he sticks to the Service. In other fields he will be fairly certain, if he knows his work and puts his best into it, that the same success and fulfilment will be forthcoming with the added advantage that his life will not be in the hands of a politically controlled group in the United States to make or mar at will.

THIS is a condition that exists, and it is full of danger to the United States, for no country can afford to have its international affairs menaced by a poorly-paid and dissatisfied diplomatic service continually being depleted of its best men. It is necessary to have good diplomats if we want international peace and international understanding. If we want our country's interests looked after by an unprejudiced, because not financially interested, group of men, we must make the diplomatic service a service to which our best men can give an unqualified allegiance, with the knowledge that they are going into a lifework which will not only ensure them a living wage and a modest pension, but a real opportunity to interpret their country to the world in a way that will build up the ideal of brotherhood and international coöperation.

IT WILL be useless, in a moment of international crisis, to fill up the diplomatic service with a regimented group of men from other professions, however willing and efficient they may be. Diplomacy in its finest aspects is not learned in a day or in many days. And if, in the emergency, the Government turns to the international bankers for their help, it will of course be given willingly and honestly, but the help thus extended will be a favor conferred, not a right demanded. No, the United States should keep up its standards in the international arena. Its diplomats should have the same standing and the same financial reward as those of the other great Powers. It needs more and more trained men to keep the international wheels turning smoothly, to iron out the increasing number of possible misunderstandings before they arise, to build up gradually the prestige of the United States as the great power it is, and interpret to the world in general the constructive and peaceful aims of the country as well as its economic ambitions.

We should not then have first class men resigning after years of successful accomplishment from the diplomatic service, and the alternate spectacle of some of the political appointees indulging in publicity stunts of doubtful taste which certainly do little to enhance our prestige.

BANKER or diplomat, which? The banker helping himself and the world along by the skilful manipulation of its finances, or the diplomat moulding it gradually through the years toward harmony and equality of opportunity? Both are professions which offer the young man a useful and adventurous career. But if two friends and fellow students, graduating together, decided to go their separate ways, one into banking, and the other into diplomacy, there is a possibility of a situation arising which would have its elements of comedy or tragedy, according to the point of view of each of the participants, but a purely natural outcome of the relationship between the two professions which exists at present. The diplomat has lived for twenty-five years in various capitals, gradually rising to the rank of Counsellor of Embassy at London. He hopes, before his retirement becomes effective, that he will be promoted to be a Minister. That is the limit to which his twenty-five years' service can bring him. The banker, on the other hand, has confined his attentions strictly to banking, and has gradually also worked himself up to his maximum in that profession. Now he would like to have a taste of diplomacy, of which he has heard much from his friend through the years. Through his banking and political associations he succeeds in being appointed Ambassador at London, and to that capital he goes, to be superior officer to his friend who has served the Government all his adult life, and who, because of its political necessity of paying political debts with important diplomatic offices, can never reach that eminence.

IF A man's ambition is to be Ambassador at London or Paris, he should, as things are now, build his foundations not by making himself useful to his country in the diplomatic service, but by staying at home and making money, so that with his wealth and political prestige he will be able to buy the highest honors which the Government has for sale. But if his ambitions are more modest, if he enjoys a diplomatic career for what it brings day by day, and will not be embittered in after years by seeing himself set aside in favor of less qualified men, let him go into the service, and in spite of everything he will be satisfied, because he will realize that without him and his fellow "career" diplomats very little international work would be satisfactorily accomplished. To give one's life to a great cause, even without proper compensation, has other rewards which probably commend themselves to career diplomats; otherwise our Embassies and Legations would soon close for lack of personnel to run them. But happily patriotic service has still its great appeal, and to the patriots who are willing to give their talents and their lives to their country in its diplomatic service the country owes an increasing debt of gratitude. But, of course, it is always more honest to pay one's debts, even though the creditor is a country and not an individual. The ethics are the same in both cases.

THE LITERARY LANDSCAPE

by

HERSCHEL BRICKELL

If the Landscaper's memory is not up to one of its old tricks, it was De Quincey who saw no use in writing books unless they were written with one's heart's blood. The remark has not infrequently bobbed up while your literary scout was engaged in his pioneering, and it came to mind again a few days ago when he was reading what V. Sackville-West had to say about her experiences as a reviewer of fiction. A few months ago Miss Sackville-West, a novelist of talent and a critic of intelligence, in addition to being the wife of Harold Nicholson, one of this department's favorite authors, undertook to review some half-dozen novels a week for an English periodical. She has now announced that the discouraging feature of her work is the pitifully small number of books she reads that really matter.

The Landscaper suspects that a thrill of sympathy went through the breasts of all the veteran reviewers who read Miss Sackville-West's animadversions. Miss West was speaking of fiction only, and it is in the field of fiction that the greatest discouragement exists. One suspects that the principal difficulty is the relative ease with which something resembling a novel may be written, and the relative ease with which such things may be published. Of course, there are far worse ones unpublished; if Miss Sackville-West really wishes to become downhearted she should undertake to do reading for a publisher. Perhaps she has already, but if so the chances are that she has been called upon to judge only winnowed manuscripts. A few months of sifting out the grains of wheat from the mountains of chaff that encumber those literary granaries, publishers' safes, would probably convince her, as it has some of the rest of us, that what the world really needs is a good deal more illiteracy.

Why Do They Do It?

Even if we all suddenly decided to take De Quincey's saying seriously, which we will not, since most fiction is written for the money that is in it, and not because the author's heart has ever bled a drop, we should have enough bad novels; there would still be many left that would be worthless because their authors, however serious in purpose, knew nothing of the technical aspects of fiction writing. Much of the trash of which Miss Sackville-West speaks, and with which all of us who make our living from books are sadly familiar, is born because people who for one reason or another enjoy reading feel that they must write. Fortunately not all the people who enjoy music feel that they must compose, or worse still, play, and not all the people who enjoy looking at pictures try to paint. But writing is different; every one can write, and unfortunately every one who can write decent English, and a great many who can not, find encouragement somewhere.

This is somewhat beside the original point, however. Miss Sackville-West is not thinking in terms of the hundreds of thousands of words written in every so-called civilized country every year which will never see the light of day, and which have no more serious effects than spoiling the dispositions of publishers' readers, a grouchy enough lot, at best — ask any author — but in terms of published novels, and in her case, of the cream of published novels since she reviewed a selected group. This very week-end, the Landscaper's eye has been wandering up and down the bookshelves to see what volumes may be removed before his own library changes its residence, and he was fairly appalled by the long rows of fiction that may be spared without any compunction. This fiction has been saved from thousands of volumes; most of the novels seemed important at the time of their publication. But of what use are they, and why keep them? Far too many of them wear the dejected air of yesterday's newspapers.

Where Is The Work?

All this has a direct bearing upon one of the sorest spots in book publishing and bookselling at the present time, namely the overproduction of fiction, and the printing by all publishers of too many books that should have been left in the manuscript state. This is a hard sentence for authors, to be sure, and unemployment is so general that one can not very well suggest they would be better off at work. Of course, one of the additional difficulties which Miss Sackville-West probably recognizes, is that not very many of the novels that really matter find a sufficient market to make them at all profitable; the piffle goes over big, even though it is forgotten within a few weeks or months. There are some hopeful signs on the horizon, however. A good many publishers have reduced their lists for the current autumn, and a good many more will be making cuts next spring. The plain truth of the matter is that not nearly enough good books, either of fiction or non-fiction, are being written to keep all the existing publishing houses supplied, and this inevitably results in the production of a great deal of inferior work, and what is worse, perhaps, in encouraging more people to write.

Every once in a while some one, usually an author at heart, complains bitterly that our materialistic civilization does not pay a sufficient honor to the artist, who is inevitably forced to move away in order to be happy and to get his work done. The Landscaper suspects in this highly cynical moment that if a country blessed — or cursed — with very nearly universal illiteracy ever started idolizing all the people in it who thought themselves artists, the whole civilization would go quickly to smash. There are no illusions about the superiority of artists to other people in the Landscaper's battered bosom. He has known and enjoyed the companionship of too many other kinds of people to be bowled over by the manifestation of some slight talent for stringing words together, or playing some musical instrument badly, or adding to the world's crowded store of mediocre painting or sculpture.

There Is No Remedy

Aside from the reduction in publishers' lists, which will continue so long as trade is bad and end abruptly as soon as "prosperity" is with us again, the Landscaper has no suggested remedy for *cacoëthes scribendi*. Perhaps when the psychiatrists have made the world over, and the John B. Watsons, Bertrand Russells, and so on, have solved all our social problems in an exact and mathematical manner, we shall all be so perfectly adjusted to our environments that there will be no conflict to make writing necessary. The entire literary output of the country will then be lyrics of joy and happiness, in the Edgar Guest manner.

Speaking of the advantages of illiteracy, there is probably no one who has ever travelled in Spain and had contacts with the people who has not been impressed with their superior qualities. Very few can read or write. But the following picture by Salvador de Madariaga in his recent *Spain* (Scribner, $5) is not too much exaggerated:

> It will be noticed that the people, i.e., the popular classes, north or south, east or west, possess qualities of wisdom, of heart, of manners, which the visitor is used to connect with the cultured or well-to-do levels of society. The usual test — illiteracy — breaks down in Spain. Illiterates speak like Seneca, think like Blake, and behave like Louis XIV. A composure, a quiet assurance, covered with respect but not oiled with subservience, a genuine fellow-feeling, a quick sense of dignity yet free from susceptibility, suggest that the Spanish people are endowed with a natural notion of equality springing from a deep sense of fraternity.

This is an excellent book of Madariaga's, a compact and comprehensive history of Spain and a survey of the present situation. One may not agree with all his conclusions, but there is no escaping the brilliance of his intellect, and how the man does write English! His style, in an adopted language, amounts in itself to genius.

If the Landscaper may be permitted to ride this hobby a few more leagues, he would like to report on another book about Spain, which so far as he knows has not been published in this country, but which is available in an English edition. This is Lord Derwent's *Goya: An Impression of Spain* (Methuen), an excellent book on that curious Aragonese painter, whose real greatness has not even yet had its recognition. The last chapter is called "Reflections," and beneath a difficult style there are concealed some really remarkable thoughts about Spain. One of these passages follows:

> Is it for nothing that, still today, your beggars have a ducal air; that you dare to have beggars at all, when you have skyscrapers? Must we cry at you, in despair, that you are the only civilized country in Europe that still keeps a personality? And that, not because you are not properly civi-

lized, but because whether you are or not, you will never change, it will always be possible to come across God and the Devil hand-in-hand in your highways? You are Anarchy itself; for nothing rules you but Catholicism, and even that you have twisted to suit your temper. And whence are you this Anarchy? Because behind your genuflections, your lovely manners and your remoteness, looms the new God you have always worshipped; the Individual, on handshake terms both with God and Devil, and in this case, Heaven be praised, a trifle crazy; Man himself, full and free. Crazy, be it at once understood, in the best sense; the sense of Quixote — but not of Quixote alone; Quixote accompanied by Sancho Panza.

Motoring In Spain

THERE is one more book on Spain that deserves at least a few words, and then the subject will be dropped. It is *The Roads of Spain*, by Charles L. Freeston (Scribners, $3.75). Perhaps the news has not spread so far as it might, but Spain has built a wonderful system of highways in the past five years, or less, and motoring is as comfortable there as in any country in the world. The Freeston book describes a complete tour of the country, covering more than 6,000 miles, and will prove a practical guide to any one who wishes to undertake such a trip. The Landscaper's dream remains a tour with a donkey and a blue cart, but he would not refuse an automobile ride. So much of the best of Spain is away from the railroads that motoring is really an ideal way to see the country, and since there are relatively few cars there, it is much safer than in most parts of the world, notably our own United States. The Patronato Nacional de Tourismo has done wonders to open Spain to the outside world, and is ready to help visiting motorists at any time. Indeed, there may be hot-dog stands lining the main arteries of traffic by next spring. . . .

Returning to the subject of fiction, the Landscaper can not say that the market of the moment offers very many books to relieve the feelings of people like Miss Sackville-West. There are a few novels of importance at hand, perhaps a dozen, and some others that should interest those who are willing to experiment, but on the whole the output is not too high in quality. Some better prospects lie ahead, however, and there is every reason to believe that the autumn will at least run ahead of the past spring.

A New Lehmann Novel

THE thousands of readers who enjoyed Rosamond Lehmann's first novel, *Dusty Answer*, two years or so ago, will be interested in the news that there is a new book by this author available. It is *A Note in Music* (Holt, $2.50). Written in the same beautiful style that made the first book so notable, it relates the stories of several married women. Its primary appeal will be to women, as was the case with *Dusty Answer*, but there should be men who will find what Miss Lehmann has to say on the deadening effects of matrimony quite interesting. Those readers who enjoy good writing will also find pleasure in Edwin Granberry's third novel, *The Erl King* (Macaulay, $2), an atmospheric story of a section of Florida little known to the rest of the world. Mr. Granberry's *Strangers and Lovers* will be remembered with pleasure. *The Erl King* is remarkable for its sustained mood; a novel that has more than a little of the Poesque quality, and somehow reminiscent of ballad literature. Of these two novelists it may safely be said that they are both born writers; there is nothing synthetic about their ability to put words together.

François Mauriac's *The Family* (Covici-Friede, $2), published in France in two volumes and now translated into English in one by Lewis Galantière, is an important novel of family life by one of the best-known writers of fiction in Europe. Its two parts are called *Kiss to the Leper* and *The Matriarch.* It is unlikely to please the majority of American readers, but it is a book of very genuine power and penetration, and one that in the present short season should not be overlooked by those who are seeking intelligent new fiction.

Our Professional Amateurs

Excellent journalism in fictional form is John R. Tunis's *American Girl* (Brewer and Warren, $2), which is the account of the rise to fame of a female tennis champion. This was first written as a short story, where it attracted much attention, and was then expanded. Mr. Tunis is one of the leading exposers of the evils that riddle so-called amateur American sports, and he appears to know what he is talking about. The atmosphere of the book is quite evidently authentic, and there is no reason to doubt that its bitter attack upon the bunk that surrounds amateur champions is amply justified. The only game of the day that has not been proved to be overloaded with bunk is the revival of backgammon, and there are probably people already who can manipulate the dice in the cup. Judging Mr. Tunis's book as reporting, which it is, he has done a good piece of work, and all who like debunking will enjoy it. It will not upset the customers, however. Look at boxing.

Two other recent novels from abroad that are worthy of attention are Italo Svevo's *Confessions of Zeno* (Knopf, $3), a satire in psychological methods of the times, with a wealth of bitter and biting wisdom in its Proustian pages, and *The Trap* by Delfino Cinelli, a recent winner of the important Mondadori prize in Italy. The Cinelli novel is published by John Day with an introduction by Carl Van Doren. It tells the story of the operations of a triangle in the Middle Ages, and is a shortish novel of a good deal of strength, although it will hardly find its way to the best-seller lists. Svevo is dead, so that he will not have the pleasure of reading the glowing and deserved reviews of his book that have appeared in the American press.

A Tale Of The Old West

Frank B. Linderman, whose *American* attracted a good deal of attention early this year as an authentic picture of life among the Indians of our West, is the author of a novel of Western life, *Morning Light,* which the John Day Company have just reissued. Its original title was *Lige Mount: Free Trapper*, and it concerns the fortunes of this same Mount. It is a real contribution to the lore of the West, and as honest as Mr. Linderman's earlier story of *Plenty Coups.*

If the Landscaper were going to perform the invidious task of selecting from the present accumulation of novels those that very definitely do not matter, high on the list would come *Beau Lover* (Liveright, $2.) by Carman Barnes, author of that famous novel, *Schoolgirl*. *Beau Lover* is piffle, and disagreeable piffle, since the impression that it leaves is that girls think of virtually nothing but sex. This seems to the Landscaper to be somewhat exaggerated. Miss Barnes's first book was widely read for its supposed pornography, of which there was really very little. There are a few frank passages in the new book, but nothing really objectionable. There are other titles that belong with *Beau Lover*, too, and perhaps it is unfair to single out Miss Barnes's work when it has such strong competition, but the principal theory of this department is that its space belongs to books that are worth reading, so the others will go unrebuked.

Another Dollar Series

ONE of the most interesting of the recent efforts to stimulate book-buying by price-cutting has now reached the public in the form of paper-bound novels, published by Simon and Schuster. These are called Inner Sanctum novels, and to date there are eight titles, including *Casanova's Homecoming*, which has just this moment fallen under the displeasure of that protector of the morals of New Yorkers, Mr. Sumner. *I Am Jonathan Scrivener* by Claude Houghton, *The Earth Told Me* by Thames Williamson, *Red Snow* by F. Wright Moxley and *Fifteen Rabbits* by Felix Salten are among the more promising titles in the series. The books sell for $1, and will be bound by the publishers for another dollar. They are well printed on good paper, and do not have the look of mass-production about them that makes some of the other dollar-book experiments distasteful. It is much too soon to say how this experiment will work out, but there is intelligence back of it, and the advertising of it has been honest and in good taste. Another of these experiments is that of Coward-McCann, who are publishing several first novels at $1.50, under the general title of Premier Fiction. Only one of these has the Landscaper read, Marie Stanley's *Gulf Stream*, which is a rather interesting story of mixed blood in the South, although it suffers somewhat from the lack of life-blood in the characters. If it is an indication of the general character of Premier Fiction, however, the publishers may justifiably claim that they have reduced price without cutting quality, for in an ordinary season $2.50 would have been asked for this book, whether it was received or not.

Drug Stores Are Well Stocked

THE drug stores are swarming with other lines of dollar books, most of them of no conceivable importance except as merchandise. How large their sales have been is not easy to determine at present, but on the whole, it is with this sort of stuff that the market has been glutted, and the Landscaper is unable to see how overproduction of second-rate fiction is going to be helped by speeding up the overproduction, even though new channels be opened to take care of the flood.

The prospects for readers are a good deal brighter in the field of non-fiction, to which we shall now turn. The Landscaper has thoroughly enjoyed, for example, Emilie and George Romieu's *Three Virgins of Haworth* or *The Lives of the Brontë Sisters* (Dutton) a clear, readable and sympathetic story of one of the strangest families in all literature. There is some amusement to be had, perhaps, in a reference to THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW contained in a letter to Williams, the editor for Smith and Elder, who was such a good friend to Charlotte Brontë.

Cheers for a Reviewer

CHARLOTTE wrote:

> THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW is worth reading. There is no mincing the matter here. What a bad set the Bells must be! [It will be remembered that the Brontës' first books appeared under the pseudonyms of Currer, Ellis and Acton Bell] And what appalling books they write! Today, as Emily appeared a little easier, I thought the REVIEW would amuse her, so I read it aloud to her and Anne.
>
> As I sat between them at our quiet but now somewhat melancholy fireside, I studied the two ferocious authors.
>
> Ellis, the "man of uncommon talents, but dogged, brutal and morose" sat leaning back in his easy chair drawing his impeded breath as best he could, and looking, alas! piteously pale and wasted; it is not his wont to laugh, but he smiled half amused and half in scorn as he listened.
>
> Acton was sewing, no emotion ever stirs him to loquacity, so he only smiled too, dropping at the same time a word of calm amazement to hear his character so darkly portrayed. I wonder what the reviewer would have thought of his own sagacity if he could have seen the pair as I did.
>
> Vainly, too, he might have looked round for the masculine partner of "Bell and Company!" How I laugh in my sleeve when I read the solemn assertions that *Jane Eyre* was written in partnership, and that it "bears the marks of more than one mind and one sex."

This is of interest to Brontë-ites.

Some Books About America

ONE of this department's favorite sub-headings, as its regular followers all know by this time, deals with books about the early days of our country, books that are in every sense American. There are several of these on hand this month, among the most entertaining — at least for those readers who do not mind bloodshed — Robert M. Coates's *The Outlaw Years* (Macaulay, $3). The subtitle, *History of the Land Pirates of the Natchez Trail, 1800–1835*, may serve as a further indication of the material in the book. This is added for fear someone may think Mr. Coates is writing about contemporary Chicago, or the United States under Prohibition. Mr. Coates retells the tales of the Harpes, of John Murrell, who dreamed of an empire made of freed slaves; of Joseph Hare, Samuel Mason and many another worthy. There have never been darker and bloodier days in the history of this country than this period, and Mr. Coates spares his readers nothing. Considerably less bloody, but filled with color and interest, is Robert L. Duffus's *The Santa Fé Trail* (Longmans, Green), which is another volume that all collectors of Americana will want, although its interest is by no means confined to this class. It makes very clear how much we owe the Spaniards in at least one section of the country. Mr. Duffus has done his usual excellent job of research for the book.

Another of the new books that is as distinctly American as Will Rogers is Will James's *Lone Cowboy: My Life Story* (Scribners, $2.75), with illustrations by the author.

Will James is one of the Landscaper's weaknesses, maybe because he can draw horses so well; at any rate *Lone Cowboy* is right at the top of the list of this month's recommendations, a well-told story, filled with interesting anecdotes of the West that is going so rapidly, and with a lot of good drawings. Mr. James continues to write in cowboy lingo, which helps to give his book the right flavor, and his pencil has not lost its cunning. The earlier chapters dealing with his orphaned boyhood are charming and touching. Altogether, a mountain peak in the present literary landscape. . . .

The War Goes On

People continue to ask themselves when the rush of war books will end, and the answer continues to be Not Yet. English publishers' catalogues indicate that the rush will not have subsided on the other side before the turn of the year, anyway, if then, and a good many of the new English volumes will find their way here, although it will take a temerarious publisher to try to get away with any war books here any time soon.

One of the newest importations is *A Brass Hat in No-Man's Land* (Cape and Smith, $2.50) by Brigadier-General Crozier, which is a matter-of-fact account of war from the point of view of a hard-boiled British officer. Its author has behind him a long and distinguished military career, and while his book has created more or less of a sensation in England, where the British Legion's nerves are beginning to be a bit tender, there have been none to dispute its facts. General Crozier knows that war is a very bloody, disagreeable business, which a lot of people have been suspecting for a long time, and he adduces plenty of evidence to support his contentions. The book will not create the sensation here that it did in England, naturally, but for those who are still interested in the war as it was really fought, it will prove very much worth while.

A Stefan Zweig Biography

We shall have to lean heavily upon the miscellaneous classification for the rest of this survey. There are many books on many subjects awaiting attention. Oddly enough, in this day of biography, only one of the species is at hand, Stefan Zweig's admirable study of *Joseph Fouché* (Viking Press, $3.50), another translation by Eden and Cedar Paul. Zweig subtitles his book: *The Portrait of a Politician*, which is a bit savage, considering all the different kinds of scoundrel his French subject was. There are plenty of drama and human interest in the story of Fouché's stormy career, so filled with violent ups and downs. The leading figures of the various periods covered by Fouché's career appear in the book, including Napoleon, Robespierre, Louis XVIII, Talleyrand, and Lafayette.

At a time when the Russian question is again to the fore, the revision of George Varnadsky's fine *History of Russia*, published by the Yale University Press, is of especial interest. First published in May, 1929, the book had three printings before its revision. It has now been brought as near down to date as possible, and contains an introduction by Michael Ivanovich Rostovtzeff. The price is $4, and the book is a compact history of Russia from its beginnings down to January of the present year.

A Life Of Adventure

Lovers of adventure of all kinds will not have to look any further just now than *Water and Gold* by Lewis Stanton Palen, the life story of Charles G. Hedlund, a Finn, who started life as an orphan chimney sweep, and who is now living not far from New York with his family, a contented mechanic. In between, Hedlund ran away to sea, where he went through shipwrecks, fights, illnesses, and every other kind of trial. Also, he landed on the African Gold Coast, and hunted gold until he became involved in the Boer War, and found himself eventually in prison. All these adventures he has told to Palen, who, it will be recalled, helped to launch Ferdinand Ossendowski, and who knows how to tell a story. Hedlund has crowded as much adventure into his life as is known by a thousand ordinary men in these effete times. This is probably a very good place to mention G. Gibbard Jackson's collection of yarns about the oceans, *The Romance of the Sea* (Stokes), which deals with clippers, steamships, warships, submarines, mysteries of the sea, and so on. It is a sort of hodge-podge, but the boys who like salt water will enjoy it.

The very practical help that the Guggenheim fortune has been to the progress of aviation gives unusual interest to *The Seven Skies* by Harry Guggenheim (Putnam, $2.50), a collection of articles on various phases of present-day flying. A large, solid and scientific study of handwriting is *Experiments with Handwriting* by Robert Saudek (William Morrow, $5), a book designed to be some practical use to all whose business it is to judge men and their mental states. The volume has been published in nearly every country of any importance, and from samplings the Landscaper has made of it, seems to be an eminently sensible contribution to graphology, free from the bunk side of this semi-science. E. Beresford Chancellor's *London's Old Latin Quarter* (Houghton Mifflin, $4.50), is a charming book about the Tottenham Court Road neighborhood, when it was a sort of English Montmartre a hundred years ago.

Untermeyer Anthology Revised

For lovers of poetry there is a revision of Louis Untermeyer's *Modern American Poetry 1830–1930* (Harcourt, Brace), an admirable critical anthology, which now includes selections from the works of Robinson Jeffers, Langston Hughes, Archibald MacLeish, Merrill Moore, Joseph Moncure March, Allen Tate, Hart Crane and others, in addition to expanded sections from the works of some of the older poets. Harcourt has also published Carl Sandburg's *American Songbag* in a popular edition at $3.50, the original price having been $7.50. This is a wonderful collection of American songs that should be in every home. There are plenty of selections for tight parties, as well as songs to be sung in sober moments. Admirers of Edwin Arlington Robinson will be interested in Charles Cestre's *An Introduction to Edwin Arlington Robinson* (Macmillan, $1.75), an expansion of lectures first given at Bryn Mawr by the distinguished French professor.

A few more novels have made their appearances since work was begun upon this chapter of the Landscape, and since by next month there will be many books to write about — from advance forecasts a number of really important ones and perhaps even a few written in heart's blood — it may be as well to clear the decks at this time. A curious piece of experimental fiction, which would have definite value as a psychological document if its highly tricky style did not make it difficult to read, is Emily Coleman's *The Shutter of Snow* (Viking, $2.50), which relates in prose that is direct from the school of the noted and now defunct magazine *transition* the experiences of the author while in a hospital for the insane during a period of two months following childbirth. It has a nightmareish quality. At the other extreme is a new novel by John Buchan, *Castle Gay* (Houghton Mifflin $2.50), which is an addition to a series already familiar to many followers of Mr. Buchan's pleasant yarns. Many familiar characters, such as Huntington, McNab, and others take part, and the whole business has a fine Stevensonian ring. No experimenting here. . . .

A Novel About Washington

QUEEN ANNE'S LACE by Frances Parkinson Keyes (Lippincott, $2) is the story of the rise of a country girl and her husband in Washington society and politics, related by one who knows the game from the inside and who has managed a reasonably complete picture of the scene at the national capital. This is for those who like such things; unfortunately, one of the Landscaper's many blind spots has to do with politics, and Washington society has always impressed him, from what he has heard and read of it, as about as stupid as anything in the known world. There are many people, however, who sit up nights worrying about the riddle of the Ambassador and the members of the Supreme Court, which not even Mrs. Emily Price Post has been able to solve.

There are the usual number of detective stories available, but they have long ago become almost too numerous to do much about, except that one might mention *The French Powder Mystery* by some one who calls himself Ellery Queen, and who wrote *The Roman Hat Mystery* last year. It is published by Stokes and is unusually good.

The Landscaper has recently had the pleasure of examining some of the newer volumes in Everyman's Library with the gay and attractive jackets that resulted from a prize competition carried on by Dutton. Among the additions to this invaluable series is a two-volume edition of Rabelais, which has been released after one year in the customs, this being just one more evidence of the stupidity of the censorship, since many editions of Rabelais are in the market without restrictions. The Urquhart-Motteux translation, in which most of us first read Rabelais, is used. There is a large number of excellent new titles in the series.

The Reader's Turn

A Department of Comment and Controversy

Life Extension

Doctor Eugene Lyman Fisk, Medical Director of the Life Extension Institute, takes issue with a contributor

I note with amazement and satisfaction, in Mr. T. Swann Harding's discussion of *Science and the Span of Life* in the August issue of The North American Review, that I should be missed. I had not thought this possible!

Following closely upon this agreeable statement, however, I find some extraordinary misstatements that trouble me — not because they affect me personally but because of their possible adverse influence on human life and human destiny.

If the propaganda for periodic health examinations were merely an individual matter, confined to me personally or to the Life Extension Institute, I should not pay any attention to Mr. Harding's statements, but inasmuch as leaders in medicine have agreed that periodic health examinations constitute the greatest advance in modern medical science and the greatest hope of controlling the rising death rate in middle life and later, Mr. Harding's cynical and superficially inaccurate characterizations of this particular measure and its results constitute an affront to the modern medical profession.

No public good is going to arise out of spreading the notion that periodic health examinations merely disclose fallen arches or ingrowing toenails. If Mr. Harding wishes to come to the Life Extension Institute and undergo such an examination, we would be glad to accommodate him; and unless he is a superman we are sure that more than this will be found.

It seems to me that a writer who assumes to guide the people in a great journal like yours, on questions fundamental to human happiness, contentment, and well-being, should be more careful as to his facts. The most cursory examination of the literature on life extension would reveal what has actually been found on these periodic health examinations. Perhaps the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company is merely amusing itself by extending the privilege of these examinations through the Institute to several millions of people, and perhaps its expenditure of nearly a million dollars a year in this work is a mere gesture. However, I do not think any level-headed person would view the situation that way.

We have had reactionary critics questioning our figures, but whatever may be thought about the actual reduction in the death rate among those taking periodic health examinations, we well know what we have found in the course of these examinations, and this is where Mr. Harding makes his gross misstatements.

I can pass over his reference to "professional rejuvenators" because the matter is far bigger than my own personal interest in it. If he wishes to characterize as professional rejuvenators those promoting this work in the five county medical societies of Greater New York, I believe they would have something to say to him in answer.

Mr. Harding's remarkable discovery that man pays a price in diminished longevity for his differentiation, as compared to lower organisms, has been reiterated many times by me; but nowhere have I said anything on the platform, in the public press, or in magazine articles that would justify him in fixing upon me the prediction that old age should begin at 500 or 600 years. Reporters and magazine writers have wept bitterly because I have refused to make any prediction of any kind. Not knowing what science is going to do in the future, it would be impossible to make any definite prediction as to the ultimate extension of human life. It is, of course, true that I have contended for the principle of the non-fixity of the death rate and the non-fixity of the life cycle. Mr. Harding seems to have dipped into much of my literature and taken many of the facts I have collected, but he twists them around and places me in a false light.

I have been in the public eye so many years, have written so much and engaged in so much public controversy, that I can not get excited over misstatements regarding myself, my opinions, or my work. I am taking up this matter only because it affects the general propaganda for periodic health examinations, which I regard as the best hope of the public in the situation recently revealed by unquestioned authorities as to the rising death rate in middle life and later. This situation, peculiar to the United States, can not be laughed off, and it is not going to be dealt with in a satisfactory corrective way by cynical, superficial, inaccurate dabblers in the subject.

This institution has examined approximately a million people during the past sixteen years. If in that period we found nothing but fallen arches and ingrowing toenails, I think something should be done to us. The latest bulletin of the Milbank Memorial Fund, which in coöperation with the United States Public Health Service made a close and careful study, would show what we actually found in the analysis of 100,000 cases. A few facts of this kind, it seems to me, are worth tons of flippant comment by one who is dispensing second, third and fourth hand information without any critical test of its authenticity.

Mr. Harding admits the thesis, advanced by me during the past twenty years, that the life span has not been increasing and that the death rate in middle life is increasing, but he allies himself with strange agencies for checking such tendencies. I have no apologies to offer for seeing hope in the future and can back up that vision by tested results in the examination of a million lives.

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For Justice in Venezuela

By Arthur Locke King

In the December, 1929, issue of The North American Review, Morris Gilbert in an article entitled *Venezuela's Rocking-Chair Czar* gave us a partial view of the tragedy that has been taking place in that country under the despotism of Juan Vicente Gomez, designated by his *ipse dixit* the "Well-deserving." In a letter from Mr. Gilbert to Senator J. E. Ransdell of Louisiana, printed in *The Congressional Record*, that writer indicates that, if he had felt at liberty to tell the whole story, the world would have stood aghast at the revelations. Since that time, in connection with a resolution introduced by Senator Ransdell and now pending before the Foreign Relations Committee of the United States Senate, there have been published petitions, letters, and affidavits giving detailed accounts of the barbarities practised upon "political" prisoners in that country, where Gomez's will has been substituted for the law of the land.

While it would seem to be incredible, nevertheless it is true, that there has been maintained in Venezuela for more than twenty years a despotic system, functioning under the designation of a *Government*, which has used its power to deprive men and boys of their liberty, without charges, without hearings, and without published investigations. The only reasons ever given for such imprisonments have been that such men and boys have been guilty of "political" offenses. "Political" prisoners! When that term was first used by man is lost in the dim ages of the past. Under the present enlightened dispensation the average American citizen has no doubt been convinced that the practice of throwing men and boys into dungeons upon the pretext that they were "political" prisoners had been discontinued. The light that is now being turned on conditions in Venezuela shows that in spite of the carefully censored reports that have been published as to good roads, excellent government, and modern improvements in that country, there has continuously been in force this system under which "political" prisoners numbering thousands have been cast into dungeons and kept there in chains under conditions similar to those existing in the darkest period of the world's history.

Beginning twenty-odd years ago, this man Gomez secured control of the military forces, and consequently of the Government, and instituted a system under which it was practically impossible for anyone who might oppose him to obtain arms and munitions from within or without the country. Bidding for external support, the tyrant played upon the avarice of man by promising to pay Venezuela's questionable foreign debts and to make that country *safe for foreign investments*. His only demand in return for these pledges was that he be allowed to have complete control of the Government and that he be given a fair share of the spoils.

Thus for more than twenty years this unholy alliance of foreign capitalists and military dictatorship has continued in operation, crushing into submission by savage cruelty a not always passive people and draining the country of its rich resources. The wily Gomez has retained the hollow shell of constitutionality so that to superficial observation Venezuela presents a respectable front. It is a republic in name, a constitutional government in form, but in substance and actual operation as harsh and cruel a tyranny as ever oppressed a suffering people since "man's inhumanity to man" was first recorded.

One item of evidence showing to what extent this travesty on justice has gone is the petition from the women of Venezuela to Mr. Hoover before he became President of the United States. This petition was first published in *The Congressional Record* of the Seventy-first Congress under date of June 3, 1930. It was reproduced in *The Baltimore Sun* on July 1, as follows:

"To your noble country has already reached the echo of our painful outcry, and you and your prominent fellow-citizens already know of the agony of a people who, deprived of every right and of every liberty, perish at the very gates of the country of Washington, under the most terrible incarnation of brutal force ever known in America.

"The noble people who gained independence and the republican idea for a continent, from the Avila to the shores of La Plata, are today suffering from a rule of blood and infamy.

"This you can not fail to know, Mr. Hoover, for the sorrows and clamors of Venezuela fill the world, but that which you can not imagine, because it exceeds the limits of human cruelty, is the martyrdom of hundreds of children, of young men, and of adolescents taken away from the university and from honorable homes to be transported like galley slaves to desolate and barren regions where malaria and typhoid fever render impossible the continuance of existence.

"That which you can not see is the torturing of those who perish daily in the lonely fortresses and prisons so abundant in this country, because the agony of those unfortunate citizens is breathed forth daily only into their dark and unhealthy cells, where they are deprived of all contact with mankind and of all human comforts. Frequently the sad news of their death does not reach their families until months have passed.

"With no liberty, no free press, without the right of speech, without anything, with absolutely none of those mediums which civilization grants to the voice of the people, we set before you this protest of a martyred people so that through you the whole world may know that, notwithstanding their deceitful and lying shouts of progress, this Government has, during twenty-five years, done nothing more than exploit for its own benefit the riches of the country.

"Petroleum, which this country produces in immense quantities, has only served to enrich the income of our governors. Our plains remain uninhabited and uninhabitable for the reason that in a quarter of a century there has not been initiated the smallest campaign against the disastrous scourge of malarial fever.

"Our illiterate laborers, stupefied by their poor existence, continue to live in their primitive huts, trying with the greatest difficulty to earn their daily bread and knowing no relaxation other than drinking and no prospects other than to be recruited by the Government to kill or to be killed before they understand the reason of their sacrifice.

"Our industries have no progress, our mountains and woods are unexplored as before the discovery. The population does not increase and the tremendous mortality of infants has not yet aroused the slightest interest on the part of our governors. Worse than all this is the brutal and selfish force which drowns the cries of the conscientious and punishes with death the claims brought forth by honest hearts.

"We know that this protest will bring forth persecutions and torture upon us, as the ship which brings you to our country has left our shores; but it does not matter, for we have complied with our duty toward our country and our children, and we are satisfied with the thought that the man who helped Belgium at its moment of trial will not forget us when his official duties in the White House place him in contact with the Government of General Juan Vicente Gomez.

"We know that you will not forget that this Government carried away and deprived of life the innocent children of the Venezuelan mothers who, defenseless and unarmed, come today before you to set forth their protests. This protest no diplomacy and no material interests can make silent, for it will be backed by the tears of your mothers, Sir, when the Venezuelan drama is fully known."

A recent dispatch from Washington dealing with the relations between Mexico and the United States is as follows: "The administration of President Hoover promptly after inauguration demonstrated clearly that this country will not harbor revolutionary movements against the Mexican Government but in fact will lend its full moral support to constitutional institutions there." It would seem appropriate in this connection to call attention to the fact that the present *constitutional* Government of Mexico has refused to maintain diplomatic relations with the *de facto* government in Venezuela. In taking this stand Mexico has adopted a course that is unique in that it is the only nation that has adopted such a course toward Venezuela. While it will no doubt be considered among some persons in this country that it is little short of *lèse majesté* to suggest that any Latin American republic could set an example that might well be followed by the United States of America, we take the risk of pointing out here that the course pursued by Mexico with reference to the Gomez regime in Venezuela is one that might commend itself to the Government of the United States. That this course would be followed goes almost without saying, were it not for the large investments which have been made in Venezuela by men who control "big business" in America and other foreign countries.

These are the kinds of influences that, according to Julius Klein, "bestrode the life, political as well as social, of the later Eighteenth and early Nineteenth Centuries with inexorable power." Just as the men who dictated the operation of "big business" in those days held in contempt the power of public opinion in the United States, the "business interests" responsible for the present conditions in Venezuela appear to have failed to take into consideration that power today. It would seem that they have listened so long to the song of the siren, Huge Dividends, that, in relation to political conditions in Venezuela at least, they have been transformed into beasts. This language may sound harsh, but to one who is familiar with the cold facts it is an altogether inadequate condemnation of those responsible for these conditions.

Were it not for the inspiring thought that the "still, small voice" of conscience — the soul of America — has on innumerable occasions proved itself more powerful than the forces of "monopolistic aggression," those who champion the cause of freedom and justice would lose heart. This knowledge inspires the fight in America for restoration of constitutional government in Venezuela. That this fight will be intensely interesting to those who believe in practical justice and fair play for all men, goes without saying.

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A Restorative

By Mari Sandoz

While in an editorial position I learned how vastly important an occasional subscriber's reaction to the contents of the magazine can become. I suppose that not even The North American Review is entirely aloof. If not, I wish to say that the June number gave me more satisfaction, stimulation, entertainment, edification and if I may use that much maligned word, inspiration, than I imagined possible in so small a space. *Hungry River* by Overbeck is one of the few magazine short stories that pleased my jaded taste. As my chief and almost constant dissipation is short story reading, or giving courses in their writing, I am rather *blasé.* Even so, I was delighted with *Hungry River.* Spots in that are superbly done.

* * *

In Defense of Science

By Orwell Bradley Towne

The article entitled *Shall Protestants Adopt the Confessional?* which appeared in your February, 1930, issue gives a wrong impression of Christian Science, due very probably to the popular misconception that Christian Scientists ignore disease and the fear of disease. In the interest of fairness this should be corrected.

The article states that Christian Scientists ignore the fear of disease and claim better results from so doing than by confessing them. This is not at all in keeping with the facts.

Facing a fear with full faith in the understanding of God to heal it, and meeting that fear and its consequent ill effects on the basis of that faith may not properly be called ignoring either the fear or the disease. This is exactly what Christian Scientists do. They believe that Mary Baker Eddy, the Discoverer and Founder of Christian Science, spoke the Truth when she wrote on page 231 of *Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures*, the textbook of this religion: "To hold yourself superior to sickness and death . . . is in accordance with divine Science. To fear them is impossible, when you fully apprehend God and know that they are no part of His creation."

Christian Science is a Christian religion, based upon the Bible, more particularly upon the words and works of Christ Jesus, and reinstates the healing ministry of the primitive Christian Church. That this healing ministry has proved its efficacy through the practical results of its application to the fears and troubles of mankind, is too well established and too widely recognized by responsible individuals to be brushed aside by the repetition of a popular misconception of its teachings.

Christian Scientists are willing to have the value of the teachings of this religion determined by the practical results of their practical application.

Notes of a Cosmopolitan

By Barbara E. Scott

Cruising in the Mediterranean! Sailing through its sapphire waters with waves lace-edged by day, silver crusted in the moonlight, gliding into the curving cove of some corsair's lair one evening as the flames of a rose and amber sunset fade, sheltered the next in a harbor whose placid waters once parted beneath the regal prows of some Carthaginian trireme propelled by the rhythmic swing of the oars of galley slaves, crisscrossing back and forth over its waters in the very paths travelled by Hannibal and his African hordes, by Scipio Africanus, Cæsar with his gleaming Roman legions, by Antony and Cleopatra, Napoleon, Nelson and our own dauntless Decatur. You sit in the lap of Twentieth Century luxury, perhaps in the verandah café of one of our magnificent liners where the breeze is gentle and the sun kind, yet even in the midst of all that is modern you hear the sirens of this great blue sea as they sing of their glorious past, to say nothing of their quite enchanting present. For after all, our own times hold their perfections for us, too, and simply dash a speck or two of the past in for spice, as it were. Well there is plenty of spice, past and present, on the Mediterranean and along its gracious shores.

Zigzagging Across the Mediterranean

If it were not for the steady heads of our good old sea captains, we would scarcely be able to decide which port to steer for first after we leave the shadow of Gibraltar. Morocco with its curious mixture of Moorish and French surroundings; Algiers, a dazzling white queen in the dark African sun, French to her fingertips save for her Kasbah, her untouchable native quarter; Spain with her ceaseless enchantments; the Balearic Isles whose present beauty is as glowing as the myths of her antiquity. The little principality of Monaco seems to have a specially powerful siren perched somewhere on its rocky shore for it is one of those places that the great American liners rarely ever miss. Of course her port is Ville Franche, but that seems to have been provided simply to allow you to take one of the loveliest drives in all the world through the sweetest and most fragrantly scented sea air you could ever hope to breathe along the Corniche road. A short flirtation with the Goddess of Chance and away you go, this time perhaps to Italy for a glimpse of Naples, Sorrento, Pompeii, Sicily and the rose covered slopes of Taormina and Palermo.

After you have visited Rome and the triumphs of the great Italian nation have impressed you unforgettably, it gives you quite a jolt to realize that at one time, about 264 B.C. to be exact, when Carthage first came into armed collision with Rome, Carthage had been for nearly two hundred years the Queen of the Mediterranean. Dominant in the East, supreme in the West, her ambassadors informed the Romans in just so many words that they might not even so much as wash their hands in this sea without leave from Carthage. This gives one pause. After seeing all the glory that is and was Rome — who were these imperious Carthaginians? Your cruise will tell you. Our liners, though they draw a deal more water, are just as good at poking round into curious ports as were the triremes and quinqueremes with their five banks of oars. They know their Mediterranean.

Souks of Tunis

To solve our riddle as to who the Carthaginians were, suppose we put into the port of Tunis nestling cosily on the shore of an inland bay, its modern life a vivid contrast to the life of the unchanging East. Tunis, fascinating as it is with its famous *souks*, or bazaars, with their narrow vaulted passages, faintly lighted but bright with their gay silks, gorgeous ribands, carpets and Moroccan ware, its many aristocratic mansions and princely palaces, but serves us as a stepping stone to Carthage and those other ruined Punic cities which were a continual temptation to Rome until she had conquered them. It is to these that we turn so eagerly to freshen up on our ancient history. Not that we turn to them as dry as dust places (like history books) inaccessible and impossible to visit and enjoy. They have been actually made to live again, many of them; and instead of our having to breast sand storms and hang on to the uncertain humps of camels, we find excellent specially designed motors with competent chauffeurs at the disposal of tourists, and hotels that are modern and complete springing up where we need them most. This, you will agree, is the ideal way to step back into the past.

Not far from Tunis is Carthage, its grandiose site a vision at once moving and unforgettable. In the days of her power the South of Spain owed her allegiance, North Africa was honeycombed with her ports and markets; the west of Sicily, Sardinia, Malta and the Balearic Isles accepted her rule; she had a treaty with Rome. As a naval power she was supreme in the Mediterranean. She had her great lords — the Hasdrubals and

Hamilcars. She produced and finally scorned her Hannibal. Of her architecture little remains save tombs, and these were strongly influenced by both Greece and Egypt. Rome made desperate efforts to destroy Carthage, but again and again the positive valor of her people saved her. Once they swam into the sea bearing burning torches to set fire to the Roman fleet and siege works, but to no avail. Finally Scipio Africanus returned victorious to Rome and it was determined by the Senate that Carthage should be razed to the ground, the site ploughed over, and a solemn curse pronounced forever on any man who should build house or plant corn there. The Punic wars were over.

Roman Colonials in North Africa

But the march of the Roman Empire in Africa was just beginning. It is really the Romans who have left us their startling monuments scattered all across North Africa. Columns of the Forum at Timgad, farther to the South, pierce the blue African sky and on its stone pavement among a number of little gaming tables, we can trace an inscription that seems to tell us better than volumes how these Roman colonials lived in Africa — "Hunting, bathing, gambling, laughing — this is life." Above the Forum in Timgad lies the theatre, hollowed out of the crest of the hill and with the exception of that at Dougga, it is the handsomest and most complete Roman theatre in North Africa. Wherever the Romans settled they managed to construct first a theatre, then an amphitheatre, a circus, and of course an aqueduct. This they did as far west as Cherchell, and at Carthage, Dougga, and Constantine, for they loved their chariot races above everything. Even Ovid had a passion for the races. He tells us how he took a girl to the races, how he shielded her face from the sun with his card of the races, how he admired her ankle and wished he could see more. Poor Ovid! He would have enjoyed life today. So keen was the competition at the races in Carthage, where the Circus seated a quarter of a million people, that they went to the trouble of making curious little tablets of thin sheet lead about three inches long called *tabulae execrationis* and engraving them with imprecations against the horses and charioteers they did not wish to win. In order to make their malediction effective these tablets were attached to a grave stone by a strip of leather and dropped into tombs. It is here they have been preserved, many of them most entertainingly inscribed.

In Africa the Romans found it easy to obtain all that was necessary to put on thoroughly good amphitheatre shows. Elephants, lions and other wild beasts were plentiful. Gladiators were not too dear and slaves and Christians were always to be had. Perhaps that is why there are so many interesting amphitheatre ruins in North Africa. Many Christians were killed in these Roman arenas and one of the most prominent was a certain woman named Perpetua. A sepulchral slab said to be that of Perpetua is in the Museum at Carthage. Cyprian, a Christian Bishop, "the foremost citizen of Carthage," a man greatly beloved, was beheaded at the order of the Proconsul. As he was about to be beheaded he, in his lordly way, bade his friends remunerate the executioner with twenty-five pieces of gold. So overcome was the executioner either by the dignity or generosity of the great man that his hand shook so that he was unable to even hold the sword. A near-by centurion, however, struck the blow for him.

Ancient Cirta's Classic Ruins

Halfway between Tunis and Algiers which we someway cling to as guide posts in North Africa because they are ports and more modernized than the inland cities, we come upon Constantine. This is one of the regular stops of the French Line motors. In Punic times it was known as Cirta, and for actual strength, beauty of situation, strategic importance and romantic interest there are few cities to compare with it. Though besieged eighty times Cirta can boast that since it was taken by the Romans in the Fourth Century and given the name of their Emperor, it had never been conquered in fair fight until taken by the French in 1837. And they had no easy time of it. Between the east side of the city and the opposing heights runs the deep and rocky gorge of the Rummel. To the steep rough walls of the gorge cling fragments of Roman ruins, for these masters built wherever lodgement could be found. Across the gorge the Romans threw one of their magnificent arched bridges, and to this day, though replaced by an iron structure, the bridge across the Rummel is called El Kantra. So curious are the streets of old Constantine that they well repay a visit. Here houses lean affectionately over on each other at all possible angles, but in their open fronted doorways the ever busy fingers of native craftsmen may be watched with profit. They work wonders with bits of leather, silks, bright wools, and make those massive yet delicate silver ornaments that tease the vanity of native dancers and modern tourists alike.

Did you realize that tucked away down in this part of the world there was once a real kingdom called Mauretania? Yes, that must have been where the name came from. It once had a king named Juba II whose wife was a daughter of Antony and Cleopatra. Her name was Cleopatra Selene. The capital of their kingdom was Cherchell. Juba and his beautiful Egyptian wife were sent to Mauretania by Augustus and told to civilize it. They were young and happy and must certainly have worked hard for the cultivation of art. At any rate they collected a fine library at Cherchell and the whole city grew more lovely under the touch of their artistic genius. They brought workmen and statues and works of art all the way from Rome. And they loved their city. You would know that just to look at the ruins, though they are now all that remain of this gem-like city save the haunting ruin of the great circular tomb in which these lovers of beauty were buried. Its Ionic columns are fallen and broken and huge blocks of stone lie heaped in disarray round the base of the tomb, yet there is something magnificent about it still. Do you suppose it could be because it had to do with a daughter of Antony and Cleopatra?

Let's Pretend

THERE is something of the actor or romancer tucked away in all of us, it seems to me, and nowhere does this love of make-believe crop up more persistently than when you find yourself in some strange and colorful country where the surroundings are picturesque and the background a contrast to that with which you are familiar. Last winter one of New York's most popular plays portrayed a modern American living in mellow Georgian times in old London — in Berkeley Square, to be exact. He enjoyed himself immensely in these surroundings, got on extravagantly well with his old-fashioned companions and took particularly to the charming Queen Anne furniture. It was no trick at all for him to drop into the old easy-going ways of those gaming days. And New York's theatre-going public enjoyed seeing him do it. People who get the most out of their travels have this same faculty of entering into things. They necessarily do a fair share of pretending, but they like it. Their first taste for it comes when, on some well-managed cruise, they enter heart and soul into the mysteries of a fancy-dress ball. After that it just seems to come natural to don a fairy cloak and be who you will.

If someone were to do a little figuring, perhaps he would come to the conclusion that one reason cruises to the West Indies are so outstandingly popular is that we like to pretend that we are buccaneers. There is something about these "Brethren of the Main," as they were called, that in spite of their unsavory reputation for making people walk the plank and carrying too many cutlasses, imparted an air of romance to their goings-on. Curious as it may seem, though unprincipled and ruthless where others were concerned, they were marvelously square and honest among themselves. When afloat or on forays they

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obeyed their leaders implicitly, never betrayed their comrades and would share their last centavo with a Brother of the Main if he needed it. Their leaders were born executives, men of almost superhuman bravery and physical strength, and so great was their personal magnetism that when men like Morgan, Lolonais, Michael le Basque, Alexandre, or John Davis issued a call for men they would flock to their Jolly Rogers like gulls to a sea-blown rock. When the buccaneers scattered as an organized body, however, they deteriorated into mere pirates and lost much of their glamour, for a pirate would kill friend or foe with equal nonchalance. But the buccaneers (many of them retired after their busy careers) reformed, and lived quite like the rest of us. One of these, known as Red Legs, lived in the Island of Nevis and in his declining years gave large sums to charity. Another daring rascal, Bartholomew Sharp, after many adventures with the buccaneers, decided to abandon his trade and sailed, well heeled, to England where he lived in peace and plenty. Of course Captain Kidd was more of a pirate than a buccaneer, but did you know that he once owned a house at No. 56 Wall Street in New York and lived on Pearl Street?

Dollars and Pieces of Eight

Another thing that seems to connect us with the buccaneers is that our dollar sign evolved from their designation of "pieces of eight," silver pieces about the size of our dollars and worth nearly a dollar in our money. The ancient symbol for the piece of eight was like our dollar sign with but a single line through it. When the American colonies were struggling for a foothold in the New World, almost all the trade of the world was conducted on the basis of the Spanish piece of eight, and many American accounts were kept in this system. When we melted down the old pieces of eight for bullion and evolved our dollar, it was natural enough for accountants to draw another line through the figure eight and let it go for a dollar sign. It saved them a lot of extra bookkeeping.

Almost every island of the West Indies and the Lesser Antilles had its pet pirate or buccaneer, and many of them had more than they could manage. After you pass the low sand spit known as the Palisados and drop anchor at Port Royal, Jamaica, you will find yourself in the harbor that was the rendezvous of the English buccaneers. Old Port Royal was once known as the wickedest city in the world, and was in its heyday the richest mart in the New World. A terrible earthquake sent it all to the bottom of the sea and only Fort Charles remains of the old stronghold. Though ancient and crumbling, it still boasts its moats and drawbridges. Its battlements are grass-grown, yet upon a tablet in the coral-pink bricks you may read this inscription: "In this place dwelt Horatio Nelson. You who tread his footprints remember his glory." Here on what he called his quarterdeck (a paved platform) he watched impatiently for the French Fleet which was expected to attack Port Royal. Then Nelson was only twenty-one. There is a fascination about Port Royal quite different from the busy marts of Kingston across the harbor, and the quaint old town is well worth a visit even though its pirates' church lies with all the other ill-gotten gains of the buccaneers down with Davy's Locker. It was after the earthquake that those wicked ones who survived, reformed and moved across the bay to found the city of Kingston.

Blackbeard's Island—St. Thomas

St. Thomas is one of our own Virgin Islands. Columbus named them collectively "The Virgins" after the eleven thousand companions of St. Ursula. Of course there are hardly that number in the group, but with so many islands to name all of a sudden, Columbus really did very well. The quaint harbor of St. Thomas once known as Charlotte Amalie, bristled with a forest of masts in its halcyon days. Today gray-painted cruisers float idly on placid waters. Ford motors and United States Marines scurry along the waterfront street and the American flag floats wherever flags should float. St. Thomas boasted one of the most thorough-going of all the buccaneers—Old Teach, better known as Blackbeard, whose castle sits today at the apex of the hillside behind Charlotte Amalie. His particular pride was a heavy black beard which covered his face to his eyes, hung to his waist and which he wore braided in any number of pigtails. When he wanted more publicity than usual he stuck slow-burning matches in his whiskers until, we are told, "he glowed most horribly." He was a scoundrel, but he did have courage. You won't be sorry that he is not at home all lit up when you climb the hill to see his castle. He was finally killed after a fierce battle with an English Lieutenant in a little cove in North Carolina.

But to return to St. Thomas. It has the strangest graveyard in the world. A graveyard for old wornout ships. At Krums Bay. Remember it. Here for years and years all the disabled storm-beaten ships that are no longer seaworthy have been towed. Stripped of their fittings, burned for their copper, only their astonishing old figureheads have been saved. A queer collection of gallant men, long-haired maidens, mermaids and sea-serpents. These carven effigies are all that remain of proud ships that once knew the pull of acres of billowing canvas and flew the flags of great nations. It is a fine place for a collector who knows his figureheads.

Trinidad, Land of the Hummingbird

ANOTHER of West Indian Islands is Santa Cruz which at one time or another has belonged to the French, Danes, Spaniards, Dutch and English by turns. Once it had the distinction of being under the banner of the Knights of Malta who thought of establishing a little kingdom of their own in the Caribbean. Indeed, for anyone who enjoys a cosmopolitan assortment of races it would be difficult to find a place where more nationalities live together in a small space than in the West Indies. In Trinidad, which in the Carib tongue is *Iere*, meaning the land of the hummingbird, and particularly in Port of Spain, the atmosphere is very foreign. Here coolies from India, Africans, Chinese, Portuguese and French people rub elbows and live in the amusing little houses of orange-pink, cream, green and Basque blue.

Of all the pirates of the Spanish Main, Jamaica had the prize — Sir Henry Morgan. He was such a splendid buccaneer that he was knighted by the King of England and then sent out to be the Governor of the island he particularly liked to plunder. He rose from the ranks, as it were, yet with all his villainous exploits his entire buccaneering career spanned but a scant five years.

Mark Twain's Bermuda

MARK TWAIN discovered Bermuda shortly after the Civil War on the last lap of that memorable voyage he describes in *Innocents Abroad*, and when Mark Twain found a good thing at hand, he made use of it. He certainly made good use of the sunshine and sweet fresh air of Bermuda, for he visited it many times. He writes of it as "the tidiest country in the world," and then goes on to recount what so many hard-working Americans have discovered in the last few years for themselves, that "Bermuda is the right country for a jaded man to 'loaf' in. There are no harassments; the deep peace and quiet of the country sink into his body and bones, and give his conscience a rest, and chloroform the legion of invisible small devils that are always trying to whitewash his hair."

Everyone finds such different things in the same place. Mark Twain found rest for his conscience, but it took a sentimental Irishman really to plumb the depths of Bermuda's charm, for Thomas Moore wrote:

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Traveller's Guide

Trans-Atlantic Sailings from New York:

Baltic, White Star, Liverpool, Sept. 20, Oct. 18
Belgenland, Red Star, Antwerp, Sept. 20
Bergensfjord, Norwegian American, Oslo, Sept. 20
Drottningholm, Swedish American, Gothenburg, Sept. 20
Saturnia, Cosulich, Trieste, Sept. 20
Antonio Lopez, Spanish Mail, Barcelona, Sept. 21
Bremen, North German Lloyd, Bremen, Sept. 24
Mauretania, Cunard, Southampton, Sept. 24, Oct. 15
Dresden, North German Lloyd, Bremen, Sept. 25
New York, Hamburg American, Hamburg, Sept. 25
France, French Line, Havre, Sept. 26, Oct. 17
Homeric, White Star, Southampton, Sept. 26
Karlsruhe, North German Lloyd, Bremen, Sept. 26
Pennland, Red Star, Antwerp, Sept. 26
Augustus, Navigazione Generale Italiana, Genoa, Sept. 27
Leviathan, United States, Cherbourg, Sept. 27, Oct. 18
United States, Scandinavian American, Copenhagen, Sept. 27
Volendam, Holland America, Rotterdam, Sept. 27
Aquitania, Cunard, Southampton, Oct. 1, Oct. 22
La Bourdonnais, French Line, Bordeaux, Oct. 1
President Harding, United States, Hamburg, Oct. 1
De Grasse, French Line, Havre, Oct. 2
Deutschland, Hamburg American, Hamburg, Oct. 2
Ile de France, French Line, Havre, Oct. 3
Olympic, White Star, Southampton, Oct. 3
Adriatic, White Star, Liverpool, Oct. 4
Conte Biancamano, Lloyd Sabaudo, Genoa, Oct. 4
Europa, North German Lloyd, Bremen, Oct. 4
Gripsholm, Swedish American, Gothenburg, Oct. 4
Hellig Olav, Scandinavian American, Copenhagen, Oct. 4
New Amsterdam, Holland America, Rotterdam, Oct. 4
Stavangerfjord, Norwegian American, Oslo, Oct. 4
St. Louis, Hamburg American, Hamburg, Oct. 4
Resolute, Hamburg American, Hamburg, Oct. 7
Berengaria, Cunard, Southampton, Oct. 8
President Roosevelt, United States, Hamburg, Oct. 8
Majestic, White Star, Southampton, Oct. 10
Paris, French Line Havre, Oct. 10
Rochambeau, French Line, Havre, Oct. 10
Britannic, White Star, Liverpool, Oct. 11
Kungsholm, Swedish American, Gothenburg, Oct. 11
Statendam, Holland America, Rotterdam, Oct. 11
George Washington, United States, Hamburg, Oct. 15
Albert Ballin, Hamburg American, Hamburg, Oct. 16
Lafayette, French Line, Havre, Oct. 16
Homeric, White Star, Southampton, Oct. 17
Conte Grande, Lloyd Sabaudo, Genoa, Oct. 18

Trans-Pacific Sailings:

From Vancouver —

Empress of Canada, Canadian Pacific, Manila, Oct. 2
Empress of Russia, Canadian Pacific, Manila, Oct. 16

From Seattle —

Pres. Cleveland, American Mail, Manila, Oct. 4
Mishima Maru, Nippon Yusen Kaisha, Kobe, Oct. 4
Shidzuoka Maru, Nippon Yusen Kaisha, Kobe, Oct. 15
Pres. Pierce, American Mail, Manila, Oct. 18

From San Francisco —

Tatsuta Maru, Nippon Yusen Kaisha, Hongkong, Sept. 20
Pres. Lincoln, American Mail, Manila, Sept. 26
Pres. Madison, American Mail, Manila, Oct. 10
Asama Maru, Nippon Yusen Kaisha, Hongkong, Oct. 18
Pres. Jackson, American Mail, Manila, Oct. 24

Sailings to Hawaii:

From San Francisco —

Matsonia, Matson Line, Honolulu, Sept. 24, Oct. 22
Manoa, Matson Line, Honolulu, Oct. 1
Sierra, Matson Line, Honolulu, Oct. 2
Diamond Head, Los Angeles S. S. Co., Honolulu, Oct. 6
Maui, Matson Line, Honolulu, Oct. 8
Calawaii, Los Angeles S. S. Co., Honolulu, Oct. 11
Empress of Canada, Canadian Pacific, Sept. 19
Empress of Japan, Canadian Pacific, Oct. 17

Round the World Sailings:

From New York —

Pres. Van Buren, Dollar Line, Sept. 25
Pres. Garfield, Dollar Line, Oct. 9
Pres. Polk, Dollar Line, Oct. 23

Tours and Cruises

Mediterranean, from New York:

James Boring's Travel Service, *S.S. Calgaric*, February 14, 1931
Canadian Pacific, *Empress of France*, February 3, 1931
Frank C. Clark, *S.S. Laurentic*, January 31, 1931
Thos. Cook & Son, *S.S. Homeric*, January 24, 1931
Frank Tourist Co., *S.S. Scythia*, January 27, 1931
Hamburg-American Line, *S.S. Hamburg*, January 31, 1931
Raymond-Whitcomb, *S.S. Carinthia*, January 31, 1931
White Star Line, *M.V. Britannic*, January 8, 1931
White Star Line, *S.S. Adriatic*, January 17, 1931
White Star Line, *M.V. Britannic*, February 26, 1931
White Star Line, *S.S. Adriatic*, March 7, 1931

Round the World, from New York:

Canadian Pacific, *Empress of Australia*, December 2, 1930
Franco-Belgique Tours, *Pres. Johnson*, Dec. 4, 1930
Franco-Belgique Tours, *Pres. Fillmore*, Dec. 18, 1930
Cook-Cunard, *S.S. Samaria*, December 3, 1930
Red Star, *Belgenland*, Westward from New York, Dec. 15, 1930
Cook-Cunard, *S.S. Franconia*, January 10, 1931
Dollar Line: Fortnightly Service from New York Sailing Thursdays
Hamburg-American Line, *S.S. Resolute*, January 6, 1931
Raymond-Whitcomb, *S.S. Columbus*, January 21, 1931

West Indies, from New York:

Frank Tourist Co., *S.S. Lafayette*, Dec. 20, 1930
Canadian Pacific, *Duchess of Bedford*, January 9, February 11, 1931
Frank Tourist Co., *S.S. Volendam*, January 21, February 11, 1931
Raymond-Whitcomb, *S.S. Statendam*, Dec. 20, 1930, January 8, January 27, February 24, 1931

West Indies and South America, from New York:

Swedish American, *M.V. Kungsholm*, December 20, 1930
Swedish American, *M.V. Kungsholm*, January 10, 31, February 21, March 14, 1931

South American Cruise:

Los Angeles S. S. Co., *City of Los Angeles*, October 8, 1930

Oriental Winter Cruise:

American Mail Line, *President Grant*, sailing from Seattle, Jan. 24, 1930

African Cruise:

Cunard-Anchor Lines & American Express, *S.S. Transylvania*, January 17, 1931

(*Continued from front advertising section*)

Optimistic Features

What of the business outlook now? Colonel Ayres of Cleveland well makes the point that the bottoms of the more serious depressions are U-shaped rather than V-shaped; that the valley is not fallen into and climbed out of suddenly, but gradually; that the bottom lasts for some time. If this were universally understood business morale would be better than it is in some quarters today. The truth is sometimes stronger medicine to take than politically sugar-coated optimism, but it is never so disagreeable as the extreme of pessimism into which too much of that optimism is likely to trip us, and a thoroughly realistic interpretation of present conditions is far more cheerful than cheerless. For it indicates plainly that production in most lines is falling below normal consumption and that stocks everywhere are running down. It shows that the corrective process is far along in many industries. In cotton textiles the falling off of 15 per cent in output this year reflects much more the postponement of buying, the liquidation of accumulated stocks, than it does a falling off in ultimate consumption of shirts and sheets and automobile tires. In the tire business the normal replacement demand upon which the industry relies has not appeared because the tendency is to push the old tires a few miles further; but there are more automobiles on the road than ever before, and when replacement is begun it will be a flood that will sweep the industry to new heights. The automobile manufacturers are having an unsatisfactory season, but their replacement demand expands every year, and 1931 will certainly be a better year than 1930. As for building, it has already been pointed out that some enlargement in residential construction next year is expected after this year's curtailment, while the continued exceptional cheapness of short-term money and the growing ease of long-term rates as exemplified in steadily advancing prices for bonds indicates that major construction projects in which the cost of capital is an important item will be carried on as during this season.

We must also give some thought to those commodities, now so numerous, which are selling below the cost of production. Surpluses in the hands of producers in many cases are alarmingly large; but it is wholly probable that stocks in manufactured form in the hands of the ultimate consumer are abnormally small. Prices are on a level to stimulate ultimate consumption and discourage production. Whether recovery in commodity prices is to lead or follow recovery in industrial activity is a hotly debated subject; it is more likely that it will follow. But to believe that nothing is going up seems to me of a piece with last year's belief that nothing was coming down.

The drouth is an economic setback — limited by the fact that the actual stricken area was less perhaps than first page headlines indicated, but a setback nevertheless. Argument to the contrary is sophistry. It can be pointed out with truth that in the case of certain crops the higher price makes up for the smaller yield in giving the farmer an equal cash return. Of certain vegetables used for canning a serious overproduction, which threatened a surplus that might depress the industry, and the return to farmers, for a year or two. In interpreting this as a blessing in disguise, however, two factors are overlooked or ignored. One is that reduced yields mean higher costs of production per unit, so that the net return is smaller; the second is that higher prices to the consumer leave less income to purchase other things. As a generality it is undoubtedly true that an industrial community is much more prosperous with a large production of low-priced commodities than with a short output of high-priced ones. The drouth, however, is not the controlling factor in the business situation, however disastrous it may have been to the individuals affected.

Specific Instances

Business is not uniformly bad, not by a wide margin. In last month's Review Mr. Pell pointed out some "Hills in the Valley," enumerating a number of important corporations and industries which have done better so far this year than they did in 1929. Now that reports of net earnings for the first half year have been added to, I can expand his list. Out of a group of national advertisers whose figures are available forty show larger earnings. They include, to mention the more prominent ones not listed by Mr. Pell: Addressograph, Allis-Chalmers (machinery), American Safety Razor, American Writing Paper, Associated Oil, Briggs, Caterpillar Tractor, Condé Nast and Curtis publications, Cream of Wheat, Endicott-Johnson (shoes), Atlas Stores, Holland Furnace, Indiana Limestone, International Business Machines, American Home Products, Kimberly Clark (paper), Melville Shoe, Paramount-Publix, Penick & Ford (molasses), Pet Milk, Radio-Keith-Orpheum, Scott Paper, Sun Oil, National Dairy Products, U. S. Gypsum, Wheatsworth, Commercial Investment Trust and Zonite. The list is voluminous enough to show that depression is not without its bright spots and that there are shares on the Stock Exchange which by all reasonable standards should be worth more than last year.

By Way of Introduction

Rodney Gilbert (*Moscow Goads China*) is an American who has been for nineteen years in the employ of a British business syndicate in China.

Albert Cabell Ritchie (*Give Us Democracy*) specialized in the law before assuming gubernatorial responsibilities in Maryland.

Win Brooks (*Ice Water*) is a newspaperman and writer of short stories, who "would rather go to sea on a Gloucester fisherman than a liner, but often does one or the other on short notice."

Joseph Lilly (*They're Off at Boulder Dam!*) was born in Ohio, became Washington correspondent of *The Cincinnati Enquirer*, and for a decade did reportorial work in New York City.

Carleton Beals (*The Mexican Maze*), a Kansan, has travelled with adventure in twenty-two countries, but has spent most of his time in the Latin countries of Europe and the New World.

Mrs. Cyrus E. Woods (*Spirits of the Dead*), wife of the former Ambassador to Japan, was awarded an honorary medal by the National Red Cross Society for her valuable aid rendered to the Japanese during the earthquake disaster of 1923.

Elizabeth Cook (*Uncle's Gone Modern*), a resident of Des Moines, was for eight years an associate editor of a farm weekly.

Ruth Brown Park (*Maureen Orcutt*) is a world traveller who writes as the spirit moves her.

E. F. Bax (*Spats or Specie?*) is of English birth but American citizenship, who has served on the staff of the American Embassy in London.

Other writers in this issue have previously been represented in our pages.

Forecast for
NOVEMBER

MORROW IN THE SADDLE —by James Kerney. Weary of jaded fustian, bunk and ballyhoo, New Jersey, wanting a clear-cut Prohibition issue, is dominantly backing Morrow.

A COLOSSUS UNKNOWN — by Abbott Moffat. Recounting the works, aims and possibilities of the Port Authority, a body of men with tremendous powers rarely recognized.

HOW BAD IS THE PRESS? — by Lupton A. Wilkinson. In which the movies are whitewashed of their part in inciting crime, but the newspapers are blamed.

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North American Review

November

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By John Pell

My Father, Mark Twain

By Clara Clemens

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WALTER BUTLER MAHONY
Editor

JOHN PELL
Managing Editor

WILLIS FLETCHER JOHNSON — B. S. STANOYEVICH — WILLIAM ALTON DEWITT
Associate Editors

The North American Review

ONE-HUNDRED-SIXTEENTH YEAR

Volume 230 *November 1930* Number 5

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ERNEST FISHER, *Business Manager*
I. DAVIS, *Assistant Treasurer*

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The North American Review

VOLUME 230 NOVEMBER, 1930 NUMBER 5

Apéritif

Surprise

THERE was a time when we had no faith at all in the old *cliché* about pen and sword. We thought words were just sent out into the void, so to speak, earnest but unavailing; it never occurred to us that our own might have far-reaching results. But now we are wiser — wiser and more cautious.

In a nutshell, here is the story. We blurted out last month that our opinion of the average pet and its owner was low indeed. We described the only animal we could ever admire for such use as a whale named Emma, and painted a glowing picture of her virtues. Then we walked into the office one morning and discovered, amid a horrible chaos of destruction, the full-grown embodiment of our picture — even down to the name, which was written on a tag attached to a collar about her neck, and on which was also the inscription "From a Friend."

We will gloss over the first painful details: how it was impossible to remove Emma from the building without dividing her; how we found her a temporary abode in the storeroom; how screams from people who had occasion to go in there gradually subsided; and how the shock of learning that Emma could speak finally passed away. Of course it was assumed that she would remain only until we could discover the genius who had succeeded in getting her into the building — or anyhow his method, so we could get her out.

Then one day we got to thinking, and something happened. The result was that Emma stayed with us, and will continue to stay with us just as long as we can persuade her to do so. Such logic is too beautiful to lose for the sake of a little space. But we digress. . . . What we were thinking about was balloon races — puzzling about them till we were distracted. We tore our hair, paced the floor and butted our heads against the wall. Unconsciously we drifted into the storeroom and found ourselves gazing at Emma. An idea struck us.

"Emma," we begged, "*why* are balloon races?"

She looked at us searchingly to make sure this was no mere joke, then closed her eyes and thought.

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We could feel the ponderous working of her mind, and sat tense waiting for an answer. Minutes passed. Finally she looked up with a slow, pleased smile.

"Because," she said. "Just because."

* * *

Revelations

THIS incident naturally precipitated long conversations with Emma, and in the course of them we were vastly delighted to discover in her a source of almost unlimited gossip about prominent persons. For instance, she told us a story about Under Secretary of State Joseph Cotton, better known as "Uncle Joe," who is reputed to be pretty much out of sympathy with the flowery school of diplomats.

"It seems," said Emma, "that Uncle Joe dictated a personal letter to a State Department stenographer. This young lady, accustomed to the parliamentary language of bespatted diplomats, sprinkled through the missive a lot of 'By your leave's and 'If you would be so good's, etc., so that Uncle Joe was quite bewildered when it came back for approval. He rewrote it, eliminating, as he says, half of the 'persiflage,' and dictated it again, unadorned. It came back to him this time somewhat simpler, but still flowery.

"He pondered the problem, but decided time was too valuable for another rewriting and finally settled the difficulty by adding a postscript to the document: 'Dear Jim: — I didn't write this damned letter. Joe.'"

And Emma continued:

"Then there was the time some of Mrs. Coolidge's college classmates were struck with the idea of getting up a chain letter telling the experiences of each graduate. The letter started out with a Mrs. A—, went on to another Mrs. A— in alphabetical order, through the B's, and in turn was delivered at the White House for Mrs. Coolidge, whose story, naturally, was to be the highlight on Reunion Day, when the letter would be read.

"But when the happy hour arrived the class officials discovered that the chain somehow or other had never been completed. Somebody set out to investigate, they say, and found that the letter had been turned over to the President's Secret Service staff when it came to the White House, and, being taken for the work of a crank, was tucked away in what is known as 'the nut file.' There it stayed."

* * *

Also, she told us about a boyish prank some of the Senators played on "Tawm" Heflin when he was engaged in his bitter, one-man war against the Pope. It seems that the heat of slaughter engendered in this brave crusader at times a certain lassitude, and once he stretched out on a divan to snatch a little sleep. Waking, he was astonished to find himself clad in vestments strangely resembling those worn by prelates of the Church in high ecclesiastical moments. Red they were, and even more strangely like the drapery which adorns the walls of the Senate corridor.

Fervor

As was to be expected, we ended up in a discussion of politics. It surprised us to see Emma's habitual calm become quite ruffled.

"Democrats — humph!" she snorted, nearly deafening us. "Look at Al Smith. He can't find anything better to do now than writing forty-nine-word histories of New York on corner-stones. Look at Jimmie Walker. He made a speech and two people fainted. And how about the people they want to make Senators? Names like *Huey* Long and '*Hi*' Noone. Don't they want *any* peace and quiet around Washington?

"Yes, and the Republicans too. A beauty parlor in the Senate Office Building! I read in the paper the other day that Belle Sherwin, Ruth Hanna McCormick, Mabel Walker Willebrandt, Annabelle Matthews and a lot of others spend their time down there digging around in flower gardens. What does the fate of nations mean to them? Dahlias and daily massages! And the Republicans want to send even more women to Congress."

* * *

Poetry Again

John Masefield had been reciting *Sea Fever* over the radio, and comparing its broadcasting with old minstrel ways. He thought the radio was a great opportunity for poets and poetry, except that it was a little hard to tell how the audience was taking it. He also said: "You have given me the impression that all my audience has been listening to me breathlessly."

Emma's head shook violently, and the wall creaked.

"Breathlessly, my eye!" she exploded. "When he said, 'I must go down to the sea again,' all the cynics standing around in speakeasies probably thought it was that man Shearer getting in a little work for the ship-builders."

* * *

Sop

We read the other day about some pistol shooting at the national rifle matches at Camp Perry, Ohio. In the finals of the team competition the Los Angeles police beat the Royal Canadian Mounted police, and the reason given was that the former received more practice by impersonating the latter in wild west movies. It sounded fairly reasonable, though we always imagined that blank cartridges were used for this purpose because so little apparent damage is ever done, but we dislike to think that so prosaic an explanation is the only one. We like to think that some faint aura of the heroic still hangs over our Far West—even insist that it does. Why, it was not so long ago that we heard of a Y. M. C. A. man in Santa Barbara who jumped into the ocean and hauled out a shark with his bare hands! Emma thought it was a silly thing to do, but we felt a thrill.

At any rate, if the Mounties feel depressed, "Legs" Diamond must be a comfort to them. They hit *some* of the clay pigeons, or whatever they were shooting at.

* * *

Chiding

We came in to see Emma one day feeling vexed and disgruntled. A traffic officer had just dealt with us in the manner to which this suffering nation has long been accustomed. We told her about it and expressed our indignation.

"Now, now," she admonished, "you shouldn't take it this way. Policemen really have a hard life; they're bound to get nervous and irritated now and then. Why, nobody gives them any peace.

"What if you had to remember all the laws there are that people can break? What if you had to snoop around, like the policemen in Wauchula, Florida, listening for unkind words about the town? Knocking Wauchula is against the law; and there are a lot of sillier laws than that in other places.

"Then, people are always objecting to policemen's getting fat. In Pittsburgh doctors chase them around, and if they gain a little weight they're either put on a beat to walk it off or made to do bending exercises. Would you like that?"

Somewhat ashamed, we shook our heads.

"And here they are now taking away the only good prerogative policemen ever had. I mean their right to bawl people out without letting them say anything back. Most men save up their petty annoyances till they get home, then take them all out on their wives. That's what's wrecking modern home life. But before judges began to weaken on this point, did you ever hear of a policeman's having an unhappy home life? No, sir! They will now though, you mark my words. It's a shame."

Downcast, we finally went out and started to apologize to the policeman, but his home life must have been exceptionally happy. *Too* happy for the public weal, we thought.

W. A. D.

Prosperity Through Home Building

By John Pell

A family that owns its home takes a pride in it, maintains it better, gets more pleasure out of it, and has a more wholesome, healthful, and happy atmosphere in which to bring up children. The home owner has a constructive aim in life. He works harder outside his home; he spends his leisure more profitably, and he and his family live a finer life and enjoy more of the comforts and cultivating influences of our modern civilization. A husband and wife who own their home are more apt to save. They have an interest in the advancement of a social system that permits the individual to store up the fruits of his labor. As direct taxpayers, they take a more active part in local government. Above all, the love of home is one of the finest instincts and the greatest of inspirations of our people.
— Herbert Hoover.

This has been a year of heartbreaks for all of us. But the Administration has received more hard knocks than the average. Financial panics, floods, drought, tariff snarls and South American revolutions were crowded together into a few months like rocks in a narrow strait waiting to batter the Ship of State. Some of the paint is gone and halyards are weathered, but the Ship still floats. Its Skipper, having no time to brood on the calamities of the past, is taking soundings and peering into the fog. What lies ahead?

Prosperity is not a coincidence, nor is it the result of the hopes and fears of speculators. The fact that last year contracts for home building fell over half a billion dollars from the year before and over a billion dollars from 1925 was one of the causes of the economic disease, whose symptoms were the Wall Street panic and the commodity depression.

The problem of home owning and home building is perhaps closest to the President's heart today. A few weeks ago at a luncheon on the White House portico he discussed this subject with the Editor of The North American Review. Inspired by the President's constructive point of view, Mr. Mahony, on his return from Washington, commissioned Mr. John T. Flynn and me to make an exhaustive investigation of the home building situation.

Is it necessary to explain the relationship of home building to prosperity? How many industries are affected when a house is built? I would like to wager that no matter how exaggerated a guess you made you would under-estimate the actual figure.

A HOUSE begins as a hole in the ground. That involves labor and tools. You see the men digging or working a steam shovel, but don't forget the men who made the tools they use. The foundations require a new kind of labor as well as bricks and cement. Once the actual house is started, you begin to deal with lumber, steel, plaster, hardware, paint, glass, plumbing, roofing, furring, laths, tiles, carpets, furniture, blinds, linen, iceboxes — an almost infinite number of different things. You end by building a garage and installing a radio.

Why do people build houses? Ask yourself. Read again the quotation at the head of this article. Why then are people in this country building less and less houses, though the population is steadily increasing? Has human nature changed? I do not think so. I believe that people want to own their homes as much as they ever did; but many — an increasing proportion — can not afford to build or buy. In either case, a certain part of the cost must be met with capital. The many who have little or no capital are forced to live in rented apartments, or tenements, and spend their surplus income on automobiles, radios, pianos, ice machines, washing machines, sewing machines, vacuum cleaners and fur coats, because these things can be bought out of income on the instalment plan.

Why should not home building be financed on the instalment plan? It is easy to imagine what such a plan, if feasible, would do for the building industries and basic prosperity. Is it feasible? What are the obstacles?

It is our antiquated and incompetent mortgage and usury laws which stand in the way. If an instalment buyer fails to pay his instalment on an automobile, it is taken back by the finance company. This fact — instantaneous foreclosure — has enabled reputable business to invest in automobile instalment financing. Actually, the percentage of cars which have to be taken back by the finance company is almost negligible. Human nature makes the institution of instalment selling possible. Who wants to face the laughter and pity of his friends when they find out that the nice new car he was driving has been taken back by the finance company? Would he not even more persistently defend his home?

UNLIKE the laws which govern the purchase of an automobile, however, mortgage laws vary from State to State, so that foreclosure on real estate takes anywhere from a month or so to years. For this reason, money lent on real estate is less liquid than money lent on automobiles. Since first mortgages pay six per cent, it is natural that capitalists should require a higher return on money invested in risky second mortgages (which take the place of instalment financing). Actually the interest on second mortgages varies between twenty and fifty per cent. This does not mean that those who invest in second mortgages double their money every year or so. The rate is high because it is risky. In other words, good second mortgages have to support the bad ones — the cases in which the occupant is unable or unwilling to meet his payments and the property is tied up during long and costly foreclosure proceedings.

These foreclosure proceedings are the key to the difficulty of changing mortgage laws. Real estate and its innumerable entanglements are the principal source of income of country lawyers, and it is country lawyers who make the laws. Nobody is eager to endanger his source of income, particularly when he can defend it with such nice sounding phrases as "the poor man's home must be protected from ruthless money lenders."

If you stop to analyze the situation, you will realize at once that this same poor man who owns or wants to own a house would be the greatest beneficiary from laws which made it possible for him to borrow the money needed to build his house at six per cent instead of at fifty per cent, as is now the case.

The American Bar Association has already prepared a uniform mortgage law, many able lawyers have given it their support, and the American Mortgage Bankers Association has been pressing for its adoption by the various States. The problem of educating the people to an understanding of their own conditions is always difficult, but it is not insurmountable. President Hoover, while Secretary of Commerce, succeeded in inducing some thirty-eight States to adopt uniform highway construction regulations. This was accomplished by holding a series of conferences of leading representatives of the States, who constructed and reconstructed plans until they finally secured one which met with unanimous approval. It was placed before the legislatures of the States, and passed, to the benefit of all interested in motoring. How much more easily could there be inaugurated a movement which would benefit all real estate owners, builders, bankers, railroads, manufacturers of household goods and the inhabitants of crowded tenements — rich and poor alike?

This country has experienced two eras of exceptional prosperity. The first was based on the construction and expansion of the railroads, the second on the construction and expanding use of automobiles. These eras were preceded by periods of consolidation and improved financial conditions in the railroad and automobile industries. Prosperity is not the result of an increase in the buying power of the public, but of an improvement in the attractiveness or usefulness of those things which are offered to the public for sale. Supply creates demand.

There were houses before railroad trains or automobiles had been thought of. There still are houses, and they are still largely built by the methods of the Eighteenth Century. Progress has been made in the construction of steel frame office buildings, but not in the construction of one-family dwellings. Today, it takes as long to build a sixteen-room cottage as a sixty-story skyscraper.

The railroad industry and the automobile industry — even the moving picture industry and the ice machine industry — are in the hands of great nation-wide corporations.

The building of homes, the most fundamental of all economic occupations, is still in the hands of individual contractors and small groups of so-called speculative builders. Would you buy an automobile, which you plan to use for a year or so, from a speculative automobile manufacturer? No! You want the hallmark of a great corporation; but for your home, which you will occupy the rest of your life, you are forced to resort to competitive contractors or speculative builders.

IN THE few cases where big business methods have been applied to home building, the results have been startling. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., is at present converting his father's estate at Forest Hills, Cleveland, into a model community, thereby giving work to the unemployed and providing comfortable, attractive brick houses, with all modern conveniences, at a price within the reach of young married people who are now living in dingy apartments. It is possible to do this and to receive a fair return on the capital invested, because the speculative builder and the exorbitant cost of financing have been eliminated.

The Russell Sage Foundation, the Carnegie Foundation, the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, George Eastman, Edward Harkness, Julius Rosenwald and a few others have had similar experiences. It is for these great holders of liquid wealth, who are directly interested in the establishment of lasting prosperity, to lead the movement which can be made the basis for the third and greatest era of this nation's industrial progress. Any activity along these lines would undoubtedly be regarded with favor by the Administration. The people, the mass of voters, wage earners, potential house buyers and builders must be taught that they will be the ultimate beneficiaries from a movement which will enable them to buy houses with what they now spend on rent, at a fraction of the present total cost of house building, just as they now buy automobiles for a fraction of what they cost before instalment buying was introduced.

The Sears-Roebuck Company is already pioneering in this field. Its venture in loaning money on houses built with Sears-Roebuck materials has proved highly successful. The company is now preparing to enlarge its house building department and plans to lend as high as 75 per cent of the cost of the house, and to set up branches to cover every State.

Beside the Forest Hills development, John D. Rockefeller, Jr., has built in Harlem a group of model apartments. The Negroes who live in these comfortable up-to-date apartments pay the rent they formerly paid for comfortless tenements, and Mr. Rockefeller receives six per cent on his investment. As at Cleveland, the elimination of the exorbitant costs of financing is what has made this possible. Building costs are sometimes nearly doubled by the burden of the second mortgage bonus and interest.

A PLAN has already been worked out which could be made the model for a corporation formed to finance real estate improvements on the instalment plan. Such a corporation could be set up immediately, without the delay which the changing of mortgage laws entails. According to this plan the would-be home owner contracts to pay down ten per cent of the cost price of his house and the balance as monthly rental. The finance company contracts to deliver to the occupant the deed to the property upon completion of the terms of leasehold. If the tenant fails to pay his rent, he is dispossessed like any other tenant. The total of the monthly payments comes to no more than the cost of the house if it were bought with a mortgage. This is because the financing company is able to buy for cash, enabling it to acquire the property at a cost averaging seven and a half per cent less than would be the case if a mortgage were left on the property. The financing company can then assign a first mortgage on its house to a bank or insurance company, thus releasing a great part of the capital to be used again in a similar transaction.

Plans may be discussed, panaceas suggested, but the Ship of State must sail on. What lies ahead? Have we passed through the straits?

Whosoever will be great among you, shall be your minister: and whosoever of you will be the chiefest, shall be the servant of all. — MARK: X: 44.

FOLLOWING the election of Herbert Hoover as President of the United States, the above quotation appeared in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, accompanied by brief comment seeking the reason for his elevation "to the most dazzling and powerful position in the world. . . . To whom go the great rewards of fame and honor? Is it not for those who have been inspired by the wish to serve — be it one's neighbor or one's country, be it in science or in medicine or in literature, be it in education or the arts, be it in religion or in sport, be it in the discovery of uncharted portions of the earth's surface or in statesmanship, be it in relieving the suffering or feeding the hungry — that the recognition of the world is certain? If the greatest thing in the world is love and devotion to one's family, is not the satisfaction to be found in earning the regard of one's fellows next to the greatest thing in the world?"

Nearly two years later there is no occasion to vary these words. Since my first meeting with Mr. Hoover, when Secretary of Commerce, I had watched with a real interest the public reaction to his adopted course. At first it was almost unalloyed adulation, continuing for months after his inauguration as President; then for reasons beyond his control it turned into an outburst of almost unbroken criticism. The man has not changed. In the storm of events which has fallen upon his head he has gone upon his way serenely in a constant endeavor to advance the welfare of the country he serves, and in whose splendid future he retains the utmost confidence.

While motoring through New Mexico in the month of August, a message came extending an invitation to the White House and as a result of my meeting with the President, I commissioned my associate, Mr. John Pell, to write a preliminary article to be followed by another dealing with the proposed methods of financing a home building programme by Mr. John T. Flynn. W. B. M.

Recollections of Mark Twain

By Clara Clemens

Part I—Her Childhood Memories

Twenty long years have passed since my father was laid in the ground, yet had these years been only days the memory of that tragic event could not be more vivid. In the lovely month of April — month of soft green shades and playing breezes — the spirit of liberation, that comes with spring to the human heart after bitter winter blasts, reached my father in the form of all-consoling death. The great soul of Mark Twain was released from bondage.

When my thoughts return to childhood, I see figures of romance surrounded by an atmosphere of fairyland, kings and queens in the world of dreams. Words can give no picture of those long-vanished, unforgettable days — days filled with joy, sorrow, humor, fun, work, and always sparkling interest. It is a pity that children take all kindnesses from their parents so entirely for granted!

Father never showed the least sign of being bored when my sister Susy and I clambered up on his knee, begging for a "long" story. There were several pictures on the walls of the room we called the library, which was our living room. In the large fireplace great logs blazed almost continuously, for in spite of a furnace this room was often cold, owing to the winds that howled about the windows during the winter season.

In the library my father, seated in a large armchair in front of the fire with my sister and me in his lap, would start a story from the picture hanging in the farthest left-hand corner of the room. Passing from picture to picture, his power of invention led us into countries and among human figures that held us spellbound. He treated a Medusa head according to his own individual method, the snakes being sometimes changed to laurel leaves that tickled joy into Medusa's hair and inspired thoughts of victory. If the colored butler, George, interrupted the tale by announcing a caller, or a meal ready to be served, our spirits fell and did not rise till Father returned to his story of the pictures.

He was always ready to make jokes at the breakfast table, and my impression is that his wit was not half appreciated at that hour in the morning. Everybody was down to breakfast by eight o'clock, but I don't think any one wished to be.

I would say that my father was the only one at the table who found any real joy in life so early in the morning; and, of course, he didn't *find* it, he created it.

As I think back on the years spent in Father's company, I realize that there was rarely an hour when something of his genius did not shine forth. Even when surrounded by comforts and luxuries, he never sank into their clutches. He did not become "comfortable" to the detriment of his intellect and soul. Both were continually on fire. Wherever he was, he created a world of energized thought.

IN SPITE of a full life, my father found time for his three little girls, and devised many ways to amuse them. After a visit to Montreal, where he and my mother were entertained by the Viceroy, he returned with not only the gayest colored toboggan costumes for my sisters and me, but a full-sized toboggan. At the same time he supplied us with three collies that we christened, "I Know," "You Know," and "Don't Know."

A toboggan slide had to be arranged behind the house, but this was not difficult as our home stood on the top of a small hill, that sloped gradually to a rather broad meadow bounded on the far side by a river. Father was as jubilant as any of us the first day we gathered on the crest of the hill to try the new toboggan. Viewed from the street at a distance of forty yards, we must have formed a bright picture on that sparkling winter's day — three small girls in their blue, yellow and red costumes surrounded by three gamboling dogs, directed by a picturesque man dressed in a sealskin coat with a cap drawn down over his curly gray hair.

Father also taught us to skate on the little river that flowed through the meadow behind the house, and we glided back and forth on the white ice until the sun had set and the trees looked like giant spectres.

He was so upset over an accident (which had occurred to me while tobogganing) that he was constantly concerned with schemes to cheer me up and help the time to pass. Among other pleasant surprises, he arranged to have one hundred valentines sent to me on St. Valentine's Day. It was one of the biggest events of my entire childhood, for I had always loved pictures, and here they were showered upon me so fast that hardly had I finished exclaiming over the gay colors of one before another dropped into my lap!

Not infrequently we awoke to find the many trees behind our house one mass of dazzling ice. Each branch and twig glistened in the sunlight and absorbed the attention of the entire family. Father would sit by the hour watching the bewildering miracles of little ice-pictures. And often I saw tears come to his eyes, for great beauty overwhelmed and moved him.

I SHALL never forget the royal preparations for Christmas in our home. At that time I appreciated everything only as a thrilling experience that made up for trials endured during school hours. How could any one individual buy, wrap up and expedite so many presents for one single day in the year as my mother did? Presents for the family, for the servants, for poor children and their parents, for friends abroad, for the sick and insane.

The work began many weeks before the holiday. Even so, there seemed always to be a rush at the end. A room we called the "mahogany room" (because the furniture and parts of the walls were of this wood) was used for the storing of gifts and wrapping of packages. Mother had a German talent for thoroughness in any task she undertook. Yet in spite of her time-saving system the labor of this annual job occupied many hours of her day for several weeks. If she could not be found anywhere in the house, one might guess that she was busy in the mahogany room writing lists of names and trying to determine the needs or wishes of each individual. Her energy and patience were incredible. Father did not approve of her doing so much long-sustained work, because he always worried about her health. But the Christmas complications seemed to increase rather than decrease as the years went on, and I remember his saying many times after he lost his money and we left for Europe in order to live cheaply: "I am glad for one reason that financial losses have struck us! Your mother will have to give up that infernal Christmas-suicide."

When Christmas eve arrived at last, we children hung up our stockings in the school-room which was next our nursery and did it with great ceremony. Mother recited the welcome little poem, "T'was the night before Christmas, when all through the house," etc. Father sometimes dressed up as Santa Claus, and after running about a dimly lighted room (we always turned the gas down low), trying to warm himself after the cold sleigh-drive through the snow, he sat down and told some of his experiences on the way.

His little talk usually ended with words something like these: "As I often lose the letters I receive, or get them mixed up, I may have confused all your wishes, so that the stocking which should have bulged out with a donkey's head may be depressed by a hair-ribbon. Therefore, I should like to gather up your thanks now, as you may not feel like giving me any after Christmas. Anyway I shall be gone then."

We all squealed, "Thank you, thank you, Santa Claus, for the things we hope to like!" and then after a short game of tag Father ran away to remove his cotton beard and red coat.

One of our cats, sarcastically named "Apollinaris," was always dressed up in bows and invited in while we pinned up our stockings. He brought a certain balance of temperament with him that was very much needed. His Oriental calm kept us from bursting with excitement.

My sisters and I were obliged to retire at an early hour every evening, not excepting Christmas Eve. Therefore, by eight o'clock we were in bed launched on a long night of wakefulness, while Mother started on a night of work down in the mahogany room. Two of us, Jean and I, slept in the nursery, and my elder sister, Susy, occupied a little blue room adjoining. But on Christmas Eve, Susy crept into bed with me and we listened for the mysterious sounds that would betray the presence of fairies in the school-room.

"Ah, there they are!" Rattling paper, subdued voices. A dull thud; something falls. "I wonder what it is! I do hope it isn't broken. Oh, Susy, listen to that heavy thing. They are dragging it across the floor. What on earth can it be? I'll die, if I can't find out soon. How many hours yet? If only we could sleep!"

As a matter of fact we should have been tired enough to sleep, for the day before Christmas was always spent in a very strenuous way by my sisters and me. We drove around with the coachman while he delivered some of the Christmas packages that went to the poor. Great baskets with the feet of turkeys protruding below blankets of flowers and fruit. Wrapped up in mufflers and snugly tucked in a fur robe, we children drove far out into the country in an open sleigh, tingling with delight at the sound of the bells. We absorbed the beauty and charm of such a winter's day, and could never get too much of the crisp air that seemed to sparkle through the rapid pace of the horses over the soft white ground.

Finally all became still in the school-room. The fairies must have gone. Not a sound. The forms left behind motionless, speechless. Are they pretty? Are they useful? Shall we love them?

By and by, Susy whispers to me, "Let's take one little peek through the door. With a tiny bit of light from the bathroom we can get an idea of the shapes without seeing anything."

It didn't take me long to say, "Yes."

Opening the door a few inches, and by means of a dim ray of light we saw —

"Oh, dear, shut the door quick! We must not look, that's wicked! What do you suppose that huge black thing can be? It seems to fill the room! Come, let's try to go to sleep." Of course, that was impossible.

Eventually six o'clock came and we rang for the nurse to build a fire in the school-room, and help us dress with as little washing as possible. Now the door opens wide! The great moment of revealed mysteries has arrived. Joy blazes supreme in that Christmas room, and natural instinct tells us to hold that first moment a little longer. Stop and gaze at the beauty of the unknown in undefined shapes and delicate tints. Do not roughen it with more intimate knowledge.

But, at last, each makes a rush for her own table, scattering ribbons, papers and ejaculations with vehement thanks. Think of it. The big object seeming to fill the centre of the room turned out to be a lovely upright piano. Could it be true? Once I had said to my parents, "How wonderful it must be to be able to play on the piano. Do girls ever play?" And here was a real live piano in front of my eyes, and I was only six years old.

Father and Mother always rose very late on Christmas morning, having spent most of the night up. So we were well acquainted with our presents, and had even written several letters of thanks, before our parents appeared. They inspected their gifts, which were down in the drawing room, and callers from the neighborhood began to arrive.

Father always drew a sigh of relief when the holidays were over, for the reason that they included social festivities which were sometimes a burden to him, particularly if he happened to be in the mood of writing; and this mood, he was wont to declare, always attacked him when some "mentally dead people brought their corpses with them on a long visit."

EVERY member of our family was provided with a healthy temper, but none of us possessed one comparable to the regal proportions of Father's. It shone with the light of his genius. I can not state, however, that he always stopped to consider his temper from an artistic angle. By no means! Frequently a cuff-button could start the conflagration. He almost never permitted his wrath to rise toward my mother. Her unselfish, tender nature — combined with a complete understanding, both intellectual and human, of her husband — naturally fed his impulse to kneel in love and reverence before her.

Father had no faith in any orthodox religion, but to please Mother he frequently accompanied her to church and tried to listen to the service, even though he did not take part in it. His intimate friend, Joseph Twichell, was our clergyman and I remember feeling deeply embarrassed once when father said to Mr. Twichell, "Joe, that's a clever trick of yours to pound the pulpit extra hard when you haven't anything to say."

I thought Mr. Twichell would show embarrassment, but to my surprise he laughed quite loud and replied, "Mark, it was clever of you to discover it."

As a rule Father avoided exercise out of doors. Whatever walking he did was confined to his billiard-room study, where he spent most of the day at his desk or, between times, knocking billiard balls about. The billiard room was on the third floor, where, as Father once explained to a caller, he "could do all the swearing he wanted to, when the butler brought in visiting-cards on a tray as if he were serving the Eucharist." This unexpected speech to the caller seemed however to have no depressing effect on the atmosphere. Instead, everyone laughed, and mother expostulated, "Youth!"

There was a large balcony off the billiard-room, leaning right into the tops of the trees. Sometimes Father hid there when he thought he heard someone coming. "Nothing can surpass the power of delicate leaves," he used to say, "to protect one against the evil decrees of a colored butler."

OUR butler, George, was colored and full of personality. He had come one day to wash windows and remained for fifteen years as a butler. Everyone in the family liked him, although the only time he looked after anyone's needs at the table was when a large company of guests were invited to dine. On such occasions, he could rise to great heights of professional service and throb with feverish excitement, as if he were acting a big rôle on the stage. But when members of the family were seated alone at table, he preferred listening to the conversation to passing food. He explained that the intellectual inspiration he received in the dining room saved him from the bad effects of life in the inferior atmosphere of the kitchen. Often did we hear a prompt laugh filling the room from a dark figure at ease against the wall, before the rest of us at table had expressed our amusement at one of Father's remarks. George was a great addition to the family and afforded Father almost as much amusement as Father did George.

It happened that a few times Father told the same story on various occasions when guests were dining at the house, and my sisters and I had calculated that it happened each time when the meal was about half over. So we used to announce to each other, "Father is telling the beggar story; they must have reached the meat course." When he discovered that his children were taking their turn at having jokes about him, he laughed as much as if we had been very witty.

Now and again Father entertained us at dinner — when no guests were present — by relating the contents of books he was reading, such as *Gulliver's Travels*, *The Arabian Nights*, or sea stories. More than once I wondered how Father could think, talk and eat all at once in so vehement a manner.

His brain was so active that he never seemed physically tired. After a day filled with business problems, literary work, and fatiguing visits, he arrived at the dinner table as full of life and vigor as though he had just started the day.

Sometimes, on evenings when Father and Mother returned from New York and the weather was bitterly cold, George served supper for them on a small table in front of the fire in the library. My sisters and I sat nearby, eager for news from the metropolis (so we said to ourselves), but fundamentally anxious to discover whether any interesting present would be produced. Once father drew from his pocket two little silver watches, one for Susy and one for me. Susy poured out streams of words expressing her delight, but I stood dumb, staring at my father. Such a thrill of rapture rushed down my spine that I could not speak. Finally he said, addressing me by a pet name he often used, "Well, Bay, are you disappointed?"

"Oh, no! But it is too beautiful!"

"It won't be in a few days," he answered with twinkling eyes.

The major part of Father's work was accomplished in the summer, which we spent with my Mother's sister, Mrs. Theodore Crane. She lived on the top of a long hill overlooking Elmira, N. Y. The place was called Quarry Farm, and was a heavenly spot. On a sunny day one could see the Chemung River sparkling far below as it wound its way through the town of Elmira, nestled cosily between the hills surrounding it. There was a small rise of ground at the summit of the main hill, stretching off to one side like an extra branch to a tree. Halfway up this elevation stood the little octagonal cottage in which father did all his writing. One reached it by a winding path and a climb of twenty stone steps. It was a charming sort of Peter Pan house, covered with ivy and surrounded by beautiful wild flowers and morning-glories. Through the tops of the trees an aperture had been made so that Father could enjoy the view of Elmira and the hills beyond — an inspiring place for creative work. In spite of the eight good-sized windows, the air was so permeated with tobacco smoke that it was almost stifling to one unused to it. Father seemed to thrive on it, notwithstanding, and in fact the less he followed the good advice of physicians the better he seemed to feel. No exercise, little fresh air, constant inhaling of cigar smoke — all contributed to keep him in good health.

Once settled on the farm for the summer, he had no desire to leave it for even a short visit to town. He was devoted to some of Mother's friends and relatives there, but he very much preferred their coming to see him on the hill to paying them calls in the valley. There was a fascination about the peace of the place that worked like a spell. Usually he went to his study at about ten o'clock in the morning and remained until five in the afternoon, seldom taking anything to eat or drink in the middle of the day.

We dined at six o'clock, and the evening was spent in various ways. Often Father read aloud to the whole family the work he had accomplished during the day. Again he and Theodore Crane, his brother-in-law, played games, either chess or cards, while Mother read aloud to the rest of us. No matter how engrossed Father might appear to be in the game he was playing, he managed to hear enough of the reading to throw out very humorous criticisms of the author's style, particularly if the author happened to be Meredith (whom he thought too wordy) or Jane Austen, a pet aversion of his.

Pleasure was something Father was never able to feign in any situation, either among artists desiring praise, or kindly hosts trying to give him "a good time." From this sincere instinct he suffered all his life, but he was innately humble in his relations with those whom he knew to be worthy of admiration or respect.

Although his pet animals were the cats and kittens, to which he gave much attention, he was greatly interested in our various experiences with the more important four-footed animals, and even offered to lend a hand when the donkeys were obstreperous. In one particular case, the larger donkey, "Kadichan" (named after the delightful book *Adventures with a Donkey*), made a ten-strike. The only way my sisters and I had ever succeeded in forcing the animal to go was for one to sit on him while the other walked ahead with a bag of crackers just out of reach of his nose. Of course, this meant a lot of discussion as to whose "turn" it was to walk with the crackers, particularly on a very hot day.

Father had been listening to our arguments from the porch, when he suddenly joined us with one hundred per cent determination in his eye.

"I'll make that creature do his work," he said in a tone that sounded almost like a boast, and up he sat in the saddle with one jerk of his body. But Kadichan moved one great ear forward in visible protest and, dropping his head as he raised his hind legs ever so little, he deposited my father in the long grass in front of him. The whole transaction lasted only a second, but Fathers' bewildered expression of face, as he lay on his back in the grass, engraved an indelible picture in our minds. A donkey had gotten the best of our father! We giggled ourselves to sleep that night and Father was in good spirits, too. He said he was "more attracted to the donkey than ever before, because the ability to accompany an act of vengeance with so much art and serenity proved the animal to be superhuman."

On a Child Who Wept at My Departure

By William Soutar

I, all unworthy of this childish grief
Which brings but tears as its interpreter,
Grow also dumb and have no words to cheer
The mind that wanteth speech for its relief:
Dumb and asham'd as claimant of love's fief
From sorrow, and my service made to her
By innocence from whom I needs must bear
This tearful kiss in silence like a thief.
O! child thy anguish is not thine alone
But beat against man's mind ere he could quell
His brutish tongue to utterance: 'tis a moan
Of inarticulate sorrow, knell on knell,
That cries, from out thy travail, earth's unknown
And immemorial moments of farewell.

New Jersey Wakes Up

By James Kerney

Old Party Lines Have Been Discarded

Once more the political gaze of the entire country is fixed on New Jersey. Just twenty years ago Woodrow Wilson, following his rebellion at Princeton University, was giving America a thrill by his spectacular boss-smashing canvass for Governor. This year, Dwight Whitney Morrow, apostle of tolerance, is the attraction.

Both came to New Jersey from the Southland. Wilson was born in Virginia; Morrow in West Virginia. In each was a strain of sturdy, pioneering Irish stock. They were well-born — but frugally, as was the custom of the times. Wilson's father once attained a maximum of eight hundred dollars a year as a clergyman; the senior Morrow, entering the more lucrative professorial calling, reared five children on an income that ultimately mounted to twenty-four hundred dollars annually. Being old-fashioned Presbyterians, they were temperance people, but not Prohibitionists.

They believed in educating the boys. Woodrow Wilson somehow managed to make his way leisurely through various colleges until he became a professor at twenty-eight. Within a relatively short time he was President of Princeton and another brief period found him the restless preaching crusader that eventually became President of the United States.

Dwight Morrow worked his way through college and law school and finally got himself a clerkship with a New York law firm. There came a day when he might have been President of Yale. In the matter of achievement in contemporary public affairs of great moment he would be among the few at the very top of any list of living Americans. Yet when Wilson became Governor of New Jersey twenty years ago, Morrow was little known save as a "comer" in the legal profession, where he had already attained well-merited distinction.

The political atmosphere of New Jersey today is not unlike that of twenty years ago. The voters are weary of jaded fustian. They are tired of bunk and meaningless ballyhoo. Party lines are once more on the loose. Serious-minded people are sick of the hypocrisy and frayed bombast of the professional Wets and super-Drys. When Dwight Morrow, in opening his primary campaign, declared that he believed the best solution of the liquor problem was the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment and the return of control to the States, he scrapped the New Jersey Democracy. It was the one and only paramount issue the Democrats had. New Jersey is normally strongly Republican. In Presidential elections the State is good for anything up to four hundred thousand plurality for the Republicans. But in off years the Democrats have been able repeatedly to elect Governors on the wet issue. They once elected a Democratic United States Senator because he was supposed to have said he "would make New Jersey as wet as the Atlantic." The sentence originated with a clever publicity man, but it stuck.

New Jersey is not any wetter now than it has ever been. Perhaps it couldn't be. But, in all fairness to the old home grounds, I can say that I have been pretty well over these United States since Prohibition was adopted, and — from what I hear, of course — it is just as easy to buy liquor in California or Alabama or Illinois or New York as it is in Pennsylvania or New Jersey. Florida, like so many dry States, is in a class by itself. The enormous evil seems to be that where one licensed saloon existed in the olden days ten depraved speakeasies and lawless smoke-shops now flourish. The philosophy of the dry zealots is curious. The Rev. Dr. Shields, State Superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League in New Jersey, publicly declared recently: "I have much more respect for the man who drinks wet and votes dry, than for the man who drinks dry and votes wet."

This inconsistent attitude is not uncommon. During the primary campaign, Morrow visited one of the arid small villages of South Jersey, where the Anti-Saloon League was supposedly all-powerful. The Republican leader, who also happened to be president of the community bank, expressed regret at not being able to vote for Morrow, who was just the kind of eminent citizen the banker felt should be running the Government. But the Morrow stand on the Eighteenth Amendment was fatal. The bank president was the dry leader of the community and it was a matter of principle with him. However, being a sociable chap, he invited Morrow and Douglas Thompson, the Morrow campaign manager, to his home — quite the outstanding house in the town. Producing a decanter and tray of glasses, the bank president proffered the hospitality of "some good old Bourbon that has been amply tested." When Morrow explained that his campaign manager was a confirmed teetotaler and that he likewise was observing the noble experiment, the village banker poured himself a bountiful draught which he neatly polished off.

"He is the Dry and we are the Wets," chuckled Morrow in a whisper to Thompson as they left the banker's home.

Morrow's campaign methods are a refreshing novelty. He likes the crowds and he likes to chat in a neighborly fashion. He is gracious, hospitable and courteous — "the highest type of Christian gentleman," they call him up in his own neck of the woods. He did not seek the Senatorship and he probably would not be very greatly disappointed if he failed of election. Everywhere he goes he preaches the same doctrine. Tolerance! Tolerance! Neighborliness, kindliness — that's all. He even refuses to get indignant at the fanatical Drys, who sometimes say pretty mean things and try to label him as an advocate of the saloon and a decoy of the liquor interests. When he took on the job of ending the bitterness with Mexico, he decided he would never go back into either law or banking. His desire is to be of service to America. He believes methods that work well in honorable big business will work just as well in public affairs. He is fifty-seven years old, with no crowding personal or political ambitions; has abundant means, good health, a fine home life, and Charles A. Lindbergh, Jr., for a grandson. He should worry!

IT IS the wholly unregulated liquor traffic that has grown up under Prohibition that bothers Morrow. He regards the problem as governmental, and frankly believes that the old system of State control is better than the existing system of Federal control — or rather lack of it. That's all. He is not a miracle worker. He would like to see the churches and the schools and the social workers all engaged in an old-fashioned temperance movement to give battle to the world-old liquor problem. All over the State, among sane-thinking people, Morrow has aroused a realization of the governmental error and the evil effects of constitutional prohibition. His is the task of pointing a way to a wise and statesmanlike solution of a vexing problem, which, until it is settled rationally, will subordinate all other social, economic and governmental problems.

Back of him in the fight are arrayed such outstanding New Jersey educational leaders as President John Grier Hibben of Princeton, and Dr. Mather A. Abbott, Headmaster of Lawrenceville. Both are in the open, helping wage the Morrow battle as the hopeful way of saving the youth of the land. Likewise on every hand are Democrats who see in him "New Jersey's Opportunity." At the primary election, he received many Democratic votes. Dr. Shields, chief of the Anti-Saloon League, pointed the way. In desperation, Dr. Shields had begged Democratic Drys to go to the polls and vote against Morrow. Under the State's primary law, voters who failed to vote at the preceding general election, might vote in either primary box. That sort of thing has not hitherto been regarded as just the respectable thing for upstanding citizens to do. But when Dr. Shields issued his urgent appeal to Democratic Drys, it resulted in many Democrats, dry and otherwise, finding their way to the Republican primary boxes to cast a vote for Morrow.

IT WOULD be idle to accredit the enormous Morrow vote at the primary to the Prohibition issue alone. Nor is it altogether easy to place a finger upon the precise factors responsible for the tremendous appeal he has to the electorate. His prowess in the realm of finance is important, but it scarcely tells the story. His international achievements are outstanding, but even they do not provide a complete picture. His personality is undeniably attractive, his intellectual quality beyond question, his public-spiritedness proved in action many times. None of these traits, however, is enough to serve as an explanation of the overwhelming approval which was given the announcement early this year that Morrow would stand for election to the United States Senate.

PERHAPS it is the total impression made by the man and his record which must be taken as the reason for this unprecedented wave of popular support, a wave which has increased in volume and onward rush ever since Morrow stumped the State in his remarkably successful Senatorial primary campaign.

When New Jersey voters go to the polls in November, at any rate, they will go endowed with a hopeful spirit which has not featured a State election in many a day. Morrow is to them a symbol of political salvation. He inspires faith and confidence.

The election will mean the localizing of Morrow. Up to this time he has been primarily a national and international figure. He has lived for more than a quarter of a century in Englewood. But it must be admitted that his New Jersey status was not widely recognized. He was a citizen of America and of the world rather than of New Jersey.

Not that Morrow neglected civic obligations. Far from it. He has contributed a great deal of time, effort and money to the promotion of worth while philanthropic movements in Englewood. He has headed large charitable organizations. He has helped build local hospitals, libraries and the like. As for the State at large, Morrow did excellent and tireless work in connection with formulation of New Jersey's original Workman's Compensation Law. He served with vigor and intelligence on the State Board of Charities and Correction and on the Prison Board. He headed a prison inquiry commission which laid down the broad lines of a penal system in such a way as to create a guide still being followed today.

When his Senatorial primary campaign was launched last spring, Morrow had little political background. Least of all did he have any conception of the New Jersey political scene. In this respect, he was not unlike Woodrow Wilson at the time of resigning as President of Princeton to undertake his New Jersey Gubernatorial campaign.

MORROW, however, proved to be even more adaptable than Wilson. He capitalized existing leadership. He did not hesitate to mix with people and greet "the boys." He campaigned throughout the length and breadth of the State with a good humor and geniality of temperament which made hosts of friends wherever he appeared. Workingmen, professional people, high-brows and brows not so high soon came to see in Morrow precisely the courageous public man they had been hungering to support.

This localization of Morrow is destined to be carried to still greater heights in the approaching election. When the Senatorial campaign is completed, and victory secured, he will be the dominant and outstanding political personality in his party in the State. New Jersey rightly looks upon the Morrow candidacy, therefore, as a real opportunity to get something better than mediocre leadership. The spreading conviction is that, with Morrow in the United States Senate, the State will enjoy a quality of political prestige and representation of the first magnitude.

One of the shafts commonly directed against Morrow is that he is the beneficiary of some political organizations in command of questionable leaders. That is true. It has always been true throughout the political history of the country. It was true during the period when Wilson was emerging as a partisan force of national proportions. It would be the height of folly for Morrow not to make use of existing county organizations.

But what of the opposition? Mayor Frank Hague, of Jersey City, overlord of the New Jersey Democracy, has consented to allow State Senator Alexander Simpson, of Hudson County, to make the forlorn race. Hague is a clever politician, who knows when to discard. Simpson, agile of mind and with a bitter tongue, has been weaving his way in and out of the State legislature for thirty-five years. An artful demagogue, he has left no lasting impress, other than a reputation for reckless speech. Stripped of the Prohibition issue, Simpson has shifted to the Morrow connection with J. P. Morgan. His chief argument is that the press of the country is controlled by Morgan; otherwise there would not be such unanimous newspaper praise of Morrow. This too, despite the fact that leaders of Democratic opinion, like *The New York World* and *The Baltimore Sun*, are among the foremost advocates of putting Morrow into the Senate. All of the independent newspapers of New Jersey that took up the cudgels for Wilson are enthusiastic about Morrow.

For several years, the State has been suffering from a dearth of genuinely progressive, vital leadership. Statesmanlike direction of governmental affairs has been conspicuous by its absence. The exigencies of practical politics, with the liquor issue dominating, have prevailed. It is to Morrow that the people are looking for the opportunity to help bring about the dawn of a better day. Calvin Coolidge, not given to extravagant praise, has said of Morrow:

> I first met him as the representative of the great mass of our fellow-citizens which we call the people. There he will always remain, just as one of them, unencumbered by his property, thinking their thoughts, working tremendously for their success. I have seen him develop into a ripe scholar, an able lawyer, a great business man, a wise statesman and a devoted husband, father and patriot. . . . It is the glory of the United States that it can produce such citizens.

As for the probable outcome of the election in terms of actual votes, a survey of recent results at the Jersey polls is revealing. The State is unmistakably Republican. Nothing short of a party split or an out-and-out political miracle could swing a campaign, in which there was a real demonstration of popular interest, in favor of the Democrats.

Presidential votes in the last three elections have been as follows: in 1920 — Harding, 611,541; Cox, 256,887; in 1924 — Coolidge, 675,162; Davis, 297,743; in 1928 — Hoover, 925,796; Smith, 616,517. These figures show a fairly steady Republican plurality of more than 300,000; a virtual certainty in normal Presidential years.

There is no reason why the Morrow candidacy should not attract a vote comparable to those of Presidential campaigns. In the primary contest, Morrow defeated his Republican opponents, Fort and Frelinghuysen, by a plurality of more than 300,000 and by an overwhelming majority of the votes cast.

The November election should find Morrow enjoying the support of virtually the entire registered Republican vote and at least one-third of the registered Democratic vote. At the present writing, it is fairly safe to assume that there will be a Morrow landslide of approximately half a million majority. Simpson will do well if he carries Hudson County — New Jersey's Democratic Gibraltar.

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The Return of Achmed

By Donald McGibeny

A Tale of Revenge in the Oriental Manner

Achmed carefully turned the dripping spit of goat's meat over the small fire he had built of stolen coals, just outside the door of Zizi-Hannun's coffee-house. It had been a good day for Achmed — two piastres for fetching Shevket Pasha's horse; one piastre for washing lettuce and cucumbers; three piastres, forty paras, for carrying hot coals to light the bubbling *narghiles* — best of all, thirteen piastres, twenty paras, for his story-telling.

Over the Bay of St. George, where the Christian Prince was said to have battled a dragon, the setting sun painted the cloud layers in gorgeous tints. It was one of those unbelievable phenomena of the Near East, which, translated to canvas, would be labelled modernistic, drunken, unreal. Achmed, son of Syria, turned his spit and sat contemplating the green, purple, red, gold and light blue of the glorious sunset. His thoughts drifted in the direction of money — how much he could save — how much he must spend — three *bishe-liks* to blind Aba Zumrun, his nurse since childhood, for the olives and sour milk of their daily diet — seven *metalliks* to Abu Yah-Yah — a glass of *gazooz* for the corner policeman to leave him in peace —

He turned the spit again and hummed a song as he realized with relish that the meat was done. Lifting it off the fire with the hem of his single garment — a tattered, torn *jelaba* of ancient make — he carefully blew on the meat, tempting his already ravenous appetite with the smell of crisp lamb-fat. He was about to take the first mouthful, when, directly over his head, he heard a limpid, soft voice that reached inside his breast and turned his heart over gently, as it sang:

Gorge not — though thy fill thou wouldst partake —
Too large an appetite, too oft, is hard to slake.

Achmed looked up. The heated spit burned his fingers unnoticed. On the little balcony, almost within arm reach, stood Mahricka — blessed of the blessed, moon of the desert, love-flower, the night-star and special beloved of Zizi-Hannun. She was looking at the setting sun as if giving it her good wishes and approval. One bare arm was placed against a cornice, the silken sleeve fallen back almost to the shoulder.

She sang softly to herself, yet Achmed knew she had been conscious of his own singing. He rose slowly, as a man rises to catch a butterfly. The spit of meat dropped into the dusty road. His heart was in his eyes as his gaze caressed her beauty. Slowly, cautiously, as a father approaches the couch of his wife for a first view of his new-born babe, Achmed approached the balcony. When he was within a few feet, Mahricka dropped her kohl-rimmed eyes, with their long lashes, to stare vaguely, contemptuously at the youth, who was putting his dust-grimed hands near her slippers of jade and gold. He reached upward, with disheartened hopefulness — like a peasant, praying to an ikon.

"MAHR-ICKA!" came like a sigh from Achmed's parched throat, as he lowered his hands and gripped the ledge of the little balcony. He put a faltering, tentative hand through the interstices of the rail and slid it closer to her slipper. Mahricka stood quite still. She looked down with quiet, derisive eyes. Achmed's hand slid onward until he touched the heel with the tip of his finger; his rapt gaze on her scornful, beautiful face.

"Ah! — Mahricka — a —!"

It was the despairing sob of a soul in torment.

"Ah-h! — Ma-ah-ri-cka-a-a-a!!!" she mocked, running a little trill up and down with her voice. With malice, she stamped hard on his fingers. "Best be off, fly-catcher, before thy dog-mother comes to bark at my heels."

Achmed winced with pain, but nursed his bruised fingers behind his back where she could not see. He slowly started to turn away, still keeping his love-sick, reproachful eyes on her. Mahricka waited until he was several feet away, then called:

"Whither goest thou, brave fool? To tend thy goats?"

"Hush thy prattle," he said as he took a quick step forward, "thou plaything of men! My father spat on thy father's father when he carried thee from the dung-heap on which thou wast born. My father was a man!"

MAHRICKA'S eyes grew wide with rage and amazement. The boy spoke as a prince of the blood. His look, as he stood there, frightened her. Too often, the Turkish police played tricks — dressed their informers in rags. She dropped her arm and took a step forward that brought her to the very edge of the balcony. She leaned down to study his upturned face. A frown disturbed the smoothness of her brow.

"Ah! Thou art the one who —"

The world seemed to swing slowly, as Achmed gripped the balcony ledge, drowning his soul in her dark eyes.

"The one — who — ?" he faltered.

"The one who was the story-teller this afternoon —"

"It was I," said Achmed, simply. He scraped his bare foot in the dirt — an elaborate *aleph*, for luck. "It pleased thee?"

"'Twas not badly done — for a beginner." Her eyes were smiling down at him with lazy mockery.

Achmed, wrenching his eyes away and quieting the beating of his pulse, assumed the nonchalant impudence of the true-born entertainer, as he again embarked upon the telling of a tale of Salah-Din, the Great, the Glorious.

Mahricka's eyes widened with pleasure. Truly, the youth had talent. No ordinary street-gamin talked like that.

"Know then," Achmed resumed, "there was a day when Salah-Din, Prince of the Universe and Sword of the Prophet, glory to his name, was wearied from killing the Infidel. Ten thousand had he slain with his own hand between the rising and the setting of the sun —"

The thirty piece girl orchestra — eight of whom had instruments that really played — started the off-key march that ushered in the evening programme at the Café Nahr-el-Kelb. Mahricka glanced over her shoulder.

"Speak quickly! The music hath commenced."

Achmed lifted his eyes to the darkening sky, frowning with annoyance.

"Two things God hath made that never cease wagging — the tail of a dog and the tongue of a woman. I shall tell my story as thou wouldst have it — neither too short nor too long — and thou shalt listen to me — even though that short-nosed, scrofulous camel of a Zizi-Hannun should come, himself, to claim thee —"

Mahricka gave a pleased little "Hou —!" of appreciation. Leaning lower, she drew his eyes to her as she murmured:

"Continue — my prince of men —!"

Achmed glanced up from time to time to see if the girl approved of his tale-telling. There was a smile on her lips and a warmth in her gaze that showed he was succeeding beyond expectations. Finally the listener dropped her hand to touch the cheek of the brown-skinned, black-eyed youth. Her laugh would have delighted the soul of a saint.

"Never was the story better told! A master story-teller, thou," she cooed softly. "Thou shalt be named in the bazaars before thou hast a beard."

The laughter died out of the boy's eyes. In its place came the pain and tender yearning of adolescence. He slid his arms through the balcony and gripped Mahricka by the ankles. So fierce was the clutch, Mahricka was unable to move, even when she heard, behind her, the soft, slippered step of Zizi-Hannun and his fat, puffing exhalations.

"Ah! — Mah-ricka!" Achmed entreated in a voice trembling with love-sickness, "do not let me suffer so —!"

His hot hands slipped upward along the silken calves. Mahricka jerked free; leaned quickly over the balustrade and slapped him hard across the cheek — spit in his face — stamped her slippered foot.

"Dog-spittle! Sickly calf of a dead cow! I spit on thee!"

She ran crying into the protection of Zizi-Hannun's fat arms.

"That he should dare defile me with his filthy paws. A street urchin — a goatherd — a pariah, no less. Thy love flower hath been made unclean —"

Zizi-Hannun was wise in the ways of women, for he had known many, many girls. He was unimpressed by Mahricka's hysterical weeping.

"What is this? What is this?" he bleated like a goat.

"I had come out for a breath of the evening air — when he appeared at my feet —" Mahricka pointed to Achmed "— begging alms. When I neared him to drop a coin of pity into his dirty hand, he gripped my ankles, as though he would carry me away to the rat's nest where he lives. He would have taken me had I not beat him off — and called for thee —"

She was trembling with simulated rage. Tears were in her voice and on her dark lashes as she caressed the greasy rolls of fat at the back of Zizi-Hannun's neck. Seeing that he still disbelieved, cold fear began to grip Mahricka's heart — fear of the whip that hurts so terribly yet does not mark, reserved for girls who displeased or disobeyed the café owner. Suddenly running to the rail again, she spat once more at the dark shadow with the white face that was Achmed.

"I would have thee torn to bits — thou dog and son of a dog!! I would have thee boiled in oil —thou scum!"

There was nothing simulated about her anger now. Her very real fear gave venom to her tone. She hated the scrubby youth who had succeeded in betraying her into such a situation. Her voice rose shrilly as she turned back to Zizi-Hannun, the epitome of woe.

"And thou — who hast said thou lovest me — thou wilt do nothing to avenge me — ?"

Zizi-Hannun waddled forward.

"I have other affairs more important than crushing flies."

"He is thy servant."

"My —— ?"

Now, Zizi-Hannun was interested. Only too often he had been troubled by flirtations between his waiters and his girls. One could not be too careful. It displeased the customers and gave the place a bad name.

"The boy who sat in Zaglul's place this afternoon — the very same — " Mahricka panted.

Achmed was gone. With the fleetness of a deer, he sped down the road through the darkening night. So blind was his rage at the treachery of Mahricka that he was almost run over by a carriage as he came to the first cross street. Unmindful of the slashing whip of the driver that caught him across the shoulders, he ran on — dodging in and out of traffic — jostling pedestrians — his heart pounding — his throat dry — the blood throbbing in his temples. Through the *fondaks*, where camels crouched and snarled and fierce-eyed desert men sat round their tiny fires; through the emptying bazaars, where the slimy mud of the wet cobbles tried to trip him and where his hurry might easily rouse the cry of "Thief!" Achmed ran — nor stopped for breath until he had dodged into a garbage-filled, stinking alley and entered the black interior of an airless room, let into the side of a crumbling wall. With a sob that racked his thin body, he stumbled to a corner and threw himself, face down, on a pile of old rags and fetid straw.

"Is it thou, my son?" a thin, quavering voice came from the corner.

For a moment, Achmed made no answer, biting his fist to keep from squalling his rage and pain — fighting for breath against the sobs that clutched at his parched throat like the grip of a bony hand.

"Who is it — that comes like a thief — to disturb one, afflicted by Allah with blindness — ?" Aba Zumrun's aged voice grew thin and shrill with fear.

"It is I — mother Zumrun," Achmed panted.

"Aie! — Aie! — Aie!" Zumrun cried with happiness as she lifted herself painfully from the corner and felt her way across the room. "My lion! — my eagle! — light of my years! — thou hast not, then, forgotten thy mother? For three days I have listened for thy step — "

She knelt beside him and passed her trembling hands over his body, as if to reassure herself that no harm had come to him.

"But — but — what is it, my son? — my life? Thou art shaking as if with fever — and thy head is hot and wet with running — "

A sharp note of terror came into her voice.

"It is not the police? Not they — again?"

"No! — no! Not the police," Achmed moaned into his arm.

"Then what — my son — tell thy ancient nurse, whose every breath is for thee! What troubleth thee?"

FOR many minutes Achmed lay rolling his head slowly from side to side, nor would answer any of her questions until she started to get him food. Then he sat up and gripped her thin arm with such strength that she could hardly suck back a little moan of pain.

"It is not food, I want — nor drink — nor anything that thou canst get for me, mother Zumrun. I am in love — I tell thee — "

Zumrun, in spite of the clutch on her arm, gave a cry of apprehension.

"I am in love," continued the boy in a shaking whisper, "with one who is not fit to kiss the dust beneath thy feet — a thing — a daughter of joy."

Zumrun clucked with her tongue softly as she listened to Achmed lash himself into a new fury.

"She gives herself to those who pay — that flower — that moon — whether they be fat or lean — young or old — whole or halt. And I am in love with her, I tell thee — so that my blood runs fire and my bowels are turned to water. And she — that thing — that scabby gutter in which all men may spit — has scorned me with her tongue and slapped me with her hand and spit upon my face. You hear! She has done these things to *me* — the son of my father!"

HE PULLED Zumrun close to him; the grip tightening on her arm as he put his mouth close to her ear.

"Get my father's wedding garments, Zumrun! This night I shall be rich if my belly cleave to my backbone for the rest of my days!"

"No! no! What are you saying?" cried Zumrun.

"My father's wedding-garments. All that I have left of his. I command it! Tonight, I say, I shall be rich, if my belly cleave to my backbone for the rest of my days. *Inshallah!*"

"No! — No! — No!" Zumrun wailed, holding to him with one hand as she beat her withered breasts with the other. "Thy father's enemies are everywhere — they who killed him and thy mother and who sold thy sisters to the Kurds. Thou art his very spit and image. Only in thy rags art thou safe — "

"I have spoken!" Achmed railed. "Hush thy silly woman's wailing and do exactly as I say — or I shall leave thee in thy blindness. I swear it."

Moaning to herself, Zumrun obeyed — lighted the tiny rush lamp, whose drop of precious oil was only burned on state occasions; heated water over the fire to bathe the coat of grime from Achmed's face and hands and feet. From a hollow under the dirty, matted straw and rags of Achmed's bed, they lifted the precious, inlaid box — the lad's sole heritage; unwrapped its many coverings, unlocked the cunningly concealed locks, and drew out with reverent hands the silver and gold encrusted wedding-garments of Haddad Bey, murdered officially by his brothers in their contest for power.

When his newly-cleansed young body had been rubbed with sweet-smelling oil from the small bottle at the bottom of the chest and he had donned the white garments of heavy, rich cloth — even to the folded headcloth, held in place by rings of horse-hair and gold, Aba Zumrun ran her bony hands over his features, while tears oozed from beneath the shrunken, shapeless lids of her sightless eyes.

"I see thee — as thou art — and as he was. Ayah! — Ayah! Thou art the very spit and image of thy father — and as he would not listen to the pleading of thy mother — that night of darkest hell — "

"Have done!" Achmed said harshly, afraid the sight and sound of her wretchedness would weaken him. "I am my father's son, as thou sayest. I fear neither his enemies nor mine own. What is to be, is to be!"

His final gesture was to slip into his waist-band a dagger, the blade of which was the finest Damascene steel, inlaid with gold.

* * *

Abu Zahli, chief factotum and right-hand man of Zizi-Hannun, greeted the handsome youth in the white burnoose with the particular intake of the breath he reserved for very special customers. He kissed his hand and touched it to forehead, lips and heart, bowing low and repeating the age-old formula of "wellcome and welcome."

"A desert-man," he mentally commented, noting the manner in which the boy veiled his face with the head-cloth and the dull tarnish of his rich clothing, "and they are always fools for spending, once they start."

"I would not sit with these cattle," Achmed said quietly, lifting his hand in a mild gesture that included the main hall of the Café Nahr-el-Kelb and all its pipe-smoking, domino-playing occupants.

"If thou wilt permit thy servant to lead the way, sire, the finest room in this poor place shall be at thy disposal. It is all too humble for one of thy distinction — "

Achmed silenced him with an abrupt snap of the fingers. "Huss!"

Abu Zahli recognized in that voice the authority of one accustomed to command — a prince of the blood, surely. He dry-washed his hands together as he led the wealthy stranger toward a door at the side, mentally computing the size of the gratuity he would receive in case the attractions of the place were such as to hold him satisfied — say — for several days. Others in the café were impressed by the poise and rich, fantastic dress of the newcomer. Several rose and bowed as he passed, preferring to err on the side of safety in case he were a person of power. The leader of the girl-orchestra — really their watchman — tried in vain to organize his players to give the young sheik a few bars of the National March.

"Thou art the owner of this place?" asked Achmed, as he was bowed into a shabbily-ornate private room, hung with blue brocade.

"Not I, oh Prince," Abu Zahli answered in trepidation. "Zizi-Hannun will be desolated that he was not at his accustomed spot to greet thee."

"Zizi-Hannun —" mused Achmed. "It is the name given me by those who told me of this place. They said the food was passable —"

"The best to be had between Aleppo and Damascus, sire —"

"That one could quench one's thirst —"

"With anything that's pleasing to thy taste — from coffee of the finest blend to the sparkling wine of France — more grateful to a true believer, because it is forbidden."

"And — girls — ?"

"And those in plenty — so famous for their beauty that nightly our greatest task is to care for those who swoon through sight of them."

Abu Zahli was warming to his task. Not in a month of moons had the Café Nahr-el-Kelb received so versatile a client — one who demanded the full-rounded programme of amusement — food — women — wine — served in state.

"We have them all — the tall, the short — the fat, the lean — suitable to thy whims."

"There is one — specially recommended — whose name I have forgot —"

Achmed was standing with his back turned to Abu Zahli. His voice seemed tired.

"Julie?" suggested the excited Zahli, "a pearl of pearls from far-off Argentine —"

"'Tis not she."

"Emile — a blonde — ?"

"I care not for blondes."

"Marishkana — perhaps?"

"No, but wait." Achmed pulled a fold of cloth across his mouth and turned. "It is almost that."

Abu Zahli suddenly froze. "We have so many, my prince," he stammered.

Achmed fixed him with his eyes. "Is there a girl, Mahricka? I think that is the name —"

Abu Zahli felt the sweat trickling down his back. "There is no one of that name here, my prince."

Achmed started for the door. "Perhaps I have mistaken the place. That was the name, I am quite certain."

Before he had taken three steps, Abu Zahli was wringing his hands and barring his way to the door.

"A thousand pardons, lord of lords, prince of princes —" He pounded his forehead violently with the flat of his hand. "That I should forget the most priceless jewel of all — a virgin, fresh from Basra."

He continued smacking his forehead. "'Twas not my fault, Pasha

— forgive! — forgive! — she came but yesterday — guarded by twenty eunuchs and as many maids — the special property of Khalid Pasha, Vali of this province."

His uncle? Achmed smiled. So his assassin-uncle visited this place at times — or was Abu Zahli lying?

"'Twas he who recommended her to me," he said.

Abu Zahli stood, stupefied.

"Thou art the friend of Khalid Pasha?"

"His cup companion and very friend. Bring this girl to me!"

"But — prince of princes — lord of —" Abu Zahli objected.

"HUSS!!!"

FIRE leaped from the eyes of the boy. He took a step toward Abu Zahli, holding the folds of his head cloth across his mouth.

"Bring that girl to me — here! Or wouldst thou rather be whipped from here to thy birthing-place? I care not for Khalid Pasha — nor for thy master Zizi-Hannun, whose plaything she probably is —"

The eyes of Abu Zahli almost started from his head.

"No! — No! — I swear — by the Prophet —"

"Wilt thou go — ?" Achmed demanded.

"Instantly, sire — instantly!! Forgive — !!"

He bowed five — ten times as he groped for the handle of the door behind him. He closed the door to the blue room and hurried to inform Zizi-Hannun of the welcome news that a prince — nay, more than a prince — had chosen the Café Nahr-el-Kelb for his playground.

Zizi-Hannun was sweating over his accounts. The appearance of Abu Zahli and his unusual tale angered him.

"And why must thou bother *me* — ass of the world — ?"

"He has asked for Mahricka," Abu Zahli stated.

For a moment, Zizi-Hannun stared straight ahead of him. He really loved Mahricka — as far as a man should permit himself to love a woman. Her domination over him had been costly.

"He is rich, you say — this desert youth?"

"Richer than that," Abu Zahli promised. "An especial friend of Khalid Pasha — who recommended this place to him. He has ordered a supper of a thousand dishes — the Frankish wine champagne. He wears an ancient wedding-dress that must have cost the wealth of India — gold and silver incrusted — undoubtedly a desert son, parading the wealth of his father. In his waistband, I beheld a dagger with hilt of solid gold —"

Zizi-Hannun dropped his pen and wiped his inky fingers.

"Why didst thou not say that before? — fool! — knave! — ass! — idiot! I go to pay my respects — bring Mahricka! — and see she does not let this sheik know the trifling beating that I gave her."

ACHMED was lolling, full-length on a padded *mahad*, when Zizi-Hannun tapped upon the door. He had only time to pull the cloths of his headdress across his face. During the time that the fat café-owner fed him compliments, apologized and kissed his hand, he kept his face half-turned toward the wall.

"The blessing of Allah be upon thee and thine!" Zizi panted, deftly fingering the weight and richness of the white burnoose and mentally figuring the value of the costly dagger that peeped from the youth's waist. "All that I have — in meat and drink and entertainment — is thine for the asking, my prince —"

Achmed paid no attention.

"Only — I am desolated to say — my expenses here are such that daily I am warned that only through the help of Allah — the Magnificent! — and the kindness of my friends — May they be praised! — shall I escape a prison-cell for debt."

Achmed made a weary gesture with his hand.

"Fret not about thy debts! The ant climbs a blade of grass and finds it high. My servant comes within the hour to fetch me. He has my purse."

Zizi-Hannun smiled his oily smile and retreated. No one talks like that who counts the cost. He paused at the door to say:

"The best of my house and the blood of my veins are thine, oh Prince — thy slightest wish is my command — on the beard of my father."

* * *

MAHRICKA entered the room softly, her eyes downcast. The traces of recent tears had been removed from her cheeks. Her hair had been newly dressed. Slowly, timidly, with undulating grace, she crossed the carpeted space and knelt beside the *mahad* on which the youth reclined. His face was turned from her. One drooping hand held the silver and amber mouth-piece of a perfumed *narghile*. The dead air was heavy with its smoke and the smell of incense. Mahricka pressed the edge of the sleeve of the youth's burnoose to her lips and intoned quietly:

"Turn not the glory of thy countenance away from this, thine handmaid, who kneeleth here at thy feet, oh sun of my life!"

At the sound of her voice, Achmed felt a trembling shiver run through his body — yet he remained immovable. He felt her soft lips touch his hand.

"Why dost thou torture one whose only wish is to please thee? As the flower fadeth when the sun is denied it, so my poor heart languisheth and I grow pale and wan for lack of a sight of thy noble face. Tell me that I am not unpleasing to thee, sun of suns!"

AS HE still did not answer, this strange youth, whose pulse seemed slower than a graybeard's, she crawled on her knees to the end of the couch, removed his slippers and handled his naked feet with her soft hands as she began to intone a love-song in the high-pitched voice, so pleasing to Oriental ears. At the end of the first stanza, she paused to ask:

"How findeth thou my voice, oh prince of all desires?"

A muffled voice came from beneath the fold of cloth with which the youth had covered his face.

"Like the cawing of the raven — or the screech of wooden wheel on a dry shaft."

Mahricka started and half-raised on her knees as she stared at the recumbent figure. It could not be — and yet — ? She gave a nervous laugh that had the catch of a sob in it.

"True, my lord of life — I had forgotten thy ears were attuned to the song of angels. Pray forgive! But only tell me in what way I may be less unpleasing to thee. What wouldst thou have? My head? My heart? The blood within my veins that sings for thee and thee alone? Do not shame me with the cold of thy contempt, my lord! Torture me no longer!!"

She crawled once more to the side of the divan and pressed his hand against her burning cheek.

"See! Mine eyes are wet with tears wrung from my heart."

With a sudden thrust of his hand, Achmed flung her backward.

"Away! Thou smellest of goats!"

His head-cloth fell from his face in the effort and before he could snatch it back in place, Mahricka caught a glimpse of his features.

For a moment, she lay quite still, reclining on an elbow, her dark eyes staring in amazement. Slowly, she rose to her knees. Her voice trembled so that she could scarcely control it, as she spoke.

"True, my lord! — my life! I had forgotten that I was touched by one who herded goats this afternoon — a street urchin, who thought himself a story-teller — a beardless youth who so beguiled my pity with his poverty of wit that I permitted his approach. Forgive again, my sun of suns, that I have offended thy nostrils with the smell of him who hath defiled me."

She saw the youth's body twitch, as if pricked with a thorn.

"Tell me of this goatherd accident of thine," Achmed said in a breathless monotone. "I would hear more!"

Mahricka laughed.

"At last, I find a means of pleasing thee — who could not earn a single glance with all my charms. There's little to the tale and when 'tis told, you'll find it hardly worth the hearing. Thinkest thou, my lord, one should turn her back on love — even the love of a scabby youth who thought himself a king among men — ?"

Her eyes were shining with a cruel, anticipatory glitter as she quickly moved to the low taboret of food.

"But first, before I start my sorry tale, permit me to refresh thee with a cool glass of sparkling wine —"

She hastily, deftly uncorked the bottle of champagne and poured a glass half-full of the frothy liquid.

"'Twill make the croaking of my raven's voice sound sweeter in thy noble ears."

She rose and approached the couch.

"Drink this! lover of my life."

Whether by design or because her hand was shaking so, the champagne spilled on Achmed's face. Instantly, he swung to the side of the couch, his features livid. He grabbed for her arm but she had jumped back out of reach.

"I knew thee, puppy-dog — for all thy stolen clothes. And now that thou hast played thy little game and lost —"

Before she could reach the door, Achmed had jumped ahead of her and locked it, flinging her backward to the floor when she tried to interfere. In a second, she was on her feet, eyes blazing like an animal at bay.

"Thou shalt be flayed alive and thy carcass eaten by curs, thou fool.

I shall have thee bastinadoed and thy nails torn out before my very eyes —"

Achmed started toward her slowly, a look of sadness on his face.

"And I shall laugh at thy suffering," Mahricka snarled at him, her eyes darting from side to side as she sought a means of escape.

"It is no time for laughter, Mahricka," the boy breathed.

As swift as the striking of a snake, he gripped her arms and drew her to him.

"I hate thee! I loathe thee! I despise thee!!!" she hissed, spitting in his face and struggling with all her force to break his hold.

"And I love thee! and worship thee! and adore thee!! Mahricka, mine," Achmed whispered, holding her wrists with one hand while he covered her mouth with the other and forced her back upon the low *mahad*. His strength seemed the strength of ten. Indeed, he hardly realized the girl was fighting him.

"In that fair-foul body of thine is gathered everything I love with everything I loathe. Allah hath blessed thee with a beauty that hath no equal — he hath made thee a pearl above price — and thou hast thought so little of thy worth, thou hast cast the gift to swine — dirtied the temple of Allah's bounty past all cleansing. Therefore, thou must die — my sweet! It was written I should follow thee on my knees to the end of earth — and then — should kill thee."

Holding her beneath him with the weight of his body — one hand cupped over her mouth — Achmed drew the dagger from its sheath.

"Since I can not have thee — no man shall have thee."

The girl's eyes stared wide with a sudden horrified questioning. For a moment, her body strained upward; then, with scarcely the flutter of the broken wing of a butterfly, settled deep into the soft cushions. Her head turned slowly to the side, as if grateful to find peace, at last.

There was a quiet knock at the door.

Achmed only rested as he was, gazing long at the dead girl's face.

The knock was repeated — this time with sharp insistence.

Instantly, Achmed was on his feet — terrified — sweat breaking out on his body. What had he done? What in Allah's name had he done? What would he do? He tiptoed half way to the door; then tiptoed back to the couch in horrified awe.

"My lord! my prince!" came from the other side of the panel, accompanied by further rapping. It was the voice of Zizi-Hannun.

Achmed looked carefully over his burnoose. Not a single spot of blood marred its whiteness — not a spot. He leaned over Mahricka and noted, with a glow of satisfaction, that only beneath the left arm-pit, where the hilt of the dagger gleamed dully, could any blood be seen. This he covered with a pillow. Only the closest observer could have told that her sleep was that of death. Quickly, he stepped to the door, as the tapping recommenced.

"Who is there?" he asked, wondering at the natural tone of his voice.

"It is I — Zizi-Hannun, thy servant, oh prince. A thousand-thousand pardons for troubling thee."

Achmed drew the bolt and opened the door a crack.

"And since when has it been thy custom — ?" Achmed began wrathfully to berate the greasy, little man.

ZIZI-HANNUN was utterly terrified. His eyes were like saucers. Sweat poured down his face.

"The wrath of Allah has descended upon me and I have been stricken with despair. Not for the wealth of ten thousand worlds would I disturb one of thy blood, who deigns to honor this, my place, with thy gracious presence — but —"

"Speak what is on thy mind!" Achmed said, holding the fold of cloth across his mouth.

"This night of all nights — this very moment — when he was known to be an hundred leagues away —"

Zizi-Hannun wrung his fat hands in agony.

"Khalid Pasha — my protector — without whose friendship I am as one cut off from life and health and sun-light —"

"What of him?"

"I tell thee, my prince — he is here — in my place — at this moment — and demands the same service to which he is accustomed — this room — which I have given thee — unless thou canst find it in thy heart to earn the blessing of Allah and my children's children —"

"What wouldst thou have me do?"

"I have another chamber, sun of suns — and other girls, more beautiful than she who spends the hours with thee. If thou wouldst deign —"

"*Inshallah!!*"

Achmed's eyes were twinkling. His voice, muffled by the head-cloth, was pitched high with excitement.

"'Twas Khalid Pasha, no other, friend of my father's father, who told me of thy place. He is my very friend as well as thine. Tell him I beg to offer him a cup — for friendship's sake — and then I will retire."

"Perhaps," said Zizi, with sudden hope, "he will be well content to have thee stay awhile."

"No doubt —"

"And the girl — ?" Zizi-Hannun suggested, with fawning hope. "I would not dare to question thee, but —"

"The girl shall rest with him."

"And thou wilt say that thou hast never seen her?"

"Fear not! And fetch my friend before he tires of waiting for his special chamber and I repent my present humor."

ZIZI-HANNUN made an awkward attempt to kiss Achmed's hand before the door closed. He was still a-tremble with nervousness, but if the youth were really the friend of Khalid Pasha and they spent the evening together in entertainment, his ill-luck might well turn out his greatest fortune.

Achmed locked the door and quickly tiptoed to the couch. With no more feeling than if he were putting a rolled-up carpet out of sight, he lifted the girl and slid her stiffening body underneath the *mahad* — first removing the steel from her breast and wiping the blade on the soft silk of her trousers; carefully guarding his clothes against the stains.

"It was written thus — from first to last," he whispered to himself, as he covered the small pool of blood on the couch with pillows. Satisfied that all trace of his crime was covered up, he tiptoed to the door once more and slid back the bolt — afterward walking to the far end of the room and lifting his head.

"And now — we shall see what we shall see, oh, my father! Forgive my weakling heart and coward hand for waiting this long time whilst thou wert unavenged."

* * *

The eight girls of the orchestra sawed the strings madly to the erratic beat of the evil-faced orchestra-leader. The fifteen or twenty other girls, in their crumpled dresses of dingy white, imitated the same movements with their hairless bows and stringless fiddles, their tired, calculating eyes ceaselessly searching the smoke-filled, noise-filled hall. Suddenly, the leader hammered with his baton on the music stand and waved his arms violently for them to stop. He had caught sight of the white-garbed desert sheik, making his way toward the entrance. There was still time, perhaps, to gain a *pourboire* by playing the national anthem.

Achmed, responding with a slight nod to the bows of those who rose from the tables as he passed, had almost reached the door when Abu Zahli breathlessly hurried up to him.

"Thou art not leaving us, oh prince? The moon is yet young."

"It is my chief regret that I must go," Achmed answered.

"This dog's hovel is not fit for the entertainment of one of thy noble rank — but wert thou content with thy short stay?"

"Content and more than that. The praise of your hospitality and kindness shall be ever present on my lips."

"And thy servant — with thy purse — ?" Abu Zahli suggested, dry-washing his hands. He was afraid he would offend, yet determined to find if the youth's bill was paid.

For a moment, Achmed was thunder-struck. The bill! His mind had been so full of that final picture of the killer of his father lying open-mouthed and glassy-eyed upon the floor of the private chamber, he had quite forgotten about the cost.

"My servants have not come?" he stammered.

"Not yet — my lord."

"No matter."

From the folds of his burnoose, Achmed drew the dagger with its golden hilt and silver sheath. He handed it to Abu Zahli.

"The gold in that will pay thee for thy trouble."

With quiet dignity, he returned the obsequious bow of the head servant — and passed out into the night.

College Sports Decline

Intercollegiate Contests Are Losing Popularity

By Parke H. Davis

INTERCOLLEGIATE games, with the exception of certain traditional combats in football, are declining. By declining is meant that competition by undergraduates for positions on the representative teams is lessening, that the skill of the players is deteriorating, that the interest and enthusiasm for their teams among student bodies are diminishing, and that the attendance at the games on the part of undergraduates, graduates and the general public, is dwindling. These are bold statements, but they are founded upon the complaints of college managements and coaches which have been supplemented by a country-wide investigation.

Into this dark cloud, however, bursts a shaft of sunshine, for with the wails above have also come reports that intramural games, the games which collegians wage with each other and with teams formed wholly within their college walls, played without admission fees, are enormously increasing in popularity. Notre Dame, Princeton, and many others report that as many as 90 per cent of the student bodies are engaged in some branch of intramural sport. This is the condition so intensely advocated by many educators and technically known as "athletics for all."

Unfortunately, this latter ideal state has increased the worries of the practical managers of college sports, for this gigantic institution, intercollegiate and intramural sports, stupendously costly, is maintained by the admission fees of the intercollegiate games; supplemented in a small way in some institutions by subscriptions of the alumni and undergraduates. Football, as it is generally known, is the only sport able to support itself, and this assertion fails in so many small colleges that it can not be laid down as a rule.

WHEN the sports other than football, in colleges where football carries the entire load, fall off in receipts, obviously the load of football is increased. Hence it is not surprising to those who are informed that a number of institutions which participate in conspicuously well attended football games, nevertheless close their financial year with a deficit.

Many, with isolated instances in their memories of crowded basketball floors, hockey rinks, gymnasiums, and the other arenas of indoor games, will challenge the assertions that attendances are dwindling. Colleges, however, vary in the interest of student bodies in sport; sports in the same college vary in attractiveness; and games in the same sport vary in appeal to student bodies. Hence, a general assertion must be based on the experience of an entire year.

The indoor games, basket-ball, hockey, swimming, wrestling, boxing, fencing, gymnastics, in many colleges still easily crowd indoor seats, but indoor arenas are of small capacity compared with outdoor stands and stadia.

Specifically, which colleges are complaining of a lack of interest? Brown, Columbia, Cincinnati, Hampden-Sydney, Indiana, Lehigh, Mercer, Mississippi, Montana, Nevada, Oberlin, Ohio State, Trinity, Washington and Wesleyan are a few. These are selected as types of institutions and also for their geographical locations. Perhaps you would like to read one of these complaints? Well, here is one from Princeton, not enumerated in the foregoing list, which was sent out last June by a member of the University periodicals to the University's athletic counsellors: "The most disastrous year in the history of Princeton's sports is drawing to a close. There have been many and varied explanations as to the decline of athletic skill and enthusiasm among Princeton's undergraduates. What is the cause and what is the remedy?"

In a wide investigation of this condition, naturally, one looks outside to other fields of sport, to the schools, to the athletic clubs, and municipal sport systems. There is no such deterioration there. In fact the very opposite is found. In the cities of the United States which maintain systems of sports for their boys and girls, the astounding army of 1,250,000 boys and girls in 1929 vied for positions in 710,000 games before 38,250,000 people. These games were football, baseball, basket-ball, rowing, track and field sports, lacrosse, tennis and golf. The schools of the United States in 1929 presented 150,000 athletes in action in 25,000 games in these same sports. College sports from the standpoint of numbers are petty in comparison with these figures. But school and municipal athletes are several years younger than collegians. Distractions for the latter do not present the same charms as to the former. Athletic games are instinctively sought by children. It is through such play that they grow.

Curiously, the sport to feel this disease of apathy first and most deeply is the pioneer and once the prince of college games, baseball. If you have not followed intercollegiate games closely since the war it may surprise you to be told that baseball in the colleges generally is unpopular. In some colleges it has been abandoned. In others it is being given heroic treatment for resuscitation. Last spring the leading colleges of the East formed an intercollegiate league and established the institution of a "championship" in the hope that this competitive feature would restore interest. It did to some extent, but not enough to lift the old sport out of the sick bed.

Popularly, baseball is called our national sport, although for years more people have played basket-ball, tennis and golf.

The trouble with baseball among the colleges is not difficult to ascertain. It can not compete with many of the other games in swift, continuous action. It is a slow game, comparatively, either to play or to watch. It requires high skill and it is rough, rough in the handling of hard batted balls, in sliding to bases, in being hit with pitched balls, and in personal collisions. When spectators, too, have dwindled, wide patches of empty seats are uninviting to athletes. They can find greater enjoyment in other games, track, tennis, soccer, lacrosse, and golf. Cricket once was played by Princeton and Pennsylvania and by other colleges, but its element of slowness contained no appeal to the *tempo* of American collegians even in the middle 'eighties, and although it is an excellent game it went into disuse. Baseball, which supplanted it and caused its extinction, now in turn faces the same fate.

AMONG groups of collegians many causes are being assigned for the slump in intercollegiate games. Some of these assignments are sarcastic, some superficial and some profound. It is said by the philosophers of college life that "the race of collegians is softening"; that "competitive collegiate sports as an organism are obsolescent and not in step with the period"; that "the drastic demands of modern academic work deprive students of today of the energy, the time and the ambition to participate in representative games"; that "sports as entertainment can not compete with social functions, out of town week ends, and motor jaunts." As to the dwindling interest of alumni and the attendance of spectators, these are generally assigned to the competition of better shows and more fascinating attractions.

"SOFTENING of the race of collegians!" Once again we float in fancy back to a May day in 1891. Harvard is playing Princeton and Phil King of Princeton is holding down second base. From the bat of "Slugger" Mason of Harvard (his real name was Frank) comes a line hit. King takes it with one hand but breaks the bone in his finger. Walking quietly to the foul line he picks up a stick and with the hem torn from his shirt has his finger bound to the splint, and then returns to second base where he handles other hot ones for four innings, and incidentally straightens out one of "Jack" Highland's fast ones for a home run. And now, it is Thanksgiving Day, 1898, in Easton, and there is deep snow on the ground. Lafayette is playing Lehigh. The field is outlined with sticks stuck in the snow. The score is 0 to 0. Lafayette is held 35 yards from Lehigh's goal. Out upon the field from the bench furiously leaps Edward Bray, although he is wearing bandages around two ribs broken two days before. He takes his place at full-back. Along comes the ball. Bray receives it and instantly lifts a drop kick out of the snow, thirty-five yards down the field, for a goal and for victory. "Softening of the race!" Surely the daughters of the women who bore the "Johnnie" Poes and the "Aleck" Wilsons are bearing other boys eager to face Harvard or Hindenburg. Boyhood and youth are the same, year in and year out, generation after generation.

When Harlan Stone, Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, was playing guard at Amherst, and when John Sargent, late Attorney-General of the United States, was playing centre at Tufts, the period of the early 'nineties, there were only six intercollegiate sports, rowing, baseball, football, track, lacrosse, and tennis. The first was played so gently and politely that it barely attained its place. These six games afforded practically the only entertainment of a show character in the average college town. There was, of course, a dance now and then, but only a few collegians in those days were dancers; and there was occasionally a class rush or a fight, but these broke out too suddenly to permit spectators generally to assemble. Curiously in such a paucity of pleasures the only athletic teams were the 'Varsity teams and their scrub squads. All the rest of the college or university body were spectators.

And then suddenly along came basketball, golf, gymnastics, swimming, hockey, polo (water and horse), wrestling, boxing, fencing, and the other sports, about thirty in all. And tennis, simultaneously, began to display violent volleys and a generally combative type of play which raised its character level with the other spirited sports. Down through the closing years of the Nineteenth Century and out into the Twentieth swept the brilliant phalanx of sports. An enormous impetus from the World War compelled the college managements to organize several teams and crews in the same sport, graded according to physical characteristics, and thus we had at last the condition, long advocated by many an athletic system, in which all students participate as players.

Today with collegians rowing, running, riding, batting balls with bats, rackets, golf and hockey clubs and lacrosse creases, fencing, and fighting in intramural games on every floor, court, field and space available in a college plant, we are told that fewer and poorer men are competing for places on the intercollegiate teams and that the attendance of spectators at the latter is dwindling. Apparently the athletic talent which formerly concentrated on the representative major sports is now distributed all along the line of the thirty sports. And undeniably a few men with the physical equipment to make great intercollegiate athletes are distracted by other diversions, the tea dance, the motor ride, the house party, and the week end out of town. As for the decline in undergraduate spectators, naturally collegians playing games, however casually, prefer to play their own games than to sit and watch other fellows play theirs, and so today the former college spectator is playing tennis, golf, rowing in a shell, or away on social diversions.

And where are the alumni who once came miles to see the games? They, too, have been affected by the same conditions. Today they are playing in games of their own, or enjoying the recreations made possible by the automobile. Then, too, they look askance at the present quality of the college games, for the alumnus in these days is exacting. He demands perfection of performance or he is not interested. The casual or imperfect game may be played "for sport's sake" but it will not be watched for "sport's sake." There are too many other and more interesting entertainments. The athlete is an actor. He is vain. He requires throngs and cheers to perform, to excel and to win. Without them incentive weakens, skill deteriorates, spirit and vim become merely casual. Thus the deterioration in sports becomes a cycle. Performance becomes poor and the spectators go elsewhere. Without the spectators performance becomes worse.

"WHAT is the remedy?" the collegians are asking. Some colleges are seeking it by transferring their games from Saturdays to late Friday afternoons. These institutions number over 100 colleges, one-fourth of the entire number in sports. Among the more prominent of these are Buffalo, Detroit, Grinnell, Dayton, Oglethorpe, West Virginia, Mississippi, Sewanee, Whittier, Duquesne, Catholic, Marquette, Wabash, Alfred, John Carroll, and Presbyterian. "Small colleges," you will say. Yes, small in some respects but large in others; apparently unable to compete with Saturday's local counter attractions. Other institutions, notably Lafayette and Washington and Jefferson, will experiment with a football game this fall at night.

Is there a need for a remedy? Is this slump final destruction or only a temporary eclipse? History is full of other periods of similar athletic recessions. There is no amusement older than athletic games. Out of the twenty-second chapter of Isaiah, written about 750 years B.C., comes the reference: "He will turn and toss thee like a ball," and out of the Sixth Book of the Odyssey of Homer comes another quotation: "Then having bathed and anointed well with oil, they took their mid-day meal upon the river's bank, and when satisfied with food they played a game of ball." Ball games apparently possess age. "Bobbie" Jones, home from Hoylake this summer and riding up Broadway through a storm of paper flakes, between a gauntlet of 300,000 admirers, presented only a modern picture of Chorobis, winner of the Olympic Games, 550 years B. C., being escorted home from Olympia by a throng of 50,000, whom his native city in honor received through a breach in the city's walls. Yes, they "over-emphasized" sports, perhaps, 2,500 years ago. But what other institutions have lived for 2,500 years and over? And changed so little?

If Chorobis could have attended the intercollegiate games of all America last June he would have recognized every event on the programme except the pole vault and the hurdles.

IN THE days when the practice of archery was the mainstay of warring England, the kings endeavored to prevent competition from games afield by prohibiting them. Thus, Edward III issued an edict which is still extant in the Close Rolls, 12 Edward III, in which he prohibited "*manualem*, *pedinam*, *baculoream et* *ad cambucam.*" Devotees of modern sports afield will recognize beneath these names in law Latin handball, football, hockey and golf. But the youth of England played on. In 1389, Richard II forbade "all playing at tennise, football and other such importune games." But the youth of England played on. During the reign of Henry IV, the proscription again appeared, this time enunciated in Norman French. But the youth of England played on. Fourteen years later the baby King, Henry VI, proclaimed in quaint English, "The King forbiddes that na man play at the futball." But the youth of England played on. Henry VII and Elizabeth also launched at the sport their royal disfavor. But the youth of England played on. And so will the youth of America. But the citadel of sports and games will some day be transferred from the colleges to the public schools.

In the colleges today and all days are men of rugged bodies and rugged temperaments. These are the men upon whom the enticements of modern youthful life can not make a commanding impression. They are men who would rather plunge through a scrimmage line than dance a fox-trot in a road house; who would rather smell the pungent odors of a training house than the cigarette smoke of a night club; and who would rather race through the glare of a cinder track than speed down a concrete highway in a glittering automobile. These men engage in athletic contests because they love them, because the joy of physical effort and the will to excel and to win are integral parts of their characters. Since the days of Chorobis there have always been an abundance of these men and they are here today. And these are the men who will maintain college sports until different days.

* * *

Sailing the Main

BY CHARLES B. DRISCOLL

Some College Boys Made Good as Pirates

THERE was a time when a college man, if he didn't like the fare, the curriculum, or the mathematical professor's face, could go pirating to sea, and make a name for himself.

There were many college men among the pirates who sailed the Spanish Main. Some of them achieved glory, and a few took their last good look at this fascinating world from the vantage point of a gallows platform.

Strangely enough, pirating seems to have appealed to medical students more than to men in any other course of training.

There was Peter Scudamore. He was always an adventurous fellow. He was a hard worker, too, and always was willing to take on a little more than the essential offices of his calling. In his student days in London he was known as a most original and enterprising student of surgery. One night he led a party of four students that went to the Thames and cut down the bodies of two pirates that had been hung up in chains as a solemn warning to evil-doers.

Scudamore chose a wild and stormy night for this exciting adventure. From such a storm the watch would seek shelter, he reasoned, and well. But in such a storm it was hard and dangerous work to scale the gibbet and bring down the heavy bodies, weighted with their neat chain harnesses. The students did it, but one of them broke a leg in the effort, and Scudamore laid this patient out on the dock and set the broken bone before attempting to get away with the grewsome prizes.

SO SCUDAMORE became a hero to his class and his chums at school. He took great pride in his dissection of the pirates, and boasted, upon graduation, that he knew more about the anatomy of a pirate than any other landsman.

Going to Bristol, his home town, as if intending to practice surgery, Scudamore soon had an opportunity to ship aboard a merchantman as ship's surgeon. He sailed in that capacity for three years, with varying fortunes. The more he saw of the sea, the better he liked it. He achieved a reputation for successful operations at sea, and his services were much in demand.

So he sailed as surgeon aboard the *Mercy*, under Captain Rolls. The *Mercy* was captured by the

Pirate Bart Roberts, off Calabar, in 1721.

Now, there were two professions customarily favored by ethical pirates. A clergyman was not forced to serve aboard a pirate ship, if the pirate was anything of a gentleman. Roberts prided himself upon his proud punctilio. He would not force a clergyman to minister to the souls of his cutthroats, although he much desired a chaplain. Several times he made special offers of extra prize money to get a spiritual advisor for his crew, but always failed.

Surgeons maintained a standing but little below the cloth. They were skilled men whose skill was respected. They were never forced to sign the pirate articles. A surgeon was sometimes forced to join the pirate crew in his special capacity, but always with the understanding that he would be detained only until a man could be found to relieve him. He was well paid for his service, and not looked upon by the pirates as one of them, but rather looked up to as a superior individual who might be called upon at any time to save the lives of wounded pirates.

So far as known, Peter Scudamore was the first surgeon who ever signed pirate articles. He did it of his own free will, boastfully, and hoping to set a precedent.

Captain Roberts was sailing the *Royal Fortune*, a noted pirate ship, and was flying his pirate flag, with a weird design of a pirate defying a death's head with a cutlass, when he overhauled the *Mercy* and signalled her to heave to. The captain of the *Mercy* was for fighting. He distributed small arms among his men, and asked them whether they would stand by him and defend their ship. The men talked it over.

Surgeon Scudamore made a little speech.

"You are fools if you fight," he told the seamen. "The pirates will take us anyway. The cargo and ship are not yours. As for me, I want no job more jolly than being surgeon aboard a pirate."

That settled the *Mercy's* fate. The men refused to fight. When a boatload of the *Mercy's* men was ordered to board the *Royal Fortune* to be looked over by Roberts, Scudamore took his little medical kit along. He presented himself first, and, before all the *Mercy's* men, said: "Captain Roberts, Sir, my duty to you! I've heard you're a bloody pirate, and I want to be your bloody surgeon. I want to sign the articles right now, and share in your plunder, Sir."

It was so agreed, and Dr. Scudamore signed the articles with much cursing and shouting, and with great jollification on the part of the pirate crew.

"Now," said Scudamore, "I'm as much of a rogue as the rest of you, and we'll all hang together when the big day comes!"

Possibly Dr. Scudamore didn't realize that he was speaking as a prophet.

The fortunes of Dr. Scudamore from this time forward were intimately and fatefully associated with the fortunes of Captain Bart Roberts, of the *Royal Fortune*, and with the careers of the Roberts crew. Scudamore had plenty of work to do. He took great pride in his work, and would not tolerate dirt or unfinished business in his neat little floating hospital.

Dr. Scudamore brought back to health most of his patients. But Captain Roberts thought best to supply him with competent help, so that more of the injured pirates could be saved.

"Get me two assistants who are well trained surgeons, and I'll save more of your boys," said Scudamore. "I will not make any distinction between our men and the enemy. I take them as they come. First shot, first served. But I need more surgeons."

He succeeded in selling this plan to the captain. He organized a medical and surgical service that was second to none on the seas in that day. Eventually he had four surgeons working under him, besides four lay helpers who did the cleaning and nursing.

Dr. Scudamore made a floating surgical school of his neat little hospital. When he wanted a certain kind of injury case, quite often he would go out and produce it himself. He wanted to demonstrate a point in the treatment of a severe scalp wound to one of his newest assistants.

"There's no use theorizing about it," he said, after trying to show the young fellow how the stitches should be taken. "I'll get you a case in our next engagement."

And he did. Taking cutlass in place of scalpel, Dr. Scudamore joined a boarding party, and, selecting his patient with care, inflicted a jolly slash across the scalp of a particularly wicked-looking defender of the boarded ship. He had the patient borne at once to the operating room of the *Royal Fortune*, and there tenderly demonstrated the nice operation he had been talking about.

Roberts and his crew gave the surgical ward a busy day when they captured the African Company's Guinea ship, *King Solomon*. There was a merry battle that lasted two hours. That was at dawn. By evening, Chief Surgeon Scudamore and his staff had cleaned up the day's work, and Scudamore walked out on deck for a look around.

He went over to the prize, and wandered about. In the captain's cabin he came upon a backgammon table. He fancied it greatly as a curio, for it was marvellously inlaid with at least thirty varieties of wood, and patterns made of mother-of-pearl wound in and out among the geometrical devices made of wood.

Picking up the table, the Doctor started back to his own quarters. He was met by a drunken pirate who demanded the table. The sailor said it was a crime to allow such a fine table to go to one who couldn't play the game.

There was a desperate fight. The surgeon was on the defensive, but in the heat of the struggle he managed to get his right hand on a small surgical knife which he carried in his sash. With this he cut the sinews in both wrists of his attacker, making two neat wounds and disabling the pirate. When the villain had stopped struggling, Dr. Scudamore picked him up and carried him to the surgical ward, where he performed a beautiful operation, put the pirate to bed under the influence of an opiate, and then proudly set up his backgammon table as a place to stack instruments.

The Doctor took the medicine chest out of the *King Solomon*, and in so doing made enemies who swore against him afterward at his trial.

The crew of Captain Roberts was taken by an English man-of-war, the *Swallow.* Fifty of the pirates, including Scudamore, were tried and hanged at Corso Castle, on the Guinea Coast.

On the platform the intrepid Scudamore addressed the audience, making a long and rambling religious harangue. It was evident that his mind had been a bit confused by the misfortunes he had met. He died while singing the Thirty-first Psalm in a throaty bass. He was then thirty-five years old.

JOHN KENCATE was another medico who made good at sea. He studied medicine at Edinburgh University, and, by dint of earnest work, made himself chief surgeon under New Low, one of the most successful pirates of the early Eighteenth Century. His adventures as a busy young surgeon aboard vessels that were constantly engaged in bloody warfare would make a book.

When the pirate ship *Ranger* was captured off Newport, Dr. Kencate was easily the most distinguished gentleman in the crew. He was tried, with the others, in the Town House at Newport, and was acquitted of the charge of piracy. He was so well liked by the members of the crew, to whom he administered, that they all testified that Dr. Kencate served on the pirate ship in a humanitarian capacity, as a forced member of the crew.

Nathaniel North was a law student in Bermuda when he became dissatisfied with the course of study, and with everything connected with the law.

He walked down to the dock and shipped as cook aboard a newly built sloop.

From that day forward, North's destiny seemed to shape itself for the sea, try how he would to get back to the land. He moved from one boat to another, and served in almost every imaginable capacity aboard every type of vessel then afloat. Three times he was impressed by British warships, for he was a British subject. In each case he ran away.

As sailor, supercargo, quartermaster and mate, North served aboard merchantmen, privateers and men-of-war under the British, French and Spanish flags, before he became a real pirate.

HE SHIPPED aboard a Spanish privateer, and had luck in the selling of prizes and collecting of prize money, but hardly any luck in capturing vessels to sell. He was a fearless fighter, although he didn't like fighting.

"I'll fight," he told his Spanish Captain, "so as to take the ship away from its owners, in the hope that I may get enough money to go farming. I don't consider it honorable or easy, but it's both more honorable and more easy than the practice of law, so I'm with you to the finish."

Eventually North became captain of a small Spanish vessel in privateering warfare. His enemies now were the French, for whom he had once fought.

"A lawyer takes his clients where he can get them," North explained to his friends. "The Spaniards are my clients now, and I'll argue their case against my late employers, the French. If there's nothing wrong with such procedure in the law, I'm sure it can't be wrong in war."

But prizes were few, and North made his way to Madagascar, where pirates were doing well. He was seriously considering a piratical cruise, to take all flags, for the sake of the plantation he hoped to set up soon.

AT THE Island of Johanna, North perpetrated his first grim joke upon the laws of civilized and uncivilized nations. He invited the black King aboard his vessel, had him arrested on a charge of poisoning white traders, and threatened him with summary execution. The King must hang at the yardarm, for the greater security of white traders — unless, indeed, His Majesty could produce a very large ransom, and that right quickly.

The black King paid his ransom in silver chains, brought aboard North's vessel by faithful subjects, and North dismissed the King and the whole black nation from his presence, after making each man take oath that no more whites would be poisoned in their dominions.

Captain North now went in for piracy. He met and consulted with experienced pirates in these waters, one of whom was Culliford, who had recently stolen a crew of cutthroats from Captain Kidd, thereby adding ignominy to a reputation already loaded down with the infamy of chance acquaintances.

Commanding a small Dutch vessel, nominally as a Dutch privateer, but really as a thoroughgoing pirate, Captain North ran into a terrible storm near Madagascar. The vessel was wrecked, and all hands were lost except North and one black woman, whom North, swimming about among the wreckage, rescued and placed upon the bottom of an overturned boat.

North now set out to swim for land, and made the beach after a swim of twelve miles. He landed in an exhausted condition, and faced additional difficulty by reason of his nakedness. The blacks mistook him for an evil spirit of the sea, and refused to come near him, until one Negro woman who had lived in a town where there were many whites, came forward and assured her countrymen that the supposed monster was merely a harmless foreigner in distress. North then had the unpleasant task of walking naked fourteen miles through the brush to a black village, where he was given food and succor.

From this village, where he stayed until he was thoroughly rested and recuperated, North walked to a port whence he could communicate with ship-owners. Within a year he found himself once more in command of a pirate ship, a mixed and murderous crew under him, and plenty of excitement ahead.

TWO years of successful piracy in African and Mediterranean waters brought North the "nest egg" he had been working for. He wanted to settle down, but his restless crew was a problem.

He headed for the Madagascar village that had befriended him when he was shipwrecked and naked. On the way he took a Moorish ship, sank it, and took its crew aboard as prisoners.

He established a little absolute monarchy, with himself as monarch, his crew and such women as cared to join them as subjects, and the black town of Friendly as ally.

Now at length, at the age of forty-nine, Nathaniel North became a farmer. He and his crew settled upon some of the broad acres for which the lazy natives had no use, and builded a little centre of more or less white civilization. They took black wives, since there were no white ones, and they worked in a spirit of communal enterprise. North was judge and potentate and king. When disputes arose, he sat in judgment. He worked out a very satisfactory system of law for his subjects, and at last made good use of his legal education.

There came a war between the natives of Friendly and a neighboring black tribe. North and his men undertook to win the war for their friends. They went out in full force, with all their arms and a quantity of hand grenades they had made, and stormed the enemy village, which was on a high and almost invulnerable rock. They won, dislodged the enemy, and burned the village, but North was murdered in his bed after his return to his home.

The descendants of the North colony still live in Madagascar, and for many years have intermarried with descendants of other pirate colonists who once lived along the coasts of this rich land. They constitute today a marked native aristocracy in certain parts of Madagascar.

There are many more illustrious names in the roster of the pirates, that were once inscribed upon college rolls.

The lusty life of a pirate had an inevitable appeal to the college boys of those golden days before steam navigation and wireless telegraphy made piracy unprofitable.

* * *

Speeding Up Speed Laws

By Peter F. O'Shea

Do the desires of the sober-minded citizenry of the country run in this wise?

AMERICAN manufacturers this year are producing over a million motor cars geared for sixty, eighty or even one hundred miles an hour, to sell in States where the legal speed limit is from twenty to forty-five miles per hour. Either these manufacturers are collectively crazy, or America is a nation of speed-law breakers.

Eighty-mile cars are made exclusively to put in show windows — the only place where a car will not break all existing speed limits. Yet somehow those eighty-mile cars leak out of the show rooms. Someone learns through the gossip of the salesman's wife that there is such a car in town. Determined people jimmy their way in at night, overpower the salesman, force money into his reluctant hand, and buy the car despite his piteous pleadings. A good many cars are thus kidnapped from frantic salesmen, for practical business men find it worth while to maintain speed even in Massachusetts, home of law, where *prima facie* evidence of unlawful speed is twenty miles per hour.

Now, let us suppose, for a moment, that manufacturers and lawmakers were identical. What a dilemma Henry Ford would be in if he were elected Mayor of Dearborn, and the city council passed over Mayor Ford's head an ordinance limiting motor car speed to thirty miles an hour! Would he resign as Mayor, or would he conscientiously telephone his factory: "Cease production on sixty-mile motors. Retool the plant for a legal thirty-mile motor." If Mayor Ford did that, Manufacturer Ford would remain in business about sixty days. For manufacturers must give the people what the people want. Regardless of the inelastic demands of legislatures, the great mass of American people want speed, more speed, and then still more speed. Written laws of past decades are swamped by this year's law of popular demand.

SLOW laws for a speedy people! Who is responsible for the paradox? How can we induce these authors of trouble to become real mathematicians and write an equation between speed laws and present-day people? What changes could we ask? Which are right: laws or people? We know that the people must be right, for among them are many saintly characters who, in consistently obeying other laws, could not be wrong.

But speed laws can not all be right, because they differ so much in different States. Glance at the variety of speed laws which confront us as we drive across State lines. In Alabama, Florida, Illinois, Louisiana, Minnesota, Nebraska, Carolinas and Ohio, speeds of forty-five miles an hour in open country are *prima facie* unlawful. That is, if you get into an accident, and the traffic officer can prove that you were hitting forty-five, he doesn't have to prove much additional recklessness to find you guilty and liable. The burden is on you to prove strenuously that really you were proceeding quite carefully in spite of your speed.

New Mexico, on the other hand, also names forty-five miles as the speed limit, but calls it *prima facie* lawful, not unlawful; so even if a New Mexico traffic officer has clocked you at forty-five, the burden of proof is still upon the cop to show that you were actually, not legalistically, reckless. Forty miles is the critical speed named as *prima facie* lawful or unlawful, according to the State, in California, Georgia, Kentucky, Mississippi, Maryland, New Jersey, South Dakota and Washington. Thirty-five miles is the critical speed in Arizona, Arkansas, Colorado, Delaware, Idaho, Iowa, Maine, New Hampshire, North Dakota, Oklahoma, Oregon, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, Virginia, West Virginia. Thirty miles is considered justifiable in New York, though the State does not absolutely forbid higher speeds, and twenty-five is still the point of legal attention in Missouri. The fictional twenty in Massachusetts is really too great a strain upon the modern imagination to be considered very seriously.

Critical speeds named are for open country. *Prima facie* lawful or unlawful speeds are lowered by most States to twenty-five, twenty, fifteen or even eight miles at crossings, intersections, curves, mountain roads, business and residence districts. Most motor vehicle commissioners find a way to announce in semi-legalistic parlance that really their State's arithmetical speed restrictions do not seriously mean what they say, thus intimating that they will not be enforced. Probably no commissioner has yet been impeached by the legislature for pulling the teeth of his laws.

Should we have a numerical speed limit if we are going to break it? Two States say: "No, let's throw out this fiction." Kansas has no maximum speed law, neither has Connecticut. They prefer to fit their laws to facts, and in this they are leaders. The others may follow, but in a straggling fashion, one by one.

Yet speed laws ought to be uniform, and not only uniform but they should synchronize with the present tense. Legislatures should employ a stylist — or elect one to membership. But legislators can never agree on any proposition until it is already behind the times. These midwives cause a strange condition: our speed statutes are born with congenital old age.

Lawyers as a class live in the past. They are still preoccupied with wills, testaments, leases, or other extensions of the dead hand over the changing future. Since they start or end every case with a document, they are bound to uphold the sanctity of a document — which is really essentially a dead thing, unchangeable. So, to secure up-to-date adjustable laws, we must first stop electing lawyers to constitute the majority of our legislatures, and elect instead sixty per cent of engineers.

LEGISLATORS will thereupon pass a variable algebraic traffic law: "Maximum reasonable speed shall hereafter be

$$\text{Speed} = \frac{.5\ M\ R\ W\ (A.D.)}{B\ C\ K}.$$

Hereafter, the speed for each year shall be determined anew on January 1 each year according to that formula. Thus: take one half (.5) of the race-track speed (M) of the latest improved automobiles. Multiply by the radius (R) of the road curve where the alleged speed violation occurred. Multiply by the width of the road (W), the wider the road, the greater the allowable speed. Divide by the number of cross streets (C) per mile of highway. More cross streets, less speed. Divide by the number of feet within which that year's brakes (B) will stop a car. K is an engineer's coefficient to make the answer come out right with practice now prevailing. Multiply by the year of our Lord (A.D.) in which the law is to be enforced, not the year in which the law was made." A.D. ought to be incorporated as a factor in every law.

High-school graduates now leaven our car-driving population in sufficient number to understand, appreciate and enforce an engineer's law. After all, why should not a modern motorist demand that his motor law contain a built-in automatic gear-shift which changes speed with the times? Alas, laws will not be thus sensible, organic and adjustable. Not while lawyers make laws. For them, the variable T for time, the changing year, is always represented by the constant 1894 or 1492.

Aiding in making laws are politicians who would read $x-y$ as a personal insult or a mysterious offer of a bribe. Law is the most backward, ineffective, impracticable and obsolete of all our arts; it lags far behind the arts of agriculture, manufacturing, distribution, electric power, communication, diplomacy or drama.

We have pounded the lawyers like a tough beefsteak in the hope of making them manageable. Now let us tell them, hopefully, what we want them to do about the speed laws. Legislators can learn what changes they should make in speed laws by asking or even watching their coadjutors, the cops and judges. Traffic cops and judges advance more rapidly than legislators. An author writes a play, but a practical swearing producer has to put it on the stage. A cop or a judge has to operate the laws just as a driver has to operate a car.

EVOLUTION of our actual road speed starts with the engineer, is followed by the manufacturer, then by the driver, next by policemen and the judge, and finally even legislators try to catch up with the courts. But the greatest agent in raising speeds is our humble friend, the traffic cop. Let us see how magically he works legal changes while he makes passes like Thurston or Keller.

Our modern traffic tendency is to put a minimum speed limit on vehicles rather than a maximum — a limit on slowness rather than a limit on speed. Popular sentiment practically forbids vehicles to crawl below a certain speed. "Thou shalt not go slower than twenty!" This popular law is enacted instantly by the voters assembled behind the slow poke who blocks traffic, and their sovereign popular will is proclaimed by the impatient honking of horns.

In the Holland Tunnel, for instance, the bulletined allowable speed becomes in practice the expected minimum. Officers are stationed every few hundred feet to keep traffic moving. And if your speedometer reads below that minimum, you will, by upsetting the flow of traffic, be to blame regardless of fictional legal arithmetic.

Any sensible traffic cop is a better legislator than the president of his State senate. He is more experienced. He legislates eight hours a day, in the living stream, catch as catch can, and even performs a thousand times more arm-waving gestures than the most violent State House orators.

Near big cities, slow pokes who persist in being legal are intolerable. A cop, to be successful in his career, must become a Mussolini, dictating speed. "Laws must be so applied," one State traffic commissioner intimates, "as to permit the swift and smooth flow of traffic. A vast population trying to escape for the week-end from New York City, Boston or Chicago, demands that it shall be a hundred miles away from town soon enough to come back the same hundred miles before 10 o'clock Monday morning, even if we can't provide time for a meal and a sleep also." Laws are a feeble barricade to this stampede, this will to escape, to change scene.

Look at the traffic officer who is sworn to hold down speed. What is he doing? Beckoning us angrily to come on, look alive, speed up, step on it. And do people impeach the officer? No. They say, "There's a traffic cop who knows his business." He is aiding the need, the demand, the law of the majority. He is doing what they want him to do. For the majority publishes daily to the cop the latest afternoon edition of current laws. The lawyers read only an antique book dealer's rare edition of traffic laws suitable to traffic at George Washington's inauguration, or Theodore Roosevelt's — not Herbert Hoover's.

What is the greatest nuisance to road speed? Traffic cops? No.

When cartoonists and legislatures sprinkled their insect-powder on the crossroad cop, who formerly lorded it over the road, our machine-minded nation had to invent a mechanical substitute to take his place. Hence we invented traffic lights. Great success attended their efforts. They have more than taken the place of the chin-whiskered crossroad tyrant. Quantity production of traffic stoppage has been achieved. Traffic lights are now the great annoying obstacle to speed on the highways.

They hold up traffic arbitrarily

without explanation, many times without need. And to whom can a driver voice his chagrin? Not to the traffic light. Ears were purposely omitted from it. Your sanity will be questioned if you say to the one-eyed cop, "You big brute, there are no cars coming within a quarter mile. Why should you stop me?" The one eye does not even blink. A mechanical tyrant is often more exasperating than a capricious Nero.

TRAFFIC lights intend to be good things to promote safety and regulate speed for the greatest good of the greatest number. What qualities have perverted these benevolent guards into our greatest road nuisance? First, their variety. Each town has its own local standard of elapsed time between shifts from red to green. No two towns have the same period. No motorist can tell on entering any town what its particular period is. Each legislature should pass State-wide laws establishing a uniform traffic light pace in all towns within the State. Traffic authorities of different States should consult together as they did recently in a speed conference called by President Hoover, so that most or all of the States could decide upon the same periodicity. Then the motorist passing from town to town or from State to State need not be delayed by a succession of traffic compartments which are worse than all the passport complications from country to country in Europe. George Washington made this politically one country, but his modern successors as law makers in 1930 have left it, for the motorist, a collection of bailiwicks.

Motorists are delayed also by many traffic lights placed at points where no lights are needed. Politics often controls the placing of a non-human mechanical traffic cop no less than its inhuman living predecessors. Cops may die, but politicians live on. A citizen or group of citizens who command influence with the selectmen get up a petition for a traffic light at a particular spot. No scientific authority determines whether the light is really needed. An appropriation is pushed through, a light is installed, and the only way to get it out is for an equally influential group of citizens in the same town to rebel against it and put through a measure to abolish it. The usual thing, however, is to give each group whatever traffic light it wants so that you finish with two lights instead of one.

"I KNOW a New York City manufacturer who commutes to a certain town up the Hudson," a traffic executive told me with a grin. "One morning when he drove down to the local station from his home without much time to make his train, he found a stream of cars going along the main highway which he wished to cross instantly. These through cars did not pause for him, not knowing or caring that he was the local Pooh-Bah, so he could not break through, and he missed his train. So he drove directly to the house of the local political boss and from there to the chief of police, who assured Mr. Bigman, 'We'll see that it doesn't happen again. We'll install a traffic light! You tell us at just what time you cross the road there, and we'll adjust the red light to clear the road for you at that minute every morning. The same when you return in the evening.'

"And that, I assure you, is the philosophy by which one light was installed and adjusted."

Many suburbs commit the same sort of offense in a lesser degree. They have heavy automobile traffic to the railroad station twice a day, in the morning before the commuters' trains leave, and in the evening when they return. Traffic lights are almost invariably installed near those stations and allowed to operate continually all day long at exactly the same pace which is necessary and justifiable for only two half-hours.

A MOTORIST'S next complaint against the iron cop is this: many spots which need some sort of traffic light have the wrong sort for that spot. Types of traffic lights are assigned to towns by salesmen, not by investigators or scientific State authority.

A clever salesman works on local pride. "What, no traffic lights in your town? But surely your town is as big as Littleville! They have two traffic lights." He and the mayor then go hunting for places to put three traffic lights, so that they will be fifty per cent bigger than Littleville.

The State should curb the local czarism of mechanical cops just as it once removed the little human traffic czars. These removals will speed up the habitual pace of motor traffic.

Is greater speed safe? Why not? It depends on the ability of the populace to handle it.

"Speed," says one State official, "has little to do with recklessness. A man can be reckless at 10 miles an hour as well as 50. There are places where 10-mile speed is reckless driving. There are other places where 50 or 60 miles per hour is as safe and conservative as 15 miles was on narrow, bumpy, sharply-curved roads of 15 years ago."

SPEED will increase in the future. Automobile makers will continue to give us better engines, and chassis which will cling more dependably to the road. Engine speed is not at present the limiting factor of road speed. Traction of the tires is the limiting factor. Today's engines can turn wheels much faster than today's tires can hold them to a leverage on the ground, and experiments are now under way to find a composition which has more traction than rubber, to substitute for it in tires. Roads also may be built of rubber or of this new composition.

Road builders of the future will make highways wider, with longer straightaways. Already the minimum radius of curves is much higher than in roads built ten years ago. Our present new speed constantly reveals new needs for the future. A familiar road which seems almost absolutely straight when traversed at forty miles an hour throws a succession of unfamiliar curves at the driver when he speeds up to sixty. This article may save millions for taxpayers who will encourage their States to build wide straight roads for the needs of the future, rather than roads of today's improved standard which in a few years will have to be changed at great cost to 1940 straightness.

A Unique Experiment

By The Hon. Abbot Low Moffat

The Port of New York Authority

One of the most impressive spectacles in the world today is the sight of the two great towers of the new Hudson River Bridge that rise from the shores of the Hudson River between Fort Washington and Fort Lee. Already the four vast cables swing in graceful lines above the river, and the hanging of the roadway is about to commence. When completed early in 1932 the span of this bridge will be twice the length of that of the next greatest suspension bridge in the world. There will be space for eight and possibly ten lanes of motor traffic, two footways for pedestrians, and six rapid transit routes. Twenty million vehicles will be able to cross each year. The initial cost of this great enterprise is close to $70,000,000, and when finally completed to full capacity, the staggering sum of nearly $85,000,000 will have been expended. Yet, though publicly built, except for interest on a loan of five million dollars by each State, no taxpayer in either State is called upon to bear any part of the cost of this undertaking, and even these advances will be returned with interest.

This vast public improvement, as well as a number of other projects in the metropolitan region of New York, is being carried out by a municipal corporation that is unique in American history — the Port of New York Authority. Many New Yorkers do not fully understand the status of the Port Authority, as it is popularly called, while to most persons who do not reside in the region it is but a name. It is such a remarkable experiment in government, however, that a brief sketch of its history, its successes and its failures, its strong points and its defects, and its possibilities for the future, may not be amiss.

Over ten million people are clustered within a radius of fifty miles around the superb bays that form the Port of New York. The Port is the centre of this entire region. It is the great primary magnet that has drawn within this area the railroad, the factory, the merchant and the banker, and their great host of followers. Whatever the historic background of the various settlements in the area, today they have all been caught in the vortex of the Port; their life revolves about its life. Communities that fifty years ago were quiet farming villages today are factory sites or the homes of thousands of busy commuters. The entire region, for better or for worse, has become one vast economic entity.

Had this area of some five thousand square miles been under one jurisdiction, many of the growing pains of the metropolis could have been eased long since. Unfortunately, however, the Port is bisected by the State line between New York and New Jersey, and the region is still further subdivided into a number of counties and several hundred municipalities. This diversity of jurisdictions has proved one of the greatest handicaps to the development of the Port and the welfare of its residents. It has fostered rivalry and jealousy between sections of the district and it has been the chief factor in retarding the consciousness of the economic unity of the region among those living in the metropolitan area. The public is only just beginning to recognize that the welfare of the entire Port considered as a unit benefits each community in the region; that an improvement in harbor facilities, no matter where located, directly or indirectly affects the welfare of every resident; that an injury to the Port, on the other hand, whether due to inadequate docking space in one section or antiquated methods of handling freight in another, drives shipping to other ports and injures the entire region. Inadequate rail facilities harm merchant, manufacturer and consumer alike; while traffic congestion in the metropolitan area is estimated to be costing the residents of the region a million dollars each day.

In 1917 the State of New Jersey petitioned the Interstate Commerce Commission for a differential in freight rates, so that when freight car bulk was broken further service, such as lighterage across the Hudson River, should be charged for separately. The petition was denied, but the Interstate Commerce Commission in substance warned New York that adequate facilities should be provided in the not distant future for the transportation of freight directly by rail into the various New York sections of the Port without the necessity of breaking bulk.

Following this decision the two States appointed a commission to study the needs of the Port district and to devise a plan for its wise and balanced development. After several years of intensive study the commission presented their report and recommendations to the Legislatures of the two States, and in April, 1921, New York and New Jersey entered into a compact, consented to by Congress, establishing a public corporation known as the Port of New York Authority, a pragmatic effort — the first in American history — to handle through one governmental unit certain specific problems arising in two distinct sovereign jurisdictions.

The compact created the Port Authority as "a body, both corporate and politic," consisting of six commissioners, serving without compensation, three commissioners being appointed by the Governor of each State with the approval of the State Senate. It was given full power to purchase, lease, construct, and operate "any terminal or transportation facility" within the Port district, an area defined in the compact; for such purpose to buy or lease any property, real or personal, that it might need, and to borrow money either by bond issue or by mortgage. It was also authorized to petition in its own right any regulatory or other body, Federal, State or local, and to intervene in any proceeding affecting the commerce of the Port. The only restrictions imposed were that the Port Authority might not pledge the credit of the States without specific legislation; that any facility which it might own or operate should be subject to the jurisdiction of the State regulatory commissions as if privately owned; and that no action of the Port Authority would be binding without the affirmative votes of two commissioners from each State. Later statutes empowered the Governor of each State to veto any action of a commissioner from his State.

THE grant of these powers, however, did not become effective under the terms of the compact until the following year when the two States adopted a Comprehensive Plan for the development of the Port district. The statutes enacting this Comprehensive Plan still further enlarged the powers of the Port Authority. Bonds or other securities issued by it were declared exempt from taxation; it was defined as "the municipal corporate instrumentality of the two States" for the purpose of carrying out the plan and developing the Port; and it was "vested with all necessary and appropriate powers not inconsistent with the Constitution of the United States or of either State, to effectuate the same, except the power to levy taxes or assessments."

The Comprehensive Plan, as enacted into law, is an amazing piece of legislation. It sets forth nine "principles to govern the development," which are really generalizations as to the needs of the Port, and then recites in detail the location of railroad bridges and tunnels, belt line railways, and an underground automatic railroad for Manhattan Island in connection with which union terminals are to be established.

Today, the Comprehensive Plan is exactly what it was in 1922 — a piece of paper. Except for an inland union terminal freight station for less than carload lots which is about to be built in Manhattan (but entirely divorced from any underground system of distribution) not one item of the plan has been put into operation, not a single piece of contemplated construction is under way. Much of the plan, in fact, appears tacitly to have been scrapped; indeed, the annual reports of the Port Authority for the past few years devote only a few short paragraphs to minor aspects of the plan, and even these report no progress. The larger items of the plan receive no mention. But the chief factor has been the failure of the railroads to gain the coöperation of it. In the matter of coöperation lies the whole crux of the freight problem of the metropolitan region.

WHATEVER the causes, the fact remains that the Port Authority has failed so far to carry out the purposes for which it was originally called into being. Had there not been evolution along certain other lines, the experiment of creating such a body would have to be classed as a failure. But there has been evolution.

The growth of motor vehicle traffic in recent years has been of astounding proportions, and the motor truck has become a vital factor in the distribution of produce and other commodities, particularly in and around the metropolitan area. Traffic across the Hudson River has mounted by leaps and bounds. Today more than half the trans-river traffic uses the Holland Vehicular Tunnel, yet the ferries are carrying more traffic than they did in 1917 when the Holland Tunnel was authorized.

To MEET the problem of congestion caused by this increasing use of motor vehicles, the two States determined to authorize the construction of additional interstate crossings. These could not be handled by the municipalities, and financial and political reasons made it inexpedient for the States themselves to finance the projects either by bond issues or direct appropriation. Rather naturally, therefore, they turned to the municipal instrumentality which they had jointly created, and in 1924 the Port Authority was authorized to construct two bridges over the Arthur Kill between Staten Island and New Jersey.

The following year a bridge between Staten Island and Bayonne was authorized, and in 1926 the Port Authority was directed to build the great Hudson River Bridge from Fort Washington in Manhattan to Fort Lee in Bergen County. In the laws authorizing these bridges, the power of condemnation of private (but not municipal) property was expressly conferred, and the States guaranteed that competitive crossings would not be authorized until the Port Authority bonds — to be secured by tolls — were paid off or otherwise provided for. At the same time, as the credit of such a body as the Port Authority was totally unknown, the States each agreed to advance as a cushion nine million dollars towards the cost of construction.

So IT is that in sharp contrast with its failure to carry out successfully the Comprehensive Plan, the record of the Port Authority as a builder of interstate bridges has been brilliant. It has made its estimates of time and money conservatively; it has purchased wisely; and it has functioned ably. None of the delays or extravagances that so frequently mar the construction of public works was permitted to enter. Furthermore, unlike the earlier bridges constructed in New York City, which dump their load haphazardly on narrow streets and bottle-necks, the approaches for the new bridges have been planned with scientific care so that traffic may be distributed over a number of routes with a minimum of congestion. It has been the success of the Port Authority in its bridge construction that has won it popular support in the metropolitan region and assured its permanent position as a governmental agency to handle bi-state problems.

A further step in the evolution of the Port Authority took place in the winter of 1929–30. The Holland Vehicular Tunnel from Manhattan to Jersey City was built by the two States acting jointly through commissions. The tunnel, so brilliantly designed and constructed by the late Clifford M. Holland, was begun in 1919 and opened in 1927. Its success has far exceeded expectations. The engineering and financial soundness of tunnel crossings has been thoroughly established. But the volume of traffic that daily pours through the twin tubes is already nearing the capacity of the tunnel. Still more interstate highways are imperatively needed. As agitation for another tunnel developed, however, the wisdom of having two distinct public bodies build and operate potentially competitive crossings was seriously questioned. At the recent sessions of the State legislatures the two bodies were, therefore, in effect, merged. The State Bridge and Tunnel Commissions, which had built and operated the Holland Tunnel, were abolished and the tunnel was placed in the hands of the Port Authority to be operated by it as agent of the States. At the same time the number of Port Authority Commissioners was increased from six to twelve, and nearly all the new appointments were made from the members of the tunnel boards, while the staff that operated the tunnel was taken over intact.

The enlarged Port Authority was then directed to make studies and prepare plans for another vehicular tunnel to run from a point near Thirty-eighth Street in Manhattan under the river and under the Palisades with an entrance in Weehawken, to a point on the Jersey meadows, where it will connect with the new arterial highways already projected in that region. In New York the eastern end of the tunnel is to be connected, if feasible, with the Thirty-eighth Street East River Tunnel which has been authorized by New York City, thus permitting traffic to flow between Long Island and New Jersey, without once entering upon the already traffic-cluttered streets of New York.

Today, therefore, the Port Authority owns or operates all the interstate vehicular crossings within the Port district and it is likely to construct and operate those built in the future.

Before the Port Authority was authorized to construct these bridges, it possessed no assets whatsoever and no credit rating. Today it is a gigantic financial corporation with outstanding bonds and commitments of nearly $100,000,000.

In short, the Port Authority has succeeded. It is performing invaluable service for the Port district. It is handling bi-state port problems that no other single agency could handle; and that this service is not along the lines orginally contemplated, does not lessen its value.

One aspect of the Port Authority that has especially appealed to the public is that it has been run with the very definite policy of proving that even a government agency can be operated as efficiently as a private business corporation. Remarkably unfettered in its charter and with a definite job to do, it has, at least in its relation to bridge construction, been strikingly free of the grosser forms of politics, and has been run on purely business lines. The tendency has been to overlook the public nature of its functions and slight the duty that it owes the public in such matters as publicity and the focusing of public responsibility upon those who actually are responsible for the work of the Port Authority.

This last is a serious defect that should be remedied. The commissioners of the Port Authority receive no salary. They are able, conscientious men, but it is inevitable that their own affairs should receive much of their time and consideration. As a result more and more of the responsibility for the work of the Port Authority has concentrated in the hands of the staff, headed by a general manager. It would be a salutary change to provide that the twelve commissioners elect, subject to the approval of the two Governors, from outside their number a salaried chairman who will devote his entire time and energy to the work of the Port Authority. With a salary of $30,000 a year, such as is now paid to the general manager — a salary larger than that received by any Government official, excepting the President of the United States, and the Mayor of New York — and the prestige of being chairman of such an organization, the Port Authority could enlist the services of any of the outstanding executives of the nation. Such a change would strengthen the position of the Port Authority in public estimation and would cure its gravest structural defect as a public body politic.

It is, however, the future of the Port Authority as a governmental organ that arouses our curiosity. Has it reached the limits of its evolution, or will its functions expand still further? Is it to remain primarily a gigantic bridge and tunnel construction corporation, or will it be entrusted with still other fields of service for the region?

It is my belief that the future should and will see a striking development of the Port Authority. The time is already with us when the metropolitan district as such must grapple boldly with all its metropolitan problems. Some of these are of such a nature that only a central municipal instrumentality can handle them effectively, and these problems should be given to the Port Authority for solution and action; some of them at once; others from time to time as necessity arises. There is no need for the creation of similar bodies; indeed, such action would only cause overlapping and duplication of effort and expense.

Entrusting the Port Authority with new functions, however, would require the making of certain definite changes in its structure. One of the criticisms most frequently leveled against that body today is that its bridge-building activities have absorbed its entire interest and attention to the exclusion of its duties in connection with the Comprehensive Plan. Whether or not it would be advisable to subdivide the Port Authority by law into two separate departments at the present time, is a debatable question. If new undertakings are given to it, such action will be essential, not only so that responsibility may be focussed, but also that the maximum efficiency may be retained.

Should such a development take place in the near future, the Port Authority might very advantageously be divided into four departments: one charged with the vehicular bridge and tunnel activities of the Port Authority; another entrusted with the duty for which the Port Authority was originally created, i.e., the betterment of freight distribution within the Port district; another department would deal exclusively with suburban transit; and the fourth would give official recognition and support to the Regional Plan for New York and its environs.

THIS last idea concerns the monumental plan which was inspired by the late Charles D. Norton, and financed at the start by the Russell Sage Foundation. It is the most thorough and scientific plan that has ever been devised for the development of a community. It covers not only such obvious matters as highways, bridges, parks and playgrounds, but such subjects as airports, zoning, land utilization and other matters less familiar to the layman.

The plan sets forth the development and changes that are essential to the welfare of the region where, in the future, 20,000,000 people will live in the territory now occupied by only half that number.

Population studies indicate that the metropolitan region will have attained this figure in less than forty years, and that nearly one-third of those in the area today will be living at that time. The Plan is no mere idealistic gift to future unborn generations; it is a carefully thought-out solution of problems of the present generation.

Glancing at the maps illustrating the Regional Plan, one is staggered at the ultimate cost. A further study, however, reveals that many of the proposed projects are those that different communities will undertake, plan or no plan. The Plan is in reality a composite of numerous community developments fitted into a comprehensive whole. These communities are all going to spend vast sums on improvements of various kinds in the coming decades. The question is: shall these be separate and unrelated; or shall they be woven together into a harmonious pattern, thus doubling the value and utility of each project? The Regional Plan presents the larger picture into which all local improvements can be fitted.

ALTHOUGH less than eighteen months old, the Regional Plan has already proved of service to the region. Numerous communities have established their own official planning boards, which are in constant touch with the experts of the Regional Plan. These communities are receiving suggestions and advice and are planning their improvements with an eye for the larger regional design, so that their actions may fit the general scheme.

The proposed Regional Plan department would correlate the other activities of the Port Authority; it would consult with and advise the different municipalities in the region on their local problems and on the larger matters affecting the district as a whole; and it would keep the Plan always up to date, for the Plan is not a fixed, unalterable blueprint, but must grow and change as the region and its problems grow and change. Regional planning is of such deep public concern that it should be supported by the States themselves and not be dependent on the generosity of individuals.

The development of the Port Authority as suggested, and its division into several departments, would make it advisable to increase the number of commissioners from each State to eight. A board of sixteen men and a chairman would be by no means too large a body for an organization of such magnitude and with such manifold duties. It might, indeed, be wise to require by statute a subdivision of the Port Authority commissioners into four committees. The members of each committee would be primarily responsible for the work and progress of one department, with power to act for the Port Authority in all matters affecting their department, except those involving the expenditure of money or questions which, in the opinion of the committee or the chairman, involved important matters of policy. These would be acted upon by the board as a whole.

It would also be advisable to increase the area of the Port District, as now defined in the compact, so as to include the entire region affected by the suburban transit problem and already included in the studies of the Regional Plan.

These suggested developments are logical steps in the further evolution of the Port Authority, and their adoption will still further increase the value of the services which the Port Authority is rendering the people of the metropolitan area of New York. But whether or not it is thus expanded, the Port Authority has already established itself as a remarkable and a successful experiment in government. It is the first attempt in America to solve bi-state problems through a single corporate instrumentality, and its development is being closely followed in many States where similar problems will shortly have to be faced.

* * *

Nomad

By T. R. Ybarra

Fifteen Countries in Fifteen Months

I HAVE always been a Nomad. When I was less than five years old I began to travel and I have kept it up ever since. The fact that, more than twenty years ago, I became involved in the newspaper business and showed a marked predilection for the foreign field, has made me more of a wanderer than ever. There has scarcely been a year for me during the last couple of decades which has not been plentifully besprinkled with railway tickets, steamship tickets, baggage labels, passports, letters of credit and hotel bills, made out in a baker's dozen of languages.

But never in all that twenty-year period — nor before it, for that matter — have I dashed from one land to another quite so much and at such breathless speed as during a certain year and a quarter which terminated recently.

Fifteen countries in fifteen months! That is my proud record. And I have counted only countries where I actually spent at least one night, rigorously excluding from the list those merely traversed on the way to somewhere else. Had I counted such lands my total would not have been fifteen but eighteen.

Here — in alphabetical order — are the fifteen countries visited by me in the aforesaid fifteen-month period: Austria, Denmark, Egypt, England, Finland, France, Germany, Greece, Hungary, Italy, Norway, Rumania, Sweden, Switzerland and Turkey.

There were also the following; but I did not spend a night in any of them, so they can not go on the list: Belgium, Esthonia and Holland.

And one evening, on a steamboat plying over the moonlit Baltic Sea, between Finland and Germany via Esthonia, I sighted the coast of Latvia — but why bring that up?

As I think back over those months I am glad that it is impossible for a human being to look actually into his mind. Mine must resemble a chessboard painted in fifteen colors. It amuses me to let my thoughts roam haphazard over what happened to me during that period of variegated wandering. For instance, as I muse idly, I see in fancy:

The Nile, opposite Luxor, in the early light of dawn. The first rays of the sun are touching the huge ruins of the Luxor Temple, tinting the lazy waters of the great river. I am being ferried across in a flat-bottomed boat by two brown-faced boatmen. Nothing else is stirring.

* * *

A Rumanian railway station on the slopes of the Carpathian Mountains. In front a fringe of nice little trees — an attractive feature of Rumanian stations. Peasants drinking at tables, idly gazing at the train. They wear tall sheepskin headgear and rough gaiters.

* * *

Ahead, suddenly rising above the waters of the Bosphorus, sparkling in the sunlight — Constantinople! My first glimpse of it — the glimpse everybody dreams about. And it surpasses dreams. Domes flashing in glorious light, tall minarets piercing upward, marble palaces, massive walls. And then — bustling and scuffling around the custom-house, eager individuals — alas, clad like any New Yorker! — pushing forward, shouting: "Hotel, sir? Want a hotel?"

* * *

GRAND religious procession through the streets of the native quarter of Cairo. Hundreds of strange beings carrying huge red, green, yellow and white banners, covered with fantastic designs. Bands of musicians extracting grunts and squeaks and squeals from strange wind instruments, pounding primitive drums, clashing diminutive cymbals together with tremendous energy. Standard-bearers and hangers-on of the procession getting so excited when it is held up — which occurs about every two minutes — that they jump up and down like marionettes. Whole traffic dislocated, but nobody minds.

Donkeys and omnibuses; vendors of cool drinks; vendors of horrid-looking meat patties and nuts and fruit and God-knows-what! Egyptian soldiers in khaki and *tarboosh;* natty policemen; beggars in villainous rags, many of them blind — others horribly deformed; artisans plying their trade in plain sight; individuals enjoying siestas almost under the feet of passersby.

* * *

DOWN deep in a cellar in the old part of Stockholm. It used to be rendezvous for Stockholm's Bohemians of the Eighteenth Century. Bellman — Sweden's most popular poet — used to sing his songs here, to tunes composed by himself — songs and tunes now sung from childhood to old age by every patriotic Swede. The cellar is now a restaurant. Anders Zorn discovered it, and collected funds for throwing it open to the public. Full of smoke and the smell of tobacco and the murmur of Swedish talk. Now and then there are Swedish songs, too — Bellman's.

* * *

On the way from steamer to hotel in a modern town — quite modern. Broad avenues, dusty, alive with motor traffic. People in ordinary sack suits, busy about everyday affairs. Policemen controlling traffic at crowded cross roads. Modern public buildings, modern parks, modern shops. Can this be . . .?

Suddenly, bursting into view above the sheer, bare crag that is its pedestal . . . the Parthenon!

Yes, this is Athens.

* * *

Of all my variegated assignments none surpassed for interest and amusement the Ibsen Centenary Celebration held at Oslo, the Norwegian capital, and Bergen, the well-known Norwegian seaport, in March, 1928. Some twenty nations sent representatives. All of them were presented to King Haakon.

For the ceremony, the guests were ushered into King Haakon's sanctum according to the alphabetical order of their respective countries. Our country was not listed as United States, but as America, so the American delegation came first of all. Dr. Robert Underwood Johnson, being an ex-Ambassador and otherwise also a most distinguished personage, was Number One in the list of those presented. I went in accompanied by a Norwegian-American professor from the University of Minnesota. After us, the guests were introduced in batches, according to nationality. King Haakon conversed with each batch about five minutes. Most of us were impressively arrayed in morning coats and high hats. Which reminds me:

When I got the assignment to go to Norway I was in Berlin, without a morning coat. I went to a tailor patronized, in the old Hohenzollern days, by the German Crown Prince and other tremendous swells, and proclaimed:

"I want a *Gebrock*."

(*Gebrock*, I had been informed by a man whom I trusted, was the German equivalent of "morning coat.")

The tailor seemed a bit surprised. He proceeded, nevertheless, to measure me. I told him it must be a hurry job. He promised a degree of sartorial speed which would more than satisfy me. When he had finished his measuring and I was going away, he pointed to a picture hanging on one of the walls of a man clad in a strange-looking garment.

"You will look like that," he said.

I must have turned pale. I took a good look at the garment in the picture. It was something which I had never seen on land or sea; something which would have been called a Prince Albert had Prince Albert been born when it was in vogue.

"Never!" I told the tailor.

"But you said you wanted a *Gebrock*."

"Doesn't that mean morning coat?"

"Certainly not."

"What is the German for morning coat?"

"Morning coat!"

He promptly measured me all over again and the dreadful danger was averted. I afterwards learned that I had been threatened with the possession of a coat of antediluvian character, worn only by superannuated German savants who don't know that the calendar has moved beyond 1876.

As it was, however, I acquired a truly beautiful and up-to-date morning coat, which made me swell with pride when, on emerging from the palace of King Haakon, I was photographed by a squad of camera men, along with the rest of the Ibsen Centenary guests.

The only trouble is that I paid one hundred dollars for that coat and have never worn it since!

* * *

Dr. Johnson was so impressed by the Ibsen festivities that he wrote an

Ibsen sonnet, which he read, on the culminating day of the centenary celebration, before King Haakon, Crown Prince Olaf and a crowd of other notables. He was kind enough to give me a copy of the sonnet in advance and I promptly cabled it to my paper in New York. Which reminds me of what befell a newspaper colleague of mine, who also, once upon a time, got hold of the text of a sonnet possessing considerable news value. As sonnets were not in the regular line of cable dispatches, he decided to query his editor as follows:

"Have full text of So-and-So's sonnet. Shall I cable it?"

And the editor answered: "Cable text of sonnet *if short*, otherwise merely extract!"

* * *

WHILE on the subject of Scandinavia, I must not forget that renowned and redoubtable phenomenon, the *smörgåsbord*. It flourishes luxuriantly all over the Scandinavian countries, especially in Sweden. It is something like the mixed *hors d'œuvres* you get in French restaurants; but, whereas *hors d'œuvres* are merely a lot of trifles calculated to give an appetite for the main courses of a meal, *smörgåsbord* is of such copiousness and variety that, when the *pièces de resistance* of a Scandinavian meal are brought on, a foreigner is sure to be gasping feebly for breath.

But not a Swede! The *smörgåsbord*, no matter how freely he may have partaken of it, only makes him hungrier. I copy the following from my diary — it relates to Swedish meal-time prowess, as observed aboard a steamboat plying from Stockholm to Helsingfors:

"Coffee at 8:30 A.M. or thereabouts, followed by what I supposed would be a light repast but turned out to be a whale of a meal. It included:

"(1) *Smörgåsbord*, made up of some twenty items, among them bread, butter, three kinds of herring, cucumbers, tomatoes, beets, smoked salmon, boiled potatoes, cold tongue, cold veal, cold pigs' feet, sardines, radishes, cheese — capped, (as a sort of *super-smörgåsbord*) by:

"(2) *Hot fish*, liver, omelet and sausages, large quantities of each, passed from person to person *ad lib.*, and severely punished by each diner — then:

"(3) *Roast veal* (*hot*) with peas, carrots and potatoes! All this taken in vast quantities — some of the Swedes, I verily believe, missed *not one item* — and repeated often. They are gastronomic marvels!"

Which calls to mind a comedy (unproduced) written by a friend of mine, in whose family many Swedish servants had been employed, which contained this bit of dialogue:

"But she's human, isn't she?"

"No; she's a Swede!"

* * *

ACCUSTOMED as a newspaper correspondent gets to sudden orders rushing him from place to place, I really got quite a shock while I was in Bergen, Norway — not so very far from the northermost part of Europe — when I received this cable:

"How about Egypt after Ibsen?"

When I recovered my breath, I cabled back: "Okay Egypt."

A few days later, I was dashing through Paris en route for Trieste and Alexandria.

In Paris, it was a case of speeding from one station to another, as otherwise I should have missed the Simplon Express, the only train which could get me to Trieste in time for my steamer to Egypt. I had wired to my brother, who lives in Paris, to meet me at the station — there was barely time for us to shake hands and exchange a few words.

"Anything new?" I asked.

"Yes," he replied, "I have just become the proud father of a son!"

"When?"

"At noon today."

It was then about seven P.M.

"Just time enough to drink the young man's health in champagne!" I said. We rushed to the nearest bar. I ordered a bottle of champagne.

"To my new nephew!" I said, lifting my glass.

We tossed off the wine. Then I made a mad dash for the Simplon Express. I caught it, with hardly five minutes to spare.

Four days later I was in Egypt, surrounded by palm trees and tropical heat. And yet, a week or so before, I had been gazing at frozen fields of snow and ice, on the railway line between Bergen and Oslo! Foreign correspondents of American newspapers rarely suffer from ennui.

* * *

IN EGYPT I found a Crisis. The Egyptian Nationalists were very angry at the British occupying their land. The British remained very calm about it. All the British correspondents refused to get the least bit excited. They treated that Crisis most cavalierly.

One of them, an extremely saturnine Briton, who always wore a monocle, invited me to motor with him and his wife to the Pyramids. It was my first sight of the Pyramids. I was much impressed. But the man with the monocle, having lived some fifteen years in Egypt, had doubtless seen them scores of times. So they were less to him even than the Crisis. Therefore, after lunch, he subsided into a particularly comfortable armchair, and said to me, with immense solemnity:

"At the risk of being rude I shall not ride with you on a camel around the Pyramids. If my wife wishes to ride with you on a camel around the Pyramids, she may. I shall go to sleep."

He did. His wife obligingly procured me a camel and, together, we rode around the Pyramids. My camel-driver was most loquacious. He pointed to the beast that was loping along under me —

"He is a good camel," said the driver. "He is a very good camel. Would you like to know his name?"

"What is his name?" I inquired.

"Cleopatra!"

AFTER riding around the Pyramids and getting joggled to numbness and scorched by the sun and covered with sand, we returned to the hotel. The Briton with the monocle awoke from a luxuriant sleep and motored us back to Cairo, solemn as ever, but looking much rested and refreshed. He helped me to realize why the British, who take life evenly and sedately, are so successful at running tropical lands.

After a few days in Cairo, waiting for the Crisis to mature and explode, I got impatient and decided to take the train to Luxor, some five hundred miles up the Nile, and see the great temples there and the Tombs of the Kings. My British friend with the monocle urged me to do so, by all means.

"There will be no Crisis!" he said. So I went to Luxor, and saw the temples there, and descended into several royal tombs, and looked up my friend Herbert Winlock, who excavates for the Metropolitan Museum of New York, and surprised him so by suddenly appearing before him that he almost collapsed into the sand — and then I returned to Cairo, and still that Crisis hadn't exploded!

In fact, it hasn't even yet!

* * *

THERE was also a Crisis in Berlin while I was there. At least I thought there was. News out of Berlin, while I had been acting temporarily as correspondent, had been rather dull for some days. So when a thing looking like a Crisis came along I coddled it and nursed it and cabled to New York about it, I really got quite fond of it. But a cynical friend of mine, the Berlin representative of a big American news agency, who has seen so many crises that he doesn't even get out of their way on the street, heaped ridicule upon my head. He dubbed the thing that I was so fondly coddling and nursing "Tommy's Spoon-fed Crisis" and got me quite sensitive about it.

Finally the Crisis actually did swell up and burst. Delighted, I sent the office boy out to get a cheap pewter spoon. This I had wrapped up in several thicknesses of paper, as if it were something extremely valuable, and sent it around to my friend of the news agency with a note reading as follows:

"For use in feeding the next near-Crisis."

Then I sat back, trembling, waiting for the inevitable repartee from my friend. For he is one of the cleverest wits in Berlin and never fails to get the last word.

It didn't take him long to get even with me. Meeting me in a famous Berlin restaurant, the day after I had sent him my little token, he said:

"By the way, the head waiter here has just told me there is a spoon missing. They're making inquiries about it. Hadn't you better lunch somewhere else?"

* * *

IN VIENNA there was an amusing instance of the extraordinarily varied life led by American newspaper writers abroad. I was in an automobile with another American newspaperman, being shown by a Viennese the ravages caused by several days of street rioting. But it happened that we two Americans had something else on our minds.

I had been in Mexico three months before. He had been there two months before. And this is what he said to me, as we motored past the blackened ruins of the Vienna Law Courts, almost burned to the ground by the mob:

"I tell you Calles could never have done that unless Obregón. . . . Etc., etc."

And this is what I said to him, as the driver of the car sought vainly to interest us in the bullet-holes with which the façade of one of Vienna's stateliest buildings was pockmarked:

"If Obregón hadn't told Calles. . . . Etc., etc."

The next time the two of us met was in Berlin. He was on his way from the Balkans to the Riviera. I was en route from Athens to Denmark.

* * *

There is no denying that sometimes this mad jumping from one country to another gets a bit on the nerves. Even one (like me) suffering from the acutest known form of *wanderlust* has moments when he envies statues because they never stir from their pedestals; when he wishes he were one of those marble figures, whose job it is to lie flat on their backs across sarcophagi, for an indeterminate number of sweetly somnolent centuries.

Yes, there were times during that hectic year and a quarter of my life when I thought I would willingly exchange "fifteen countries in fifteen months" for "fifteen months in one country."

Nevertheless — I have booked passage on another transatlantic steamer!

Egypt

By Mary Brent Whiteside

HERE night is a magician, careless with his tricks,
For eye and ear are too entwined with mysteries,
When sound and odor, past and present, mix.
Beside the unforgetting Nile,
And down somnolent mile on mile,
That knew Osiris and old hymns of his,
Men chant together, young and old,
Under Egyptian stars of smoldering gold,
"There is no god but Allah, and his prophet is . . ."

In Cheops' very shadow, one may sip
Pale brew of China, from an Austrian cup,
And watch dusk drink the tinted shadows up,
That cross the desert's edge, on stealthy feet, and slip
Into the outer dark. Beneath a lemon tree,
Embowered in geraniums pink and white,
An English poet sips his tea,
And through the subtleties of changing light,
Punctures the bubble Time, to seek Eternity.

Rendezvous

A Love Story Imported From Champagne

By Charlton Lawrence Edholm

"So this is Champagne! The country I've heard so much about! Champagne, where the fizz comes from!"

"This is it, Marty. Now that you see it, how do you like it?"

"Not so hot, Joe. Not so hot! It's a pretty country at that, but it ain't gay like I thought it was goin' to be."

"Gay? Oh, boy! I sure like that one! How do you expect a country to be gay when it's all shot to pieces? Shell holes and smashed-up farmhouses everywhere you look. What is there to be so gay about?"

"Aw, you know what I mean," answered Marty Walsh with a vague wave of a heavy, muscular hand. "When I was a kid in Brooklyn, I always thought that France was the country where everybody was dancing an' out for a good time seven days a week, nights included. An' when I thought of Champagne, I always had a sorta picture in my mind of high-kickers — girls with come-hither eyes an' all that sorta thing. It ain't like that at all."

The two soldiers, American youths who had enlisted in the Foreign Legion in 1914, looked up and down the village street, the winding road that led from the hills and vineyards through St. Osyme and out of the town to the vineyards again. A soft autumn haze enveloped the slopes where grape pickers were busy with their baskets and the woods above the vineyards were tinted in pastel shades, for already the leaves had begun to turn. Such a feeling of peace was in the air that the groups of soldiers wandering through the village, the *camions*, field kitchens, guns and other evidences of war seemed unreal. St. Osyme had not received much punishment compared with certain villages nearer Rheims, and only a few houses and barns had suffered. The venerable church still raised its stone tower above the age-mellowed tile roofs and its bells sounded a plaintive note every hour.

"It's a pretty country, all right, but it ain't gay," said Marty once more. "I expected when I got here to drink fizz out of barrels, but nothin' doin'. The wine ain't so much and I've hardly spoke to a girl. Now I'm goin' out to see what the mamselles are like. If the French girls from the Champagne country are a frost too, then I'm certainly sunk. All I can say is, there ain't no Santy Claus."

"Good luck, Marty," answered Joe Burchard, turning to retrace his steps.

"Ain't you comin', kid?"

"Not me. I'm going back to that barn where we left our packs. Got to wash some socks and things."

Marty Walsh, glad for the brief liberty after the intolerable dirt, misery and smell of death of the trenches, strolled out of the village and up a narrow path to the woods overlooking the vineyards. Like a dim blue shadow far away he caught sight of the majestic cathedral towers of Rheims and almost as dim and shadowy came the murmur of songs from grape pickers beyond the shoulder of the hill.

Marty followed the sound along the fringe of woods, keeping to the old, well-trodden path. It led him out of sight of St. Osyme to another slope where at some distance a score of busy figures were working among the vines and singing a gay harvest song as they gathered the bunches of nectar-filled grapes.

A rough grotto of uncut stones was half concealed in a sheltered spot on the edge of the woods, a shrine built centuries ago, perhaps, and in its hollow a carved Madonna stood, blessing the vineyards with her gentle smile and pale, outstretched hands.

Near the spot, Marty sprawled out lazily and let the late afternoon sun beat upon him. It felt good after the wretchedness of the dugouts. Far away the sound of cannonading vibrated in the heavy air, but it no longer seemed terrifying to the soldier who had recently been in the thick of the fighting. Then it had been a horrible, ear-splitting turmoil; now it was like the rumble of a retreating storm. He was willing to forget the war — until his company was ordered to the front line trenches once more.

It occurred to his healthy appetite that a few bunches of grapes would make this hour of satisfaction complete, and cautiously getting to his feet he entered the vineyard. The luscious fruit was abundant. Marty ate greedily and gathered handfuls to take with him. Then as he started back to his resting place by the grotto, a girl suddenly confronted him.

Louise was flushed from her work and tiny beads of sweat lay in the soft curve of her throat. Her body was strong and active; her face tanned and beautiful by all rustic standards; her dark eyes had a flash of spirit and a sparkle of mischief that to Marty Walsh seemed more tempting than ripe grapes.

"Ah, you rascally Légionnaire!" she exclaimed, catching sight of his loot. "Is this the way you protect us from the Prussians? Eating up all the grapes! Good for nothing!"

She was laughing, and Marty, blushing to the roots of his yellow thatch, saw that she did not mean to reproach him for pilfering. He answered her as well as his French would allow, not fluently but to good purpose. Around his blue, good-natured eyes were wrinkles of laughter and desire.

The girl pleased him. She was just his type, so strong-bodied, full breasted and tingling with the zest of life. Marty tried out on her all the careless phrases of flattery and banter that he had heard his comrades fling at the peasant girls, and Louise seemed not displeased. On the contrary she retorted with village repartee and only hesitated when Marty's odd pronunciation of the words made her stop to guess his meaning.

"Ah, you rogues of the Legion!" Louise cried. "You go all over the world making love in every language until you forget your own."

"Forget what?"

"Your mother tongue. What funny French you speak! Did you learn that in Morocco or Tonkin?"

"What would I be doing in those places? Brooklyn, that's where I hail from. Good old Brooklyn."

"Brook — lyn? What colony is that? Near Tonkin, perhaps?"

MARTY laughed. "Ha, ha, that's a hot one. You're one great little kidder! Say, Brooklyn is the high spot of America. New York is a sort of annex to it. You've heard of New York? America? That's me. I'm an American, see?" He tapped his chest, expanding it under the tunic of the Legion.

"Ah, American! I know all about the Americans. All millionaires! You are trying to make a fool of me, my little soldier."

"I'll show you! You think I'm lying. Well, I'll prove I'm not. See that! Here's a present for you."

From his pocket he drew a brass cigar cutter with the Brooklyn Bridge stamped on one side and the Woolworth Building on the other. Under the bridge was inscribed, "Souvenir of Coney Island," and on the reverse, "Louie's Café. The biggest beer in America for a nickel."

The peasant girl seized it eagerly, dropping her basket while she held the trinket in both hands. The bridge, the proud, tall building and the word "America" were all familiar. She had seen them on picture post cards.

"Then you *are* an American after all!" Louise exclaimed, slipping the shining treasure in her bodice. "You are not fooling me?"

"Foolin' you? I'd never fool you!" cried Marty, and with a hasty glance around, he seized the girl by her firm waist and planted a resounding kiss on her cheek.

LOUISE squirmed, wriggled and pushed him away, but not until his mouth had met her laughing red lips did she exert her full strength and shove with such unexpected vigor that the youth went sprawling.

"Jees!" exclaimed Marty in wholehearted admiration. "You girls come full size and full of pep over here. Gosh, kid, you got arms like a blacksmith!"

He scrambled to his feet, advanced on her and smilingly flexed her arm to make the biceps bulge. The muscles were firm and elastic under her skin, which was soft and warm to the touch of his caressing fingers.

Having demonstrated that she was not to be taken by force, Louise submitted to this openly admiring action with a gratified smile. No other grape pickers were in that part of the vineyard, the warm autumn afternoon sun made her inclined to rest. Louise picked up her basket and allowed the young soldier to lead her to the fringe of woods, where, nearing the grotto, she bent the knee and crossed herself, hastily passing on. Not far from the shrine they rested and Marty talked to the girl, as she sat a little distance away from him. He told her about the glories of the great city overseas, with buildings like the spires of Rheims, a whole city of cathedral spires. And of Broadway by night, glittering as if all the stars of heaven had been poured into its wanton lap; and of Coney, a riot of jazz and joy.

She was silent, wondering, like a little girl listening to fairy tales.

LOUISE asked him why he, an American, had strayed so far from that delectable land and how he happened to be in the Legion.

"That's easy," he explained. "I was chauffeur for a rich guy, a millionaire, see? He was ridin' all over Europe in his own car, or expecting to, and took me along to drive the bus. Matter of fact, though, he only got as far as Paris. See? He liked the brand of liquor there an' his missus was wild about shopping. That lasted quite a while. Then the war broke, an back they went in a hurry to home, sweet home. Me, I didn't want to go so much. I'd never seen a war an' thought maybe I'd never get another chance. So why not take it?"

"And you enlisted in the Legion?"

"Sure. That's it. I knew a little of the lingo from parley-vooing with taxi drivers an' such. And I batted around with a guy named Joe Burchard, another chauffeur who had been here a good long time. So one day Joe said, 'Boy, let's join up an' save *la belle France*,' and I said, 'Sure.' So that's the way it goes. I'm saving France an' now it's up to you to save *me*."

"Save you? From what?"

"From being blue, kid. What I need is a little lovin'."

"Love?" She laughed in his face as, flushed and eager, he leaned over and tried to take her in his arms. Lightly she sprang up and eluded him, delighted at this rough coquetry.

But only a single, hasty kiss she allowed him before snatching her basket and backing away.

"No, no!" she cried. "No more. I must go now."

AT THAT moment she seemed the most desirable woman he had ever seen. He was wild to possess her, inflamed by the girl's youth and gaiety and vitality.

Her resistance, too, spurred him to desire and coupled with this was the unformed wish to hurt her; to possess her and fling her aside.

But Louise was obdurate. "No," she repeated again and again. "No, I tell you, No!"

"Tomorrow?"

"I must work. The grapes must be gathered."

"After dark then. I can get leave till eleven."

She laughed at this and shook her finger at him. "But what do you take me for?"

"The sweetest girl I ever laid eyes on. I'm crazy about you!"

"And you don't even know my name."

"No matter. You can have mine," cried Marty.

He had not meant to say that, but it slipped out. The girl's expression changed. She looked at the boy with a serious gaze, her eyes dark, luminous and humid.

"My name is Louise Bossert," she said. "I live with my uncle, Antoine Raudin. Over there." She indicated the direction, through the woods.

SUDDENLY Marty had her in his arms and held her for a breathless moment, while she relaxed, then stiffened to resistance.

"Not now. Not now," she gasped. "I will meet you tomorrow night. At nine."

"Here?"

"Here beside the grotto. Yes." The girl's voice was a frightened whisper. Abruptly she had torn herself from his grasp and with surefooted speed was running toward the place where the grape pickers were singing.

That night in the musty straw of the billet, Marty was telling Joe Burchard of his encounter and the anticipated triumph.

"Easy pickin'," he boasted. "She didn't need much coaxin'."

Joe yawned. "To hell with skirts!" he said. "I don't trust 'em." He changed the subject abruptly, "Say, did you see that whitewashed wall at the other end of the village? All marked up with bullet holes it was."

"What about it, Joe?"

"I saw some peasants goin' out of their way to spit on the mounds under that wall. Then I went closer and saw what somebody had scratched on the wall with a burned stick. 'Death to traitors.'"

"Yeah?"

"It's where a couple of spies, Frenchies at that, had been stood before a firing squad. They were planted there under that wall."

"Well, what of it?"

"I dunno. It seems sorta ghastly, spittin' on their graves an' all."

"They had it comin' to them," said Marty indifferently. He turned over and pretended to sleep, preferring to think about the buxom girl he would hold in his arms within twenty-four hours. So warm, so full of life! Smelling like ripe, crushed grapes. His dream was sweet.

THE next day was crammed full of tedious duties. "Rest," they called the period back from the trenches, but it was mostly dull, hard work and discipline. Marty was lucky to get leave, for he was so eager that he would have risked encounter with a patrol to spend one delicious hour with Louise.

The grass near the grotto was still warm from the sun of the afternoon as he crouched there listening for her footfall. The rustling of the leaves, the sighing of the earth, the confused noises from the village, rattling of harness and clinking of weapons came to his impatient ears, and far, far beyond them, the intermittent rumble of the big guns.

Sullen red glares, low in the sky, told where the stubborn battle was raging, the bombardment that seemed as if it were without beginning or end, like some natural force, an eternal curse laid on humanity.

Well, he was free of the war for a couple of weeks, thank God. It was easy to forget that nightmare in thinking about Louise, in thrilling at the contact he anticipated — in wondering why she did not come.

The minutes dragged on and the hours were centuries of baffled longing. The few lights in the village were extinguished; the church bell gave melancholy reminders that his hope was a delusion. The girl was teasing him, Marty thought, making him wait to enjoy the sense of her power. She was torturing him. He cursed inwardly. By God, she should suffer for it! The time was almost up, now. He was due to report in ten minutes. He could just make it by running. A few minutes longer he waited, knowing that she would not come, and that if she did, it would be only a tantalizing encounter, then with a muttered oath at himself for being such a fool, Marty started running, stumbling down the hill toward the village, making a short cut through the vines. The tough roots caught at him and the uncertain footing made him sprawl headlong more than once.

In his hurry he made as much noise as a horse crashing through the vineyard, and the noise of his flight was all the sound that Louise heard when she halted, breathless, at the edge of the woods. The girl understood what had happened and tears of disappointment filled her brown eyes. She was panting and her skirts had been torn by the brambles in her race against time.

The boy had waited for her, now he was gone. She called after him, "Little soldier! It was not my fault I was late. My uncle kept me in the house."

There was no answer. Only the crashing footfalls receding.

Louise cried, forgetful of possible eavesdroppers, "Tomorrow night, little soldier. Meet me here tomorrow night."

She thought she heard him reply but could not be sure. Her soldier could not come back. Not that night, it was certain. The punishments in war time were terrible, she knew.

In the silence of the night she could hear her heart beating and laid her hands over it. Then far, far away rumbled the big guns like the gods when they are angry.

"Tomorrow night," she sadly whispered to herself, turning homeward. "My poor little soldier. I will make amends."

The fibres of her strong, vital body seemed to leap at the thought in a quiver of fulfillment. "Tomorrow!" She smiled.

But the following day Louise learned with dismay that Marty's company had shouldered their packs before daybreak. There had been no warning. The soldiers had expected to enjoy their rest for another ten days. Now in the darkness they had marched back to the front line trenches. Back to where the shells tore men to shreds and the rifle bullet or the bayonet slashed the bodies that the great guns spared.

Louise felt sick at heart. She had a horrible premonition that she would never again see her little American. All her bright visions of bliss were suddenly turned to ghastly scenes of slaughter, with herself seeking among the victims for the corpse of her lover.

Bitterly the girl reproached herself for having failed to brighten his last hours of life. Why had she not defied her tyrant of an uncle and kept her rendezvous? The worst that old Antoine Raudin could have done would be to lay the carter's whip across her back. What of it? She was wrong to wait until he slept before hastening from the house.

Over such thoughts the girl brooded that day while all around her the grape pickers sang and filled their baskets. She paid no attention to their gossip. She did not even look up when the big *Taube* passed overhead, a speck in the sky, at which her friends shook their fists and hurled shrill insults. Her hatred of the enemy was swallowed up in the abyss of her hatred of the war, and that hatred in turn was engulfed in the sorrow of frustration. Now she could never make amends to her little soldier for the disappointment her cowardice had caused him.

All day such thoughts tortured her, and late that night she stole silently from her bed to keep rendezvous with a memory and a regret.

Twigs crackled underfoot as the girl stole through the dark woods, herself a black shadow in the night, with a shawl over her head. Hardly a sign of life. A rabbit that ran suddenly at her approach startled her and caused her heart to leap, though she was not easily frightened. But tonight her brooding had made her timid. Visions of her soldier torn by those insatiable guns floated through her mind. The village was ominously dark. All lights out. Not a gleam anywhere to relieve the blackness. And the guns again. Were they more furious than usual? Or did sounds carry so that they seemed to roar with redoubled fury? Louise shuddered.

"You are being a coward again," she reproached herself. A breeze stirred the branches and swept a few dry leaves across her face. In a senseless panic she quickened her pace and was relieved to see the goal of her midnight journey only a few yards away.

Faintly glimmering in the darkness was the pallid outline of the Madonna, standing in her shelter of rough rocks and blessing the vineyards with hands so frail and white, yet so potent in warding off evil.

Before the shrine of her little pilgrimage, Louise knelt and drew a wax candle from under her shawl, with a fervent prayer for her lover's safety as she lighted it. Twice the wind blew out the flame. Each time she relighted it and shielded the taper with her hands as she placed it with great care where the smiling face of the image looked down upon it. Humbly the girl gazed upward with low-voiced supplications. With a feeling of sacrifice she drew from her breast the small brass object, "Souvenir of Coney," and laid it at the feet of the Madonna. Then she resumed her murmured prayers.

There was a crashing noise in the woods near by. Men shouted hoarsely. A challenge, a command! The click of gun locks. The dreadful litany of war. In a panic, Louise sprang up. She was stiff from kneeling for she knew not how long, and blindly she started to run. Again the imperative voices, distant but menacing, then a rasping order, the sharp rattle of a fusillade and a shock that threw the girl to the ground with the noise of rifle fire still splitting her ears. The noise faded into oblivion. The girl heard no more. Saw no more.

It was stark winter when Marty's company was once more billeted in St. Osyme. He had been one of the lucky ones, he and Joe Burchard. His squad had been almost wiped out. His company had lost fully half its men. Those Légionnaires knew how to take punishment, no doubt of that. Marty had been at the front more times than he could count and back to rest at intervals, but always in some other village.

When he saw St. Osyme again, it was like going into strange quarters, the church was a rubbish heap. The street was almost totally destroyed.

Some of the owners, with the stubborn tenacity of the French peasant, had returned after the shelling and built shelters of some kind among the ruins. Others whose property was intact preferred to stay in their homes, exposed to another bombardment, rather than seek safety elsewhere. They had bitter curses for the enemy and worse maledictions for the spies who had caused the long-range batteries to shell St. Osyme.

An old peasant told Marty about the bombardment that had followed a spy hunt. The fellow, who was gnarled as an ancient vine stump, was garrulous. "It happened the same week you left," he explained. "The big guns got the exact range from the accursed *Taubes* and shelled us without warning. Some say that spies signalled the enemy when troops were quartered here. I don't know whether it was true or not. The patrols were on the lookout for lights and shot without mercy."

Marty listened without undue excitement. A few peasants executed as suspected spies! That was but a drop compared to the river of blood that flowed where he had been.

But another little matter in St. Osyme remained in his mind. He asked with assumed indifference: "Old fellow, do you know a girl around here named Louise Bossert?"

"'Toine Raudin's girl? Of a truth. She was one who was shot."

"Shot? Killed? My God!" Marty's weathered face turned pale as the poignant memory of the girl's sweetness overcame him. He staggered and grasped the old man's shoulder to steady himself.

"Not killed. But crippled, worse luck! The bullet struck her here," he tapped his thigh. "She will never be much good in the vineyards or the barnyard any more."

Marty stared at the peasant with questions in his eyes and the man went on: "Her uncle, you see, is my good friend and I know all about it. The girl was not a spy, not a traitor! That I swear to you, though there are evil tongues in the village that say she ought to have been executed."

"What — how?" gasped Marty, his lips dry.

"She was a good girl and no traitor," the peasant continued, his face reddening with anger. "Not that the patrol did wrong to shoot her. She was burning a candle in the open, the night after the order was issued to show no lights in St. Osyme. She did not halt when challenged by the patrol but foolishly tried to run away. Poor girl! She paid for her folly. Now she will never get a husband. Her uncle is distracted, for she is no longer a help but a burden. And poor Louise weeps and weeps for her lover from America."

"Where does she live?" demanded the boy. "I've got to see her."

"I can take you to Raudin's farm in my cart," the peasant replied. "Ah, if you could only bring her some news of her little American. He was in the Legion but I do not know his name. You see," the old man said confidentially, "the girl burned the unlucky candle before the Blessed Virgin with a prayer for her lover's safety. She was unhappy, you know, because she had failed to keep her rendezvous."

An hour later a creaking cart drew up at the Raudin farmhouse, and Marty jumped out and ran into the kitchen, where Louise was sitting, a crutch beside her chair. With a cry of joy she sprang to meet him, forgetting her injury, and would have fallen if he had not seized her in his two strong arms.

Her eyes were flooded with happy tears. "My little American! You are alive! You have come back!"

"I have come back for you, Louise."

"Why?"

"To marry you."

"But you can't. I am a cripple. Look at that." She touched the home-made, clumsy crutch. "What sort of a wife would I make? I can never work in the vineyards or the fields."

"That makes no difference. In America we don't work the women like that. You can take it easy when you get to God's country."

They remained embraced and after a long while she asked shyly, "Did you always want me? From the first minute you saw me?"

"Sure did."

"To — to marry me, I mean?"

"To marry you! Of *course!* Say, what else did you think?" Marty put so much indignation in his words that he almost believed them himself.

The war was far from ending, and Marty was not as lucky as Joe Burchard, who fought through to the armistice without a wound. Marty left a part of himself in France, but received full value in return, so he affirmed.

A one-legged automobile mechanic told me all the facts of this story, related them piecemeal, and in a singularly matter-of-fact way. The mechanic was an ex-service man with a job in that noisy, dusty and ill-favored section of Manhattan known as Hell's Kitchen. Finally he invited me to his flat, for after several chats in the garage we had become good friends.

The tenement, called by courtesy an apartment house, was a dingy, red-brick structure on an unsavory, truck-bedevilled street, swarming with unwashed children. But the flat on the first floor front was immaculate.

There I met a buxom, shyly smiling woman with fine dark eyes and a downy shadow on her upper lip. She was sitting contentedly with a geranium in her window, a canary in the cage and a baby in the crib. Apparently she liked New York and had brought a bit of heaven with her.

The woman rose to welcome me, murmuring hospitable greetings, and I noticed that she walked with a limp.

"Meet the missus," said Marty Walsh, with pride and affection in his voice. "Imported from Champagne. — You know, where the fizz comes from."

Towers Scrape the Sky

By Arthur Dewing

The first of a series of three articles dealing with the public's architectural rights

Few if any aspects of America's incessant building receive less attention than the anxiety the public increasingly displays. Hurrying from one new doorway to another, ascending to newly acclaimed heights, watching steel frames rise farther skyward outside his windows, the common citizen has plainly found reason to pause at times in open doubt.

One day he sees men laboring in a stupendous excavation; almost the next, it seems, small figures miraculously tread girders twenty, thirty, fifty stories up. Always he sees new skyscrapers in process of erection, and more and more his writings and conversation are making clearer abiding discontent with much of the results. What forces are at work behind this unexampled building? How does it affect the man and woman in the street? Can skyscrapers be made in any way more useful and more pleasing? Is there a structural or economic limit to their height? On such questions the public may indeed reflect to its advantage; for architecture, that most utilitarian of arts, has acquired, in the present era, not only a new dimension but new responsibility as well.

In the modern city independence is diminishing, and a complex interdependence of interests and facilities is evolving in its stead. Transportation and other services, amusements, the very buildings in which men make their homes and work, are shared in city life today by swarms of people who purchase advantages in common at the expense of independence they formerly esteemed. The skyscraper, ever concentrating more people above the same areas of ground, gives this tendency incalculable momentum, and on the public's content with this new way of living the success of skyscrapers depends.

But if the public, accepting skyscrapers, makes sacrifices for the common good, then builders of skyscrapers, who profit by the public's need for space in buildings, should sacrifice as much. Today, though the public creates by its industry the demand that makes new skyscrapers economically feasible, furnishes a large part of the capital necessary for their construction, and occupies virtually all the space sold or rented in the finished buildings, builders of skyscrapers, intent on speed of construction, height and profit, seem rarely to consider what effect their activity may have upon the public, and to be ruled, in general, by the notion that the public, willy-nilly, should inhabit whatever buildings they produce.

Socially and economically, however, the public, the individual common citizen, has architectural rights too fundamental and far-reaching to be thus glibly overlooked. A modern skyscraper is a place where thousands of men and women spend years of their lives. It is a part of the urban landscape during the development of a whole generation, the average life of a skyscraper being usually estimated at from twenty to thirty years. A skyscraper may fairly be said to exert an influence on the minds of its occupants, residents of the neighborhood, and passers-by comparable to the admitted influence of a mountain or other rural scenery on inhabitants of the country. Moreover, building space, having become a commodity without whose manufacture city life as it exists could not go on, is admirably suited to investment of the public's savings: directly or indirectly the public supplies more than half the money used in practically all large building ventures.

THE usual form of investment is a first mortgage advanced by savings banks or life insurance companies, both of which favor this type of investment for a large part of the money intrusted to them. These institutions are allowed by law to make first mortgages up to two-thirds of the valuation of the land and the improvements thereon. Title and mortgage companies make many loans on real estate projects. Their function is to make the loans and then sell them, guaranteed as to principal and interest, either as a whole to banks, life insurance companies, or other large investors; or, as is more usually the case, in the form of certificates to small investors who purchase the entire issue in units of $100 and up. Bond houses are another large source of first mortgage funds, generally making loans which the other lenders will not make or can not make, that is, fuller loans, loans on leaseholds, etc. These mortgages are sold to the general public in the form of coupon-bearing bonds at $100 and up. While these are not specifically guaranteed, the effect is the same as if they were, because in order to sell bonds to the public the bond houses must show a record of uniformly satisfactory investment or go out of business. A few other sources for first mortgages exist: private lenders, endowed institutions, estates, and the like.

THIS is an exceedingly elementary exposition of the financing of building operations, but one can clearly see that common citizens, by furnishing most of the money, though at a stipulated rate of say 5½ or 6 per cent, at virtually no risk, still play a large and important part in the production of new buildings. And although they could hardly expect to dictate construction details, they have, it appears, a distinct economic as well as social right to buildings excellently suited to their present and probable future needs.

Why, then, except for such limited ordinances as those enacted to regulate zoning, fire exits and sanitation, can a skyscraper be almost as much the product of an individual's peculiar quirks as his home? Why should the public receive, in general, as little rational consideration as in that other public matter, world peace?

THE dominating power behind a skyscraper is a wealthy individual, or a group of such individuals represented by a corporation. Just as the rulers and great nobles of Europe, the princes of India, and the long line of Chinese dynasts, used architecture to exalt themselves in their publics' eyes, and as the surest monument to their achievements, so do our industrial rulers act today. Architecture, as the Roman emperors knew, is first-rate advertising. But today there is this difference: whereas the Old World rulers built principally for themselves and their retainers, our industrialists are supplying a public need and, by selling space in their buildings, securing additional incomes as well as advertising from their architecture. Under government "of the people, by the people, for the people," it would seem logical that, with the people living in and to a large extent paying for the buildings erected, the new architecture, in both utility and beauty, should be designed primarily to benefit the people. Let us, therefore, rapidly survey the skyscraper architecture we now have.

Here it is interesting to note that the Woolworth Building (Cass Gilbert, architect), the first to pass the fifty-story mark, and, excepting the Eiffel Tower, for seventeen years the world's tallest building, is still eminent in the new architecture for the beauty of its lines and masses and of their unified effect. This Gothic "cathedral of commerce" is the outstanding — and one of the very few — examples of successful adaptation of a historic style to skyscraper architecture, a habit of which we shall have more to say. But the Woolworth Building is not typically American, not characteristic of the best American architecture now produced.

WHEN one considers such wholly American structures as the New York Telephone Building (Voorhees, Gmelin and Walker), the Pennsylvania Light and Power Building at Allentown (Helmle, Corbett and Harrison), or the Palm Olive Building in Chicago (Holabird and Root) — to cite but a few, and remembering that the proposed Rockefeller entertainment centre merits attention by itself — then, in fact, the claim that the new American commercial architecture is an original, important and significantly national contribution to the world seems true. Here are fresh and pleasing harmonies in form, line and decoration which express in part (nothing, one fancies, could express them completely) American ingenuity, American energy, American wealth and power, and the startling immensity of the American imagination which is able to conceive such buildings within brief months. Here, too, are buildings planned, as of course all buildings should be, with a fundamental and pervasive regard for the convenience of the occupants. In such buildings the entirely new structural principle introduced by America, the steel skeleton, with its possibilities for superimposing hitherto undreamed numbers of stories, finds logical and satisfying expression.

LOOKING beyond such work, however, the common citizen, without whom, as we have seen, the new buildings could not be created, is not infrequently appalled. He finds disregard of thoughtful relation of building to the city, the district and the square, and to existing and probable future buildings in the neighborhood; of accumulation of adequate lot area for the bases of new skyscrapers; in short, he finds little intelligent utilization of space in already congested districts, with the result that light, air and all kinds of traffic are unnecessarily obstructed. In design he sees everywhere blank, unfinished walls; gaunt bases cut off from towers, in themselves not unattractive, by heavy, ugly cornices; pinnacles settling down on towers instead of projecting their rising lines upward to the sky; façades from which thin metal decorations seem about to peel; obtrusive, monotonous rows of windows staring vacantly like myriad ugly eyes; color applied without regard for a building's form or for color harmony itself; cheaply lavish interiors. And surely there seems prevalent little enough attention to new disposition of the enclosed spaces for the specific purpose of increasing convenience for the occupants, and to courageous experiment with new building materials.

Architecture, always the reflection of a culture, has never held a clearer mirror to the times. Highly developed industry, with its accompanying emphasis on the speed and quantity of mechanized production, that thorough industrialization which has come to be almost synonymous with Twentieth Century America, and to occupy so large a part of the thought as well as the life of the American people, is the foundation on which the new American architecture rests. The needs of American industry have made skyscrapers indispensable; the wealth created by that industry pays for their construction; and the incongruous designs of the majority of skyscrapers reflect the same heedless activity, the same concentration on output rather than results, the same elevation of industry above mankind, that have caused the year 1930 to be distinguished in American history for the extent of its industrial depression and unemployment.

AMERICAN designers, carried away by enthusiasm for America's new building form, impelled to greater and greater activity by America's new and unprecedented wealth, have become more business men than artists, more interested in mere production than in the effect of that which is produced on man. Though it may be held that they have done their best in the time at their disposal, inevitably such a best is not nearly good enough. An art alive like architecture and as intimately human can evolve significantly in this modern world only when the human element is given prime importance, and when builders, regardless of greedy finance, pause to study past and present work, and what the future is likely to require.

Skyscraper architecture today is

piloted from Scylla to Charybdis as its designers seize whatever in the past seems handy or else place unmerited emphasis on so-called originality of thought. In all fairness it must be stated that this is not peculiar to the architects: it is the bane of every form of modern art. Let us concede America's current contributions to the world of art, particularly in architecture, to be enormously important. Still, it seems hardly likely that the past and other contemporary peoples have nothing we may profitably learn. Not that designers should copy blindly: an Italian Renaissance palace or a Greek temple plastered on a skyscraper is an abortion and an affront.

But neither should they presume to disregard fellow craftsmen in their art entirely and produce deeply satisfying work. Art does not grow that way: it has its roots in knowledge man has laboriously developed through the ages, and it flowers when watered with thoughtful imagination and a little common sense. To overlook past, and contemporary foreign, achievements in design is about as helpful to American architecture as it would be, speaking structurally, never to use the arch or post-and-lintel because the steel skeleton was invented in the Middle West.

The tested *principles* of good design and planning, as proved effective by dead and living men of our own and other lands, are what American designers need to study and to have represented to them constantly by the critics of the day. For example, if the designer instead of stealing the façade of a historic building practically in toto were to study, say the *principles* of spacing in the fenestration of that same façade, he might find considerable sound knowledge to help him in the arrangement of the windows of the building he intended to erect. Similar attention to modern French interiors — many of which fit appearance to function and achieve spareness with grace — might give America, also, modernistic interiors of which to boast. And we know of no American building planned with the logic of the Copenhagen prison (like the hub, spokes and rim of a wheel, with smaller wheels imposed upon the rim of the first, thus giving both cell blocks and exercise grounds the maximum of light and air), or any American familiar with it. Unless American designers study design as they have studied speed, unless they build in terms of the future as well as of the present, and for the public which they serve, the greater part of American skyscraper architecture will remain what it now is — a monument to thoughtlessness and futile speed.

Nevertheless, the architectural problem of the day is not how to abolish skyscrapers, as some tirelessly expound. The skyscraper, like the machine, is here to stay. Again like the machine, the skyscraper is steadily becoming more important, for not only is it now the accepted form of urban building (even in Boston which once proudly restricted building height), but the ultimate height American skyscrapers may conveniently and profitably attain can not, as we shall see, yet be stated. Any tomorrow may bring a building taller than the tallest known. The problem now before America is how so to adjust skyscrapers to the life of her cities, and the life of her cities to skyscrapers, how so to plan the buildings and the cities themselves, that the urban populations — the large middle and lower classes as well as the limited upper, the users of the streets as well as the residents of the buildings — may best be served. That this can be accomplished, the studies of such men as Harvey Wiley Corbett and Arthur C. Holden leave no doubt. But it can not be accomplished until men build for the public in a way that satisfies existing needs, provides unexpected advantages, and shows consideration for the future.

City Rain Storm

By Anderson M. Scruggs

Above the battlements of stolid stone
That scorn the ardor of the restless sky,
Black clouds in silent turbulence are blown,
And fall upon the buildings dark and high.

Heavy and ominous, and heavier still
They slowly grow as night comes back again;
The air hangs like a sheet of lead until
A flag mast pricks the first cold drops of rain.

Down dim, asphaltic ways the rain has won,
The straggling cars move with a muffled tread,
And gutters that were gulleys in the sun
Swell like twin streams by mountain torrents fed.

And now the thunder and the winds despair.
The long, sharp scythes of sunlight flash and gleam
The last dark cloud, and in the filtered air
Skyscrapers stand like bathers, stark and clean.

New Models in Scholars

By Elizabeth Winslow

How Different Are the 1931 Products?

Fundamentally, of course, students have not changed. Regarded as minds, modern students would perhaps be indistinguishable from those "disciples of the wise" anciently set down in the *Tract Aboth* of the Babylonian Talmud as of four kinds: sponge, strainer, funnel, and sieve, the mental behavior of all four groups not having changed perceptibly through the centuries. Sponges, according to their nature, still suck up all things, giving back what they have received in much the same form, only perhaps a little cloudier. Funnels still are mere passageways; all they admit at the one end flows quickly out at the other, leaving not a trace behind. Strainers, in allowing the wine to run through and only the dregs to remain, still contrast unfavorably with sieves, which keep the flour and let the bran blow away. Thus did an ancient teacher symbolize the learners of all time.

His homely classification is not in the approved pedagogical language of the hour, but it is clear enough. Clearer perhaps than our I-Q's and such will be to the uninitiate some ages hence, for Talmudic metaphors have a way of outliving current formulas, not to say putting them a little to shame. At any rate, this kernel of Babylonian wisdom is still intelligible, and as applicable as when it was spoken. There is not a campus in the land at this moment but presents to the discerning its quota of sponges, funnels, strainers, and sieves.

Changelessness, however, in fundamental types of student mind, does not preclude the possibility of change in other directions equally fundamental. When we have classified the learners, we have in fact made their acquaintance not at all. And to know modern students with any degree of thoroughness, is to discover that they not only speak a new language and cultivate unfamiliar manners, but that in many less obvious respects as well, they are a company almost totally alien to their predecessors of even two decades ago. Life has moved fast in our time, and ten years is almost as a generation, with the result that those who matriculated in the colleges of the country last October were not, as students, what their fathers and mothers, or even what their youngest teachers were. For students have changed as rapidly, as completely and as inevitably as our civilization has changed.

To begin with, students have changed in their attitude toward their own education. The college classroom is no longer the proverbial sanctuary of learning we have been accustomed to think it is. It dare not be. Modern students do not regard themselves as in any sense set apart. They have not come as those who are about to explore a mystery. They do not feel peculiarly privileged. Nor do they bring any homage of awe to their supposedly wiser masters.

Greet modern Freshmen with a twenty-year-old matriculation address about the holy ground on which they stand and the burning bushes they are about to see, and in addition to not recognizing the Mosaic allusions, they will not know what you are talking about. Moreover, they wouldn't like it if they did. They have come to college as naturally as they went to camp during preceding summers. They are doing exactly what other well bred and fairly well to do young people are doing, and they are quite matter of fact about it. Most of them come gladly, many of them gratefully, but few if any come in that exalted frame of mind in which their parents came thirty years ago, or would have come, had college been their lot. In substitute for exaltation, these later sons and daughters bring an honest curiosity and frank interest in what they are to find. Without being irreverent, they are quite without reverence, and to talk to them about such an attitude in the precincts of learning, is to speak a language they do not at all understand. It may be a pretty figure to think of the devotee of learning putting the shoes from off his feet and entering the portals with awe, but pretty or not, it isn't done in 1930.

Confidence and self-assurance have taken the place of humility and awe, and not without some reason. Students come to college today surprisingly well informed about many things not contained in books. They have travelled, some of them widely. They have seen much and heard about more. They are very much at home in the world they live in, and have not only more practical knowledge and a more varied experience than those who teach them had at their ages, but more than many of them have yet, in certain directions.

Students are self-sufficient and resourceful to an astonishing degree. Turn them loose in a European city, and fear not, nothing will happen to them. Put them in a social situation baffling enough to a diplomat, and watch them turn it into a triumph. Let a fire break out on the border of the campus with a strong bay breeze behind it, and see what they will bring to pass in an hour. In fifteen minutes they will have organized themselves into a military unit, men and women working together with the precision of drilled recruits, operating bucket brigades, salvaging professorial treasures, administering first aid, as though they had done it every day in the year. How do they do it? Let those find out who can, admiring the while as they must. Modern students are no novices, and in matters practical they need not our counsels.

This store of practical knowledge and this ability in the handling of concrete problems, very naturally reduce a student's awe in the presence of his teachers. He meets them frankly and respectfully, but he is not easily impressed. He feels neither abashed nor inspired. The last thing on earth he would want to be is a professor, but he is willing to go half way to meet those who are called such. And since part of being a professor nowadays is to be willing to be thus met, there has grown up between the modern professor and the modern student a give and take relationship, which would have been mildly shocking twenty years ago.

BARRIERS are thinner, and more easily set aside. Platforms still exist as acoustical conveniences, but otherwise they have ceased to have any meaning with the majority of teachers or students. There is of course nothing new or modern about the idea of the teacher moving his chair into the circle of the learners, and leading the group as a fellow searcher, not as an authority. Certain great teachers of all ages have expressed this as the ideal relationship, and have achieved it with their own students. The difference today is that with the ideal still dimly out of sight, in some measure all college classrooms have become fraternal in spirit, so much so that a student of twenty years ago would notice the difference at once.

There are other differences, considerably more visible to the naked eye. Important among them is the changed mental content which students bring with them as foundation on which to build a liberal education. The large body of practical knowledge with which they are furnished very naturally concerns the world of the present. Corresponding to this, there is of necessity a large vacuum with reference to those bodies of knowledge with which most college students of a generation ago were at least on speaking acquaintance, and on which a college education is still largely built. Modern students have read, of course. All young people read. But both in their guided and their unguided reading, the present student groups have read few books not produced in modern times about modern life. It is only the exceptional student who has ventured any distance beyond the limits of his own century.

THIS is more apparent in its details, and one body of ancient knowledge may serve for illustration as well as another. For example, modern students, in comparison with their predecessors of a generation ago, are amazingly ignorant of the Bible. They don't know whether Lazarus belongs in the Old Testament or the New, and to tell the truth, they have a very hazy idea indeed as to who Lazarus was. A certain senior, otherwise intelligent, set him down as the young man who was hanged by the hair of his head while he was fleeing from she didn't remember just what. She would have known Joseph and David and Moses and Esther and a possible two score of others, of course, but she would have known even these as names to be associated with a single hero-tale, not as personages in a connected and familiar history. Daniel in the lions' den, Jacob's ladder, Jonah and the whale, certainly; but knowledge almost ceases with the familiar phrases.

Try to find out exactly why there was a ladder, how Daniel got into the lions' den, who Jonah was otherwise or how there came to be a whale, and discover that these are dark mysteries mostly unrevealed to students of the present. Samson was a strong man; he had a sweetheart who cut off his hair, but that is about all for him. Not one in ten apparently has ever heard of Samson and the gates of Gaza, or can quote the riddle of the lion's carcass. Job is reduced to an adjective. He was patient, but what the great argument was about, or how it all ended, it would be safer not to inquire. With the less familiar names, it is even rougher going. Enoch and Nimrod and Naaman and Ahasuerus, or some half a hundred others that the average Sunday School child of a generation ago would have known, are something less than mere names to the majority. The prize exhibit in a certain college class of late was the failure to identify Judas Iscariot, a slip which caused the student not the slightest embarrassment. The professorial incredulity which challenged the dark night of her ignorance was incomprehensible to her. What was all the fuss about?

When it comes to handling the Bible as a book, modern students are even more helpless. They can find Matthew or Exodus or possibly First Corinthians by dint of much fumbling, but it is a case of trial and error largely. The Bible does not come open in the middle of its own accord when they look for the Psalms, possibly not at the end when they look for Revelation; and as for Zephaniah or Jude, their relative geography is an absolute blank. Not that this lack of familiarity is of any importance in and of itself. It may not be, but it serves to make concrete a difference of training and background which demands to be taken into account by the modern teacher. There has always been ignorance of the Bible, of course, but even twenty years ago it did not prevail among sons and daughters of the cultured to the extent that it does today.

To those who were the inheritors of the earlier training and background, it would seem strange to come upon familiar phrases, such as the daughters of music, the wheel broken at the cistern, the wings of the morning, the widow's cruse, apples of gold in pictures of silver, in English poetry or elsewhere, and have these familiar phrases bring no associations of mood, no context, no atmosphere. It would seem that one were cheated of something valuable. If so, a number of aspirants for honors in English are thus cheated at present, for it is the unusual student only who is at home with Biblical phraseology. One student in a class of forty chose on one occasion to examine a certain poet's use of the Bible. Her work was so thorough-going as to call forth comment, which in turn led to the explanation that she had grown up in a family which still held to the custom of family prayers, and that she had heard a portion of the Bible read aloud daily throughout her childhood. Had she ever read it for herself? Certainly not. But she confessed, somewhat apologetically, that she had liked the sound of it. The words were beautiful. Incidentally, of course she knew all about Deuteronomy and Saul, to the mild wonderment of her classmates. She was one in forty.

With the classics it is the same story. There is knowledge of a few major figures; uncertainty, confusion, and blank ignorance concerning the remainder. The fragmentary knowledge which exists has survived from nursery versions, more or less truncated, or has been hastily gleaned from the notes in the back of the book. It has not sprung full grown and unforgettably alive from the pages of Homer. Worse still, it may even have come *via* the doubtful path of modern advertising, to which nothing is sacred. Atlas for stability, the winged sandals for speed, Venus for her silhouette; for devious indeed are the modern roads to Greece and Rome, if by chance they lead there at all. Usually they do not.

MOREOVER, to modern students the ancient world is all flat country, and a thousand years are truly as one day. As a result, confusions abound, both for entertainment and mild despair. If you do not wish to be told that the Amazons are a colored race living in South America, that the slaying of Goliath was one of the labors of Hercules, that Pisgah was the island of Venus, and unnumbered other heresies too terrible for utterance, ask no questions which leave the safe ground of the Twentieth Century. It is a risk to make any assumptions at all regarding the world of knowledge cultivated people took for granted a generation ago.

Least of all, is this the fault of the students. In their accustomed language, they have never had these things, meaning that they have never been required to learn them in school. How does one know what one has never had, is their puzzled query. We may as well accept the fact, and fill in the gaps as we may. Only let it be hastily. Otherwise, the teachers of the very near future will never have had the Patriarchs or the Nine Worthies either, and what will happen to the teaching of literature then, it is ominous to contemplate. Except that by that time the world may be headed hopefully toward another Renaissance.

MODERN students are different, also, in that they are less at home in the world of speculation than their predecessors of another heritage. They demand that things be put very concretely. It is not enough to give them the end of a golden string. They want the whole ball, unwound in their sight, and then wound up again, to show that it is the same ball. Confucius, transplanted to a modern college classroom, might find himself very unpopular if he attempted to practise his own pronouncement, "If after being shown one corner of a subject, a man can not go on to discover the other three, I do not repeat the lesson." He might find himself repeating a good many lessons, or else he would be looking for another professorship, come springtime. His students would be summoned to their respective deans in flocks, and by that token would Confucius be known to all the quadrangles as a flat failure. His method may be the best method of the best teachers in all ages, but it simply does not work with modern students, take them as they come. Show them one corner of a subject only, and they will be miserable. The other three corners might as well be non-existent. Show them two corners or three and they will still be miserable. Give them all four corners, and they will take them down rapidly in their notebooks, learn them verbatim, and triumphantly return the whole rectangle of truth to you at examination time. So much so that you will recognize the sound of your own voice, and go forth to sombre thoughts. One might conceivably wish to have a talk with Confucius at almost any time, but during examination week it would be a satisfaction untold.

It isn't that modern students are literal minded. Far from it. They are rather eye and ear minded and with good reason. For the seventeen or eighteen years they have been living they have been accustomed to think objectively. Most of their training has been of the objective sort, and the uncharted world of abstractions is accordingly a strange and uncomfortable place. In such a world nothing checks with their previous training and experience. They have been taught that two and two make four (as two and two very often do not), and they want to see the columns add up. They want to know exactly where they are going, and what they are going to find when they get there. The idea of knowledge for its own sake is far stranger than it would have been a few decades ago. Instead, what is the good of this or that body of knowledge? What can I do with it after I get it?

"I can't see Philosophy," a thoughtful student burst out. "It's all guesswork. What's the good of it? I don't think we should be required to waste a whole semester on it." To her surprise I agreed with her. But her satisfaction was short-lived, for I added that the requirement was possibly too short.

"Oh!" she said, and went away mystified. Her bewilderment was very real, and very understandable. Doubtless it would have taken much longer than a semester for Philosophy to make any connection with reality as she knew it, for hers was an objective world. Modern students respect knowledge which will show them the how or the why of anything, and they will follow directions explicitly. By this path they have already achieved results and they have faith in the method. In the practical world they know, one follows directions and the engine goes. One buys and one possesses. No wonder they regard the wisdom of the ages as a commodity, to be exchanged for bread; or as they put it, for a job.

They are afraid of uncertainty. Put several theories before them, and they will ask you to star the one which you believe. They don't wish the responsibility of a choice. For radical as they are said to be in their conduct (and that has been much exaggerated), they are singularly conservative in their thinking. They want something to hang to, and who will deny that they need it? The whole of their brief lives has been lived in a period particularly baffling and chaotic; all the more baffling no doubt because they have known many of their elders to be as unsure as themselves. Maybe more so, if the truth were told, for the world of those under twenty has at least always been the same, chaos that it is; whereas the world of anyone old enough to vote before 1914, vanished overnight. But that is another story. Let 1914 come into the present account only as a date. For in remarking upon the changed attitudes and equipment of these younger students, it is well to remember how surprisingly young they really are. Using 1914 or even 1918 merely as dates, ask any group of college students what they remember of the war, and let the triviality of their answers reveal how fast the years have sped. "We had vacation Armistice Day," someone will probably tell you; or "I saw a parade at night," or "The sugar was in little envelopes." It seems incredible, until we do a little counting and discover that present-day Freshmen were hardly born in 1914. They were still in rompers in 1918. Seniors of 1930 at best were in the third grade. The war, which for us closed one great era and began another, for modern college students resolves itself into a great noise and a few dim memories at a nursery window. That is to be young indeed.

NO WONDER students seem changed. They are the product of change. All their lives they have lived in a choas of warring standards. Moreover, the whole accent of men's thought to an unusual degree has been on things external and immediate. We have all talked in terms of speed, size, bulk, mechanism, during these last years, until it would be strange indeed if the surfaces of life did not appear disproportionately important. Even in our literature there has been little escape from hard actuality. Always it has been surfaces, minutiæ, things.

In view of all this, what youth in its secret heart is asking of the culture offered, youth alone knows. It is hardly in order for us whose adjustments were necessarily different because our day of coming of age was different, to be too sure of our answers where this new generation of inquirers is concerned. But from such signs as are apparent, it would seem that they have very little if any interest in a culture of the ivory tower variety. The contemplative life has gone out of fashion, and we do but waste our eloquence when we attempt to restore it to favor. The Good, the True, the Beautiful, in their ancient philosophical dress are not in vogue this season, nor likely to be for some lustrums to come. Deference and receptivity have given place to less flattering attitudes. Youth, living at high speed and with Elizabethan intensity, is in no mood to sit at the feet of its elders and say, "Tell us all."

INDEED, it may well be doubted whether youth has ever been in such a mood, save in pleasant fables. For in the realm of once upon a time we read that a certain father had five sons whom he would prepare for life. It was very simple in those days. He sent them (and in the story they went with all willingness) to a teacher in whom all wisdom dwelt. What the teacher had learned by rote he duly imparted to the five sons, until presently they too were the repositories of all wisdom. They were prepared for life. So successfully had the task been performed, that this precious legacy was set down in a book for other men's sons to con throughout succeeding ages. Such was the origin of the great *Panchatantra*, another ancient book of which possibly not one modern student in fifty could name one item of the content.

If it be progress to expect preparation for life to come by no such simple methods, then we have progressed. In lieu of sealed packages of wisdom so conveniently transferable and possessed of magic potencies, we talk much (and sometimes foolishly) of countless new methods, bright and shining, and intensely practical, which we have busied ourselves exceedingly to devise. And as we talk, most of us know that before these ingenious inventions have been so much as mastered, they will have begun to go gray about the edges, and to appear a little absurd. For methods in this ancient calling are of frail duration. Any method is good which can bridge the gap between the Then and the Now, and make vital for any new generation the sense of continuity in all human experience. And the best method of all is that one which cannot be used a second time, because it belongs to one moment and one mood and one student group and will never fit another. Perhaps there is some magic in the process after all.

At any rate, the calling has its high moments now and then, students themselves being the reason why. "Disciples of the wise," as the Talmudic writer was pleased to call them, may indeed be of four kinds; but if he will forgive the impertinence of a Twentieth Century amendment to his classification, it is that they are also of five, and were even in his day. Sponges, funnels, strainers, and sieves, to be sure, but sieves are a poor ultimate. Sifting may be good enough in its way, and in things of the mind it amounts to one of the fine arts, difficult of mastery; but sifting is a poor figure to suggest the best that youth can do with the wisdom of the ages. For when the flour is ready to be sifted, the stalk has been long dead. Modern metaphors being feeble in comparison with Babylonian, let none be attempted, but suffice it to say that those who justify the existence of all colleges, ancient and modern, are those to whom knowledge is a seed planted, not a harvest reaped; a beginning, not an end. Ask any modern college teacher whether there be not a few such in any company of these strangely different "disciples of the wise," New Style.

* * *

Donn Byrne's Ireland

By Thurston Macauley

Some day I should like to write a book on Donn Byrne's Ireland, a small volume of not too many pages to be slipped into one's pocket. Mind you, not a guidebook — detestable word! — although it might serve a useful purpose by steering a course for those to follow after him who held that land so dear. I should not hesitate to make it clear that he who went in search of the Ireland of Donn Byrne would have no difficulty in finding it. For me, at least, his books made my first visit all the more poignant, and I am sure the reading of them did much to heighten my appreciation of the country, enabling me to see through his sensitive Gaelic eye, ever sensitive to beauty, things to which my own, accustomed to a prosaic modern world, might have been blind.

Such a dissertation had better begin with Dublin, and in all the Irish capital you could have a no more fitting starting point than the back room of Davey Byrne's public house at No. 21, Duke Street. Liam O'Flaherty, in his ironically titled *A Tourist's Guide to Ireland*, says "there is no darker stain on our national honour than our public houses," but quickly clears Mr. Byrne's excellent house of any possible blame in this connection: "There is a house where one may find good company and good liquor at any hour of the day or night, and a good host into the bargain."

If you stay at the Shelbourne on St. Stephen's Green, Davey Byrne's is within easy reach, up Duke Lane and through a winding whitewashed passage right into the little back room, long a favorite haunt of Irish *literati*. For his *Stories of Old Ireland* Sir William Orpen drew a sketch, "My Brother and Myself Have A Pint In Davey Byrne's" and Davey Byrne asked the artist for the original of it. It had already been given away, however, but Orpen sent him a proof, together with a copy specially drawn, both now framed and hung on the wall. Davey Byrne's is to be found in *O'Malley of Shanganagh* and other Donn Byrne tales under the name of Davey Burn's, for he, too, was fond of the back room and often met his friends there after he had been to the races at Leopardstown or The Curragh or when the Horse Show was on at Ballsbridge. There is no connection that I know of, beyond the common name, between publican and author.

Across St. Stephen's Green, on the opposite side from Davey Byrne's, are the buildings of the National University where Donn Byrne took a master's degree and won for himself the title of lightweight boxing champion of the University. Life for a young Dublin University student then was much the same as that of which Charles Lever wrote in *Charles O'Malley*, an Irish novel especially beloved by Donn Byrne and one which should be read by all who are interested in the literature from which he sprang. You can go down the quays along the gray waters of the Liffey, "where the bookstalls are as numerous as in Paris": there he would browse for hours on end among dusty volumes concerning the old days in Ireland which he sought to recreate in his own.

But it is the Irish countryside, rather than the towns, that Donn Byrne has sung the praises of, not the least of which is that about Dublin:

> Southward of the city is loveliest Ireland, Rathfarnham, Milltown, and the singing Dodder, the blue peaks of the Sugar Loaves, Two-Rock and Three-Rock Mountains, and there are little lakes in the hills. Further south still are Avoca, where the waters meet, and Glendalough of the early Christian churches, the blue gorges of the Wicklow Hills. Because Killarney is near Cork, which is near London, and the Giant's Causeway is near Belfast, which is near Edinburgh, they are extolled as the beauties of Ireland — but tourists are always an unseeing folk.

This is from *O'Malley of Shanganagh*, a story that surpasses jewels. When Donn Byrne forsook America, where he had made a name for himself with *Messer Marco Polo* and *The Wind Bloweth*, he lived for some months in an old Georgian house in that lovely country just outside Dublin. I rode to Donnybrook atop a rollicking Dublin tram — not unlike riding on an elephant's back — then walked the rest of the way to Montrose along the Stillorgan road. The woman at the lodgekeeper's house beside the big gate remembered Donn Byrne well: "Sure and it was for the racin' season he was here," she said when she showed me about. No description of the place I might possibly give could touch that in *O'Malley of Shanganagh* — for Montrose *is* Shanganagh — so I had better remain silent. Across the road from Montrose there is a convent which I felt certain must have been the inspiration for that tragic book and perhaps among the nuns he saw there his Sister Ursula.

There were exciting days — and nights — while Donn Byrne was at Montrose, for that was in 1922–23 during the "trouble." Nevertheless, he was not in the least deterred from writing his "book of Ireland for Irishmen" — *Hangman's House*. The fact that "much of it was written at night behind iron shutters, and many a sentence has been interrupted by the roar of land armies and the rattle of machine-guns" probably accounts for the under-current of Irish rebellion running through it. I like this narrative especially, however — and I think all sportsmen agree — for its fine descriptions of the race and the hunt. Here as in *A Party of Baccarat*, his latest posthumously published book, you see him in excellent mettle, capable of doing his best with those things, such as horseracing, prizefighting, and gambling, that he delighted in most of all.

He lived, too, for a time at another place near Dublin, Greythorn on

Glenageary Hill, with the blue Wicklow Mountains in the background and overlooking Kingstown (Dun Laoghaire) where the Holyhead boats arrive and Dublin Bay. Here he wrote his *Blind Raftery*, of Connaught, the west country, and Galway, City of the Tribes — "the drowsiest, most magical, most Irish of towns."

IRELAND is so small that you can cross from east to west in but a few hours, and the journey from Dublin to Galway, whether by road or rail, is one well worth taking. Some, however, prefer first to set foot on Irish soil on the rugged west coast, taking a ship that puts in at the old port of Galway, where still lingers a flavor of the days of trading with Spain. This blend of two romantic countries is admirably pictured in the tale of the blind harper, Raftery, and Hilaria, the Spanish woman.

You may try, as I have tried, to find Destiny Bay on your map of Ireland, but you will try in vain. No; that Ulster cranny to which "it is good for body and soul to wander back" is not down in black and white, but that is no reason for thinking it doesn't exist. It does, and Donn Byrne has given it life, form, and color in his fine book of stories which appeared after his death under the title of *Destiny Bay:*

> There are in all, I should say, thirty square miles of the district of Destiny Bay, but so far from everywhere is it, so little is there of trade there, that except for the gypsies, it is the most unfrequented spot in all Ireland. And yet no place in Ireland is so beautiful, no place in Ireland so strange.

Near the house is Ballyfale, small village of ten houses, of which seven are licensed to sell beer and spirits, "for the road between Derry and the Highlands of Donegal is a long road and a droughty one." This is the Ulster that Donn Byrne knew as a boy, although he was not called by that name then, but Brian O'Beirne.

HIS mother and sister now live at Ballymascanlon in County Louth, just over the Armagh border. "My family has been at the foot of the Slievegullion Mountain for as far back as Irish records go," Donn Byrne said. "Indeed, much of the surrounding territory is still in the hands of uncles and cousins. . . ." He grew up in Armagh — where his family returned from New York soon after he was born — for a long time the political as well as the ecclesiastical capital of Ireland. St. Patrick founded the town of Armagh and there are numerous relics of the olden days in the Protestant Cathedral, which stands on the supposed site of St. Patrick's first church. Brian Boru, High King of Ireland, was buried there after the battle with the Danes in 1014. Navan Fort, the ancient Emania, with its memories of still earlier kingships, is but two miles from Armagh: founded 300 years B.C. by Queen Macha, the Kings of Ulster held court there for centuries. Thus, when you consider these strong influences that were about him as a youth, it is, indeed, not surprising that Donn Byrne should, in his writings, have been so deeply concerned with Gaelic lore and tradition.

"Antrim will ever color my own writing," he wrote in his tale of Marco Polo, told by old Malachi Campbell of the Long Glen: "all these words he spoke, were native, had the same tang as the turf smoke, the Gaelic quality that is in dark lakes on mountain summits, in plovers' nests amid the heather. . . . And to remember them now in New York, to see him . . ." Venice and the East through eyes of the Gael. Here I would digress this once, if I may, to tell you of the pleasure that was mine recently when passing down a narrow, twisting street in old Venice, suddenly to come upon a little bookstall displaying all the familiar Irish tales done into Italian. But especially was I delighted when the bookseller told me the Venetians enjoyed *Messer Marco Polo* most of all. Better tribute that, than any reviewer's sugary words of praise, however well meant.

At Larne — "where some swine named a hamlet Waterloo" — begin the Nine Glens of Antrim. Near Cushendall is Ossian's grave, and to the north is Cushendun, once the home of the beloved poet Moira O'Neill. There also, from his fourteenth year, Donn Byrne spent many days with Miss Ada McNeill, who was helping to organize the Feiseanna among talented youth of the Glens. The American born, but none the less Irish for it, boy aroused the envy of the local competitors by winning many prizes in the festivals.

Cushendun and the Glens of Antrim are the Ulster background of *The Wind Bloweth*, which of all his books is the one I like best to remember him by. Wee Shane Campbell, you may recall, is given a day off from school at Cushendun on his fourteenth birthday, when he climbs to the top of Slievenambanderg to see the miracle of Dancing Town, that is called Fiddlers' Green, mirrored in the air high above the Moyle: "Aye, Fiddlers' Green! Where is it, and how do you get there? The sailormen would give all their years to know." From that moment Shane knew he would go to sea, and while he wanders the world over he never sees his Dancing Town again, although once or twice he thinks he has raised it on the horizon. A great and absorbing story told with all the Celtic magic that flowed from Donn Byrne's pen.

"Come back to where you were born, and rest, and get strength. . . . This is a deep thing . . ." Shane Campbell feels that clear call across the world, as did Donn Byrne himself out in America: "though I was born in New York, and lived there in my twenties, yet Ireland is my home. I have and always will have, please God, a roof-tree there." He went back then to write his *Hangman's House* "in the middle of the flames that were burning the country I knew and loved."

To me, one of the tragedies of Donn Byrne's all too short life is that only three days after his return, as its proud owner ("I'm so glad to have a few feet of Irish earth to call my own"), to Coolmain Castle, which had already been rented for two happy summers, he met his untimely end. When I was there more than a year later, the road near Coolmain where his car plunged into Courtmacsherry Bay was still unprotected: the sea wall, worn away at that spot by the incessant pounding of the Atlantic, had even then not been restored. In fact I learned there had subsequently been several more accidents at the same place, although fortunately without fatalities.

I have said elsewhere that I heartily agreed with *The Outlook's* comment upon his death: "One feels that he had his best work yet to do." His last book, *Field of Honor*, written mostly at Coolmain, convinced me of that, as did his plans for other books, which, alas, will never now be written. Nor could he have found a better place in which to write them than Coolmain, as rich in romantic tradition and historical association as the Armagh of his youth. The poet Spenser lived much in Cork, writing *The Faerie Queen* at Kilcolman Castle, near Buttevant, a name reminiscent of Norman days, taken from the battle cry of the Barrymores — *Boutez-en-avant!* push forward! On the coast are Youghal, and Myrtle Grove, Sir Walter Raleigh's home when Mayor of that city. Tennyson wrote part of *The Princess* in the vicinity of Ross Castle, on the Kenmare Road from Killarney. Happily, Donn Byrne's family still lives on at Coolmain and I hope may continue to do so for many a year to come.

My own pilgrimage ended in the Rathclarin churchyard, near Coolmain, where a Celtic cross, inscribed in both Gaelic and English, "I am in my sleeping and don't waken me," marks the resting place of Donn Byrne. It is high on the top of a hill, in the most peaceful Irish countryside imaginable, where the sweet tang of the peat smoke blends harmoniously with the salt breeze blown in from the open sea. As I went down the hillside I hummed to myself *The Bard of Armagh*, Donn Byrne's favorite Irish song, the last stanza of which runs thus:

Although I have travelled this wide world
all over,
Yet Erin's my home and a parent to me,
Then on, let the ground that my ould bones
shall cover,
Be cut from the soil that is trod by the free.

* * *

The Divine Right of Newspapers

BY LUPTON A. WILKINSON

Do Crime Stories Encourage Crime?

THE press of the United States inevitably suffers from the most cancerous of maladies that can affect a public agency — immunity from criticism.

Newspapers have made almost a fetish of their duty to serve as the forum for every type of attack, responsible and irresponsible, on groups, theories, individuals, methods, everything and everybody in our national political, economic and social life. To call a derogatory name, to assert a weakness or a sin (within the law of libel) is, for the detractor, to leap to the sweet refulgence of a headline.

But the great press itself, the elder brother of the movie and the radio (either of which may find itself pilloried in four-deck news displays on the indictment of no heavier a thinker than Canon Chase), goes serenely to whatever destiny journalistic fashion may impel it, uncastigated, unchastened, uncriticized, too often glamorously self-comforted with the soft reflections of an eager adulation. The business man trembles lest he arouse the wrath of a medium that can make his efforts toward a fortune assume the guise of barely legalized robbery. The creator in any form of art, if he be not independent to the point of starvation, must court approval. The politician, with that habitual cowardice induced by long and obsequious endeavor to over-balance the mob mind to his profit, kowtows to the press both openly and in his timorous heart. The home town newspaper means more to a legislator even than the party boss, and the boss himself understands and tolerates that rival obeisance.

THIS sacrosanctity of the press is not a light matter. It is of grave importance. Without being suspected of soliciting money from Amtorg, it is permissible to take as a premise that all is not yet perfection in the United States, a country which many love well enough to wish it even better than it is. We have not yet achieved the millennium in divers matters affecting the common good, and there are tendencies, recognizable and clear, which in the past wrought destruction to other nations and to other majestic flowerings of civilization — civilization being the concerted accomplishment of organized men to make life more happily livable.

Whether the press is contributing to a solution of Twentieth Century problems in the United States, whether its influence is mitigating or aggravating the social cankers which tend to deteriorate a nation, has come to be a surmise virtually within the definition of *lèse majesté*. The magnificent idealism of John Milton and the rallying of intellectual minds to save the printing press from domination by selfish temporal rulers, have given to the uttered word, in black and white, a legally unassailable status and a glamour in the affections of the people, which have contributed vastly toward freedom, but which carry with them the corollary dangers of all invested power. We fear kings, we fear money, we fear all visible and weighable oppressions. Too often we forget that we are made and destroyed by intangibles.

For more than a year now the most exhaustive study yet made of the influence of a medium of expression on crime has lain in the gentle and innocuous entombment conferred on it by publication in *The Journal of Criminal Law and Criminology*. The treatise, summing up two years of research and analysis, bears the treasonable title, *Crime and the Press*, and is from the pen of Dr. Joseph L. Holmes, of the Department of Psychology, Columbia University.

The history of this paper is significant. In 1926 Dr. Holmes was retained by a Crime Commission of weight and standing to study the relation of various media of expression to the prevalence of crime in the United States. His findings, after two years of inquiry, must have afforded an incurable shock to his employers. In the first place, he brought in a definite verdict of "Not Guilty" for the movies, which are a notoriously convenient goat in the conclusions of the seekers after the cause of all evil. This scientific departure from the stock solution of loose thinkers was in itself a tragedy. How convenient it would have been to have cried, "Ah, the movies!" Nobody would have really cared except Will Hays, and he seems too competent to need sympathy or worry about criticism. But Dr. Holmes was not content with clearing the movies. He forsook all decorum. He documented a thorough analysis of the increasing devotion of the press to detailing the technique of crime and the grandiose emotional ecstasies of criminals. Then to the embarrassing figures he appended a scientist's evaluation of the power of suggestion as incitement to human action. The Crime Commission paid him off, and consigned his report to oblivion.

Dr. Holmes prefaced his seditious findings by recitals of various "crime epidemics" in history, notably the series of mutilations of women which followed the original "Jack the Ripper" case in London in 1888, and the world-wide popularity of acid-throwing which succeeded the revengeful invention of a certain widow of Gras, in 1870. Modern swift repetitions of crime in definite classifications, such as the torch murders of New York and New Jersey, are also adduced. The author cites Lombroso, Tarde, Corre, Bonger and other criminologists (what brave men there used to be!) as of the opinion that the newspapers furnish both inspiration and instruction leading to such type repetitions in crime.

"A great many of the most infamous sexual crimes," Dr. Holmes quotes from Aschaffenburg's *Crime and its Repression*, "are committed by epileptics in abnormal states. The ideas of the man in his normal state, however, play a part when he is in an abnormal condition; thus, his remembrance of newspaper description of dismembered corpses, ripped open bodies, arson and murder, may turn the confused destructive fury of the epileptic into dangerous channels."

"Epidemics of crime follow the line of the telegraph," says Tarde.

DR. HOLMES makes two indictments of newspaper practice in handling crime stories. One is the wealth of detail furnished. A metropolitan journal "exposes" a poultry swindle, with the entire process described and the thought-provoking addenda that "not less than $10,000,000 a year has been cleared for the past twenty-five years by this method." The same treatment is accorded a "Glass Gem Swindle," a "Bogus Bond Robbery," an "Insurance Fraud," an "Auditor Frame-up," a "Girl Bandit Robs Bank" episode. Quotations from the press itself instance the numerous imitators who set out to duplicate the terrible crime of Edward Hickman, kidnapping and the dismemberment of a child's body.

The major indictment, of course, lies in the notoriety given the criminal and in his glorification. "Hickman Goes to Gallows, Coolly Meets Fate"; "Hickman Plays Jazz Dirge and Coolly Waits Death Call"; "Going Like a Man"; "Hickman demonstrated his fortitude." "Thus the woman who in gayer days was beautiful 'Tommy' Snyder (Ruth Snyder) died — and gamely, too, with a prayer on her lips." "Brennan maintained a superb poise to the moment of his death." "Lynch's only display of emotion in his last days was when his wife and four-year old child visited him yesterday. His last words were of them."

Sentimentalism of this type, *ad nauseam*, fills an entire chapter of the 107-page report.

When "Ruth and Judd" passed, it was "Lovers Go to Lonely Grave." A conservative New York evening paper contributed this headline, "Deep Religious Fervor is Notable Feature of Double Execution."

"DOES the criminal have prestige?" Dr. Holmes asks. "Of course he does, if he is successful, and even often when he is not successful. And he owes no small part of it to the newspaper. To have one's picture in the newspaper, to have one's name in the headline, to be described as fearless, to be referred to even anonymously as one who perpetrated a daring hold-up and got away with a huge sum of money, gives one prestige. Even when the police and papers do not know the name of the criminal he is not necessarily anonymous, for his associates in great number may know who did the 'job.' But what of the criminal who gets caught? Does he have prestige? Yes, and he has prestige with the public in general, for he is described and pictured in every act, especially if he shows fearlessness or braggadocio or skill in defending himself. And even if he be sentenced to pay the most severe penalty the papers will regale readers with a vivid description of the courage with which he faced death and quote his most inconsequential words."

ONE of the most disturbing features of Dr. Holmes's study is the surprising fact that the much-despised tabloids can not be charged with the burden of guilt in the news exploitation of crime. Their mushroom growth to great circulations may have spurred their competitors, but the most "conservative" of our journals profited with exemplary thoroughness by the lesson in pandering. During a test month, November 8 to December 8, 1926, *The Graphic* devoted 6,837.50 inches to crime, *The Mirror* 8,130.25 inches and *The Daily News* 10,397.50 inches. *The World* (morning) exceeded all of these (and Mr. Hearst's *Evening Journal*) by printing 10,829.75 inches of crime items, and *The Times* led the list of New York dailies with 11,498.25 inches. In number of items the record read: *Mirror*, 380; *World*, 392; *Graphic*, 421; *Times*, 461; *Daily News*, 586. Allowance for the size of the papers gives little comfort to faith in our elder pillars of journalism. A daily average of 14.10 per cent of news space was devoted by *The Mirror* to crime; 16.2 by *The Graphic;* 18.9 by *The Daily News*. *The World* and *The Times* were well up in the list with 12.64 and 15.64 per cent respectively, *The Herald Tribune* little better with 11.06. During the month (and Dr. Holmes states that the actual swing of crime is at its lowest during November) the twelve daily papers in New York printed 4,712 crime items, comprising 89,622 inches, 4,481,100 words, enough to fill six printed books of three hundred pages each. The plea that newspapers must print what happens is wiped out by the further fact that crime news does not shrink with crime volume; if there are no big crimes, little ones can be made to look big; if there is a scarcity, those that occur are expatiated upon and dilated.

DR. HOLMES's careful exposition of the sentimentalism and the fidelity to detail with which all the papers treat their crime news makes the figures as to volume impressive and significant. The facts, indeed, speak in a fashion so upsetting to the equanimity of a self-satisfied press that one does not wonder that only 111 judges, prosecuting attorneys, chiefs of police and others charged with law enforcement cared to reply to the questionnaire the Columbia professor mailed to 616, asking their opinion on the contribution of the newspapers to the stimulation of crime.

"An analysis of the replies," Dr. Holmes sums up, "shows that in the opinion of those officials the newspapers are guilty of inciting to crime; of aiding criminals in the commission of crime by furnishing them more or less exact information as to how to commit crimes; of showing criminals how profitable crime is; of aiding them in their escape from apprehension; of thwarting justice by 'newspaper trials' and otherwise making a travesty of the administration of the law, of the actual court proceedings themselves; of making the offender a popular hero, one to be emulated; and by omission at least, of thwarting whatever deterrent effect there may be in present penal methods."

The investigator was impressed by the naïveté with which the newspapers seek far afield for suggestive influences on which to blame crime. He quotes one editorial gravely suggesting that scientific inquiry be launched to ascertain whether or not the weather is a motivating factor. Reading lurid fiction and going to the movies are consistently held up by the press as contributory causes.

"In *The New York World* of February 8, 1927," the report relates, "there is about one and a half columns given to a discussion of the case of 12-year old Michael Ponkroskov, who was under arrest for having shot and killed a shopkeeper while trying to commit robbery. In connection with a discussion of the boy the Superintendent of the Children's Society Shelter is quoted by *The World* as saying among other things 'that the boy has never done any reading except of the most exciting type, murder and crime stories and the full set of the *Nick Carter* series.' The writer was requested by the presiding Justice of the Children's Court to examine this boy and report to the Court his findings. It was found that the boy was of average intelligence for his age and was not backward in school. Coming as he did from a home where a foreign language was spoken, he had gotten his ideas and ideals from reading, and the daily reading matter which engaged his attention was two of the New York papers. On examination, after being allowed to make a statement, it was found that he was familiar with the detail of Red Moran's and Gerald Chapman's exploits as detailed in the papers for some months previously. The writer does not presume that there were not perhaps other influences that determined this boy's conduct, but of the part that the papers played in inciting this boy to murder there is little doubt."

Recently more than a score of newspaper stories blaming specific crimes on the movies were painstakingly investigated and in no instance was an atom of evidence discovered to substantiate the published accounts. In one case a front page headline stated flatly that an eight-year old boy who had killed his chum had done so while "Playing Sheriff in Western Movie Plot." The name of the star whose acting was supposed to have inspired the killing was given, and the story set forth in detail an alleged bandit game and the supposedly consequent tragedy. Investigation brought to light that the boy's father had left a shot-gun lying on a table in a room where three children were playing. One of the youngsters walked over and toyed with it, and it was accidentally discharged, with fatal results. No bandit game, or any other, was in progress. The boy who did the killing lived several miles from the nearest village and neither he nor his parents could recall that he had ever attended a motion picture. The whole contention that motion pictures inspire crime, which has been upset by other scientific investigators in addition to Dr. Holmes, is fostered by such manufactured dramatic embellishments and by the readiness of the press to display prominently the "conclusions" of kill-joys and professional reformers. The existence of censorship of American motion pictures is viewed by newspapers with a lack of concern astonishingly shortsighted. It is much as if a farmer sat on his front porch and calmly smoked his pipe while his neighbor's wheat-field burned. The fire has not reached his fence and field — yet. Meanwhile, the refusal of the motion picture news reels to exploit criminals and salacious characters commands respect as one of the most remarkable instances of self-discipline on the part of any medium of expression.

This detailing of crime and scandal seems at least to have the economic justification of increasing circulation. Dr. Holmes gives tables of circulation figures that show a marked correlation between increases and the amount of such matter printed. The question involved in the news treatment of wrongdoing and salaciousness is therefore one of ethics and community decency.

Is it not also possible that some of the shibboleths of the press, some of the taken-for-granted axioms of the news writer, are questionable from the standpoint of effectiveness? One of the dreariest of news practices is based on the psychologically sound principle that humans are interested in rows. The negative story, the attack on something, the journalistic deification of the loud-mouthed objector to anything and everything, has come so to color the columns of the American press that often the substance of the topic at issue is wholly omitted, and the narrative waxes unintelligible. No matter how important any movement or enterprise may be to the community, the setting forth of its significance or claimed significance, the exposition of what it is all about, pales to utter unimportance in the newspaper mind beside the fact that Dingus Rowbottom Jones says that everybody in it is a crook and that it is all nonsense, anyhow. Often developments of wide general import escape news attention altogether unless they are blessed by attracting the attention of some irresponsible critic. Then they are at least mentioned.

This wearisome insistence that disagreement and detraction alone comprise the stuff of news finds its flower in the dispatches of the Washington correspondents of the nation's larger syndicates and newspapers. Nobody wants the observers in the Fourth Estate to write in praise of all that happens; one asks only that they give an understandable account of events and issues. The superficial method of seizing on the day's worst exhibition of taste in Congressional debate, or the most highly worded bombast from the politician who most wants to see his name in print, and letting those assumed tidbits represent the nation's progress for the day, must surely not be the ultimate achievement in the fulfillment of journalistic obligation.

Some day a good psychoanalyst will probe the mass mind of the Washington correspondents, and hurt their feelings terribly. Individually they are among the most charming people in an age that could do with a good deal more charm than it possesses. They are also sharply intelligent. New York papers have local plums for good men who sentimentally keep their talents in the field where they will be least compensated; but to the reporter in other American cities the Washington correspondent's berth is the heaven of realized ambition. The best man who sticks on the paper usually gets to Washington. He is good when he gets there, and he knows it.

A COMPLICATED process sets in. A vast amount of political pretense, an ocean of petty incompetency, passes before his keen mental eye. He erects and sustains an edifice of importance about the acts of the men who are from his home State. Down in the bottom of his heart, he knows that he could contribute a good deal more than they do to national weal if he had their chance. The contemplation of the selfishnesses and littlenesses of political life corrodes the beholder. A cynicism, a cheap cynicism that is degrading journalism, results. The newspaper correspondent praises where his paper policy forces him to do so, and indulges in an orgy of destructiveness concerning all other themes and individuals. Some of the "Washington Gossip" columns are just old womanish. I wonder if the psychoanalyst would find (horrible revelation) that there is, in the correspondents themselves, deep down, an envy of all that billion-inched national publicity which these men dispense, a feeling that perhaps the white light might have a fitter subject.

Superficiality is the besetting sin of American newspaperdom. Nothing is thorough; nothing has depth; the sense of dignity which properly accords with that inspiring designation, the Fourth Estate, is too, too seldom found. The best reporter we have had in a decade was William Bolitho, an Englishman. The best foreign correspondent, head and shoulders above his fellows, is Walter Duranty, born of English and Italian parentage and educated at Cambridge.

WHAT is the answer to all this? Wherein lies the remedy? In general, in a habit of self-examination by the press, a desertion of the comfortable assumption that newspaper writing and newspaper editing are finished arts. Something specific? A simple economic reform. The top-notch reporters on a New York daily get from $125 to $150 a week. The more common salary is $100, $75 or even $60. It is not enough, shamefully not enough. All too often the men with a solid basis of inherent ability and capacity for judgment look on reporting as a stepping-stone to something else. And they step, out and into an income more commensurate with first-rate mental effort. The ablest of those who remain are the most susceptible to cynicism. They stay in the business because of some quirk of character or because of that love of the game which is very real in most newspaper men.

A good mental house-cleaning and taking of stock would be of inestimable value to the American press. In the meantime, a decent compensation for news reporting would help.

How About a Little Music?

BY SIGMUND SPAETH

A NOTED musical educator was addressing a group of New York business men at luncheon. Before starting he handed out a large assortment of toy instruments. One man got a drum, another a whistle, this one a small trumpet, that one a harmonica, a tambourine, a triangle, and so on.

As the musical intruments were distributed, a terrific din arose. For every hard-boiled, adult male in that room immediately began to toot and bang and whistle and clang as if his life depended on making as much noise as possible. The noted educator, who knows human nature very well, allowed the racket to proceed for several minutes. Then he raised his hand for silence and said, quietly: "The next time one of your youngsters does that, remember how you behaved under the same temptation just now."

How many people have gone through life with the sneaking suspicion that they might have played some musical instrument if they had only had a chance? How many have tried their hand at something of the sort, just "for the fun of it," only to be put off permanently by the stern reminder that they would "have to practise an hour a day"?

Has any child ever been shown the keyboard of a piano without wanting to play on it immediately? What about the physical and spiritual satisfaction of picking out *America* with one finger? Or following the black keys down and up again in that silly little tune, *Peter, Peter, Pumpkin Eater?*

IT IS not generally realized that those five black keys, that stick out so temptingly from the white ivory background, represent the five-toned scale, one of the oldest patterns of folk-music all over the world. The "natural musician," who feels that he can play "only on the black keys" (which, incidentally, is the feeling of Irving Berlin, Charles K. Harris of *After the Ball* fame, and many other song writers), is unconsciously following in the footsteps of the troubadours, the Scottish minstrels, and the Master Singers of Nuremburg. When you or your parents played *Chop Sticks* (with variations), you were experimenting with the two most important chords of musical harmony, the tonic and the dominant. Even the simple act of beating time with the foot, to an insistent march or waltz tune, indicates an instinctive grasp of the two fundamental divisions of rhythm, upon which all musical form is based.

Is it therefore any real exaggeration to say that practically everyone is a potential musician of some sort? Certainly some surprising results have been achieved when the raw material was caught young and properly trained, not by scales and finger exercises and hours of dull practice, but by the realization that music is a game that anybody can play, and the insistence that the element of fun be kept uppermost, and the element of drudgery be kept out altogether.

If people can not be instrumentalists, they can probably at least sing a little. It was quite astonishing, when the war days brought the craze for community singing, to find that almost any group could produce reasonably pleasant sounds, if there were enough people in it to cover up individual shortcomings. It may be significant also that before the days of Prohibition (and since, for that matter) the artificial removal of inhibitions from any group of four or more men invariably resulted in a spontaneous outburst of close harmony, with *Sweet Adeline* generally leading all the rest. The logical assumption is that man, in his natural state, freed from self-consciousness, expresses himself normally in song.

But, all theorizing, philosophizing and reminiscing aside, just what can the average American citizen be expected to accomplish in the way of making a little music of his own? Let us debar the radio and phonograph from consideration, even though they demand careful adjustment to get the best results. Their function is to provide musical background (and it is a most important one), perhaps even a musical stimulus. But they do not in any sense represent personal performance on the part of the owner.

The old-fashioned player-piano was a different matter. For here individual ability, taste and intelligence counted strongly. The perforated roll of paper, sliding over the brass bar, made the right notes sound, it is true, but the human being on the stool could absolutely control the speed and loudness in great detail, and even create entirely personal effects of expression by the various ways of pumping at the pedals.

The piano itself, apart from all player mechanisms, is by no means on its last legs, as some pessimists would have us believe. It has taken some stiff wallops from the automobile, the phonograph, and the radio in turn, but it still holds its own, and remains the king of musical instruments and a definite necessity in the cultivated home.

Teaching methods have changed very decidedly, and there are more than a few adults who have quietly made up their minds to give themselves once more the chance that they overlooked or threw away when they were young. With the old bugbear of scales and five-finger exercises removed, and a variety of practical systems available whereby anyone can actually "play pieces" after only a few lessons, business and professional men and women are finding it possible to take an occasional hour from their work to develop a recreational and social asset that they would once have considered automatically barred from their experience. There are special schools and teachers of jazz playing that concentrate on the building up of simple chords and harmonies "by ear," which is the natural method of all instinctive musicians.

PERHAPS the most interesting development of the piano situation has been the "class system" of instruction. This is one of the significant effects of modern efficiency upon the part of music. Instead of taking a teacher's time to explain the same fundamental things to each individual pupil separately, the whole thing is done in groups, incidentally adding the important factors of competition and emulation. Whenever an unusual talent is discovered, it can easily be set aside for private instruction. The National Bureau for the Advancement of Music, which directs all such matters (including also the annual celebration of Music Week and musical contests of all kinds), last year received requests from nearly four thousand communities for information concerning class piano instruction. So the good old upright isn't dead yet by any means.

One musical advantage that we have today over our parents and grandparents is that there are more different instruments to choose from. It used to be a case of piano or melodeon, with perhaps an occasional violin for variety. But now we have ukuleles, mandolins, guitars, Irish harps, zithers, 'cellos and bass fiddles on the string side, and saxophones, trumpets, trombones, alto horns, melophones, Sousaphones, bugles, clarinets and flutes to develop the wind. (Have you heard the latest definition of a piccolo? "It's an ill wood-wind that nobody blows good.")

All of these are now within the reach of the average amateur, individually or collectively. If he is too modest to woo a regular orchestral or band instrument, he has his choice of a wide variety of playthings that hover on the narrow border between amusement and art. He can get an imitation saxophone or clarinet on which he can pick out most of the simpler tunes. Or a trombone flute in which the notes change rather vaguely but by no means unmusically, according to the varying length of a mere telescopic tube, controlled entirely by hand. There are also the tin penny whistle, and the mournful ocharina, or "sweet potato," either of which a persistent experimenter can soon have literally at his finger-tips.

THE ideal starting point for those who wish to blow their own is the conventional harmonica or mouth organ, now available in a great variety of types and sizes, from a miniature toy to a really expressive musical instrument. Harmonica bands are already common in schools and clubs, and many a youngster who started breathing in and out on two chords has proceeded to the eventual mastery of a regular band instrument.

For those who can't be bothered with even the simple process of moving up and down one side of a harmonica, a fascinating instrument has been perfected with small perforated rolls and a crank to turn them. All the performer has to do is to blow in and out, and keep turning the little handle. The player roll does the rest, and even *Turkey in the Straw*, at top speed, becomes an easy matter.

The stringed instruments likewise have their mechanical improvements in this day of short cuts and quick results. There is a form of zither, supplied with lettered keys, like a type-writer. When you hold down one of these keys and run your finger or a plectrum across the strings, you get the chord indicated by the letter. A similar contrivance has been applied to some modern instruments of the guitar and mandolin type.

If you have a good ear, however, and scorn mechanical helps, you will get the most fun out of a so-called "flexatone." This is simply a little piece of flexible steel in a wire frame, equipped with a handle. On each side is a small wooden hammer which causes the steel to vibrate as you shake it. A variety of tones can be produced by the simple process of pressing one end of the steel with your thumb. The more you press, the higher is the resulting tone. The quality is clear and sweet, like a whistle, and you can secure, with very little practice, a surprising accuracy of pitch.

With various types of xylophones, marimbas, gongs, drums and other instruments of percussion available, it is not difficult for any child or adult to work out the simpler patterns of rhythm and melody. You can play bugle-calls on the dining-room chimes, if you don't want to bother with blowing into a brass tube, and the same fundamental tones appear in one of the popular automobile horns of the day.

"Rhythm orchestras," in which the players merely have to keep time on various instruments, are now an essential part of the kindergarten, and these youngsters of early musical training generally develop into efficient members of the school bands, which today give zest to the life of nearly every American community.

It has been said that if you keep a boy blowing a horn he is not likely to be blowing a safe. Certainly the brass band has become a decided factor in public welfare by its practical solution of the problems of juvenile delinquency.

It has been found that boys and girls can learn to play band instruments acceptably in a few weeks' time, again chiefly through mass instruction. The same principle is being applied orchestrally, with its climax in a remarkable summer camp for young orchestra players, conducted by that musical pioneer, Joseph Maddy, and the National High School Orchestra of over two hundred youthful members, which recently made a successful concert tour.

In the last national contest, 650 school bands competed for the prizes offered by the National Bureau for the Advancement of Music. This was four times as many as in the previous year, and most of these youngsters, incidentally, came from the rural districts of Indiana, Illinois, Ohio, Michigan, Kansas and Iowa.

These young musicians are not being trained for professional careers, any more than our athletic coaches expect to turn their charges into commercialized hirelings of sport. American athletics, which are in a very healthy state, aim chiefly at the development of good physical habits that will last a lifetime. In the same way our new conception of music as an everyday recreation may in time produce mental and spiritual habits that will add appreciably to the enduring satisfactions of life.

But this piece did not start out to be a sermon. It is only a fleeting survey of what is going on musically in a big, spread-out, rather haphazard country, which does not takes its art very seriously but which seems to realize, nevertheless, that a continuous routine of hard work (and even harder entertainment) may have its drawbacks, and that there may be fun in taking even a small part in a game which has long held its place among the supreme pleasures of human society.

How about a little music?

Witches and Wills

By Harry Hibschman

You, of course, do not believe in witches. Hence the question of the effect of such a belief on the competency of its holder to make a valid will does not interest you as related to your own will. But what about that legacy you are expecting? Will the will giving it to you stand up in court? Is that dear and loving relative of yours normal? Or is he a queer old codger with crazy ideas and foolish eccentricities? Does he, perhaps, entertain quaint notions about fairies, ghosts and witches, or species not found on Broadway, that may be used later to impeach his mental fitness and his testamentary capacity?

These are questions that may prove of direct importance to almost anyone, for many a fortune has gone to the lawyers and the heirs, instead of to the beneficiaries mentioned in a will, because its maker was proved to have been too irrational to make one that the courts would uphold.

And so far as witchcraft is concerned, unfortunately belief in it is not yet dead in these Enlightened States of America, as has been demonstrated within the last few years in several notorious criminal trials. Witches and *hexers*, as they are called by the Pennsylvania Germans, still live and still play an active part in the affairs of men. How do the courts look upon belief in them and upon the acts and deeds of persons harboring such beliefs? Particularly, what do they hold as to the testamentary capacity of believers in witchcraft?

These are not merely pertinent questions. They are also extremely interesting ones. For the answers must be sought in actual cases decided by the courts, many of which present facts so weird and preposterous as to appear like the inventions of a modern Poe or Munchausen. And even stranger than the facts are, in many of the cases, the decisions of the august judicial tribunals.

One of the queerest of these cases arose in South Carolina a little over a hundred years ago. It involved an attack on the will of an absurd character of the name of Mason Lee, who disinherited all his relatives including two illegitimate sons, and gave his property, valued at over fifty thousand dollars, to the States of South Carolina and Tennessee jointly. The facts as detailed in the opinion of the Supreme Court of South Carolina are in some respects so inelegant, to put it mildly, that only an expurgated version of them can be given in a sedate family journal. But the following condensed statement in the language of the Court will suffice to give us a fair picture of the personality of the testator:

> The testator had no particular grounds for disliking his relatives, with one exception, . . . He believed that his relatives desired his death and that they used supernatural agency and bewitched him. He believed that all women were witches and would not sleep in a bed made by a woman. He believed also that an influence could be exerted on his body and mind from a distance; that some of his relatives were in his teeth, and to dislodge them he had fourteen of his teeth drawn. . . . He had holes cut in his shoes and in his hat, so that if the devil got in he could drive him out the easier. . . . He made his clothes himself. They were without buttons. He did not clean his clothes for months. He kept his hair shaved close to prevent the witches from getting hold of his hair. . . . In the daytime he dozed in a hollow gum log for a bed, keeping awake at night to fight the devil and witches. Once he imagined he had the devil nailed up in the fire-place.

SUCH being the testator's beliefs and actions, he made a will in which, as already stated, he gave everything to the two States named. He then provided: "And it is my will and desire that no part of my estate shall be enjoyed or in any wise inherited, by either or any of my relatives, while wood grows or water runs. . . . And my executors are enjoined to contend with them, either in law or equity, to enforce this my will by employing the best Charleston lawyers. . . ."

Well, the executors did have to contend; and, what is more, though I dare say you would never guess it, they won. For Mason Lee, in spite of all his absurd delusions and eccentricities, hardly to be matched outside of an institution for the insane, was declared to have been competent to make the will in question.

To be sure, this case is over a hundred years old. So let us examine some that are later; for, after all, the law is supposed to be a progressive science. Sometimes, too, different rules prevail in different jurisdictions.

A LEADING case and one that is frequently cited as a precedent in later decisions came before the Supreme Court of Indiana in 1854, and is worthy of note because the judicial attitude of the time relative to this subject is so fully revealed in the opinion.

The facts are comparatively simple. The will attacked was that of Francis Stephen, described by the court as "an ordinary, prudent, judicious business man, an average farmer." He had five children by a wife with whom he lived unhappily for some time prior to her death, and over whose death he expressed joy. Some of the children left him after their mother's death and refused to return, asserting that it was impossible to live with him. These children he disinherited, and they contested the will, alleging that their father was mentally incompetent when he made it. The gist of the evidence offered in support of their contention was that he believed in witchcraft, that he declared their mother, over whose death he rejoiced, was a witch, and that he asserted and believed that "at her death she had left her witch-sticks to her children," who, he complained, treated him badly because they, too, were witches.

In other words, he disinherited them because of their alleged unfilial conduct, and he attributed that conduct to the fact of their being bewitched or being witches themselves.

After reciting these facts the court said that it was only called upon to answer one simple question, and that its answer to that question would be decisive of the case. The question was: "Is a belief in witchcraft evidence of such insanity as disables a person to make a will?" The court's answer, somewhat mixed both grammatically and theologically, was as follows:

> From the visits of Lot and others of the patriarchs (without referring to the scenes in the garden of Eden) down to this time, when the spirits, like Poe's stately midnight raven, come gently rapping, rapping at the chamber-doors of modern mediums, some of whom are eminent persons, the world, pagan, Jewish and Christian, have to a greater or less extent believed in spiritual existences, some being good and some evil, which have maintained a connection with and manifested their powers through human beings — in the case of the Witch of Endor to even raising the dead; while scarcely any pretend to be, and no one in fact is, able to explain the mystery, to enfold the manner of their operations, or lay down the laws governing them. The prevalence of the belief, however, and the authority on which it rests, are sufficiently extensive and respectable to shield any individual indulging it from the charge, if not of weakness, at least of insanity, simply on account of such belief.

THE validity of the will was sustained, though it may be pointed out that the question formulated and answered by the court failed to contain one important element revealed by the evidence. It did not take into account the fact that the testator's belief in witchcraft was directly connected with and responsible for his action in disinheriting his children. He thought his daughters were mistreating him because they were bewitched or were witches themselves, which is quite different from merely holding an abstract belief unrelated to the will.

THE evidence in a New York case decided in 1888 describes in considerable detail the peculiar means and remedies employed by a believer in witchcraft to protect and defend herself against the baleful machinations of the witches who were attempting to harm her.

The will attacked was that of a seventy-seven-year old woman of the name of Eliza Ann Vedder, who had left all her property, except one hundred dollars, to her husband, a man twenty years younger than herself, with whom she had lived harmoniously for a quarter of a century. There were no children, and the one legatee favored was a niece. The will was contested by the decedent's nephews and nieces. They contended that their aunt was mentally incompetent because of her belief in witches; and in support of their contention they showed the following facts, among others:

Mrs. Vedder talked a great deal about buried treasure and how to find it. She said she had seen lights at night over certain spots on the farm and, if a person would dig there at midnight, observing the proper ritual, he would find money. And once she took one of her nephews on a digging trip. She enjoined him to be absolutely silent from the time they left the house until they returned, and she made him carry a red rooster. She told him where to dig, but took a certain number of steps around the spot and went through some mysterious ceremonies before she motioned to him to go to work. They were disturbed in their search by evil spirits in the form of cattle, and found no gold.

There were times when the cream in the churn did not turn promptly enough, and then she knew it was bewitched. On such occasions she put irons into the cream and marked the sign of the cross on the bottom of the churn.

She said she could not keep her horses fat because the witches rode them at night. Once, she told a neighbor, she saw a headless rider crossing her field. She said she had seen the devil and had talked with Jesus. She also claimed to have seen her dead sister in a vision and to have been to heaven.

ONE time she visited a neighbor whose child was sick, and she declared it was bewitched. She advised the mother to search the pillow on which the child was lying, and said a hard bunch of feathers would be found in it, which she directed should be boiled at night in a pot. Then at midnight, she said, there would be a knock at the door, which no one was to answer; and in the morning the witch would be found lying dead outside.

The court said: "There is no evidence whatever to show that any or all of these beliefs, delusions, eccentricities, or peculiarities, had the slightest connection with or influence upon her testamentary act here in question." And it sustained the will.

But one of the most extraordinary cases to be found in the books arose in Mississippi before the Civil War and involved the will of Joseph P. Kelly, who can hardly have been surpassed by his negro slaves for credulity, superstition and voodooism.

AS A number of witnesses expressed it, Kelly "blamed everything that went wrong on witches." If his slaves were sick, they were bewitched. If the cotton crop was poor, it was the witches' fault. Even when he went fishing and the fish failed to bite, he felt sure that the fault was not with his bait or with his piscatorial technique, but was convinced that evil spells had been cast upon the fish and upon him.

There were times when invisible forces made it impossible for him to enter his corn-crib, and others when for long periods he was mysteriously prevented from going to certain of his fields.

He had none of the usual comforts of living. He had a bed and a cot that had been repaired many times, but not enough bedding to keep warm. He had two plates, one cup and saucer, two or three chairs, and a safe nailed on the wall. He always wore an old hat, even at the table, and would not look at any one with whom he was talking. He frequently burst into tears without apparent cause. He hated women and would turn around if one sat down facing him. He never smiled or laughed; and he never returned home by the same route he used in leaving, because, he said, the witches would not let him. Sometimes he could not swallow his food and thought he was bewitched. And once he said the witches pushed him off a log into a creek, evidently, contrary to tradition, not being afraid of water.

Like Mason Lee, he, too, claimed to have seen the devil; and, strange to say, his first meeting with his Satanic Majesty he claimed to have been in a church. As soon as the door of the pew was closed on him, "the conjuring ——— of a devil" got hold of him, he asserted. Once, also he said, the witches took hold of the preacher and led him out of the church backward, showing no respect for, or fear of, the cloth. He himself was led out of his house in the same way, though he did not explain what the witches did with him after they abducted him.

WITHOUT going further into the voluminous oral testimony, much of which, like that in the Lee case, is unprintable except in law books, we may let the following excerpts from a letter written by the testator in 1850 to one John Williams serve to complete the picture of his mind and personality:

> I am going to plague you again. Them conjuring creatures have got me at such a pass that I can't go in my plantation. I haven't seen any of my crops this year except about ten acres. . . .
>
> I wrote to you about my father's trying to hang me at the persimmon tree. . . . His daughter (referring to a man he believed his enemy) was at the spring with your sister Nancy. . . . They made my hogs eat up my chickens and turkeys and sometimes the sows eat up all their pigs and they bewitch and conjure nearly everybody I have anything to do with. . . . Great God, deliver this world from conjuring devils!

In his favor, evidence was offered that he never mixed his witch ideas with his business, that he talked politics like a sensible man, and that he never indulged in witch talk when he was drinking. Another argument against the Eighteenth Amendment!

He gave all his property to his physician on condition that he pay the next of kin seven hundred dollars a year for ten years. The brothers and sisters and nephews and nieces contested the will and submitted against it the evidence outlined above. They had their trouble and expense for nothing, for in spite of all the queer beliefs and actions described by the witnesses and revealed in his own letters, the court held him competent to make a will. Let him who can, find comfort in that judicial pronouncement!

The Supreme Court of Illinois as recently as 1914 recognized the legal soundness of the rule applied in the cases discussed above, saying: "The fact that a person believes in witchcraft, clairvoyance, spiritual influences, presentments of the occurrences of future events, dreams, mind-reading, and the like, does not necessarily affect the validity of a will. Manifestly a man's belief can not be made a test of sanity."

THERE are some other adjudicated cases in which belief of a testator in witchcraft was presented to impeach his testamentary capacity. But there are none in which the will was successfully attacked. For the courts stand firmly on the principle that a mere belief, no matter how ridiculous, is not evidence by itself of mental incompetency, and that only if the belief is directly connected with, and the cause of, the testator's particular disposition of his property, will it be considered as casting doubt on the validity of the will. A man may be as crazy as the proverbial bedbug on one or more subjects, but if "he is capable of comprehending all his property and all of the persons who reasonably come within the range of his bounty, has sufficient intelligence to understand his ordinary business, and knows what disposition he is making of his property," he is competent to make a will.

As already indicated, modern courts apply a compartment theory and hold that a person may be laboring under an admittedly insane delusion, though they do not concede a belief in witchcraft to be such, and yet be competent in other respects and in other spheres. While some courts are inclined to modify this doctrine, the gap between the legal conception of mental competency and the scientific conception is on the whole as wide here as it is in the field of criminology. For even if a belief in witchcraft is not sufficiently extreme in a specific case to constitute an insane delusion, it is clearly evidence of a psychopathic trend; and in cases like those of Lee and Kelly, where the delusion is systematized so as to determine the daily way of living, it reveals a definite psychosis. Such unfortunate individuals would be diagnosed as paranoiacs by almost any present-day psychiatrist. Certainly, as one authority says, "The very fact that an insane delusion does persist in the mind is proof enough that a man can not reason soundly; he will reason insanely, feel insanely, and sooner or later he will act insanely."

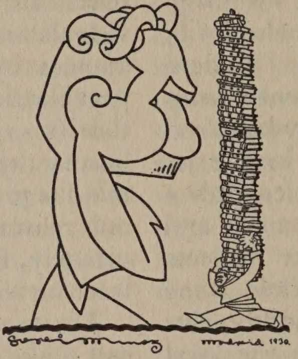
The man who believes in witches can make a valid will under present judicial rulings; but, were we like Kelly, we would say, "That's the rule only because the judges themselves have been bewitched." It will not always be so.

* * *

THE LITERARY LANDSCAPE

by

HERSCHEL BRICKELL



This chapter of the Landscape will be written *en plein air*, and so if autumnal tints and sounds become somewhat confused with observations about books, the reader will understand. A maple flames before the Landscaper's eyes when they are lifted from his faithful typewriter; the goldenrod and asters are blooming, and the crab apples by the front door are a rich red and unbelievably mellow. The little lake lies mirror-like except when one of those fancy carp called goldfish breaks its surface. Beneath the rustle of dying leaves — all those who have sharp ears and who have lived the seasons round in the country knew the difference between the sound of leaves in spring and in autumn — the crickets' song goes steadily on, a romantic sound, *triste*, as the Spaniards have it, but not too sad; a sort of pleasant melancholy, with something of death in it, but the death of things that die only to come to life again, and speedily.

Or, in plainer language, another season is upon us, and the Landscaper is of the opinion that very few of those who have anything to do with books, either as writers, publishers or merchants, will be sorry that nature has come to the rescue. One of the reasons — it may have been a rationalization — most often advanced for the period of depression in matters literary during the past six months has been that the supply of books has offered very little excitement; that the book-buyer, ever a timid and sensitive soul, stopped his visits to his favorite book store because there was so little in it that he had to have. Perhaps this is where the drug stores come in, for no one can remain away from drug stores. Even if there is no need for the newest toothpaste or the latest cigarette with medicinal qualities, one must stop in for a drink or set of golf clubs, or a tire for the family automobile. . . . And while there, why not buy a book? Well, this prejudiced person can think of several reasons why not, but he, as any faithful followers he may have already know very well, is a pathetic old fogy, from whom life has run away, born too late into a world too old, or something like that.

Good Books Aplenty Now

Before we pursue this digression too far, before getting into the fact that whatever has been wrong with publishers' offerings in the past few months, there are plenty of good books now available, we might mention a small book on the subject of drug store dispensation of reading matter.

This is Ellis Parker Butler's *Dollarature* (Houghton Mifflin, 50 cents), which will probably be worth a laugh or two from the few Americans left who do not rejoice in the magnificence and omnipresence of our standardization. Mr. Butler has the quaint notion that there is some difference between books and chewing gum, this latter being a commodity purchased in encouragingly large quantities by the American public.

Show me a publisher in America rich enough to own a big league baseball team, not to mention other appurtenances that have come to the renowned Mr. Wrigley as a result of one of our most characteristic habits. . . Shall we be able to popularize reading as we have popularized chewing gum? This observer is just an old pessimist; perhaps it is the influence of the landscape, or the chirping of those tireless, if romantic, crickets. But read Mr. Butler's book, and find out that he thinks, along with a lot of other people, that people buy certain volumes because they like the way their authors write, and that by the same token they scorn certain other volumes because they detest the way their authors write.

What we very seriously need, little children, are some literary standards, some authors who will study the great American public and write books that will fit the taste of everyone.

The Aging Landscaper

ENOUGH of this frivolousness, however. We just must learn to take our country and our century seriously. This applies especially to the Landscaper, who is not far enough away from another of those annoying pauses in existence known as birthdays to have thrown off its evil shadow. The years are many, the years are long. . . . Except that they certainly do speed up after a certain age, and there is nothing like books to make them vanish, and at the same time to make them richer as they disappear.

It is especially in the field of the novel that the lack of excitement has been felt during the dull days of the past spring and summer. Occasionally something unusual wandered in; the Landscaper is glad to have been among the first to recognize the merit of Margaret Ayer Barnes's *Years of Grace*, which is now fixed on the best-seller lists, and which will probably hold its own against the strong competition that is coming. It is a good, solid, honestly done book that will please most novel-readers. But what of the new books? Well, the shelves are full, and the quality is high. There is no reason at all why the long winter evenings should be spent with the classics or with dollarature, for a number of novels are already out, and more are to come, that really deserve reading.

A Fine New York Novel

HIGH up on the list comes Louis Bromfield's *Twenty-Four Hours* (Stokes, $2.50), published as a serial under the title of *Shattered Glass*. Mr. Bromfield, who, in the opinion of this bureau of literary information, is one of the few real novelists writing in America today, has told the story of the lives of a group of people twice around the clock, the people living in the East Fifties. The scene is contemporary New York, and the book is rich in shrewd observation, filled with the spirit of our half-mad city. It is good reading, and ought to be another fine novel that will make and keep the best-seller lists.

There are things to be criticised about the work of Mr. Bromfield, and we might as well take up one or two of them now. He is a good novelist who has no apparent sense of style, and who not infrequently gives cause for pain to the person hypersensitive, also, as to refinements in the use of language. He writes too much; in other words, he has overflowing energy. Otherwise, as others have said, he has just about everything needed for novel-writing, and with all his faults, the Landscaper would not exchange him for several hundred of the tight little technicians who turn out neat small packages of fiction that are of no earthly consequence to any one except themselves and one or two highbrow critics.

Then there is J. B. Priestley's *Angel Pavement* (Harper, $3), a great long, sprawly digressive piece of writing, about a certain section of London, about which Mr. Priestley seems to know everything. There is plenty of humor in the book, many anecdotes, good characterization, and just about everything else that makes novels worth reading. The quarrel is already on concerning the relative merits of Mr. Priestley's first novel, *The Good Companions*, and his new one, and there is a wide difference of opinion on the subject, but whatever the final decision, *Angel Pavement* is worth the money asked for it.

The Days of Edward VII

ANOTHER good novel that is less certain to please nearly every one than these two is V. Sackville West's *The Edwardians* (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50), a fictional recreation of a period, that is admirably done and filled with sharp satire upon the fast set of the time of Edward VII. Then there is a new edition of *Maurice Guest* by Henry Handel Richardson (Norton, $2.50), whose belated recognition is one of the most cheerful occurrences of recent months. This book is the first third of a trilogy that seems destined to make more stir in future histories of the novel than it did for many years among novel-readers. Already mentioned, but by now having passed the test of popular approval, is Rosamond Lehmann's second novel, *A Note in Music* (Holt, $2.50), a delicate and penetrating study of middle-aged married people, a much more mature book than Miss Lehmann's overwhelmingly popular *Dusty Answer*. These are a few of the books that will be talked about all winter. Among others are Charles Norris's *Seed* (Doubleday, Doran, $2), a novel of birth-control, which is not a good novel in any sense of the word, but which has caught on because of its subject, and *Parties*, by Carl Van Vechten (Knopf, $2.50), which is a very tiresome novel about people who get drunk and stay drunk.

Margaret Kennedy, the author of *The Constant Nymph* and *Red Sky At Dawning*, will soon have a new book, which continues the fortunes of Sanger's Circus, and which ought to be worth keeping an eye upon. Having cast one eye to the future, the Landscaper risks another to the past, and mentions again Gordon Stowell's *Button Hill* (Richard R. Smith, $2.50), which is an exceptionally fine picture of an English suburb and proof that suburbs of all countries share other qualities than mere ugliness. The Stowell book is long and detailed, but it has something to say, which makes it deserve a medal of some sort.

The Younger Americans

There are several novels by younger American writers — a few of whom have already earned their spurs, and others of whom probably will before many more years have passed — that deserve attention. Among the best of these is Edwin Granberry's *The Erl King* (Macaulay, $2.50), a singularly beautiful story laid in a section of Florida which Mr. Granberry has made his own. It is the story of a doomed son of one of the older families in the countryside, and it manages to carry out remarkably well the feeling of ballad-literature. The style is poetical, but not excessively so, and the creation of atmosphere masterly. This is hardly a novel for every reader, but it is a lovely piece of work, and shows that Mr. Granberry's other two books, *The Ancient Hunger* and *Strangers and Lovers*, were no mere accidents. He writes as well as Thornton Wilder and has a good deal more originality and inventive power.

Donald Joseph, author of *October's Child*, has done a good second novel in *Long Bondage* (Stokes, $2.50), the story of Lucy Cannerton, born to the purple in a Southern family, and waging a stern war to hold on to an early romance against all the intervening circumstances. This she manages to do. Mr. Joseph writes admirably.

We seem to have struck a Southern streak, since Mr. Granberry and Mr. Joseph are both Southern, and perhaps it is just as well to follow it a little further. Some months ago, the Landscaper commented with unrestrained enthusiasm upon a volume of short stories by Fiswoode Tarleton, and now Mr. Tarleton has produced his first novel, *Some Trust in Chariots* (Lincoln MacVeagh — the Dial Press, $2), a splendid story of Southern mountaineers, well handled and thoroughly interesting. Another Southern novel is *Gentlemen All* by William Fitzgerald, Jr. (Longmans, Green, $2), a cleverly done study of the disintegration of a Virginia aristocrat under the influence of an early disappointment and of the life around him. It is minor tragedy, because Mr. Fitzgerald's protagonist doesn't matter much, but the writing is good; it has somewhat the same texture as the work of Anne Parrish, for example.

Mrs. Millin's Africa

Among the other distinguished novels that are current is Sarah Gertrude Millin's *Adam's Rest* (Liveright, $2.50), in which Mrs. Millin returns to the theme of *God's Stepchildren*, the race problem in South Africa, for her plot. The book is principally the story of two sisters, one of whom takes life as it is, the other of whom is keenly sensitive to the tragedy of mixed blood which is before her eyes every day. There is no need to comment at any great length on Mrs. Millin's ability as a novelist, as she has long since won a high place, and *Adam's Rest*, if it is not the best of her books, is one of the best. It is, to the Landscaper's own way of thinking, a better novel than *The Fiddler*, its immediate predecessor, which was brilliant technically, but rather thin and a bit too mechanical in plot. In *Woman Under Glass*, Virginia Hersch (Harper, $2.50), whose novel based upon the life of El Greco and called *Bird of God* was commented upon here enthusiastically last year, has written the story of Santa Teresa of Avila, one of the greatest women Spain has ever produced. Miss Hersch's book is based very largely upon the mystical writings of Teresa, and lays too much emphasis upon the saintly ecstasies of her subject to have any very wide appeal. As far as it goes, it seems to the Landscaper a capable piece of work, but there is much left out — Teresa was a versatile soul, as good at writing letters to Phillip II on how to conduct his foreign affairs as she was at communicating directly with God, or straightening out a quarrel among the nuns of some of the many convents she supervised. Those who have followed the work of the interesting Dutchwoman, Jo Van Ammers-Küller, will find that she has done another brilliant novel about the stage and its people in *Jenny Heysten's Career* (Dutton, $2.50). It is in very much the same vein as *The House of Joy*.

More About America

To skip back to the American scene again before moving along from fiction to more serious matters, there is Walter D. Edmonds's *The Big Barn* (Little, Brown, $2), the successor to the *Rome Haul*, in which Mr. Edmonds established himself as an admirable hand at bringing back past periods in American history. The new book tells the story of the ambition of a potentate of the canal valleys of New York State to own the biggest barn in the country. Then there is *Wind Without Rain* by Shan Sedgwick (Scribners, $2), the tale of a garden suburb of New York and of the Wall Street offices where the money is made to keep up the homes therein, which is a good piece of realistic writing, with two astonishing stenographers in it, the truth of whose portraits anyone who knows the breed will recognize. And there is Charles Francis Coe's *The Other Half* (Cosmopolitan Press, $1.50), a novel of gangster life by a man who knows what he is talking about, and there is the novel by Irving Fineman, *This Pure Young Man*, which won a prize of $7,500 in a contest held recently by Longmans, Green, and which tells the story of the struggles of a sensitive youth against the background of the war, of business, and especially of the raising of steel-framed buildings. Most prize novels are pretty bad, and this one is hardly a world-beater, but it is considerably above the average of first attempts at fiction, and not at all uninteresting.

Short Stories

Two volumes of short stories that deserve attention are Leonard Merrick's *The Little Dog Laughed* (Dutton, $2.50), Mr. Merrick's first short stories for some years, and Stark Young's *The Street of Life* (Scribners, $2.50). Mr. Merrick's stories are excellent; his pen has not lost any of its cunning, and there is more entertainment in his book than in half a dozen ordinary novels. Mr. Young's pieces are for a smaller audience, because they are more delicate; the emphasis is upon the overtones of life. There are stories of Spain, of the countries to the south of us, and of Mr. Young's own South, of which he had written so charmingly in *Heaven Trees*, *The Torches Flare*, and *River House*, and some fragments, including a particularly fine one that concerns a farmer of Assisi. There is a good deal of the quality in some of these new pieces that is to be found in *Three Fountains*, a book of Italy by Mr. Young that is a classic of its kind. His prose is enchanting, always smooth and pleasant. There are times when the meaning of such stories as *Beatus Rex*, in the new volume, seems annoyingly difficult, but perhaps it is good for all of us to tease our brains occasionally. Mr. Young's volume is decorated with woodcuts by Ilse Bischoff.

There are considerably fewer war books around now than there were three months ago, but the market is not entirely lacking even yet, although it will be if the public interest does not pick up again. Just now two of some importance are at hand, one of them John Lewis Barkley's *No Hard Feelings* (Cosmopolitan Press, $2), which is a hard-boiled soldier's idea of what went on with the American troops in the war. It is not the first account of the kind, and will probably not be the last. It has the validity of an honest document, and it shows that many people had a good time in the war, which is a general statement — otherwise, war would have ended a long time ago. Paolo Monelli's *Toes Up* (Harcourt, Brace, $2.50) tells the tale of the Alpini, Italy's crack troops, who did most of their fighting in the Dolomites, not exactly a terrain one would choose voluntarily for anything except peaceful mountain climbing. The author is a well known Italian journalist, and has done a good job in his chronicle of men who "lived brutally and died heroically."

Books on Prohibition

PROHIBITION is another subject that may always be relied upon to provide a few books. There are three before the Landscaper just now, at least two of which look really useful. One of these is *What Rights are Left* (Macmillan, $2), which is by Henry Alan Johnston of the New York Bar, and which is a brief legal survey of the whole liquor situation. It explains what may or may not be done under existing Prohibition legislation, succinctly and conveniently. The other is *Shake 'Em Up* by Virginia Elliott and Phil D. Strong (Brewer and Warren, $1), a book of recipes for canapés and cocktails that would bring water to the mouth of old Andrew J. Volstead himself, if his palate has any sensitiveness at all. On the whole the Elliott-Strong book outranks Mr. Johnston's volume; certainly there is no need to consult the law, with speakeasies as abundant as they are in New York, and bootleggers as obliging. The rest of the title of this entertaining volume is *A Practical Handbook to Polite Drinking*. The third book on Prohibition is *Is Amendment Eighteen Treason?* a small volume by Joshua Grozier, published by the World

Press of Denver. Mr. Grozier is a distinguished member of the bar — legal — of Denver. He offers some ingenious arguments to support his thesis, but the Landscaper can not see just what he can hope to accomplish at this late date.

The lull in biographies during the past month or two has now been broken and the current lists offer the widest possible variety in this type of literature. The Landscaper's own choice of the lot is Harold Nicholson's biography of his father, *Portrait of a Diplomatist* (Houghton Mifflin, $5). The father was Sir Arthur Nicholson, First Lord Carnock, and in the British diplomatic service for a little more than forty years. He entered it the week before the Battle of Sedan and left it the week after the Battle of Jutland. The book is as much a study of the origins of the World War as it is the excellent study of a typical English diplomat, typical in education and training and in honesty and loyalty. Mr. Nicholson summarizes his opinion of the blame for the War by saying that he thinks Germany less at fault than Austria or Russia, and that the real origin of the War lay in the tremendous expansion of the British Empire between 1500 and 1900. The book is well written and thoroughly interesting. Harold Nicholson himself served for some years in the diplomatic service before giving himself up exclusively to the literary life. He is the author of *Some People*, a collection of short stories that the Landscaper has raved about so much and so often that his friends must be suspecting that he is in the pay of the Nicholson family. Once about every ten blue moons, though, a book comes along that no literate person should fail to read, and *Some People* is one of these books. It has probably had a total sale of a thousand copies since its publication two or three years ago.

A Portrait of Morgan

John K. Winkler's talents for informal biography have recently occupied themselves with J. Pierpont Morgan, the title of the book being *Morgan the Magnificent* (Vanguard Press, $3.50). This is hardly so interesting a biography as Mr. Winkler's *Rockefeller*, the reason being that there is not quite so much gossip available about the elder Morgan. Mr. Winkler does point out one interesting thing: Morgan was devoutly religious, and as earnest an Episcopalian as Rockefeller is a Baptist. The simple and childlike faith of so many of our millionaires is one of the most striking phenomena of our period; this belief in *Gott mit Uns* does not seem to touch the moral sides of their lives at all, but it strengthens them in their ruthlessness, no doubt.

The current Ludwig book — there has to be at least one current and sometimes more — is *Three Titans* (Putnam, $3.50), the life stories of Michelangelo, Rembrandt, and Beethoven. Herr Ludwig is his usual readable and journalistic self in these three sketches. He strains at a good many points to co-relate the lives of the giants, but the book is entertaining enough. Considering that his hunt for biographical subjects has already taken him so far afield as Jesus and Lincoln, it is a little surprising to find him putting three great subjects into one volume. . . .

Great Men of the East

THERE are two new books on Eastern figures, Fernand Grenard's *Baber: First of the Moguls* (McBride, $3.50), and *The Life of Mahomet*, by Emile Dermenghem (Lincoln MacVeagh-The Dial Press, $5). Grenard's book might well be read with Harold Lamb's *Genghis Khan* and *Tamerlane*, if these two fascinating volumes have been overlooked; from the three one might glean the whole story of a magnificent Oriental dynasty. Baber's story is one of the best of its chapters, an incredible tale of courage and cruelty, poverty and splendor, which the author has told very well. M. Dermenghem's volume on Mohammed is carefully documented and is the work of a real scholar. It makes every effort to be fair and to give the leader of Islam credit for all his accomplishments. In thoroughness and fairness, it forms a striking contrast to most of the attempts to set down the biography of Mohammed, who has fared especially badly, of course, at the hands of devout Christian writers.

John Palmer has written a long, comprehensive and solid biography in *Molière* (Brewer and Warren, $5). The author is an Englishman, well known as a critic. His book is not at all unreadable because of its exhaustiveness, and it will certainly take its place as a standard volume for reference. *A Lady Who Loved Herself*, by Catharine Young (Knopf, $4), tells the story of Madame Roland, a remarkable woman, who will probably never be forgotten because of her dying words, although there is evidence in plenty that she did not always think of liberty while she lived.

This month finds two lives of Jefferson Davis available, one by Miss Elisabeth Cutting, for years managing editor of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, the other by Judge Robert W. Winston, author of *Andrew Johnson: Plebeian and Patriot*, the biography of a few seasons past that aroused historians as well as readers in general by the amount of new light it shed on Johnson's career and character. Miss Cutting's volume is called *Jefferson Davis: Political Soldier* (Dodd, Mead, $5); Judge Winston's, *High Stakes and Hair Trigger: A Life of Jefferson Davis* (Holt, $3.50). Both are good books, the two best available on Davis. Miss Cutting lays considerably more emphasis upon the foreign relations of the Confederacy than does Judge Winston, whose whole effort is bent toward trying to understand and to bring to life the sort of person Davis really was. The two biographers are in agreement in saying that it was Davis's conceit and his stiffnecked attitude that caused him most of his trouble; Judge Winston, in particular, makes him seem strikingly typical of the Old South, an aristocrat with the faults and virtues of the breed. Both volumes are well illustrated, and contain full bibliographies.

The Brontë Sisters

ADD to the several good biographies of English literary figures written by Frenchmen and Frenchwomen in recent years *Three Virgins of Haworth, or The Life of the Brontë Sisters*, by Emilie and Georges Romieu (Dutton, $3). This is an excellent book, which ought not to offend any Bronteians, and which will surely give information and pleasure to the younger generation, which has not heard the story of the lives of Charlotte, Emily and Anne, one of the most curious to be found anywhere in literary history. It should serve as an excellent introduction to *Jane Eyre* and *Wuthering Heights*, both of which have been ransacked by the Romieus for their autobiographical material.

The shelf reserved for Americana is fairly creaking this month, and the section of the Landscaper's library devoted to books about this country will soon have to be extended. There are books about frontier days, and books about the last ten years; books about rangers and books about gangsters; books about cowboys and books about aviators. Douglas Branch, author of *The Hunting of the Buffalo* and *The Cowboy and His Interpreters*, has done a splendid story of the frontier in *Westward: The Romance of the American Frontier* (Appleton, $5), in which the emphasis is all upon the human elements of the story. Economic and governmental problems take second place, and the concern is with the men who were responsible for the western invasion and for its success. Mr. Branch contends, and quite rightly, that the frontier had a dignity all its own, and that it nurtured in the men who loved it two splendid things — honesty and personal liberty. Nor does he believe that the frontier, as crude as it was at times, was so cruel as the industrial conquest. It fostered, too, the qualities of self-reliance and independence, both of which tend to vanish under the present system. The frontier has had an incalculable influence upon American character and culture, and when this influence ceases, we shall probably be more law-abiding, but less men and women in most other respects. Mr. Branch's book is good reading, and is illustrated with woodcuts by Lucina Smith Wakefield.

Something About California

ON THE *Old West Coast, Being Further Reminiscences of a Ranger*, by Major Horace Bell, edited by Lanier Bartlett (Morrow, $5), is a first-hand account of early days in the West, which is of the very stuff of history. Its author was once famous as a fighter and is now well known for his knowledge of the early days of California. There are many illustrations in this interesting volume. *John Mason, Pioneer; the Life Story of a Trail Blazer on Six Frontiers*, by George D. Lyman (Scribners, $3.50), is another volume rich in historical material and filled with adventure. Mason himself was a most extraordinary character. He was graduated from Harvard in 1823, and became a school teacher, an Indian agent, a cattle baron, and eventually a hermit, although he had married a beautiful halfbreed early in his career. This is a story of California before the Forty-Niners. The author is a distinguished pediatrician in San Francisco.

John Charles Fremont: An Explanation of His Career, by Cardinal Goodwin (Stanford University Press, $4), is an attempt to "debunk" Fremont in the light of recent investigations made by the author. He is of the opinion that Allan Nevins, whose recent life of Fremont has been so widely praised, was unconsciously influenced by the fact that he had access to all the family documents, and that Mr. Nevins has been too kind to the explorer. The present book lays especial emphasis upon Fremont's part in the Bear Flag Revolt in California, the reputedly fraudulent war contracts, and the railroad scandals of the Civil War period. A book about an entirely different section of the country that has already found a good many readers is James B. Connolly's *The Book of the Gloucester Fishermen*, published by John Day at $5, and now reduced in price to $2.50, although two new chapters have been added.

Very Early Western Days

MORE about the West, but the very, very early West, is to be found in the first comprehensive and authoritative study of *The Mound Builders*, which is by Henry Clyde Shetrone (Appleton, $7.50). The author is the leading authority on the civilization and culture of the aborigines who raised mounds in so many widely separated localities, and the curator of the best museum devoted to the subject. There are 300 illustrations, and the book discusses fully all questions relating to the Mound Builders. It has been compared with McCurdy's *Human Origins*, the standard work on the pre-history of Europe.

Another volume that will interest not only students of the early history of their country but also all lovers of adventure is, Foster Rhea Dulles's *The Old China Trade* (Houghton Mifflin, $4). This is the account of the establishment of trade relations between this continent and China, the story being brought down to 1844. Mr. Dulles, as a student of international affairs, has been particularly interested in the influence of these early days upon the course of later diplomatic events, but he has not neglected the human interest element, and there are several corking stories in the volume, disregarding altogether their implications. The illustrations are well-chosen.

The book about present-day America that should be of the most interest to the future, since it presents a complete and detailed picture of the country and its people, is Preston William Slosson's *A History of America since 1914: The Great Crusade and After* (Macmillan, $5). Professor Slosson has put everything into the book from flying to flappers, popular fads, customs, slogans, and what not, and the result is a sort of hodgepodge out of which emerges something curiously like our America — painfully like our America. This is history written as Mark Sullivan has done it in his two excellent volumes. It should be noted that Professor Slosson is rather optimistic about the sweeping changes of the past sixteen years.

Literature and the Stomach

THE miscellaneous shelves do not lack their load, and bear still further evidence that the person who goes hopefully to a bookshop nowadays is not likely to come away empty-handed. The Landscaper trusts there will not be too much shock in the statement that one of the most intelligently written books he has read for some time is on the very prosaic but important subject of *Nervous Indigestion*, which is high up among America's pet diseases. The author of the volume is Walter C. Alvarez (Hoeber), a specialist in gastrointestinal aches and pains. It should help any one who has ever had indigestion, nervous or otherwise, and it is a pity most doctors can not be made to read it and to practice what it teaches. There is another field where medical science is entitled to a great deal more credit than it is for the treatment of obscure ailments, and this is the suppression of plagues. The story of this conquest is well told in *Riders of the Plagues: The Story of the Conquest of Disease*, by James A. Tobey (Scribners, $3.50), which gives a brief history of the great epidemics and tells how they were wiped out.

Quo Vadis, Say They

THIS month's book of humor is undoubtedly *Whither Whither: Or After Sex, What?*, published by Macaulay, and described as a symposium to end symposia, an aim with which the Landscaper is in full sympathy. *Whither Whither* contains a number of essays on a variety of subjects, including pieces by Corey Ford, James Thurber, E. B. White, Edmund Wilson, Kenneth Burke, Malcolm Cowley and others. There are several gentlemen in this gallery who burst right out as humorists after lifetimes of taking the world and themselves with what has appeared to be the utmost gravity.

Those readers who are seriously interested in the events leading up to the World War, will find a chance to gratify every bit of their curiosity in *The Coming of the War* by Bernadotte E. Schmidt (two volumes, Scribners, $10), a work upon which Professor Schmidt has been engaged for years. In point of time, it covers only the period between the assassination of the Archduke Ferdinand at Sarajevo and the actual outbreak of hostilities. Professor Schmidt has had access to the Austro-Hungarian documents published in December, 1929, and has also made a fresh study of the American diplomatic correspondence of the period. He puts the principal blame for the War on the Central Powers.

For those who are particularly interested in the period covered by Miss Sackville West in *The Edwardians*, the Landscaper has two more books to suggest; the first, R. D. Blumenthal's *In the Days of Bicycles and Bustles*, 1883–1914 (Brewer and Warren, $3.50), the diary of an American who has for many years held a high position in the English world of journalism. The period covered is from the Golden Jubilee of Queen Victoria to the outbreak of the World War, and the book is filled with good gossip, and with personalities. The other volume referred to is *King Edward and His Court*, by Sir Lionel Cust, K.C.V.O. (Dutton), which is an intimate record of Edward's reign. The author was a close friend of the King, so close indeed, that the jacketeer writes that on occasions the Monarch received his subject in his dressing room! Informality can surely go no further. Jesting aside, the book is of considerable interest, and not merely one of those tediously polite English memoirs

The Reader's Turn

A Department of Comment and Controversy

Canada and Liquor

By A. Stevenson

Your contributor, Phelps H. Adams, in his article entitled *Right Off the Boat*, makes the charge that "For six years the United States Government tried to persuade the Canadian officials to refuse to issue papers to those vessels, bound for the United States, which carried contraband, and for six years the Canadian Government declined to do so."

Now, while this statement is true, it is not the whole truth, and so the writer, I suppose unwittingly, does a great injustice to the Canadian Government and the Canadian people. For, though the statement may not, perhaps, be justly considered a case of *suppressio veri* and *suggestio falsi*, the effect is the same as if it were so, and therefore, in the interest of friendly feeling between the two peoples, something more needs to be said to clear up the matter.

Your readers should note that ever since the American prohibitory law was passed, a great and increasing number of the Canadian people objected to any action or inaction on the part of their Government which would favor the exportation of liquor to the United States. They judged that to tolerate the traffic might justly be considered an unfriendly act by the American people. But their opposition weakened rapidly when they discovered that the smugglers were mostly American subjects and that many American officials along the Detroit River, whose duty it was to prevent the smuggling of liquors into their country, were so perfunctory in the discharge of that duty that the whole business became a downright farce. This went on for years, and so Canadians came to believe that this comic opera performance must have had the direct or tacit approval of the American authorities higher up. Therefore the Canadian Government did not feel under any strong compulsion to aid American officials in carrying out a law which they themselves did not make any serious effort to enforce. But just as soon as the American Government really set to work to enforce its own law, the Canadian Government responded with direct action and stopped the export trade at once and effectively.

Your contributor knew of the failure of proper enforcement on the part of your officials and the reason therefor, for he says that "hundreds of thousands of dollars had been paid in graft to Government agents." He should, therefore, have considered the whole matter from this point of view, and, if he had done so, he probably would not have censured the Canadian Government as strongly as he did.

Reply from the Race Tracks

I have just finished *The Sport of Kings* in the September issue of The North American Review, and being a price-maker for the books, I can hardly enthuse over the "panning" Mr. Wilkinson has given them. He has not considered the expense of from one to two hundred a day for clerks, badges and transportation, nor the twenty per cent of bad markers this "no cash" system entails. The "line" is sent out from seven to twenty-five per cent strong according to size of field, the latter figure being for two-year-old maiden races with eighteen to thirty starters. The very first rush will result in a loss of half of this percentage. If, for example, the favorite is played down from evens to seven to ten, the operator will average at four to five and lose five per cent of opening total, and then must lose an additional five per cent in raising the balance of the line. His chief trouble is yet to come, when he discovers that his second or third choice, representing from fifteen to thirty per cent, is not wanted at any price; in other words, that his (the horse's) people "do not like him." Is the public going to fall in on this "cooler"? Not by a jug full!

Mr. Wilkinson need waste no sympathy on the present-day New York track horse player. This worthy person carefully "dopes" the races before coming to the track, then stands round his favorite bookie, patiently waiting to see what action will come on. His first care is to learn the live ones. If his choice is among them, well and good; if not, he forgets all about his selection for that race, and "strings along" with the wise money. The first protection the race-tracks should give their betting patrons, would be to install an announcement board on which the "slicker" trainers would be made to express their intentions, with such notices as "Starting my horse today for education" or "Instructing my rider not to punish his mount," etc. Just consider what a help it would be if the public, the oralists, and the price-maker were "hep" to the fact that only four of the thirty two-year-old maidens about to run down the Widener chute, had designs on the purse!

Mr. Wilkinson's praise of the *pari-mutuels* is strictly a matter of personal choice. Certainly, no race-track, operating on this system, that does not include a totalizer in its equipment, is run on strictly legitimate lines. In France, and of late years in England as well, the totalizer is placed in plain view of everyone, and locked when the horses reach the post. No shifts are then possible, and the bettor can figure his own pay-off. Here, in the United States, some bright genius invented the certificate system. The player steps up and buys a ticket of which no record of any kind appears. Sales are continued until the horses are almost finishing; then, a record of straight, place and third sales at the different windows is jotted down on a large sheet, and taken to a private room for addition, subtraction, or division as the manager and selected calculators desire. The straight money is usually fairly honestly distributed, but the holders of place and third certificates are left trusting to luck. This system is now in general operation at practically all the *mutuel* plants in America, and what is being done to the public would make the New York bookmaker look like a philanthropist.

I wonder if Mr. Wilkinson knows that wherever the *mutuels* came in competition with the books they were forced to discontinue for lack of patronage; which happened at Jerome Park in 1883, in Baltimore (Pimlico) in the 'Nineties, and at New Orleans ten years later.

And here we might introduce the pool rooms and hand-books, and remark that the *mutuels* created ninety per cent of them. If Mr. Wilkinson will inquire from any track information company, he will learn that less than ten per cent of the pool rooms throughout the country handle the New York races, because the late scratches, jockeys and general information make it impossible to do so in a satisfactory way, and the added starters put them out of business entirely. The *mutuel* plants, however, send out the whole line-up — scratches, jockeys, etc. — as early as ten A.M. and you can step up to a hand-book in San Francisco, and get the whole story a half hour later. The special delight of these operators (hand-books) is that they have the whole field (bar winner) running for them. If the field wins (whether it consists of two or twenty horses), do you collect at the rate the field pays in the machines? You do not, unless you have picked the horse that was first past. The other two or more, go for the house.

Breakage was thought out as a scheme to keep the odd pennies due the holders of winning tickets. It served the double purpose of using fewer cashiers and of keeping as much of the winners' money as possible. If the winner should receive a dollar fifty-four for his two dollar ticket, he would be paid three fifty, because it was inconvenient to pay him four cents. So far, so good. But if the player had a thousand dollars on the horse, he was entitled to seven hundred and seventy dollars. No question of pennies here, but a whole twenty dollar bill was withheld from his just due, because the *mutuels* could not pay the two dollar bettor the odd four cents. Is that necessity or expediency? All that was needed to correct this injustice was to figure the pool from one hundred dollars down, instead of from one dollar up. Does Mr. Wilkinson see the joke? No, Mr. Wilkinson, New York State will never have *mutuel* betting. The constitution of the State would have to be changed, the people would have to vote "yes" to such a change, and the Supreme Court would declare such a law unconstitutional, as it has done in Florida and Nebraska, and wherever Supreme Courts have passed on a law that is clearly in violation of the lottery laws of the United States.

A. J. G.

* * *

A Captious Critic

IN THE face of existing conditions, with self-respecting young people walking the streets, and in some cases begging meals from their friends who have nothing but their daily wages, and the fear of being in the same boat any minute, the article of John Pell seems little short of wicked. Apparently neither he nor you, Mr. Editor, have ever heard of an organization known as the Standard Oil Company, No. 26 Broadway, New York City. But if you and he want to find out just exactly how bad business is, that is a good place to go. Any paper of such pretentiousness that ignores entirely an industry like oil is not worth the ink to print it. A. C. C.

Res

North American Review

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The North American Review

ONE-HUNDRED-SIXTEENTH YEAR

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The Compleat SHOPPER

While winter winds whistle by, reminding us of long lists of Christmas gifts yet to be chosen, The North American Review offers a new service to its readers. Dorothy Bradshaw has selected a group of interesting articles from the New York shops as holiday suggestions. Should you be unable to come to the city, she will gladly secure these or other articles you may desire upon receipt of a check. Prices quoted are postpaid. Address your gift problems, care of The North American Review, No. 9 East Thirty-seventh Street, to:

Dorothy Bradshaw

* * *

In the days of Good Queen Bess, a gentleman carried his own spoon wherever he dined and, since it served as a knife too, it was strong and sharply edged. Crichton has reproductions of a favorite Elizabethan pattern, the Apostle spoons, each with a small gilt figure of one of the Twelve or of the Master on the handle. Hammered out by hand in the Sixteenth Century manner, these pieces make handsome soup or serving spoons. A set of thirteen original spoons sold recently for a fabulous sum but these reproductions are $15.00 each. Be sure to mention your favorite Apostle when ordering.

* * *

A hand-wrought kettle of dull, warm copper or a shining bowl of brass will add an interesting note to any decorative scheme. The Russian Brass Antique Shop shows such a wealth of unusual old pieces and authentic reproductions in brass and copper that one longs to return to the Age of Metal. From Damascus are gathered bowls of that rich tone found only in Syrian copper, somewhat misshapen from a century or two of use. Trays of the same workmanship bear Biblical stories in engraving of strange intricacy. The prices are surprisingly low; a hand-hammered tea or coffee set including tray, pot, creamer and sugar bowl, in brass or copper, pewter-lined, is $5.50. You will want a catalogue.

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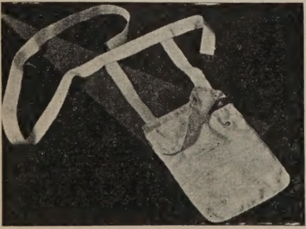

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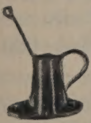

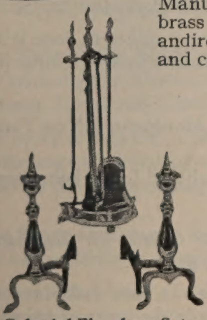

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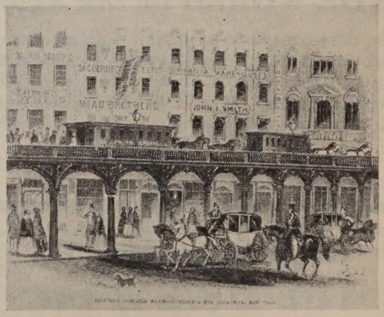

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The Æneid of Vergil. Translated by *Harlan Hoge Ballard.* New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.00.

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Sergeant Giggles. By *George Mitchell.* Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. $2.00.

An amusing story with illustrations which will appeal to small children.

The Jolly Tinker and other Tales. By *Leonard S. Hill.* Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. $2.00.

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The Book of Animal Tales. By *Stephen Southwold.* New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company $2.50.

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Hahtibee, The Elephant. By *Charles E. Slaughter.* New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.00.

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New German Fairy Tales. By *Norbert Lebermann.* New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.00.

The modern inventions and usages are taken as material to make up imaginative stories for children.

Wonder Tales from Goblin Hills. By *Frances Jenkins Olcott.* New York: Longmans, Green and Company. $2.00.

A very instructive and stimulating résumé of German folk tales for young people, including a tiny history of the Deutsches Reich.

More To And Again. By *Walter R. Brooks.* New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.00.

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Something Perfectly Silly. By *Marni and Harrie Wood.* New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

Full-page pictures and rhymes to suit the very little folks.

The Nutcracker of Nuremberg. By *Alexandre Dumas, père.* New York: Robert M. McBride and Company. $2.50.

This is a very creditable reprinting of classic work for children; Grace Gingras has done the translation, and Else Hasselriis, the illustration by silhouette.

The Heroes. By *Charles Kingsley.* New York: Robert M. McBride and Company.

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Tales of a Grandmother. By *George Sand.* Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. $2.50.

These fascinating tales, told by George Sand to her grandchildren, are translated into English by Margaret Bloom for the delight of American children.

The Tale of the Warrior Lord. (*El Cantar de lio Cid*). Translated by Merriam Sherwood. New York: Longmans, Green and Company. $2.50.

The story of The Cid, Campeador of Spain, is the rightful heritage of all red-blooded boys and girls, who today emulate the deeds of long ago.

The Story of Roland. By *James Baldwin.* New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

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The Financial Outlook

BY ALAN H. TEMPLE

Sub-Cellars

ONE of the leading market analysts says that business, after seeming to move peacefully along bottom during the summer, suddenly dropped into the sub-cellar. It is to be hoped that the parallel will not have to be carried farther, for in modern buildings there are likely to be three or four sub-cellars; and they do not stop at bedrock, but are sometimes cut into it. Such implications are unduly pessimistic, however; the figure is an apt one to describe the disappointment of those who, largely because they attributed too much stimulating power to easy money, expected a genuine business upturn this autumn. Such recovery as has occurred has been limited, scattered and mostly seasonal, and the markets in their disappointment have crashed again — stocks to even lower levels than they reached in November, 1929.

In all probability the October selling of stocks represented the abandonment of deferred hopes, the final liquidation of the New Era of 1929. Probably everyone knows instances where those who carried stocks through the collapse a year ago, or who bought them subsequently, were so discouraged by the failure of business to recover in the autumn that they sold their holdings and stood aside while the distressed selling touched off by the liquidation ran its course. During the past year a double readjustment has been taking place in stock; one is the downward revision of ideas as to what the ratio of prices to earnings should be, and the other is the decline in the earnings upon which that ratio is based. Both the multiplicand and the multiplier are cut down, and the shrinkage, of course, is drastic.

In the facts as they have developed two denials of New Era theories appear. The belief that business depressions of serious extent and duration had been made impossible is demonstrated untenable; and its correlated assumption, that common stocks were worth a higher price in terms of earnings than old investment principles had believed, falls with it. Along with these collapses the contention, illustrated in the markets themselves for a long time past, that good common stocks are entitled to sell upon a lower yield basis than bonds. Except in the market breaks during November, 1929, and last June, stocks (taking an average of industrial, rail and utility issues) up to this fall had yielded less than bonds for nearly three years. Now the shoe is on the other foot.

It is important to dig out the constructive forces that are in operation beneath the wreckage of liquidation. Prophecies of business upturn in September or October were disappointed, but it is the most obvious of generalizations to say that liquidation is now that much nearer complete, the absorption of supplies of consumable merchandise that much farther along, and the day when the markets will demand an enlarged production of goods that much nearer. And when business turns up stock prices will turn up with it; upturns in earnings will bring upturns in values in any era, old or new.

Belief that the stock market is a business barometer may persist in places; it is true only to a negligible degree. The stock market is essentially a thermometer, not a barometer; when normal, it moves with business, not ahead of it. The fall break indicated not worse business to come, but disappointing business at hand, and no more.

In this article a month or two ago I expressed the belief that the New Era of poverty and depression was just as much a delusion, an emotion rather than a reality, and based as greatly upon unsound economic premises, as the New Era which came to an end a year ago. There is no reason whatever for altering that conclusion. The deeper business goes in the cycle the more surely will it climb out of it, and the higher it will climb when it gets out. The ultimate consumption of goods by the American people as a whole is much more constant in quantity than is generally realized; retail trade as a whole is the most stable part of trade, varying less than wholesale distribution, which in turn varies less than primary production. And final consumption varies even less than retail distribution; by and large, people eat the same quantities of food and wear the same amount of clothes one year as the next; they also burn up proportionately the same volume of gasoline, as the record consumption that has been reached in this year of depression testifies. Therefore a sharp decline in primary production inevitably is accompanied by a reduction in stocks of goods from the manufacturer to the consumer, and when this process goes far enough it must be automatically reversed.

To put it in other terms, what the United States is in is a business cycle, nothing more nor less. Its duration can not be predicted precisely from the past, but its eventual upturn is none the less certain. The average duration of business cycles, from crest to crest, is something over three years; the bottom of the last depression was at the end of 1927, which would bring the bottom of this one sometime after the first of next year. But such averages mean little; the variations have been great. Not since 1878, however, have we experienced a period of depression lasting two years, and few have lasted eighteen months; the present recession began in the late summer of 1929.

In the average duration of cycles the long-time trend of commodity prices is an important factor. The ratio of prosperity to depression is smaller when the trend is downward. Some economists believe this year's downward trend will continue another twenty years; even if that should be true it would not alter the inevitability of cyclical recovery. It is worth repeating what has been said before, that it is simply fantastic to assume that a drop of 45 per cent in wholesale prices of certain staple raw materials in a year is a long-time fluctuation, to more than a limited extent; it can be stated dogmatically that it is essentially a short-term movement from which recovery will

By Way of Introduction

S. STANWOOD MENKEN (*The Russian Dilemma*) is a New York lawyer of prominence, organizer and head of the National Security League, who has recently returned from a tour of Europe.

DOROTHY BLACK (*The Lone Ace*), an English woman, has spent all her married life in the East. She loves the smell of the jungle and the exotic flowers.

NORAH WELLESBY (*The Story of Gideon Nathan*) is the *nom de plume* of a woman who has written for many of the first class magazines published in New York City.

ARTHUR DEWING (*Limiting Skyscrapers*) was formerly an assistant editor of *The Encyclopædia Britannica.* He is now an instructor of English at Dartmouth College.

GARDNER L. HARDING (*Selling South America*), now Assistant Secretary of the National Foreign Trade Council, was for some years a newspaperman on Fleet Street, and is familiar with life in China, Russia, Haiti, South America and Europe.

LORIMER HAMMOND (*Guns and Standardization*) was an American correspondent representing *The Chicago Tribune* all during the war; married a Russian princess and has just returned from that country.

HERBERT C. PELL (*The Wet Movement Today*) is a former Democratic Congressman from New York City.

FRANCIS W. HIRST (*Birkenhead*), a distinguished Liberal, former editor of *The London Economist*, the biographer of John Morley, and an international authority on finance.

A. G. WEST (*Rival Wings Over Europe*) is a writer who in publishing many articles on aviation has come in close association with high Army and Navy officials.

SYDNEY R. MCLEAN (*Stephen Is Fourteen*) is a Philadelphian, graduate of Mount Holyoke, who is at present travelling abroad.

PAUL V. COLLINS (*Alien vs. Free Born*) is a newspaperman who saw extensive Overseas Service and has been at the head of his own newspaper syndicate in Washington.

Other writers in this issue have previously been represented in our pages.

not be delayed more than the time necessary for supply and demand to get things in order again.

Short Selling

THE agitation against short selling, both of stocks and of commodities, that has reached such proportions this fall is probably a sign of the approaching end of the bear market, for such agitation invariably develops not at the top of the rise but at the bottom of the decline. Although one of the arguments in its defense asserts the contrary, short selling is always more active at the bottom than at the top; the argument is that a function of short selling is to add to the supply of a given stock or commodity when the price gets too high, while the subsequent covering adds to the demand when it gets too low, and that the practice of short selling, therefore, tends to limit fluctuations and to stabilize the market.

In stocks at least, and probably in commodities also, it is very doubtful whether this assumption is correct. The bull speculator proverbially buys at the top and sells at the bottom. Fewer proverbs on bear trading have been originated, because it is so much less general; but the bear is probably not exempt from the mistakes which his bull brother makes.

In November, 1929, the Stock Exchange issued a questionnaire to determine the amount of short selling on members' books. It turned out to be only 1/8 of 1 per cent of the listed stocks. No comparable facts are available for October of this year, when the agitation against short selling was at its strongest, but undoubtedly the short interest was much heavier, though probably never as large as the headlines implied.

If short selling does not limit economic fluctuations nor tend to stabilize the market, what service does it perform that justifies toleration of it? The answer is that it is precisely as desirable and essential a part of a free and open market as unlimited marginal speculative buying. They are reverse sides of the same coin. If the United States needs a free and open capital market, elimination of either would handicap national development. No one denies that such a market is a valuable economic machine, and the periodical assault on short selling which is set going in every depression ought not to obscure that fact. Short selling can doubtless depress prices below their intrinsic value. But short selling never reaches nor even closely approaches the volume that public speculation on the bull side does, and it is inconceivable that "bear raiding" or manipulation, whatever its extent this fall, can have such harmful social consequences as "bull booming" and manipulation did last fall.

This statement is not to be understood as condoning the sort of sharp-shooting which, after the short position is taken, circulates false and malicious rumors concerning individuals and corporations in order to profit by forced liquidation. That practice is subject to criminal prosecution and can be dealt with under the law, although the circulation of equally false and damaging bullish rumors is acquiesced in both by society and by the law, and through a strange misuse of the word bull manipulation is often termed "constructive."

Investors who govern themselves by true investment principles, and who protect themselves as far as may be foreseen against necessitous liquidation, can be hurt only temporarily by short selling. It can not damage stock in a strong box, and in the long run, since every short sale must be followed by a purchase, it can put down only those stocks which were bound to go down for better reasons.

In a bear market short selling of commodities comes under the fire of producers, while in a bull market speculation for the rise is attacked by consumers. Congress will be flooded with legislation aimed at short selling during the forthcoming session. But the economic service performed by commodity exchanges, which provide a price insurance to producers, distributors, and consumers, is so well established that they are not likely to be interfered with except by a further extension of measures already in force for controlling manipulation, either bullish or bearish. Commodity prices are merely registered, not controlled, by trading on the exchanges. They are made by the interplay of supply and demand all over the world; and virtually all the necessary information affecting them is public property and open to anyone who wishes to spend the time and money to obtain it. It is just as legitimate and economically wise for such persons to sell in advance of purchasing as to purchase in advance of selling.

Foreign Bonds Decline

Apart from the stock market, the most sensational incident of the fall was the panicky decline in foreign bonds which, coinciding with the break in stocks, temporarily reversed the trend of domestic bond prices and carried them down with it. During the summer and early fall bloodless revolutions occurred in Bolivia, Peru and Argentina, civil war broke out in Brazil, and a partial Fascist victory in German elections aroused fears of a nationalist upheaval which might culminate in international difficulties in Europe. South American issues lost from 10 to 35 points, the greatest declines occurring in Brazilian bonds, and German and Central European issues 5 to 10 points. Countries still at peace in South America were not exempt; certain Chilean and Colombian issues dropped between 15 and 20 points.

From the standpoint of the investor, it is not inaccurate to say that the value of a bond can be but one of two figures. If its interest and principal are not to be paid its investment value is zero; if interest and principal are secure, its value is a full price based upon the going rate for money. Fluctuations between these two extremes represent nothing but the degree of certainty as to the safety of repayment. As certainty and uncertainty are essentially mental states, influenced by feeling as well as by fact, it follows that bond prices are sometimes played upon by mob psychology as much as stocks, in which wider fluctuations in price, varying with the earnings in which the stockholder is to participate, are logically to be expected. This occasional susceptibility to temperamental swings is especially true of foreign bonds, since American investors are relatively inexperienced in them and generally unfamiliar with all the factors involved in determining their worth.

That these breaks were to a considerable extent hysterical is shown by the fact that

(*Continued on page XX*)

STATEMENT

OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912

OF

The North American Review

PUBLISHED MONTHLY
AT CONCORD, NEW HAMPSHIRE
for OCTOBER 1st, 1930

State of New York } ss.
County of New York }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Ernest Fisher, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of The North American Review, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, The North American Review Corporation, 9 East 37th St., New York City; Editor, Walter Butler Mahony, 9 East 37th St., New York City; Managing Editor, John Pell, 9 East 37th St., New York City; Business Manager, Ernest Fisher, 9 East 37th St., New York City.

2. That the owners are: The North American Review Corporation, 9 East 37th St., New York City; Walter Butler Mahony, 9 East 37th St., New York City.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

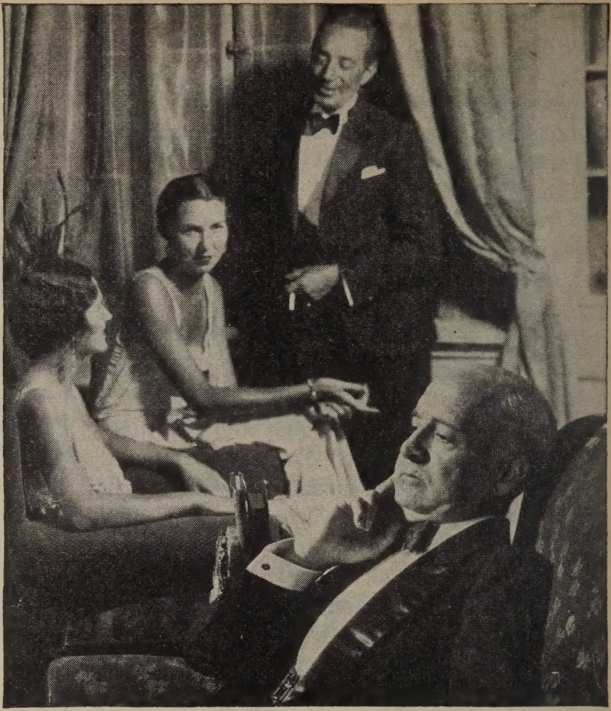
The North American Review Corporation,
By Ernest Fisher,
Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 23rd day of September, 1930.

Dorothy Crowne,
Notary Public.

[seal] (My commission expires Mar. 30, 1932.)

Is He a **Drawing Room Sphinx** ?



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Conversation is a lost art with many a successful business man, unless the talk turns to business. No wonder many a wife becomes discontented when she reflects that her husband is obsessed with business and cannot think or talk of anything else.

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The North American Review

VOLUME 230 DECEMBER, 1930 NUMBER 6

Apéritif

Elegy

"OH, ME! Oh, my! Alackaday!" Emma was murmuring to herself. It distressed us to see our usually placid whale upset and we inquired what ailed her.

"Just politics, is all," she said sadly. "I'm afraid they've lost their old verve. No one fights about them any more, either in the game or out, and that was the only thing that ever made them interesting."

"Why, Emma, what brought this on?" we asked, amazed. "You've never worried about politics before. We thought you didn't like them."

"It's this Patterson-Longworth affair," she replied with a deprecating flip of her tail, which destroyed a six-inch wall. "When Eleanor Patterson came out with her first editorial in *The Washington Herald* I thought to myself: 'Well, here we are at last — a good old-fashioned feud. With Hearst behind her, Mrs. Patterson will knock the stuffing out of Alice Longworth in print, and Alice will come right back and cut Eleanor dead on the street. Oh, we'll have a grand time.'

"And then what happened? Eleanor — or Elsie Schlesinger, or Countess Gyzicka, or whatever you like: she's got more names than that new English princess — wrote in her first editorial that Alice, who is supposed to have so much political power, really hasn't any at all and can't do anything more damaging or helpful than pose for photographs. That should have made Alice mad and started something, but it didn't. No, sir. She just ignored it.

"So Eleanor tried again — harder this time. She wrote an editorial saying that Senator Borah had promised to vote against seating Ruth Hanna McCormick in the Senate on account of her huge campaign expenses — providing they both got elected. And then charged that Alice, who is a great friend of both Ruth and Senator Borah, would use her friendship to make peace between them. This was a little funny, because they tell me Eleanor once tried pretty hard to make friends with Senator Borah herself, and got beaten out by Alice Longworth.

"But the main thing is that Alice still refused to get mad. She laughed heartily, in fact, when she saw the

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editorial, and proceeded to send it on to Borah — and he laughed, too. Now where's the fun in that?

"I tell you, politicians have got to take their business more seriously! Otherwise, what will we do for amusement, with the movies so dull, and all?"

❧

Fearing that tales of Senator Morrow's absent-mindedness may precipitate a new flood of jokes on bemused men of letters, we set down our notion of the unapproachably superlative instance of this quaint phenomenon — hoping, thereby, to avert the catastrophe:

A lady we know went up to a mirror and with leisurely gestures put on her hat. The operation concluded, she smiled at her reflection, bowed and said, "Thank you." Then turned and walked gratefully away.

❧

Brains vs. College

LIKE many another ingrained pessimist, we have always regarded colleges with a cold and fishy eye, wondered whence came the notion that horse sense and a balanced mind could result from proximity with so weird an institution. But this year a glance, unintentional and haphazard, at some activities of the better known universities in the East has astounded us by revealing that students and authorities actually can and do possess a degree of sanity and intelligence — not always, we confess, but once in a while, anyway.

For instance, Harvard rejected a benevolent offer of one Rudy Vallee to make famous with his singing that recondite old chant, *Fair Harvard*. And similarly restrained itself from taking advantage of Charles (Buddy) Rogers's generous proposal to lead its band at a football game.

Then, seven Princeton seniors have admitted that plays they saw in New York had a deleterious effect on their morals. In other words, they have admitted their possession of morals, and damageable ones at that. They do not think that college students are either wholly bad or wholly superior to influences other than of their own peculiar *mores*.

And to round out our thesis with the third of the old Big Three, this year's matriculation address by the chaplain at Yale included an exhortation to the students to strive for humility, which he evidently recognized as an attribute lacking from the character of the average graduate. Being so different, it recalled to our minds the famous advice of a Boston professor last year "to be a snob: marry the boss's daughter." And in some vague way the comparative worth of the two counsels seemed indicated by news of a gentleman in London who was drowned trying to save the life of his employer's daughter.

But then, alas, there is also *The Harvard Crimson*, which criticized the American Legion for countenancing drunkenness at its convention in Boston, thereby casting, as it were, the first stone.

❧

Woman's Instinct

LADY ASTOR said recently: "I feel that it is not enough that women should know only what men know, because the wisdom of men smacks too much of the wisdom of this world. If some method of education could be evolved in which men could be taught what women know by instinct, we'd have peace on earth and good will toward men."

We showed this to Emma, and she said something indistinct about women's good will toward men, but refused to repeat it so that we could hear. She looked bland.

Our private opinion is that the wisdom of men smacks too little of the wisdom of this world, or any other world, for that matter. And our utterly secret opinion is that if men could be taught what women know by instinct, there would be no education, for the reason that there would be no marriages and no children to be educated — or anyhow, not very many children.

Wisdom

WHICH brings us to the subject of Louisiana's new Secretary of State, Miss Alice Lee Grosjean. She is twenty-four, has been Huey Long's secretary since 1925, and her quoted words on receiving the new office were as follows: "I never dreamed I would ever be a State official. Of course I am thrilled. The first thing I did when the Governor told me was to call my father and mother at Shreveport and tell them." It is also reported that she thought it would give her time to go to dances, play some golf and tennis, take a vacation. And she did not think that woman's place is in politics.

We might wonder — if no one objected — whether Miss Grosjean, during her five years in the Honorable Mr. Long's employ, taught him any of that knowledge by instinct she undoubtedly possessed; and if she did, what effect it has had in Baton Rouge on peace and good will toward men. And, whether anyone objects or not, we are having a long, hard wonder about the wisdom of men, the wisdom of women and the wisdom of this world.

* * *

We hear that H. G. Wells is once again objecting to the way history is taught children in schools, and it reminds us of an old story about a professor in a college near Philadelphia. He had the run, naturally, of the college library and could take out books when he pleased without notifying the librarian, so when the *Outline of History* was missed from its accustomed shelf for some weeks, that official asked him if he knew where it was. Snorting with indignation, he turned on his heel and snarled from the doorway: "Look on the fiction shelf."

Whiskers Over All

A YOUNG man has been mentioned lately who came to New York in 1816 with the first mustache seen in that up and coming hamlet. It was not successful, and, in fact, this kind of adornment failed to take hold until the time when the Century and Union clubs came into being — though, so far as we know, the connection was merely chronological.

There would be no reason for bringing this incident up here, except that several months ago predictions were heard spoken that whiskers would again come into vogue. And, according to prognostications, the time of fulfilment should be upon us now. Yet where are the lovely setose thatches, the sideburns, goatees, handlebars and crenelated shags? Not here, certainly. But why?

This seemed a question worthy of our Special Suspectors, so we put it up to them, told them to find out why no one loves a beard any more. They set out to snoop and ask questions and mosey around generally in their own way, and in time brought in answers, which we here set down.

"It's not safe to smoke cigarettes with a beard," said one.

"People think you can't afford neckties," said another.

"House of David ran the idea into the ground," said a third.

"Bad riding in automobiles," said a fourth, laconically. "Wind whistling through whiskers makes noise and wakes up sleeping cops."

"No room in modern apartments."

"Can't get your face sunburned."

"No one trusts a bearded man; can't see what he looks like."

"Too many bearded women; no fun any more."

"Razor blade business propaganda."

"No more mustache cups; can't drink coffee."

"Can't swim; fish grab hold."

"No beer, no beards."

They went on like this for a long while, hundreds of reasons. But somehow we failed to be convinced. Secretly we admired beards and the men who dared to wear them, and thought there must be many others who felt the same way but were held back themselves by some mysterious cause which no one understood. We ruminated. Could it be this? Could it be that? No, we were afraid not. Then it struck us, suddenly, forcefully and indisputably.

It is man's only way of protesting woman's nudity. Can he shorten his trousers, lower his collar? He can not. All he can do is keep on showing his bare unlovely face.

* * *

Our Bit for the Jobless

INCIDENTALLY, these Special Suspectors are a new idea of ours. So much goes on nowadays that is suspicious that we got a headache trying to unravel all the plots, and decided to get a corps of retired detectives, bootleggers, gangsters and one thing and another, to do the work for us. They do it very well, too. Already the Life Extension Institute has been caught in a diabolical plan to stir up discontent and aid the Communists.

One of our men brought in an advertisement of theirs telling people how to keep healthy. It said to wear light, porous clothing; seek out-of-door occupations and recreations; avoid overeating and overweight; and work, play, rest and sleep in moderation. This must have seemed bitter irony to the unemployed, who follow such advice without ever having to read it, but when they came to the last rule of health, which said, "Keep serene and whole-hearted," they must have seen red.

The Dwindling Dynasties

By John T. Flynn

Some months ago a little wraith of a woman of eighty-seven dissolved into immortality at Quogue, Long Isand, and passed on to her ineffectual ghost of a sister a hundred million dollars. This bolus of wealth had been accumulating since the days of John Jacob Astor. Here was a fortune grasped in the fingers of the Dead Hand; millions in New York City real estate, ripening and spreading in accordance with a plan laid down by old John Wendell, the founder of the fortune.

More than one red or salmon-colored iconoclast selected the incident as a text to illustrate the relentless march of the dollars into the hands of the House of Have out of the loose fingers of the House of Want. It revealed, they feared, that more sinister force which can breed dynasties even in a democracy.

The bizarre story of this Wendell fortune includes all the weaknesses as well as the strength of this threadbare argument. First of all, this fortune, called so ancient, is after all not so very old, even though it is as old as the most antique of our money bags. John Wendell was a partner of John Jacob Astor. Like Astor, he put all his money into acres on which have grown up since the skyscrapers and hotels and theatres of mid-town New York.

When he died he left his fortune to his son and his six spinster daughters, but in the son's name. He forbade them to marry, lest marriage split up the estate. He forbade them to sell or to lease land for long terms.

The family lived in a faded mansion on Fifth Avenue. Around it grew the city and the civilization that magic city typifies. That growth never touched the Wendells, though it did swell enormously the value of their land. The dust gathered thick over the surface of their creaking dynasty, while the tyrant brother and the weird sisters sank one by one into deeper levels of the dust and became dust themselves, until but a single sister remains. The vast fortune, now a hundred million dollars, which has floated down this sterile river finds itself at the end of its fruitless journey. For the surviving Wendell has made her will, leaving all the money to more than thirty churches and other institutions. She will die; the great fortune will fall apart, and thus will end old John Wendell's crazy idea of a celibate dynasty. And at the end of just two generations.

Occasional social philosophers like to shudder at the way in which money forms into family pools and then gets entailed from one generation to another. Yet few of our fortunes are more than a single generation old, fewer still can boast of two generations and the three and four-generation money dynasties can be counted on the fingers of our hands.

EVEN the Astors — one of our oldest fortunes — is older than the Wendell family merely when expressed in terms of generations, but not in actual years. Five generations lead back to John Jacob, the founder, who died in 1848 leaving an estate of $25,000,000. The old fur trader, having developed delusions of dynastic grandeur, left the bulk of his fortune to his son. When the son died in 1890 there were a hundred millions to divide. They went to two sons — $50,000,000 each. The fortune grew amazingly in their hands. One of these sons left $150,000,000 at his death. The other bequeathed $75,000,000. It was all in New York land. The city grew and with it the Astor fortune, without the owners' turning a finger. The $150,000,000 went to William Waldorf Astor. And this fortune he took to England when he put off the corruptible of American citizenship and put on the incorruptible of a British peerage at the customary rates. His brother, John Jacob, remained in our midst. Both these gentlemen have died, leaving their millions to the fifth generation.

The bulk of the Astor fortune remains in America in the hands of William Vincent — better known as Vincent. It is estimated at $87,000,000. There are some collateral branches with stray millions here and there, but, large as it is, the fortune left in America is much smaller than it was twenty years ago, when it was nearly $250,000,000. The Astor fortune has shown the greatest endurance, yet it wanes a little. There was a time when Mrs. William Astor, with the aid of her elegant Prime Minister, Ward McAllister, ruled New York society with an iron hand, and when the size of New York's fresh-hatched nobility was limited to four hundred by the capacity of Mrs. Astor's ball room.

IT IS too much to say that a fortune of so many millions reveals the work of disintegration. It is not too much to say, however, that this Astor fortune has apparently passed its peak. Its increment must proceed from some other source than the creative energy within the family. The force of the acquisitive influence is spent. This is more apparent in that other great dynastic fortune of the Vanderbilts. The founder of that house has been dead about fifty years. When the old Staten Island boatman, who was the "Commodore" of a fleet of ferries, passed on, he left a hundred millions. Ninety millions went to his son William H., and within five years that picturesque and thrifty autocrat could sit in his Fifth Avenue mansion, stroke his Dundreary whiskers, and boast that he was the richest man in the world. He proved it two years later by dying and leaving $200,000,000 to his family. Eight children subject a fortune to enfeebling division. But his sons, Cornelius and William K., got $50,000,000 each.

Now for the moth and the rust. The fortune of Cornelius was divided among his children, but Alfred got the bulk — $80,000,000. When he died it had shrunk to

$35,000,000. It was split; $5,000,000 to his son William H., $8,000,000 to the widow and the balance to two sons of the second wife. William K. left $100,000,000 to his two children, William Harold and Consuelo. And the latter withdrew her fortune to a ducal dynasty in England. These are still large sums, but it will be seen how time is doing its work on the vast estate of William H. The fortune itself drifts along, robbed of the accumulative vigor of the old Commodore and his son. In their day it was under the dominion of multiplication. Today it is in the grip of division.

Andrew Carnegie was at one time worth $300,000,000. When he died his will disposed of $23,000,000. Half of this went to philanthropy, the remaining half to his wife. His daughter, Mrs. Roswell Miller, had been provided for years before. This provision was generous, but it amounted to little beside the immense mountain of wealth which the old Scot steelmaster had piled up in his life and then industriously levelled. What he gave away it is not easy to say. He gave $125,000,000 to the Carnegie Corporation at the start, and it is generally believed he showered upon it another $300,000,000 before his death.

His partner, Henry Clay Frick, left an estate valued at $150,000,000. Five-sixths of it, or about $117,000,000, went to various public benefactions. His children got a lump sum of $25,000,000, and this was subject to income taxes which reduced it by 40 per cent.

Russell Sage died in 1906 leaving $66,000,000, scraped together after a life-time of penurious money-grabbing. The money went to a widow who proceeded to expend it, almost to rid herself of it, on various kinds of philanthropies. All but about $3,000,000 at her death went to the Russell Sage Foundation and other institutions.

The Gould fortune, as a major bolus of concentrated wealth, has been almost completely dissipated, as has the vast estate of the Armours. Gould has been dead for 35 years. He left to his family $75,000,000, mostly in railroad stocks. Here was another attempt to entail an estate by means of a trust with his son George J. at its head. George attained at one time a great eminence in the railroad world. But his empire began to crumble around his ears. He lost huge sums of his own and his family's money. When he died he left an estate of $30,000,000, further committed to trust, but very much split up — $10,000,000 in trust for seven children by his first wife, $4,000,000 for the three children of his second wife, and the balance in trust for both broods.

There are many others. John S. Kennedy, the associate of James J. Hill, supposed to be worth over $60,000,000, left $35,000,000 to charity, split $15,000,000 among numerous relatives and left the balance to his widow. Altman, the great merchant, left all but about $9,000,000 of a $40,000,000 fortune to the Altman Foundation and the Metropolitan Museum. Frank Munsey left practically all of his fortune to the Metropolitan. The great fortune of Mark Hopkins, vastly reduced by folly and bad management, is dissipated, save a few millions which drifted into the hands of a clerk. John W. Sterling left $20,000,000, and almost all of it will come into the hands of Yale. Some millionaires leave too many children. Others leave none and lavish their wealth on charities and foundations. Recently, C. F. Ruggles, the penurious old hermit lumber baron of Michigan, died and left $50,000,000 to numerous philanthropies. Almost at the same time Tom Slick, that audacious oil wildcatter, dropped suddenly out of life, without a child, leaving $75,000,000 to his aged mother.

Of course, it is not contended that all the family fortunes are either extinct or facing immediate extinction. There are many families who hold their fortunes intact or have increased them. There was the late Simon Guggenheim, who died in 1905, leaving $50,000,000 which his sons multiplied ten times. There was P. A. B. Widener, whose fortune of $60,000,000 is settled in trust for seventy years. There was Frederick Weyerhauser, the rich lumberman, who many have said was richer than John D. Rockefeller, and whose son holds that vast fortune. There are the sons of old Nicholas Brady and Edmund C. Converse and J. P. Morgan and John D. Rockefeller. But two generations do not make a dynasty. And if J. P. Morgan can take up the labors of his colossal father and bear them, there is plenty of time for a Morgan to appear who, like Otto Kahn's son, may prefer to play a saxophone, or like General Vanderbilt's son, write articles for tabloid newspapers.

A two-day sensation was produced recently by ex-Ambassador Gerard, when he published a list of fifty-nine gentlemen who are supposed to own America. By a curious chance I was at the moment busy making a similar list of notables, who, if Mr. Gerard's dubious definition of ownership were adopted, might be said to have owned America ninety years ago. Many critics assailed Mr. Gerard's list. Some disagreed with its personnel. Others questioned whether the fifty-nine really controlled America. For myself the list had a different significance.

The reader may be interested in the list of twenty-seven business leaders of ninety years ago who corresponded to Mr. Gerard's House of Lords today. Here they are with their wealth stated:

John Jacob Astor	$25,000,000
William B. Astor	5,000,000
Henry Brevoort	1,000,000
William B. Crosby	1,500,000
James Lennox	3,000,000
Gouverneur Morris	1,000,000
Peter Schermerhorn	2,500,000
Peter G. Stuyvesant	4,000,000
Stephen Van Rensselaer	10,000,000

These were land barons in New York. There were also some bankers. They were:

Isaac Bronson	$1,000,000
John Mason	1,500,000

There were some traders — merchant-adventurers of the old school in New York, Philadelphia and Boston. They were:

Jonathan Hunt, New York	$1,000,000
Stephen Girard, Philadelphia	7,500,000
John Bohlen, "	1,250,000
Samuel Appleton, Boston	1,000,000
Peter C. Brooks	6,500,000
John Bryant	1,500,000

John P. Cushing	$2,500,000
Thomas H. Perkins	1,500,000
Robert G. Shaw	1,000,000

There were the Lawrences, Amos and Abbot, worth $5,000,000, manufacturers, something new; and there was David Sears of Boston, something newer still, a millionaire stockholder, the progenitor of the race now represented by Arthur Curtis James. There were two others — novelties in their way — Jacob Little, the first professional security speculator, the first bear and possessor of the dubious glory of inventing the short sale; and August Belmont, just arrived from Cuba, the agent of the Rothschilds, first of that line of bankers to handle the flood of foreign funds into our railroad and utility investments.

Now, having read that list, look again through the roster of Mr. Gerard, if you have it handy. There is not a single descendant of the names on that ninety-year-old list who qualifies for the roll of the nation's business leaders today.

No Whitneys, no Vanderbilts, no Astors, no Rhinelanders, no Van Rensselaers, no Schermerhorns, no Brevoorts. Mr. Gerard names a few second generation men — John D. Rockefeller, Jr., Andrew W. Mellon, Frederick E. Weyerhauser, J. P. Morgan, William H. Crocker, now chiefly a banker but an inheritor of the Southern Pacific millions of his father; Arthur Curtis James, heir to a vast mining fortune; the Guggenheims. There is not a single three-generation man on the list.

Some of the names on my old list are familiar. The descendants of some of these men are still among our wealthiest families. But this only serves to show that while they may retain much of the wealth piled up by thrifty ancestors, they do not continue to exercise a control over our industrial or financial affairs. The wealth may remain, but it is no longer dynamic. Its fecundity is enormously diminished. Its possessors are merely rich men; they are not powerful men. Still less are they dominant leaders.

The corporation has been loaded with the reproaches of the outraged proletarian as the author of great social inequalities. No one has thought of it as the enemy of dynasties. Yet such it may turn out to be.

A social phenomenon of the first importance is the fall of land as an object of continuous investment and hence its displacement as a maker of dynastic houses. The oldest fortunes in America are land fortunes — the Rhinelanders, the Goelets, the Astors, the Brevoorts. When the cornerstones of these fortunes were laid land was the great means of surplus investment. That is no longer so. The land is passing into the hands of corporations, like everything else. Millions are being made in land today. But they are being made not by patient investors who wait out the decades, but by what are called operators who play for quick turnovers. The business man of today who has surplus funds to invest puts them into corporate securities.

But, oddly enough, the industrial magnate does not put all his funds into the corporation which he builds and rules. Individual families who own great business enterprises are eager to be rid of them. This is one of the secrets of the growing number of mergers. A huge business enterprise is a perilous piece of property. It can not be sold as a whole. It is surrounded by dangers which proceed from this swift-moving and shifting age. It may be a good business today and a devouring liability tomorrow. You may be a great corset manufacturer one year; the next year you are a bankrupt because the ladies suddenly decide to take them off. You may be a bicycle king one year and the defendant in a receivership suit tomorrow. Where are the buggy whip and harness and lamp chimney and coal stove and flannel underwear magnates of yesteryear? And so the wise millionaire owner forms his business into a corporation and takes the public in as partners. He holds perhaps a small minority of the stock. His investments are spread around in countless prosperous corporations which he does not pretend to control. He can rule his own business as long as he is fit and virile. But if he lags or grows weary, and certainly when he dies, other stronger men step in and seize the control.

The Vanderbilts once owned the New York Central. There is still a Vanderbilt on the board, but the family share of the stock is about six per cent.

Once Mark Hopkins, Leland Stanford, Huntington and Crocker owned and ruled the Southern Pacific. Their families are utterly out of this road. E. H. Harriman took it from Huntington's widow, and now Harriman's control is gone.

Old John Garrett ruled the Baltimore and Ohio, but stronger men lifted it out of the feeble fingers of his son.

Last year, the Van Sweringens voted Finley J. Shepard, Helen Gould's husband, off the board of the Missouri Pacific. That marked the very end of Gould's ambitious transcontinental line, made up of a dozen roads joined together. One by one those roads slipped out of the Gould hands.

Morgan's son still heads the old thunderer's banking house. Guggenheim's sons still dominate his copper empire. Brady's son controlled his utility interests until his recent death. Weyerhauser's son is still a power in lumber. One might name other exceptions. But after all these are only second generation men. And, moreover, they are exceptions. The series of steel mergers we have just witnessed marks the passing from their small autocracies of steel families like the Mathers and Bournes and Donners, just as the earlier United States Steel merger deprived of their petty crowns a score of old steel barons like Gates and Moore and Reid and Percival and Buffington and Edenborn.

American fortunes do not yield easily to the process of entailment. They have a way of being broken up by the corroding forces of inheritances, bequests, philanthropy, taxes and bad management. A few survive. But they are very few and do not survive long. And even where they survive they cease to dominate the industries out of which they grew. Our present great industries are controlled by new fortunes. Our present millionaires are for the most part new ones whose fortunes will in time yield to the same influences. The corporation has become the foe of the dynasty and we are therefore in little danger of the rise of an industrial autocracy — a bogy so often held up before our frightened eyes.

Meantime another phenomenon is in evidence. Perhaps it is true that the rich are growing richer. But the characters in that social group we call "the rich" are constantly shifting. And the poorer are far from growing poorer. Slowly the share in the national income of the employees grows more than that of the employers. Dr. King reports that in 1917 the employers' income was $25,529,000, the employees' $25,802,000. But in 1928, while the employers got $38,296,000, the employees got $51,123,000. And remember that the great bulk of those employees are just little fellows. Those who have incomes of over $150,000 in the aggregate collect $1,388,000,000 in a year, against an income of $88,000,000,000 of the smaller incomes. It is out of this $88,000,000,000 that the funds proceed which are piling up in the savings banks, insurance and trust companies and individual stock purchases which are really owning America.

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Recollections of Mark Twain

By Clara Clemens

Part II—Love Letters of the Humorist

At the distance now of many years, I am able to review the scene of my youth and enjoy its charm illuminated by other footlights. It was remarkable that two people like my father and mother, possessing highly sensitive and emotional natures, managed so to live that in my memory few discords stand out and those few of but a superficial nature. The explanation is that a great love existed between them. It was so beautifully expressed in letters written by Mark Twain to Olivia Langdon during their engagement that I will quote from them. Father was evidently visiting in his fiancée's home in Elmira when he wrote the following note, which doubtless he sent to her room that evening.

"It is the sweetest face in all the world, Livy. Today in the drawing-room, and tonight on the sofa when Miss Mary was playing — and afterward when you were sewing lace and I saw you from the front yard through the window — these several times today, this face has amazed me with its sweetness and I have felt so thankful that God has given into my charge the dear office of chasing the shadows away and coaxing the sunshine to play about it always. It is such a darling face, Livy! — and such a darling little girlish figure — and such a dainty baby-hand! And to think that with all this exquisite comeliness should be joined such rare and beautiful qualities of mind and heart, is a thing that is utterly incomprehensible. Livy, you are as kind and good and sweet and unselfish and just, and truthful, and sensible and intellectual as the homeliest woman I ever saw (for you know that these qualities belong peculiarly to homely women). I have so longed for these qualities in my wife, and have so grieved because she would have to be necessarily a marvel of ugliness — I who do so worship beauty. But with a good fortune which is a very miracle, I have secured all these things in my little wife to be — and beauty — beauty beyond any beauty that I ever saw in a face before."

Evidently Father attended church faithfully during this period, but not always with true religious feeling, as the following letter shows:

"Livy darling:

"I attended church this morning

in a warm drizzling rain. It was the West and boyhood brought back again, vividly. It was as if twenty-five years had fallen away from me like a garment and I was a lad of eleven again in my Missouri village church of that ancient time. There was the high pulpit, with the red plush pillow for the Bible; the hair cloth sofa behind it, and the distinguished visiting minister from the great town a hundred miles away — gray hair pushed up and back in the stern intellectual Jacksonian way — spectacles on forehead — ponderous reflection going on behind them such as the village would expect to see indexed there; and likewise an imperfectly hidden consciousness of being the centre of public gaze and interest.

"THERE were the stiff pews; the black velvet contribution purses attached to long poles; flanking the pulpit, the tall windows and Venetian blinds; the gallery, with ascending seats, opposite the pulpit; six boys scattered through it with secret spit-ball designs on the bald-headed men dozing below; the wheezy melodeon in the gallery-front; the old maid behind it in severe simplicity of dress, the gay young soprano beside her in ribbons and curls and feathers; the quiet alto; the grim, middle-aged bass; the smirking, ineffable tenor (tenors are always conceited).

"The choir hurled its soul into a 'voluntary' — one of those things where the melodeon pumps, and strains, and groans and wails a bit, and then the soprano pipes a reedy solo, the alto drops in a little after, then the bass bursts in, then the pealing tenor — then a grand discordant confusion that sets one's teeth on edge — and finally a triumphant 'Oh, praise the L-o-r-d!' in a unison of unutterable anguish — and the crime is consummated. It was Herod's slaughter of the babes set to music.

"THEN there was a hymn. It was read by the local minister. He put a full stop, with strong emphasis and falling inflection, in the middle and at the end of every line — thus:

Come, thou FOUNT. Of every BLESSING.
Tune my HEART. To sing thy PRAISE.
Streams of MERCY. Never CEASING.
Call for SONGS. Of loudest PRAISE.

"Presently he gave out another hymn, beginning 'Oh, for a sweet, inspiring ray' —

"And it was old times all over again, the way the choir raved and roared around that victim and pulled and hauled it and rent and flayed it. You should have heard the tenor do the first line —

"'Ow fra sus-weet insp-hiring rye.'

"The distinguished minister took his text — he was the agent of a great missionary board — and proceeded to read his moving, argumentative, statistical appeal for money, to the thirty people in the house on this rainy, unpropitious day. That is, he did this after the local minister had read sixteen 'notices' of Sunday-school and Bible class and church and sewing-society and other meetings, but I could not see that anybody listened to them. However, they never do.

"With the first sentence of the sermon the three or four old white-headed men and women bent forward to listen intently; the deaf man put his hand up to his ear; a deacon's eyelids drooped; a young girl near me stole a furtive look at a photograph between the leaves of her hymn-book; a little wee girl gaped and stretched, and then nestled against her mother's shoulder in a way which said: 'We got to stay here ever so long, now'; one boy got out a peanut and contemplated it, as if he had an idea of cracking it under cover of some consumptive's cough the first time he got a chance; another boy began to catch imaginary flies; the boys in the gallery began to edge together, with evil in their eyes; and the engaged couple in front of me began to whisper and laugh behind a hymn-book, and then straighten up and look steadily at the minister and pat each other clandestinely. . . .

"The missionary appeal concluded, the sexton and the deacon went around, while the choir wailed, and collected seventy cents for the carrying of glad tidings of great joy to the lost souls of Farther India."

FATHER'S humorous and playful moods were not absent during the months preceding his marriage, for he wrote to his sister in this vein from Elmira, where he was evidently on a visit in the home of his lady-love. His sister at this time lived in San Francisco with his parents and his brother Orion. The subject of his letter, of course, was Livy. As an aside, I must explain that there was a large hot-house on the property owned by my grandmother which was richly filled with all possible kinds of flowers. And these flowers were generously distributed among friends on every sort of occasion, one of which prompted this letter:

"I have been outraging Livy's feelings again. She is trying to cure me of making dreadful speeches, as she calls them. In the middle of winter when I was here, we had a 'run' on the hot-house for a day or two — which is to say, an unusual lot of people died and their families came to get roses and things to decorate the coffins with, and at the end of the week there were hardly a dozen flowers of any kind left. Charlie (Livy's brother) and I made a good many jokes about it and thus horrified Livy. But a while ago I came in with a first-rate air of dejection, and heaved a vast sigh. It trapped Livy into a burst of anxious solicitude, and she wanted to know what the matter was. I said: 'I have been in the hot house and there is a perfect world of flowers in bloom — and we haven't a confounded corpse!' I guess Orion will appreciate that. I don't like to fool Livy this way, and don't do it often, but sometimes her simplicity is so tempting I can't resist the inclination. I wish you could see that girl — the first time I ever saw her I said she was the most beautiful creature in the world, and I haven't altered my opinion yet. I take as much pride in her happy and equable disposition as I do in her brains."

THE following letter was written to his great friend Joseph Twichell, the clergyman:

"New York, Nov. 28, 1868.

"My dear J. H.

"Sound the loud timbrel! — and let yourself out to your most prodigious capacity — for I have fought the good fight and lo! I have won! Refused three times — warned to quit once — accepted at last! — and beloved! — Great Cæsar's ghost! If there were a church in town with a steeple high enough to make it an object, I would go out and jump over it. And I persecuted her parents for forty-eight hours, and at last they couldn't stand the siege any longer and so they made a conditional surrender: which is to say, if she makes up her mind thoroughly and eternally, and I prove that I have done nothing criminal or particularly shameful in the past, and establish a good character in the future, and settle down, I may take the sun out of their domestic firmament, the angel out of their fireside heaven. (Thunders of applause.)

"SHE felt the first symptoms last Sunday — my lecture Monday night brought the disease to the surface — all day Tuesday and at night she avoided me and would not do more than be simply polite to me because her parents said NO absolutely (almost) — Wednesday they capitulated and marched out with their side-arms — Wednesday night she said over and over and over again that she loved me but was sorry she did and hoped it would yet pass away — Thursday I was telling her what splendid, magnificent fellows you and your wife were, and when my enthusiasm got the best of me and the tears sprang to my eyes she just jumped up and said she was glad and proud she loved me! — and Friday night I left (to save her sacred name from the tongues of the gossips) — and the last thing she said was: 'Write immediately and just as often as you can!' Hurrah! (Hurricanes of applause.) There's the history of it.

"Oh, no there isn't any persistence about me — certainly not. But I am so happy I want to scalp somebody.

"My fervent love to you both. I walk in the clouds again. I bow my reverent head — thy blessing!

Mark."

AFTER the wedding-day had been set, Father wrote to his fiancée:

"Livy, my precious little darling, I am as happy as a King, now that it is settled and I can count the exact number of days that are to intervene before we are married. I am full of thankfulness and the world looks bright and happy ahead. On the fourth day of February, one year after the date of our engagement, we shall step together out into the broad world to tread its devious paths together till the journey of life is done and the great peace of eternity descends upon us like a benediction. We shall never be separated on earth, Livy; and let us pray that we may not be in heaven. This February 4 will be the mightiest day in the history of our lives, the holiest, and the most generous toward us both — for it makes of two fractional lives a whole; it gives to two purposeless lives a work, and doubles the strength of each whereby to perform it; it gives to two questioning natures a reason for living, and something to live for; it will give a new gladness to the sunshine, a new fragrance to the flowers, a new mystery to life; and, Livy, it will give a new revelation to love, a new depth to sorrow, a new impulse to worship. In that day the scales will fall from our eyes and we shall look upon a new world. Speed it!"

Shortly before the wedding this note was sent:

"Boston.

"Darling, it is midnight. House full — I made a handsome success — I know that, no matter whether the papers say so in the morning or not. I am dreadfully tired and will go to bed now. Livy, dear, I have bought full wedding outfit today (haven't got a cent left). And occasionally the packages will arrive by express directed simply to J. Langdon, Elmira. Now your mother must unpack them and put them away for me and be sure not to let Mr. Langdon go wearing them around. I tell you, they are starchy."

And then came a birthday letter:

"This is your birthday, darling, and you are twenty-four. May you treble your age in happiness and peace, and I be with you to love you and cherish you all the long procession of years! I have kept this day and honored this anniversary alone, in solitary state — the anniversary of an event which was happening when I was a giddy school-boy a thousand miles away, playing heedlessly all that day, and sleeping heedlessly all that night, unconscious that it was the mightiest day that had ever winged its viewless hours over my head — unconscious that on that day two journeys were begun, wide as the poles apart, two paths marked out, which, wandering and wandering, now far and now near, were still narrowing, always narrowing toward one point and one blessed consummation, and these the goal of twenty-four years' marching! — unconscious I was, on that day of my heedless boyhood, that an event had just transpired so tremendous that without it all my future life had been a sullen pilgrimage, but with it that same future was saved! — a sun had just peered above the horizon which should rise and shine out of the zenith upon those coming years and fill them with light and warmth, with peace and blessedness, for all time."

A couple of years after the marriage when they were settled in Hartford, Conn., Father felt obliged to go on a lecture tour for practical reasons. At all times of his life he detested the thought of lecturing, and yet when actually on the stage he almost always succeeded in electrifying himself to the point of pleasure. It interested him to note the difference in audiences — the way they received his jokes or humorous anecdotes. Sometimes in spite of all the ingenuity and subtle tricks at his command, he would utterly fail to make an audience see a point. But there was one bit of an anecdote that never failed to bring bursts of laughter — laughter that spread into uproars of mirth. He describes the ride of a cowboy on a particularly vicious bucking horse; finally the rider, telling his own experience, says: "Well, that horse gave such a buck-jump at last that it sent me out of the saddle up and up — and up so high I came across birds I never saw before. I kep' on going and just missed the top of a steeple. And when I got back the horse — was gone."

The lecturer knew the full value of a pause and had the courage to make a long one when required for a big effect. And his inimitable drawl-ing speech, which he often lost in private life, greatly increased the humorous effect on the stage. People in the house, including men, got hysterical. Cries that resembled the cries of pain could often be heard. It always seemed to me the greatest possible achievement to make a house rock with mirth. And I believe that Mark Twain was often elated by it himself. His cheeks and eyes glowed with color that resembled tinted sparks.

Before closing this period I will quote from three or four letters. Father at last received a miniature from his fiancée for which he had been pleading in vain:

Cleveland, Jan. 22.

"Oh, Livy darling, I could just worship that picture, it is so beautiful. I am a hundred thousand times obliged to you for it. I think I would perish before I would part with it. But its beauty startles me — it somehow makes me afraid. It makes me feel a sort of awe — and affects me like a superstition. For it is more than human, Livy — it is an angel-beauty — something not of earth — something above the earth and its grossness. There is that deep spiritual look in the eyes — that far-away look that I have noted before when I wondered in my secret heart if you were not communing with the inhabitants of another sphere, a grander, a nobler world than ours. . . . I don't wonder that it makes you sad to think of leaving such a home, Livy, and such household gods — for there is no other home in all the world like it — no household gods so lovable as yours anywhere. And I shall feel like a heartless highway robber when I take you away from there — (but I must do it, Livy, I must).

"Yet I shall so strive all the days of my life to make you happy, and shall try so hard to walk as you do, in the light and the love of God, that some of the bitterness of your exile shall be spared you. Oh, they never would cease to miss you, darling — they —

"I'll not read that passage again for an hour! — for it makes the tears come into my eyes every time, in spite of myself. You shall visit them so often they can not well know you are an absentee. You shall never know the chill that comes upon me sometimes when I feel that long absence has made me a stranger in my own home — not that I ever seem a stranger to my mother and sister and my brother, for their love knows no change, no modification — but I see them taking delight in things that are new to me, and which I do not comprehend or take an interest in; I see them heart-and-heart with people I do not know, and so I can only look in upon their world without entering; and I turn me away with a dull, aching consciousness that long exile has lost to me that haven of rest, that pillow of weariness, that refuge from care, trouble and pain, that type and symbol of heaven, HOME — and then away down in my heart of hearts I yearn for the days that are gone and the phantoms of the olden time — for the faces that are vanished; for the voices that were music to my ear; for the restless feet that have gone out into the darkness, to return no more forever!

"But you shall not know this great blank, this awful vacancy, this something missed, something lost which is felt but can not be described, this solemn, mysterious desolation. No, with my experience, I should dread to think of your old home growing strange to you. . . . Don't be sad, Livy, we'll model our home after the old home, and make the Spirit of Love lord over all the realm. Smile again, Livy, and be of good heart. Turn toward the Cross and be comforted — I turn with you — What would you more? The peace of God shall rest upon us, and all will be well.

"And you had a delightful philosophy lesson, Livy — and wished that we might study it together some day. It is the echo of a wish that speaks in my heart many and many a time. I think, sometimes, how pleasant it would be to sit, just us two, long winter evenings, and study together and read favorite authors aloud and comment on them and so imprint them upon our memories. It is so unsatisfactory to read a noble passage and have no one you love at hand to share the happiness with you. And it is unsatisfactory to read to one's self anyhow — for the uttered voice so heightens the expression. I think you and I would never tire of reading together."

Extracts from the following letter show Mark Twain in an unexpected rôle. They also give evidence of his warm nature and its ability to expand to the needs of his comrades:

"Fort Plain, Dec. 19.

"My dearest Livy,

"Here at dead of night I seem to hear the murmur of the far Pacific — and mingled with the music of the surf melody of an old familiar hymn is sounding in my ear. It comes like a remembered voice — like the phantom of a form that is gone, a face that is no more. You know the hymn — it is *Oh, Refresh Us.* It haunts me now because I am thinking of a steadfast friend whose death I have just learned through the papers — a friend whose face must always appear before me when I think of that hymn — the Reverend Franklin Rising. I hear he was lost in the late disaster on the Ohio River. He was rector of the Episcopal church in Virginia City, Nevada — a noble young fellow — and for three years, there, he and I were fast friends. I used to try to teach him how to preach in order to get at the better natures of the rough population about him, and he used to try hard to learn — for I knew them and he did not; he was refined and sensitive and not intended for such a people as that.

"Afterwards I stumbled on him in the Sandwich Islands, where he was travelling for his health, and we so arranged it as to return to San Francisco in the same ship. We were at sea five Sundays. He felt it his duty to preach, but of the fifteen passengers, none even pretended to sing, and he was so diffident that he hardly knew how he was to get along without a choir.

"I said 'Go ahead — I'll stand by you — I'll be your choir' — And he did go ahead — and I was his choir. But we could find only one hymn that I knew. It was, *Oh, Refresh Us.* Only one, and so for five Sundays in succession he stood in the midst of the assembled people on the quarter-deck and gave out that same hymn twice a day, and I stood up solitary and alone and sang it! And then he went right along happy and contented and preached his sermon. We were together all the time — pacing the deck night and day — there was no other congenial company. He tried earnestly to bring me to a knowledge of the true God. In return, I read his manuscripts and made suggestions for their emendation. We got along well together.

"A month ago, after so long a separation, he saw by *The Tribune* that I was at the Everett House, and came to leave his card — I was out and did not see him. It was the last opportunity I was ever to have on earth, for his wanderings are done, now. The glories of heaven are about him, and in his ears its mysterious music is sounding — but to me comes no vision but a lonely ship in a great solitude of sky and water; and into my ears come no sounds but the complaining of the waves and the softened cadences of that simple old hymn — but oh, Livy, it comes freighted with infinite pathos! Tunes are good remembrancers. Almost everyone I am familiar with, summons instantly a face when I hear it. It is so with the *Marseillaise*, with *Bonnie Doon* and scores of others."

* * *

The Russian Dilemma

By S. Stanwood Menken

Why I Favor Recognition

Recognition of Soviet Russia by the United States, to be effective, must be sanctioned by a treaty, the terms of which should make such recognition conditioned upon satisfactory assurance by Russia of (a) an absolute and continuous abstention from any Communistic propaganda in this country, either directly or through affiliated agencies; (b) the payment in full for American property appropriated by it; and (c) the payment of all external debts owed to Americans at the beginning of the Russian Revolution.

Primarily, my reason for urging recognition is founded in the belief that it is essential insurance of world peace and world economic balance. My advocacy of recognition of Russia, which has been extended by most of the nations of Europe, is based on the conviction that the Stalin Government is so strongly entrenched as to qualify as a stable (*de facto*) Government within the meaning of international law. It had never been our diplomatic policy to inquire into the internal affairs, the political creed or the moral standards of a country prior to recognition, until Mr. Wilson assumed that prerogative in regard to Mexico. That Americans readily condemn every principle of Communism and its fantastic activities against human life, individual liberty and sacredness of religion, and stand aghast at the horror which has marked its control, does not seem to be conclusive as to the question of recognition. We know that despite all the despotism of the Soviets, they have with startling demagogic appeal created a revivalist spirit of patriotism, a willingness to give "until it hurts" for Russia, among upwards of two million highly organized Communists. And they, notwithstanding the fact that they have no truly representative government, are dedicating their lives to the single purpose of upbuilding their country, regardless of individual sacrifice or discomfort.

In considering Russia and the stability of its present control, we must bear in mind that since 1917, when Kerensky came into power, it had had four years of foreign and civil war, six years of internal political conflict, and less than three years of peace to carry forward Stalin's policies, call them constructive or destructive as you will. It is since

Stalin's control of Russia that its policies and performances should be considered. How far Stalin's five-year new economic plan has or will succeed is impossible of exact appraisal or confident prophecy. His problem is the most complex that ever tried the resources of a ruler. He has a vast empire to reconstruct, covering a tremendous territory, with 140,000,000 people, speaking twenty-six different languages, of diverse origin and traditions. Many, many millions of these people are hardly a generation out of serfdom and bear the dark impress of their bondage. All, even the educated class of Russians, because of lack of true political training for generations, are poorly prepared for even the normal responsibilities of democratic government. Thus are made far more difficult and comprehensive the problems of government.

WE ARE conscious of political errors due to premature universal enfranchisement in the more enlightened countries, and can not justly criticize the denial, by the present régime in Russia, of full political privileges. In fact, by those who know the history of Russia, its prior and present social conditions and the unevenness of life there under the Czars, with the extremes of luxury, enlightenment, general culture and benevolence on the one hand, and the poverty, ignorance and cruel oppression on the other, with the masses struggling under low standards of living, except where relieved by the far-sightedness of a few industrialists, it may be said that Russia was a land of extremes, a social and governmental anachronism ready for revolution. Class, landed estates, church oligarchy, were all barriers which any revolution would have wisely destroyed to make way for new conditions. But we stand aghast at the injustice and needless cruelty and brutality which marked the procedure of Communists in so doing. Their crudities still horrify us so that the impulse of the average American is to say to Russia, waiting for recognition, "You are unclean and anti-Christ, and we will have no conversation with you."

THIS view can not be passed by, notwithstanding our knowledge of the many excesses incident to other revolutions, though all political upsets bring incidental injustices; nor is it to be ignored, nor can we listen to a plea of tolerance for them because of the many faults of omission and commission of our own people. It is true that we have been guilty of errors, such as the extermination of the Indian as a race, toleration of the vice of Negro slavery, appropriation of the property of the Revolutionary Tories, the refusal of our Southern States to pay their external debts, the perpetuation of graft in many guises, and general disregard for law and order such as now prevails; but with it all we have consistently preserved civil liberty, property rights and representative government, and have been animated by principles so high, and have accomplished so much for the common weal, that our misdeeds are but minor incidents in the progress of national achievement. Russia, on the contrary, is still perhaps to a lesser degree under Stalin than before, reminding us of the iron hands of despotism, and causing many fair-minded persons to doubt whether the more benevolent purposes of social betterment will find accomplishment.

WHY, then, advocate the recognition of Russia under present conditions? My answer is, as stated above, that under the conditions outlined Russia should be recognized because it has a stable *de facto* Government. Our refusal to receive it into the family of nations does not tend to its extinction, nor in any way contribute to the negation of its existence. Secondly, Russia has great power for good or evil, for peace or war, and, with its vast resources, is a vital factor in world economics. For thirteen years we have barred Soviet Russia from our doors diplomatically, and yet observing travellers there generally admit that its régime is stronger today than ever before. Much of the cruelty of the Soviets is deemed by these same observers to be history. True, there are evidences of the bitter working of their absolute control over life and property; but are not those conditions their domestic affair, to be remedied by them in their own way in the processes of national upbuilding?

Believing in the power of patriotism when roused to fever heights, and the force of organized effort to carry national objectives forward under the direction of stoic central authority, I can see Russia, in spite of its past, ultimately achieving to the great benefit of its people.

In the course of time it must change its basic political principles and practices, provide for truly representative government, property rights, home life and, above all, for religion, without which no people can be truly patriotic; but the right to work out the evolution of their revolution is theirs, not ours. No man is "good enough to be another man's keeper," and no nation has the prerogative to dictate the morals, the religion or the political creed of another, nor should a truly great republic, strong in belief in its own system of government, in creed of property rights and civil liberties, be afraid of intercourse with the less fortunate or enlightened peoples of the earth or to aid them by contact and example. In fact, a broad sense of humanity imposes definite obligations.

IN URGING the movement for recognition, however, I am primarily influenced by practical considerations, the welfare of the people of the United States and of Europe. Early in August, 1930, speaking in Paris, I took occasion, having knowledge from European authorities of conditions brought about by the production and sale by Russia of certain raw materials (such as grain, pulpwood, oil, flax, and cotton), to discuss the economic menace of Russia, pointing out the obvious fact that as the producing plant, farm or factory costs them nothing except for new equipment, and as their labor was employed on a wage sufficient merely to maintain them on a low standard of living, Russia was in a position to undersell both Europe and America as to many raw materials. Their inefficiency in manufacture, in spite of the import of skilled foreign workers and foremen, made the danger less as to finished products, but even these goods were creating a distinct measure of unrest. I urged that either the United States and European Powers other than Russia must create a tariff against Russian goods, and against goods into which Russian raw materials enter, or face the destruction of prices and the lowering of living standards in countries affected by competition. International jealousies make general European customs unions against Russia unlikely, nor would our entry into such an entangling affair be free from difficulty. So we should meet the issue by dealing with Russia and treating the menace of its products in our own way. Diplomatic recognition must be a preliminary to any conventions with them.

THERE is, however, a far greater menace in Russia than that of its products which, after all, affect only our industries. It is the peril of war and a renewal of world conflagration. Russia has the largest standing army in Europe, with substantial air forces, and while there is the question of its efficiency as a great fighting machine, the best evidence indicates that Russian soldiers are a power not to be ignored. In discussing this threat of war, it is fair to state that the best information coming from Russia is to the effect that the Stalin régime does not want war at present, for it would destroy the five-year economic programme; but in the mean time they are maintaining the army and its equipment to the exclusion of other favored objectives. The Russian soldiers are the best fed and clothed of their citizens. The existence of this army and knowledge of its power keep Poland, Finland, Latvia and Esthonia alert and on the defensive, while Germany, unarmed, is fully awake to its danger.

FURTHERMORE, the Russians have a mental complex that all the world, including the United States, wants to war on them, and though the view may be absurd, it serves to create a public demand for the maintenance of their armed forces. We know that historically the Russians resort to war, as they did when they engaged Japan, to divert attention from internal difficulties, and we can readily sense the possibility of irresponsible Soviet leaders declaring war to cover their own shortcomings, to save a régime, or to bring about disorder to enhance opportunities for extension of Communistic control in new fields. The less we trust their Government the greater should we appraise this menace. The Soviet purpose is world conquest for Communism, and there must be reasons for the sacrifices they are making in maintaining so great a force. Its size can not be justified on the ground that it is merely a defensive body or one requisite for the maintenance of internal order.

Neither the United States nor Russia, two of the most populous nations of the earth, are in the League of Nations, and they have not those diplomatic relations through which the voice of public opinion in the United States might be made articulate in time of difficulty. Our influence is of great import spiritually, and if we would prevent world conflict we should equip ourselves with the right to speak for peace in time of international crises.

I believe that in spite of the Communist creed, the United States is the ideal of the thinking people of Russia. We are also their recognized standard of agricultural and industrial efficiency, and as they react from the excesses of revolution they will loosen the bonds of political despotism and look to us as an example, as have the other great republics of the earth.

A generation is but a day in the life of a nation. For Russia with its intermingled races, its history, its denials of opportunity, we might measure a generation as but an hour. The processes of national upbuilding are slow. Nations are great because of the character and stability of the people, and, as with individuals, it is not ease and comfort which develop power, but hardship and adversity. The Russian people have suffered and are suffering severely, but it is the very sacrifices which they are making that will best assure them a distinctive place among the other peoples of the earth. The Russians of today have a great work to do for the civilization of succeeding generations. They are the neighbors of the Far East.

Let us who are fully aware of their errors and wrong-doing, of their hopes, their aspirations, and the possibilities and the true greatness of the Russian people, stand ready to give full heed to the cry of its great human masses with help and understanding. This can not be done hastily. The steps of diplomacy are slow. Recognition can not come at once — in all probability not for two or more years. But it is now time for the formulation of American public opinion and for a decision which I am confident will accord with our best traditions.

(*N.B.:* In view of the manifest embarrassment which my chance interview favoring Russian recognition has caused certain organizations with which I am identified, I would appreciate it being understood that my views are individual and do not in any way reflect the attitude of any of my associates. — S. S. M.)

* * *

The Lone Ace

By Dorothy Black

Every year they offered to transfer Nap Wolfe, or send him home for the Rainy Season. Every year he thanked them, but put in an application for an extension to remain where he was. After five years the powers-that-be grew so worried about him that they sent chaps up at intervals to have a look at Nap, but these returned reporting him in excellent health and spirits, and in full possession of all his faculties. No signs of rot had set in, nor had he taken unto himself a native wife; though that was hardly to be wondered at, for what with local customs and one thing and another, the women of the hills were no treat to any man.

So the powers-that-be lay low, and said no more, for Nap's was a job for which there was never any competition, and the list of those who retired on proportionate pension rather than risk it, was growing. The blue sky stretched like an empty dome from hills to hills, with on the one side the Palaungs and on the other side the Nagas, just waiting for a chance to pay off age-long scores. And all that was between them and their desire was Nap, and his little camp behind the stockade, on the river bank. The stockade was there to keep out wild animals — and other things — but never in Nap's time, had they got down to violence. It was the aim of every well set-up Naga to have a head of some neighboring tribe hung up at his door post, and it was the ambition of every go-ahead Palaung to filch a Naga woman and make her his household drudge; but apart from these foibles they were a law-abiding, if lousy, lot, and dwelt in peace according to their lights, with an occasional murder or flood; and Nap's visits and advice all that they had to break the tediousness of their day.

There was nothing to be heard week in, week out, save the howl of the wind in the gorges or the strident cry of minas in the bamboos, or the scream of a passing flock of green parrots. Nap ruled supreme, a tall young man with reddish hair, and a pair of very blue eyes that could be cruelly cold and cynical, or snapping with amusement. He held monthly courts and administered rough justice, and dispensed free medicine and advice, and enjoyed himself quite a lot; though he never could stifle a conviction that it was rather futile to make a fuss over a murder or so, in a land where life was so cheap — where tigers, outside the reach of the law, prowled where it suited them, and the jaws of the crocodile were always waiting, and a sudden rising of the river would wipe out a whole village in a night, with but few people the sorrier or the wiser. And though he might interfere between the Nagas and the Palaungs when he happened to be passing on Mondays, Wednesdays or Fridays, he knew quite well it was business as usual on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, when his back was turned. Indeed there were times when he felt like a gardener endeavoring to keep a vast shrubbery in order and nothing to do it with but a pair of nail scissors.

He was a strange young man, rather reserved and morose, but his trouble was that he had struck a snag years ago, in the form of a nice girl called Theo, who came out to marry him in Rangoon, but unfortunately got off the boat with somebody else at Colombo, as girls will, leaving Nap with a perfectly useless wedding cake on his hands in the hot weather, and a wound in his pride so large that ten years had not healed it. When people asked him why he, a young man, was content to sit up there on the frontier year in, year out, his blue eyes would harden and he would say, drily:

"No damn women about."

There were certainly none, excepting always Nagas, and Palaungs, and other hill tribe women.

So there he sat on the Plain beside the river, and around him his retainers and camp followers sat and scratched and stared into space. And all seasons were alike to him. Only sometimes, when the river was shrouded with mist in the early morning, and the gorges filled up with clouds like cotton wool, Nap would realize it must be about Easter-time. Or when the water was liquid gold at sunset, and covered with the lovely poisonous purple flowers of the water hyacinth, he knew that Christmas must be getting near, and sure as fate he would get a Christmas card and a pair of socks from his old mother in Cheltenham, just like the answer to a riddle. He had had the Christmas card that morning: a robin of the better nourished kind, which had mercifully been spared the heavy downfall of snow that had fallen upon the words: "Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men." (One penny.) The last two words were in pencil, very small. They should have been rubbed out, only his old mother was getting a bit short-sighted. He could tell that by the socks, which as the years went by became more and more like fretwork.

He pinned the Christmas card to the wall of his tent, for old sakes' sake, and then stood cleaning out the bowl of a pipe with a rusty penknife, surveying his kingdom and deciding it was good. The light breeze blowing against him showed up what a very thin young man he had become with it all. But he had a leathery look, and nerves of iron, and the voice that spoke suddenly behind him did not make him jump. He went on cleaning out the bowl of the pipe and said, leisurely:

"Well, what is it, Wali?"

Wali was a Naga, and that was only his pet camp name, the other being unpronounceable. He sat and scratched, and said he was getting plenty of trouble.

"What is your trouble?"

Wali scratched in another place and said it was his daughter. She was now in the full flower of her maidenhood, being sixteen, and beautiful, said Wali, beyond the dreams of man. Yes, plenty of trouble he was getting, for the fame of her loveliness had inevitably spread to the distant hills and they had sworn to have her. Furthermore, into the business came some slight complication, so Nap gathered, about heads. Someone's head was hanging where it was never intended by nature to hang, though far be it from Wali to say how it got there. He just scratched in another place and acted as if all that was the Will of God.

"The girl is come to the camp for shelter," said Wali. "And now we shall all get plenty of trouble."

NAP swore silently. One of the reasons he liked his job was that there were no damn women about, and here they were beginning to close in on him.

"What the Hades do you want to bring her here for?" he fumed.

Wali said dispassionately, his small eyes quite expressionless:

"Otherwise they would have got her. The girl had fear."

About this time the girl herself appeared round the tent.

"My daughter," said Wali. And her name it appeared was something that sounded like Bong. She had a face like two pounds of cold halibut and pigs' eyes. She was built on a generous scale, lightly clad in a very short kilt, kept on Nap could not imagine how. Her hair resembled the well-used hair of a child's very old doll. Nap overcame a temptation to laugh. There seemed nothing for it but to harbor the beauty meantime, for Wali was one of his best men, and there would be no peace in the camp if he lived in a state of perpetual disgruntlement over his home affairs, with message after message summoning him to the death bed of mythical grandmothers. So he gave permission for Bong to remain there until some plan could be made to remove her to a place of safety, where her beauty would no longer be a menace to the peace of nations.

THE following morning his servant came to say a deputation from the hills awaited him outside the stockade. There was nothing extraordinary in that. He got lots of deputations, and they were all very affable and sat and scratched, or perhaps brought him Christmas presents. The festivals of the Church have percolated to the oddest corners of the Empire, and no one insists on their up-keep more passionately than the poor heathen.

Nap knew at sight, however, that this deputation was not as other deputations, for they came armed. The etiquette of those parts was that you left your gun on the front porch when you went visiting in good will, but these folk had brought theirs along into the parlor. So Nap's eyes were hard and very cold as he took his seat on a camp stool in the midst of them, and his voice was unfriendly and a trifle grim, as he said:

"Why do you come here at a peaceful season, armed as men ready for war?"

It was ludicrous that the well nourished robin on his old mother's Christmas card should float into his mind at that moment, plus those snow laden words, but they did.

The deputation replied, more or less in chorus, and the refrain was, roughly translated: "We want Bong."

An hour's talking had produced no visible effect nor had it dispelled what Nap well knew to be present, a strong suspicion that he had abstracted the beauty for his own ends. He was getting cross and he was getting tired, and in the end he and the deputation parted, not as warmly as he could have wished. The last words of the deputation's leader were:

"Hand her over to us now, and the trouble is finished. Otherwise there is plenty of trouble coming, for we shall come and take her."

IN ALL Nap's peaceful reign there had never been anything like this, and it only went to prove his convictions that the moment women come about a place, peace takes its departure. He would have cast Bong out with the greatest of pleasure, but one of the reasons for his presence there was the preserving of people like Bong from their natural enemies, though mercifully he was seldom called on to meet them face to face.

That night he looked at his supply of ammunition, and found it lower than he liked. But he told himself, after the manner of Englishmen, that things could never get to those lengths, and he sat down and tried to forget the whole business, and write to his old mother in Cheltenham, remembering with a start that it was Christmas Eve.

Christmas morning broke opalescent and wonderful, with the river like liquid gold and decorated with the floating masses of the water hyacinth, going by on the tide. But peace on earth seemed problematical, for with dawn someone discharged a blunderbus through the stockade, laying out one of Nap's best men, and the lookout reported that the hill men were gathering together at the other side of the river in considerable numbers. Standing bareheaded in the sunshine of early morning, Nap could hear that sure sign of coming trouble, the *tum-tum* of innumerable drums through the screech of the green parrots overhead. It was then that Nap realized that the situation might not be handled as easily as he supposed, and in view of the laying out of one of his best men, he sent a runner into headquarters with news of his trouble, asking for some military police and some more ammunition. With luck they might arrive before the week-end, and he told himself, but not with the same conviction as before, that nothing very drastic was likely to happen before then. Meanwhile, at the door of her father's house, Bong sat dressed in her inadequate kilt, kept on Nap could not imagine how — her face like two pounds of cold halibut, looking at nothing.

NAP walked past her and found himself whistling:

God rest you, merrie gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay.

Seasonable and not entirely inappropriate, he thought, and at that moment he was distracted by a new noise; something out of the ordinary, that set the minas chattering and the green parrots screaming afresh. Far off a speck appeared in the sky and grew larger and developed wings.

Before the astonished Nap's eyes, it circled, looking for a landing place, and came down neatly upon the cleared space where in clement weather he tried to teach his people football. It was a small, single-seater airplane, and while Nap gasped, a girl sprang out of it, stretched, ran a comb through her short dark hair, powdered her nose and then, smiling at him, said: "A happy Christmas to you."

It was all so unlikely that for a long moment Nap thought he must be far from well. Then he said:

"What — what have you landed here for?"

She replied, a trifle tartly:

"Got to have a look at its inside. But I'd like something to eat first."

After that she glanced round the camp and the empty dome of the sky, and the empty expanse of plain, and said:

"I would have thought you'd be glad to have someone drop in for a meal in a place like this."

How could he tell her that the one reason he stayed was that there were no damn women about! Or hadn't been until the other day, though now they seemed to be arriving, he thought bitterly, thick and fast. At this inadvised moment, the enemy chose to send another stray shot into the camp with its shower of pebbles, nails and bits of flint. She seemed in no way put out, however, his unexpected guest. She merely wrinkled her nose and said:

"You do have fun here, don't you?"

She insisted on being festive at breakfast, and fished a box of crackers out of the cockpit, also a tinned plum pudding. Who but a woman, he thought, would go flying round the world with a tinned plum pudding? He learned all about her during the meal. She was going down to Singapore, trying to do a record run, for a Five Hundred Pound Prize offered by some enterprising newspaper at home. She was two days ahead of her time, and would do it easily provided she got off the following morning.

"Depends how long the repairs take," she said. "I might finish in time to make Rangoon tonight, but if there's any doubt about it, I shan't try. Can't fly in the dark."

She seemed to have no qualms whatever about staying alone with a completely strange man, in the middle of a wide plain one hundred miles from anywhere in particular. Nap, who had been brought up in a good home, found himself thinking frenziedly of his mother and what she would say to such goings on. But this, of course, was the modern girl. She was not like a girl at all, but a competent young man. As he watched her, somehow resentful, at work on her machine that afternoon, he realized how competent she was. She became very oily and greasy in the process, and smoked his cigarettes as a matter of course. He could not help thinking of Theo, and what a nice girl she had been, quite without nicotine on her first finger, and brought up in a good home. He did not suppose there were any like her left now, and he had lost her.

Towards sunset he had to force her to come in. The enemy was getting nasty. He had an unpleasant feeling that they were planning to rush the camp and capture the rustic beauty, and he wished now that he had sent for help sooner. He did not quite like the way things were going in the camp. They were obviously getting a bit tired of it. And he had a feeling that if he turned his back for a moment, some of them would be prepared to let the enemy in as soon as not. He never slept that night, but stood guard with his men inside the stockade, and occasionally fired a shot or so into the air, just to let them know he was present on the other side. The dinner conversation kept on recurring in an aggravating fashion, and rang through his head as he paced alone under the stars.

"A little unsuitable, surely, your tearing about the world like this — alone!"

It was as if his mother was speaking through him, he knew, but he could not help that. By every decent tenet, it was unsuitable. But she had been no fun as an argument. She merely lit another of his cigarettes and said:

"Why?"

"Supposing something happened. . . . You, alone like this. . . ."

"Do you read the papers?"

He said stiffly that he did.

"Then you must know how many too many there are of us," she said, flicking ash into her coffee cup. She had him there, of course. Also, she annoyed him slightly when he explained his situation to her, and the reason for the besieged state of the camp, by saying:

"But why did you not send for more ammunition before? I mean, supposing it doesn't come, you're in a tight corner, aren't you?"

"I am accustomed to tight corners," said Nap, his eyes their bluest and coldest at that moment. He supposed she was the modern girl, but he could never tolerate her. He decided to put his leave off further still. Fancy an England all peopled with these efficient young women, all going right to the point at once! And after that she refused to take his tent, but slept in a long chair in the store tent.

The besieging party crept nearer with dawn, and a stray shot got Nap on the back of the head, leaving a nasty wound. That frightened him, because he was not sure how the camp would behave without him. But he calculated that relief should arrive, with luck, that evening, and he could hold out till then whatever happened; but it did strike him how tiresome it was to be civilized. How much easier to push Bong out and say no more about it.

The visitor bound his wound with a rough tenderness and it was clear from her face that she was anxious about it.

"I don't like leaving you like this," she said.

He laughed shortly.

"What on earth do you imagine you could do?"

She said with hateful confidence:

"Why, lots. But if I stay it means mushing up this trip. And I suppose you are all right. And you're sure relief is coming today? Look here, I know what I'll do. I want petrol. I'll drop down there just to make sure."

He as good as told her to mind her own business. The Frontier Service had been run for years without feminine assistance, and could probably continue to carry on without it. All this he suggested politely, his head throbbing in a sickening fashion. It would have gone home to any of the nice girls he had been accustomed to in Cheltenham, but he wasn't sure it wasn't just wasted on her.

IT WAS only as she dwindled to a speck in the empty dome of the sky, that he realized he had never asked her name. Well, what did that matter? The midday sun made his head so bad that he had to go and lie down at tea time, done; and it was when he was lying down that such curious things began to happen. A voice said: "It's Christmas time in the world today," and the well nourished robin on his mother's Christmas card began to sing. At least, it sang from time to time, and in the intervals became his mother herself, spectacles on nose, saying: "Woman's place is the home, and not the sky, my dear, and no good can ever come of it."

He staggered out at sundown, drunken with fever, and knew that things looked black. He got sullen looks in reply to his orders, and it seemed unlikely they would bother to hold the camp through the night, without him. There was no sign of any relief party. The plain was empty as the sky.

He stood a trifle drunkenly on his feet, nursing his rifle, and pondering his own mistake. Because nothing had happened for five years, he had fallen into the error of thinking the situation was safe for life. His attitude had been "Nothing ever happens here. Nothing ever will." The correct attitude toward life, he realized, is, "Nothing has happened for five years, so something is inevitably due." But what was the good of thinking of that now? If only he could last through the night! But, sickeningly, he knew that he could not last through the night. Already there were strange buzzings and burrings in his ears. Already he was beginning to have hallucinations. For he thought in the sky he saw a speck that suddenly developed wings, and circled above the place where he tried to teach his chaps football in clement weather, and landed like a dragon-fly; and he thought he saw her coming towards him, her boyish figure slender in the evening light. And then it grew, amazingly. Darkness closed him in.

* * * * *

HE WAS lying on his bed, and she was doing something to his hurt head.

"Lie quiet," she said, rather impatiently, as one man might speak to another. She sorted him and settled him, and gave him something in a wine glass. He saw her put on his helmet, his coat and his belt. Then she picked up his rifle.

"Your runner never reached camp. They'd heard nothing," she said. "I gave them word; they'll be along tomorrow morning. That muck will make you sleep, and don't worry about things. I won't let them get Bong, if I have to shoot the girl with my own fair hand."

"But," he said, "your trip. What about your record breaking stunt?"

"Oh, I abandoned that. This is far more fun," she said. "Don't worry about us. We'll be all right."

Twice in the night he opened his eyes and found her beside him. Her face was very gentle and soft — and somehow she did not look in the least like a boy, in spite of her odd get-up. Her presence comforted him vaguely, and he wished now that he had been nicer to her before. He thought how amazing it was that all this should have come upon him just because of Bong, and her face like two pounds of cold halibut, and her inadequate kilt . . . staring with pigs' eyes at nothing.

* * * * *

THE Relief Force arrived at noon, and found the little camp still holding out, with a corpse or so lying in the sun outside the stockade. The Officer Commanding strode forward to shake Nap by the hand, his congratulations all ready tabulated, and to his amazement he found a tall girl wearing an officer's coat and belt, nursing a rifle, in Nap's place among the men.

She looked tired and pale, but elated.

"Gosh, I'm glad to see you!" she said. "They rushed us twice in the night, and I was frightened they would get in. He's pretty badly hurt."

She unbuckled her belt and removed Nap's helmet from her short hair.

"I had to abandon my flight, but I'm glad I did. He was done when I got here. I'll have a sleep, and then push off to Calcutta," she said, smiling at him, showing very white teeth. It might have been just round the corner instead of several hundred miles. The C. O. was an old-fashioned man, and it took his breath away.

"My dear young lady . . . you . . . all alone . . ." he began. She gave him a dazzling smile and went away, combing her hair. The modern woman, he supposed. They made him sweat blood . . . but he . . . could not help owning she had done a wonderful job.

NAP, stirring in his sleep at some unspecified time, had another of those odd dreams. For he thought she was standing beside him and that there were tears in her eyes. And he thought that she bent suddenly and kissed his forehead, and that for a moment her hand, very cool and kind, was laid there, and she said aloud:

"Oh, you nice person . . .!" in a voice that was not at all masculine or modern, but held a note he had never heard before in any woman's voice; Theo having been brought up in a good home and taught never to show her real feelings.

But when next he asked about her, they told him that she had gone.

"To Calcutta. And then to England, and, after that, God knows where. All alone in that thing like a Singer Sewing machine with a beef sandwich and half an orange in the locker."

Nap said: "She also had a plum pudding."

The C. O. shook his head.

"These modern women make me sweat blood. . . ."

Nap said: "Know her name?"

"Mary Fennel. . . . Plucky young woman, of course. . . . But I can't stomach that sort of thing, Wolfe. Woman's place is the home. . . . "

Nap said: "M'm. . . ."

He was thinking that the C. O. had a distinct look of his mother, especially when he put his glasses at the end of his nose.

"After this there is no question

about it. You must take some leave. Go home. Get fit again. Staying out here too long never pays in the end. Warps the outlook. . . . "

Nap said: "Yes . . . I shall go home. . . ." He said: "Do you happen to have her address in England? I want to thank her. After all, I suppose she saved my life."

The C. O. said: "Undoubtedly . . . undoubtedly."

But he was an old fashioned man. In his heart the whole proceeding shocked him a little. "Woman's place. . . . "

"These modern women . . ." he said, ". . . they make me. . . ."

Nap wasn't listening to him. He was thinking that if it wasn't a dream, that part about the kiss. . . . Well, in a way it sort of changed everything. . . . In any case, he had to get home quick and find out. He knew he would get no peace now, until he found out.

He coughed.

"Mother getting old, of course . . . " he said, ". . . must go back and see her . . . as soon as ever it's convenient, sir. . . ."

Hawk

By Frances M. Frost

Against the dusk the hawk
Is a fragment of blackness hung
Under dim stars that rock
In a rising wind.
Ye young,
Ye whom a pale leaf sets
Trembling, go blind, beware!
Those eyes can not forget
That behold the living air
Carved by wild, dark flight,
Pierced by a furious wing.
Cover their eyes, O night!
O young, mark not this thing!

The Wet Movement Today

By the Hon. Herbert Claiborne Pell

A Member of Congress in 1919, He Voted Against the Volstead Law

The fight against Prohibition is today in the same condition as the fight for Temperance was fifty years ago. The Temperance orators then were preaching the advantages of sobriety to health and to pocket. Great numbers were interested, either as individuals or as members of such groups as the W. C. T. U. or the Father Mathew Society. Little was accomplished until the organization of the Anti-Saloon League, on a different principle; its central idea of utilizing the organized churches as a political battering ram is the secret of its success.

Under the leadership of H. H. Russell and of Wayne B. Wheeler it took the movement for Temperance out of the hands of those who preached sobriety in the interests of good citizenship, good health or economic welfare, and placed it in the hands of those clerical politicians who have set up the Volstead Law and the Eighteenth Amendment as dogmas of the Evangelical churches.

Wheeler's first important work was the destruction of the old Prohibition Party, which marked the ending of what might be called the Period of Platitudes. He and his lieutenants handled the voters, over whom they had absolute control, with masterly skill. The number of these voters has been extraordinarily exaggerated by the enthusiasm of their friends, by the fear of their enemies and by the wonder of the people at large.

In the first place, they were all enrolled in the party normally dominant in the districts in which they lived. A member of the Anti-Saloon League, who enrolled or voted with the Prohibition Party, they considered to be about as valuable as "a circle with the rim rubbed off."

Wheeler's cohorts marched solidly to the party primaries and there recorded their votes. At the ensuing election, if their man were nominated, all supported him regardless of their usual political affiliations. If, on the other hand, their candidate had been defeated at the primaries, no national issue was considered important enough to justify the support of his successful rival. This organization had its candidates for every office, legislative or administrative — coroner, superintendent of the poor, school board, highway commissioner. ¶Accordingly they secured, in the course of a comparatively few years, the control of a large proportion of the minor offices in the United States and of the legislatures of many of the States.

Most members of Congress have previously held public office. Candidates for Congress are usually selected from those minor office holders who have run ahead of their ticket rather than from among those who have run behind. The Anti-Saloon League has always taken care that its candidates, regardless of political party, should run ahead of their ticket.

THE key to the success of Wheeler's organization was the absolute control of a comparatively small body of voters rather than the vague support of large numbers. It is by no means true that all Drys belong to the Anti-Saloon League or vote according to its instructions, but it is only those who so voted who are responsible for bringing about the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Act. This small, well organized group is more than the general staff of the Prohibition force. It is its army.

Wheeler and his clerical associates never considered or valued the vague advocates of Temperance who believed that the tariff or the League of Nations, governmental honesty or international justice, were of more importance than the regulation of the liquor traffic. They were interested in nothing but Prohibitionists who would sacrifice every other political desire in order to support Dry officials or punish Wet.

* * *

The Wet leaders must study the methods of the Anti-Saloon League if they hope to affect legislation. Referendums on Prohibition won by the Wets are completely without effect, and will continue to be so until the Wet group stops voting for wetness, and begins to vote for Wets. Votes are not changed by vague preference but by passionate desires. For instance, let us take this illustration. Of three men, Brown is opposed to Government ownership and opposed to a high tariff, but is a passionate Prohibitionist and believes that Prohibition is the one important issue before the people of the United States. Jones is opposed to Prohibition and to Government ownership, but believes that the dominant issue before the people of the United States is the tariff and feels that our prosperity and safety depend on high duties. Robinson is opposed to Prohibition and to high tariff, but believes that the only salvation of the country will come from Government ownership. A community composed of such men would vote at a referendum two to one Wet, two to one against Government ownership and two to one against a high tariff; and yet the votes of all three would be secured by a candidate advocating Prohibition, advocating a high tariff and advocating Government ownership.

IT IS an old political maxim that you can't beat anybody with nobody. If the Wet chiefs could show the political leaders that there were in a given district five hundred voters — two hundred and fifty former Republicans and two hundred and fifty former Democrats — who had decided that regardless of party they would never vote for any Dry and would support any Wet, the leaders would listen with attention and respect. The Volstead Law can be amended only by a majority of individual Congressmen elected as individuals.

* * *

THE intransigent attitude of the liquor dealers did as much to bring about Prohibition as the astute wisdom of Wayne B. Wheeler. There was not a politician in the country, from the United States Senator to the district captain, who did not have to consider the force of the liquor ring. The brewers were adamant against any effort to reform them. It was a notorious fact that the opening of a saloon meant that every dwelling within a hundred feet would become of less value; that the frequenting of these places was a discredit to a man, and the entrance into them disgraceful to a woman.

We would never have heard of a serious movement for Prohibition in this country if the liquor interests had been willing to restrain their greed enough to sell their product in the decent and clean way adopted in so many European countries. The saloon need not have carried with it the disgraceful connotation that it did. There is no reason why the places where beer and wine are sold should not be as respectable as the shops which deal in tea or in furniture. Drunkenness and loud vulgarity can be as readily restrained in one place as in another, but all the liquor dealers could see was that it was vastly more profitable to shove whiskey into drunkards in a filthy place than it would be to sell beer or wine to respectable citizens in clean and decent surroundings. If the dealers had been willing to compromise, they could have continued their existence; but being unwilling to bend, they were broken.

* * *

Ninety per cent of the people of the United States believe that the liquor traffic must be controlled, and at least three-quarters of them believe it is being controlled today in an unsatisfactory and unsuccessful way. Unlimited license would be as unacceptable as the most extreme Prohibition. The middle group, which is only now beginning to realize the great importance of this question, believes that the Government has the right and should have the right to do what it can to check drunkenness and to promote Temperance, but is profoundly shocked by the excesses to which the present system has led those Government officials charged with the enforcement of the present law.

* * *

THE Anti-Saloon League has performed a minor surgical operation with an axe. The outcries of the patient do not mean that the operation was unnecessary but that the surgeon was inept. The moderate element which in large numbers was disgusted by the selfish obstinacy of the liquor dealers is now revolting against the intolerant fanaticism of the Prohibitionists.

The Prohibition movement has reached the professional stage with its leaders more interested in their control of politicians than in the triumph of their policies. The Anti-Saloon League is in the hands of a group of uncompromising clerical politicians whose obstinacy may wreck that structure made possible to so great an extent by the obstinacy of their opponents. Their attitude seems to be that they would rather have the Volstead Law in its complete entirety unchanged as an expression of their ideals, unamended, as it came from the hands of Wheeler, though its continuance on the statute books means drunkenness, discontent and corruption, rather than to accept reasonable amendments which would unquestionably assist in making the nation contented and sober. An amendment to the Volstead Act would be a defeat for them, and they care little for the reformation of the ungodly.

The organizations which are now working against Prohibition are still dealing in platitudinous generalities. Eminent men are discussing the evils of Prohibition with the enthusiasm and the inefficiency of John B. Gough and the Rev. Mr. Swallow. Sentiment against Prohibition extremism is being aroused on all sides but is not being organized intelligently.

The situation would be radically changed if the organizations opposed to Prohibition, instead of talking about referendums and abstract principles, consolidated and united on a model statute providing for the sale of wine and beer, untaxed by the United States Government, under such restrictions as the States themselves might impose. On this programme, most of those who are opposed to Prohibition could unite. The extremists — on both sides — would be dissatisfied, but the vast majority of people, who realize that safety lies in the middle ground and that a democracy can only continue to exist as it succeeds in preserving a continually changing compromise between excessive liberty and excessive regulation, would be ready to accept this as a proper solution.

* * *

If you take an ordinary commercial atlas from any high school library, you can see a line drawn through Europe, south of which the vine is a great agricultural product and north of which no wine is produced. This line will enter France a little north of the Loire and it will proceed through France, leaving on its north side almost all of Britanny, Normandy and Artois, and striking the Rhine about Cologne. It will keep north of Bavaria and Saxony, taking in a part of Czechoslovakia, all of the present Austria and a great part of Hungary. South of this line, a quart of wine can be bought for about the price of an hour's unskilled labor. North of it, a quart of wine will cost more than a pint of spirits.

South of this line, drunkenness is practically unknown; from the lowest class to the highest it is frowned upon as a disgrace. North of the boundary, it is considered a pardonable weakness. There is no biological distinction between a Frenchman living at Rennes or Rouen and one living at Tours, but the Norman and the Breton look on drunkenness as complacently as do the Scotch or the Swedes, while in Touraine it is considered as disgraceful as it is in Sicily.

I am convinced that we would reach the goal of national sobriety very quickly if instead of the Volstead Law we were provided with national legislation permitting the sale of wine and beer under such regulations as the States might provide, and leaving to the States themselves, with their concurrent power, the duty of punishing those individuals who abuse the use of wine and beer. We should treat liquor as we treat deadly weapons. A man is not permitted to carry a pistol, because experience has shown that in the hands of the average citizen such an instrument may very readily become a lethal weapon. At the same time, it is a known fact that any person can pick up a chair or a piece of firewood and dash his friend's brains out with it. The State tries to meet this fact by punishing those who so abuse and misuse chairs or firebrands rather than to prevent such abuse by forcing the entire population to sit before steam radiators, cross-legged like Turks on their cushions.

The surrender to the authorities of a friend implicated in the smuggling of opium or of heroin would not earn for a man the contempt of reputable society, but if any man were to denounce an acquaintance for the violation of the Volstead Law, he would be cut by every honorable gentleman of his acquaintance. In spite of all the clap-trap about law being law, we must recognize that there are distinctions. In a country worthy of respect, the law must be respectable if it expects to be respected.

The great body of American people has little direct interest in one side or the other of the liquor question as such, but has a mighty consideration for the permanence of our institutions. Temperate and pragmatic, they do not propose to accept dictation either from a group intolerant of liberty or from one intolerant of restraint. They will not permit the setting up of a system of espionage and tyranny nor will they tolerate a return to the old conditions. They intend to find some ground between unbalanced fanaticism, on the one hand, and unbalanced sordidness on the other.

* * *

The fight against Prohibition today is in the same condition as the fight for it was in 1890 when Prohibitionists were talking Dry and voting for Wet candidates. Today, vast numbers of professing Wets continue year after year to support Dry candidates. Whether this is hypocrisy, cynical partisanship or ignorance is of little importance to the country at large. If hypocrisy, it should be exposed; if corruption, it should be done away with, and if ignorance, it should be enlightened. We should again study the history of the Anti-Saloon League and realize that Wheeler did not build up his organization with disgruntled politicians or with men who habitually opposed his professed platform. In the United States we are governed not by a majority of the people but by a majority of that part of the people which considers public affairs worthy of their private interest.

Guns and Standardization

By Lorimer Hammond

Adventurous Birth of the Great American Institution

A STAGECOACH raced from Mexico into Brownsville, Texas. On the high front seat a Mexican driver sprawled half dead with a rope around his neck. The solitary passenger inside the coach had the other end of the rope hitched to one foot. That way he could strangle the driver with a kick. He also brandished two large pistols. He was a dandified man, neat, small, obviously a tenderfoot, a regular New York dude — from the waist up. His legs were torn and bloodsoaked. For hours he had been rowelling himself with his spurs to keep awake. Heaped around him lay a fortune in bags of silver coin. These he deposited hastily at the Wells Fargo office in Brownsville.

"Send a wire to Winchester's," he told the express agent. "Say Tom Addis has sold Juarez the guns — and brought back the money."

Then he passed out — slept for three days, two nights. They had to cut the clothing away from his butchered legs.

That's how "Colonel Tom" Addis returned after arming the newborn Republic of Mexico. Thomas Addis was an American — one of those daredevil Yankee gun salesmen who followed their trade to every end of the earth where men waged war for reasons of their own.

Warfare is going out of fashion, so we're told. Peace and disarmament — more power to 'em — shine in the limelight now. Yet why not take a brief backward glance at our American gun business, just for auld lang syne? Perhaps we're forgetting a fact or two.

FOR nearly a century American guns have played important parts in the world-wide drama of human rights and fights.

That's one side of the picture.

For more than a century American gunmakers have blazed important trails in the world's progressive march toward labor by machines instead of human hands.

That's the other side.

Salesmen from our gun shops have crossed all seas, traversed all continents, penetrated all frontiers. Since our Civil War almost every serious conflict or threatened conflict in the world has featured American guns.

Meanwhile the gunmakers of America have been the first to introduce our basic principles of modern industry. They inaugurated quantity production. They invented all the essential types of our machine-tools. By uncovering the vast possibilities of interchangeable part design, they fathered standardization. Manufacturers of today can trace so many of their present methods back to gun shop practice in this country that well-known research experts, such as Professor Joseph Wickham Roe, of New York University, call American gunmaking the "daddy of them all."

In his book on workshop origins Professor Roe declares, "Of all articles now manufactured by this system" (mechanized mass production) "guns and pistols are the only ones which antedate the system."

Then our automobiles, our cash-registers, cameras, typewriters, phonographs and thousands of other machine-made conveniences now used in everyday life, must all be descended from that swashbuckling ancestor — the gun.

So HERE's a point for our disarmament-minded girls and boys to worry about:

While war boomed the gun business, the gun business begat modern industry.

Our own gun business particularly.

Inside and out, the American arms trade has always been exceptionally venturesome, pioneered new ways, done sensational things. Colt's, Winchester's, Remington's — the records of these and other celebrated firms abound with thrills.

As a rule they made money. Some of them made millions. But they also made history. What kind? Good history or bad? Constructive or destructive? Let's see.

First we'll go back to Thomas Addis and his Mexican adventure:

The guns he sold to Don Benito Juarez in 1866 were used against the French Foreign Legion at Monterey. They shot down Ferdinand Maxmilian's puppet throne in Mexico and stopped forever the European empire scheme then being cooked up there by Napoleon III.

Don Benito's patriots paid Addis for the guns he furnished — after which they thought how nice it would be to get their money back. So his coach full of coin was to have been hijacked by "bandits" at a prearranged ambush. His Mexican driver belonged to the gang. Outguessing their game, Addis stuck up the crooked coachman, tied him with a gallows noose as described, and forced him to reach the border by a different route.

The Winchester Company had issued instructions not to arm Juarez unless full payment could be assured. Addis put the sale over, but collecting the cash gave him a lot more trouble than delivering the goods.

PURVEYING our guns to foreign fighters has been like that more than once. Between 1914–18 the Allied belligerents of Europe bought over two billion dollars' worth of lethal fireworks from American concerns. Outstanding bills for the same are far from settled yet.

How have American gunmakers influenced industry? Before bringing that up in detail, suppose we review one more extraordinary job of salesmanship and its results:

Small arms manufactured in this country became popular among European military leaders shortly prior to 1870, when Bismarck and the present ex-Kaiser's grandfather, Wilhelm I, were seeing unmistakable signs of an approaching war with France — and getting ready for it.

Johnny-on-the-spot, Samuel Remington turned up in Berlin at just the right moment to swing a big rifle deal with the Prussian Army Board. The contract needed the Kaiser's approval, but that was considered as good as gained. Wilhelm was known to be favorably interested.

His interest was such, indeed, that he conferred a royal visit in person upon the range where the American guns were being demonstrated. Remington was overjoyed. Loading one of his rifles with his own hands, he tendered the weapon to the monarch.

"Will your Majesty do me the very great honor of testing the piece?"

The Kaiser accepted, raised the rifle smartly to his shoulder, and squinted along the sights like a veteran sharpshooter. At a respectful distance the officers of his staff stood ready to applaud his marksmanship. Mr. Remington beamed with delight. Wilhelm pulled the trigger.

Plunk!

The hammer fell. So did Remington's face. The gun failed to go off. Fate and *one* defective cartridge spoiled the show.

Kaiser Wilhelm refused all explanations. Flinging the rifle to the ground, he left the range. The deal was cancelled immediately. Prussia's troops bore no American arms when they marched into Alsace some months later.

War lords were apt to be capricious customers, but Samuel Remington knew the ups and downs of the gun trade far too well to carry all his eggs in one basket.

A certain broad, impartial attitude toward foreign politics was necessary.

Mr. Remington had it.

Therefore, while he had been dickering in Berlin, his best agent, W. W. Reynolds, had at the same time been in Paris, giving the French War Ministry another brisk sales talk.

Reynolds was still there — still talking — when the Franco-Prussian War broke out. He saved his breath after that. The unprepared French Government handed him a rush order covering Remington's entire output. The bargain was sealed by a large advance payment in gold. Then Wilhelm's Prussians came goose-stepping across France so fast that Reynolds didn't have time to start for home with his gold and his contract before the invaders blocked his getaway.

Caught in the famous Siege of Paris, like the rest of the beleaguered population he dined on wild animal meat from the City Zoo as food ran short. Between meals he tramped the boulevards impatiently, determined to escape.

At length he persuaded the authorities to build him a balloon. One was already being constructed for Leon Gambetta, the defender of Paris, whose transportation to more secure headquarters had been judged imperative for military reasons.

C. W. Way, a New York merchant also stranded by the Siege, decided to join Reynolds's attempted flight. Reynolds and he had to pay $1,250 for the balloon. With them went a French officer named Cuzon and an enthusiastic young amateur aeronaut of the name of Durevilio.

THEIR balloon and Gambetta's arose together at eleven o'clock, Friday morning, October 7, 1870.

The double ascension caused a great stir. Crowds of besieged Parisians watched them start. Pretty girls by the dozen kissed them good-bye. Hundreds cheered, waved flags, wished them Godspeed.

Gambetta gave the take-off signal. Up went the two balloons.

Up — but not far enough up.

Reynolds's craft could not make altitude. The basket was too heavily loaded with French gold. And Reynolds flatly refused to throw any of this treasure overboard. Because of faulty navigation, Gambetta's balloon also failed to rise properly. As soon as they cleared the ramparts, both drifted low toward the German lines.

The Germans saw them coming. That was when the excitement began.

Shelled by Prussian artillery, sniped at by infantry, followed by troops of galloping Uhlans, the adventurers in the air spent a lively day. Gambetta was shot through the hand. None of the others were injured, but they all missed death by scant margins.

At one perilous moment Gambetta's pilot lost control, sent his party diving almost to earth, then popped them up straight under the Reynolds-Way excursion. A fatal crash was prevented only by a lucky gust of wind which swerved the two apart in the nick of time.

Finally the wind blew both balloons out of range of their pursuers. Late that afternoon they landed safely beyond the Prussian lines. Gambetta's group landed in a tree. Reynolds and his friends came down in a field near Amiens. From Amiens the dauntless gun salesman rushed Mr. Remington's gold home to America by rail and boat.

I believe this exploit holds two records.

(1) Apparently it was the first business deal in the world ever clinched by the help of aviation.

(2) It was certainly the first time any Americans ever flew through German gunfire.

SALESMEN like Reynolds and Addis faced all sorts of risky undertakings. Disguised as a Chinese mandarin, one of them armed the exalted followers of Li Hung-chang. For special services rendered, another received from the Khedive of Egypt a Cairo palace, complete with every Oriental luxury — harem included.

The gun merchants peddled their wares through Europe, Africa and Asia, through South and Central America. During the Russo-Turkish wars Colt rifles carried by the Sultan's forces blazed away against Winchester rifles used by the soldiers of the Czar.

Records from long before the World War show one American firm alone selling 400,000 military rifles to the Egyptian army, 145,000 to the French, 130,000 to Spain, 89,000 to Cuba, 50,000 to Mexico, 42,000 to Denmark, 12,000 to Chile and 12,000 to Costa Rica — all with generous supplies of ammunition to match.

Why?

How did American firearms come

to dominate the war markets of the world?

Superior salesmanship? Not primarily. The men who sold American guns abroad were great go-getters, to be sure. But the men who built those guns really established the trade.

WITHOUT knowing it, they established something much more significant at the same time.

Out of their gun shops came a series of mechanical novelties destined not only to capture the armament business for America on an international scale, but also to reshape the entire structure of the manufacturing world.

These novelties were the milling machine, the eccentric lathe, the edging machine, the tapping machine and the drilling machine, together with various fundamental applications of the drop-forge.

In other words, all the basic types of our modern machine-tools.

Every one of them originated in American gun shops. There can scarcely be a manufacturing plant now operating anywhere in which the present machine equipment has not been largely developed or adopted outright from models invented by American gunmakers to cut down costs, increase their output, or improve the product.

The eccentric lathe is a representative case.

Used today in hundreds of different industries, this machine turns out irregular (eccentric) forms from pattern with automatic speed and precision. It has undergone practically no change since Thomas Blanchard invented it about eighty years ago for the turning of wooden gun stocks.

Curiously enough, he invented it more as a joke than as a serious project.

The incident occurred at the United States Arsenal in Springfield, Mass. Blanchard had just perfected a lathe for turning musket barrels and was installing one there, much to the displeasure of the men who ground barrels by hand — men whose task would be eliminated by the new machine.

"By God, Blanchard, you can't spoil my job!" shouted a voice from the other end of the shop.

"What's your job?" Blanchard shouted back.

The man who had spoken was carving gun stocks by hand. His work required a high degree of manual skill and experience. He exhibited one of the half finished stocks, showing off its complicated form, its irregularly tapered butt, its queer shaped, knobby heel.

"Take a look," he told Blanchard. "Here's a trick you fancy inventors won't do in a hurry."

"Why not?" Blanchard asked for the sake of argument.

"Don't make me laugh!" was the derisive reply. "You'll never chop out one of these by machinery, and you know it."

"I'll see about it," said Blanchard.

A YANKEE sense of humor — sharp and competitive — made him think it would be a fine joke to get the better of that cocksure workman. The inspiration came to him that evening as he drove slowly homeward through the little village of Brimfield. He saw all at once how a set of chisels rigged to follow a pattern would turn out gun stocks, or any other rounded forms, no matter how asymmetrical.

The idea struck him so forcibly that he jumped right out of his buggy. Dancing down the main street of the village, he shouted, "I've got it, by the Lord Harry I've got it!" — much to the bewilderment of Brimfield's rustic populace.

It wasn't long before the result of Blanchard's jocular brainstorm amazed a wider audience.

HARD on his heels a quick-march of inventive talent among rival gunmakers began advancing mechanized production to points far ahead of any previously attained.

Soon Levi Lincoln brought out our first milling machine. He was employed at the time by Samuel Colt. (It was Levi Lincoln, by the way, who also gave us our first successful hook-and-eye machine.) Following Blanchard and Lincoln, other gun shop inventors then introduced our earliest drillers, edgers and many new drop-forge devices.

Just after the middle of the last century American gunmakers carried the gospel of machine-tool performance across the Atlantic.

At the London Fair of 1851 a Vermont firm showed standardized guns manufactured by machine-tools on the interchangeable plan. In 1853 the British Government ordered 20,000 Enfield rifles built by the new American method in American factories.

Two years later the Enfield Company imported 157 gunmaking machines from the United States. These were the first automatic tools ever used in Europe.

Meanwhile the new machines from the gun shops spread rapidly into general use. So universal were the labor problems solved by these inventions that other manufacturing trades at once adapted them to purposes of their own.

JUST as Blanchard and his contemporaries launched our machine-tool era, so two Connecticut gunmakers pioneered our methods of standardization. These two were Simon North and Eli Whitney — the same Eli Whitney who invented the cotton gin. But a distinguished gentleman from Virginia perceived their goal at least twenty years before they reached it.

This prophet in the wilderness was Thomas Jefferson, at that time American envoy to the court of Louis XVI. In 1785 Jefferson wrote from Paris to John Jay, then Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs:

> An improvement is made here in the construction of muskets which it may be interesting to Congress to know, should they at any time propose to procure any. It consists in the making every part of them so exactly alike that what belongs to any one may be used for every other.

Written 145 years ago, that letter contained America's first hint at standardization. An obscure French mechanic named Le Blanc was conducting the experiment.

Jefferson went on to say:

> He effects it with tools of his own contrivance, which at the same time abridge the work so that he thinks he shall be able to furnish the musket two livres cheaper than the common price.

Special tools, quicker work, lower costs, reduced prices! There — revealed for the first time — lay the magic formula by which our vast industrial powers of today have been created!

Jefferson urged Le Blanc to emigrate to America. The Frenchman declined, left Paris, and vanished thereafter from record.

But his experiment emigrated without him. Returning home to become Secretary of State, Jefferson promoted Le Blanc's idea here. When our War of 1812 was declared, Eli Whitney and Simon North announced their readiness to supply the American troops with standardized muskets built on the interchangeable plan.

They carried out the project with the greatest success in spite of opposition and ridicule. After that the new industrial system was firmly established.

So our fabulous age of quantity production actually dates from the manufacture of muskets for the War of 1812!

War, guns, machines — so far they have always paraded together through our history. Disarmament advocates think that partnership is out of date and useless now. But there are other opinions, to the contrary.

For example:

Last July the War Department tried a new kind of manœuvres. It was the strangest war game ever played. There was nothing military about it — no troop movements, no sham battles, no theorized attack or defense. Yet it may truly be described as a full-dress rehearsal of an operation which might very well decide the outcome of any future war. It was held in a large business office at Springfield, Mass. Rows of flat-topped desks filled the room. At each desk sat a reserve officer of the Army Ordnance Corps. According to the game they had just been mobilized to face a national emergency.

The commanding officer's 'phone rang. He answered it, then called the room to attention.

"Gentlemen," he said, "war has been declared."

The men at the desks went quietly to work. What they did was not spectacular. They simply consulted order charts, wrote certain numbers into printed telegraph blanks, and handed the telegrams to orderlies who rushed them to the wires. All the messages were alike in form. They read something like this:

"YOUR GOVERNMENT CONTRACT 83059 IS EFFECTIVE IMMEDIATELY"

Who received these messages? What was supposed to happen when they arrived? Business men received them. First of all, the managers of every gun shop, munition factory and explosive plant in the United States.

Then the executive heads of steel companies, foundries, mines, machine-tool manufacturers, motor builders, dealers in rubber, lumber, leather, etc., railroads, shipping firms, labor exchanges — in short, the entire network of private industries by which the sinews of war must be provided when nations fight.

Beginning with the gun shops, all these firms had (and still have) Government contracts in their office files. They contract to turn from peacetime production to wartime work as soon as notified. They also agree to maintain permanently enough reserve machinery — special dies, gauges, etc. — so that the change to wartime production of Government orders can be made without delay or hitch.

Along with each contract are filed complete schedules for making the required change as quickly as possible. These include building, labor and supply programmes for immediate expansion. Each contract fixes the amount of goods to be produced, sets time limits for delivery, and arranges for payment on a cost-plus basis.

That was the show our potential war industries put on last summer. Another like it will be staged in 1931. The American gun business isn't neglecting its P's and Q's just yet.

It's a great old business, any way you take it.

It changed the political map of the world more than once between 1812 and 1918. At the same time its inventors created new machines which have altered the economic life of humankind. Now hopeful humanitarians want to abolish the making of guns for war. Possibly the future will justify such gallant hopefulness. Possibly not.

If not — well, in that case wars will again be fought with guns. And at present our gunmakers are still with us.

* * *

The Story of Gideon Nathan

By Norah Wellesby

Predicament of a Little Frog in a Big, Big Pond

Gideon Nathan — though that is not his real name — decided to have a motion picture theatre of his own in some pleasant town near Manhattan. He scouted round in New Jersey and found a county seat town of 5,000 population. It looked like a good location, as it had some industries and a large outlying territory from which to draw patronage. The town also possessed a big ramshackle theatre going to the dogs under incompetent management.

Young Nathan promptly leased it for a term of years, transported his household goods, his wife and child, and set to work. He took out seven cartloads of peanut shells, painted, borrowed $11,500 to put with his own $1,000, and shrewdly proceeded to install the most up-to-date equipment. All the local wiseacres knew he would fail, "Putting in that expensive pipe organ." It had rain, horns, xylophones — all the effects. This expenditure, he shrewdly estimated, was to be his salvation. His real hazard he knew lay in the fact that the producers would compel him to play out his predecessor's unfinished contracts for a lot of poor films unsuited to the community. But his inviting house, his skilful presentation of even poor pictures, with such music as had never been heard in this town of Blank, put the venture across. People flocked in from three counties. His shows "went over big."

That, however, did not satisfy him. Unlike many ignorant men who entered this business, he wanted more than profits. He wanted to give "value received." He also desired the respect of his fellow townspeople. Still aglow with the ideals a college tries to instil, he realized that the fascination of the swiftly flowing film is such as to give it the same power as the home and the school to set standards. As soon as he could he signed contracts for blocks of pictures better suited to the tastes of his neighbors. But he found himself forced to take stupid and vulgar films along with the good ones.

"Many a night," he says of the poor productions, "I'd duck from sight as people came out of the theatre with their children. I just couldn't bear to stand in the lobby and face parents after some rotten play that

I knew just as well as they was no fit fare for boys and girls. But what could I do?

"Bear in mind, too, that even though you make a profit for the year in spite of such films they reduce your earnings, especially in small towns. People come the first night, but the rest of the run is a frost. Look through *Harrison's Reports*, our trade paper, and read some of the cries for help from independents in little towns where gang plays and lurid sex stuff get them in all wrong with the townspeople. Of course, every man likes to realize the maximum of profits on his business, but even if the power to select good plays didn't mean better business, I'd still need them just to feel self respecting."

THERE seemed, for a long time, nothing he could do about the matter. He went on taking the bad with the good. But even with that handicap his success was such that eventually a motion picture chain theatre began to cast envious eyes upon the profits of the Blank Theatre. Suddenly one day "Gid" Nathan discovered that he would not be able to renew his lease after its expiration the following year. It was to be let to a chain owner. Fortunately he already had under way plans for a new theatre, and men of substance in the town were promising to take stock.

This same year, 1922, found him *hors de combat* with the producers, because as a matter of principle he finally refused to run a certain stupid film. Such a stand, he well knew, would mean trouble. Other exhibitors thought he must be crazy to try to buck the system. "I want to give my public the best. They pay their good money. They're entitled to it, but I'm not let!" he exclaimed. He compared the exhibitor's servile existence with the independence of other merchants in the town. They sold goods, he sold shadows and sound; but the business principles involved were the same, he maintained.

HERE briefly are the rules of the game under which the exhibitor had to conduct his business. He must sign up in advance, before most of the films were even made, for the *entire* annual output of plays, good, bad and indifferent, of each producer with whom he did business. (Known as "blind buying" and "block booking.") One firm's product might suit the exhibitor better than that of another. Nevertheless in either case he was usually forced to take the poor stuff in order to get the few choice plays.

Then, too, under the system of "protection" that crystallized along with the development of the chain system, most independent exhibitors could no longer get fresh films, but had to take them at second, third, and fourth hand after the big houses had skimmed the cream. Not only did the producers accord each other first run privileges, but selection as well of the films best suited to each others' patrons.

Another difficulty for the independent exhibitor grew out of the custom of giving first run privileges to chain houses. When a film was "a hit" and ran for weeks, that frequently held up the turnover of plays for the little fellow. He might begin to run out of film. Could he then go out and get a few extra plays of the same quality to fill in? If he had a rival in town running the films of another manufacturer, a big competing producer or a little one trying to get a toe hold might sell a few. Otherwise the answer was usually "All or nothing." If he bought under such conditions he was ultimately embarrassed with more plays than he could run in the current year. He then had to take his choice of two losses, either run films at a faster rate than the cost of them would justify or maintain his usual rate of change and run them over into the next season when they were stale, lost him money, and hurt his house.

"Gid" Nathan compared his position with that of the restaurateur down the street. He didn't have to offer his patrons tripe instead of chicken unless he chose to; and the grocer didn't have to take all of Mr. Heinz's fifty-seven varieties in order to buy part of his brand. If he bought a gross of ketchup from some jobber and part of the bottles proved bad, the manufacturer made good. The grocer didn't have to palm off spoiled goods on his customers. Why, asked "Gid" Nathan, should his patrons have to pay for what they didn't get?

This was only a start in his comparisons. When a salesman called on the local drygoods merchant, every sale was not a perpetual dicker with no set price, only instructions to charge all the traffic would bear. No. The jobber in the drygoods line set definite prices for salesmen to quote that season. Then, too, the salesmen could quote relatively definite delivery dates. No firm told the drygoods merchant, "Sorry but we can't let you have those three dress models we featured while they're best sellers in the big city houses." Nor did they say, "Sorry about the rest of the line of dresses you ordered. They can't be sent yet, either"; meaning that the small retailer couldn't get them till the big city stores had done with the successful dress numbers and had then decided what other models they would select. Nor did he have to take all of another manufacturer's line to get enough stock to make a showing until the original orders arrived. Nor, if he bucked and refused to accept goods under such outrageous conditions, was he forced to take his choice between paying and putting up deposits of thousands of dollars or having all the big jobbers withhold goods and ruin him.

A Board of Arbitration (called by many exhibitors the "Kangaroo Court") had been established to settle differences over contracts, but "Gid" Nathan knew how the Board would settle his case if it were allowed to go so far. They would cancel all his contracts. So he decided temporarily to suspend showing pictures and then see if he could accomplish his ends in his own way. He advertised that his house would be closed during July and August except Saturday nights — gambling on his ability, if the worst came to the worst, to pick up a few films from small concerns. He had already written the Film Board of his intention to go to court if necessary.

Then Nathan went to New York

to see if he could get films. He'd buy from second rate concerns if he had to, but first he manœuvred with the very firms to whose harsh conditions he objected. He figured that his determination to go to law if necessary might temporarily deflect producer action into opportunist policy. Whether a lookout on the producers' ship of state saw an anti-trust rock looming up across the waters, or whether a shrewd executive figured that the losses on playing "Saturday nights only" would soon cool off this daring young exhibitor, one does not know, but "Gid" Nathan succeeded in getting his Saturday night films from big producers. All this was accomplished very smoothly. However, the Film Exchange men with whom he had to deal from week to week knew he was losing money on this arrangement. They were frankly puzzled over his cutting a good business to pieces in this fashion. They urged him to settle — he was popular, they all liked him. But he was adamant and refused to be returned to the fold as a bad boy on probation.

His stand began to tell on his credit. Soon he was having a hard time to meet his obligations. September came, and then he could not renew his contracts because prices were jacked up on him "500 per cent," he said. "Huh! You were very clever," one of the salesmen told him. "You've made the Board and the Film Club crawl and deliver some films already under contract. But now you'll see what's what. There's no power on earth can compel us to sell films to you!"

There was nothing to do but take his complaint against the producers to court. He started with a New York State complaint for damages under the Donnelly Act.

Eventually there came a day when Nathan hadn't a film to run, not even a poor one. His next move was born of desperation. He telephoned the producers and told them, "If you don't supply us with film in twenty-four hours we will add to our bill of complaints all these abuses and the closing of our theatre. And we'll not keep our troubles to ourselves either. We will buy a page in a big New Jersey paper, run a picture of our front door locked and placarded, set forth our case in large print, and ask the merchants of New Jersey whether they would sign such a burglar's license to continue in business."

The next day all the sales boys were on the doorstep, and so conciliatory. "Why, oh, why?" he was asked, "do you persist in mashing up the harmony programme?"

He'd been fighting two years now for his right to reject poor films when there came a decision from the Federal court, about something else, stating that the Sherman Act was punitive, and that prosecution under a State law did not preclude a Federal prosecution. Good. He would avail himself of that opportunity. So he wrote his trouble into a Federal case to the tune of $300,000 damages, and filed the document. Then the party broke wide open, for the Sherman anti-trust law has a lot of teeth in it. His case now began to loom up disturbingly for the producers. Marvellous service "Gid" Nathan had from then on, pending the adjudication of the conflict over the legality of the Board's oppressive powers.

The opposition kept getting the case postponed according to the best legal practice.

When "Gid" Nathan's old theatre was finally evacuated for the new one and free for occupancy, the chain menace then began to take definite form. But the citizens of this town of Blank just wouldn't have the chain house in their midst. That was all. He'd fought for them. He needed friends. He had them.

THREE years more the film manufacturers succeeded in getting their case postponed. Meanwhile, producer sales policy gradually aroused exhibitors throughout the country to a general rebellion. The Federal Trade Commission, called on to review this turgid industry, held a Trade Practice hearing in 1927, and forbade certain practices that this body regarded as oppressive, but to little purpose. Meanwhile the Department of Justice had also been making investigations. Next, Congress had a hearing in 1928 on the bill for exhibitors' relief, which is still pending. Two months later, the Department of Justice was at last getting ready to prefer charges against the producers when Nathan's case finally came up for trial. He was more than ready, with three legal sized drawers full of documents and ninety witnesses, including ministers and judges.

By now, since the Department of Justice was getting so active and was about to try the producers under the anti-trust law, it seemed that the action of counsel for the defense had not been so strategic as at first seemed, in getting the Nathan case delayed all these years. Anyway, the producers were now most anxious to settle out of court. Time was granted by the judge. Much buzzing and conferring. Damages were agreed on. But Nathan would consider no settlement that did not recognize the justice of his stand against the Arbitration Board, a point hard to concede but yielded under judicial threat to proceed with the case. Thus a little fellow stood for a principle against a billion dollar industry and won!

THIS long battle for a principle concerns all of us who patronize the movies, for in the last analysis *is it not we who pay* for the "block booking," "blind buying," "protection," excessive film rentals, all the devices by which the producers have been able to pass on to us their business risks? I suppose the fact of the matter is that it is just not in any of us, just not in poor frail human nature, to be able to sell everything we make in advance and at a profit without its affecting our product. Many of us, if we had our money in the movies, probably would have done the same. The producers derived their swift, tremendous power from two sources, the fact that there was never before a product for which our people made such a demand, and the fact that we, the public, granted them such unqualified copyrights on films. It was inevitable that in the mushroom growth of this two and a half billion dollar industry abuses should develop.

Recent necessities of the producers

have brought into the industry two mitigating features. The problems of sound production have resulted in offering exhibitors semi-annual and quarterly blocks of pictures — temporarily at least. Also, now that the manufacturers have more money invested in theatres than in production — as is understood — and control one-third of our picture houses, they can no longer pass on so much of the manufacturing hazard to the public. Just as the independent exhibitors have always had to take an immediate loss on poor films, so now do the producers. This swift reflection of bad judgment is putting a new spirit into film creation. But it is not enough. So long as it is possible to force poor films on the other 12,000 houses and their patrons, producers can continue to pass on part of the productive risk. Not until the manufacturers realize that passing on these hazards is a policy that must defeat itself will films attain their full artistic or commercial possibilities. This perception when it does come will go further than any device yet used to prevent slumps in the industry. This, it would seem, should be a matter of interest to those who buy motion picture stocks as well as to patrons generally.

Of course, there will still be poor plays, for the simple reason that genius has always been scarce. But the public is, after all, pretty patient. It is apt to keep on buying, rain or shine, from the fellow who, it is convinced, is making the very best product of which he is capable.

* * *

Birkenhead

BY FRANCIS W. HIRST

A Tribute

How long the memory and fame of F. E. Smith, who rose to be Lord Chancellor of England, taking the title of his native town, Birkenhead, will prove lasting, must be left to the future to decide. But certain it is that a host of friends young and old will cherish as long as they live vivid recollections of F. E. Smith, the best of good companions. When I first went up to Wadham College, Oxford, in the early 'Nineties, it was still a very small college and its reputation was mainly founded on its past.

When I took my place with J. A. Simon, now Sir John Simon, at the scholars' table, we found sitting above us, already in their second year, C. B. Fry, the athlete, and F. E. Smith, who was already by far the best speaker in the College and was beginning to enliven the debates of the Oxford Union Society. "F. E.," as he was always called, to distinguish him among the large family of Smiths, had already developed those extraordinary talents in debate and repartee, and in the invention of droll stories founded on a slender substratum of fact, with which he regaled the college and a wide and growing circle of friends in the University. He must have brought the talent with him from Birkenhead; for in his first week at Oxford he told one at the expense of A — y, the junior scholar of his year. According to Smith, on the very first evening which they spent together, A — y took him round the town, and seeing an expensive tobacconist's shop in the Broad just opposite Balliol he went in and asked for the best cigars. A box of the finest was opened. A — y gave one to F. E., took one for himself, flung down sixpence and said with a lordly air to the tobacconist, "You can keep the change."

ANOTHER scholar of Smith's year, a Mac from Edinburgh, was a constant butt. This Mac was always in financial difficulties and was always borrowing on his prospects. Smith gave it out that Mac came from some remote Highland glen and was the nephew of a wild chieftain, who would some day come to the college and pay Mac's debts. The most hilarious evening I ever spent in my life came about in this wise. Smith took A — y into his confidence and provided him with a huge red wig, a battered top hat and a suitable attire. Hardly anyone was in the secret. It was the night of the Wadham debate and Simon was presiding. At the commencement of private business, F. E. suddenly came in with A — y and gravely asked the President to allow him to introduce Mac's uncle into the Society. As the chieftain was suffering from a chill, he hoped the President would allow him to retain his hat. Simon and indeed the whole of the crowded room was completely taken in, though a suppressed titter ran round at the strange sight of the Highland gentleman with his tattered hat and protruding clumps of curly red hair. Simon's gravity and politeness were incomparable, and for a good many minutes F. E. kept the play going, until at last there was a rush for the old gentleman; his hat and wig were torn off and A — y was discovered. It is impossible to reproduce the scene that ensued, in which we all took a hand. I have always thought that it was worthy of the pen of a Bret Harte.

THE stories told of and by F. E., at college and afterward, are legion. Some of them are unprintable, and most of them are too good to print. He could seldom resist a joke even at his own expense. After he had made his reputation in the House of Commons and was being hailed as the rising hope of the Tory Party, Mr. Austen Chamberlain asked John (Viscount) Morley to meet him at dinner. The only other guest was Mr. Winston Churchill. After dinner, when the port went round, Mr. Chamberlain observed sententiously: "After all, it is character that tells in politics."

F. E.'s eyes twinkled. He looked across at Mr. Churchill and remarked: "If that's so, Winston, there's not much chance for you and me." Lord Morley told me this story more than once, and ever afterwards he had a great liking for F. E. Smith, who returned it with unaffected admiration for the greatest Liberal of our time.

IT is a mistake to suppose that F. E.'s brilliancy was merely superficial. He spent too much time in cultivating his debating talents during his first two terms at Oxford to gain more than a Second in Classical Moderations; but he kept up his Latin all through his life and knew his Horace as well as statesmen of the old English school. He once told me that the best joke he ever made in his life fell completely flat. It happened in this wise, probably about the year 1911 or 1912. It had been arranged that some discontented Kentish and Sussex hop-growers, who wanted Protection, should have an interview with Mr. Bonar Law, then Leader of the Opposition and a Tariff Reformer. Bonar Law invited F. E. to sit beside him. The hop-growers were devoid of aspirates and full of wrath. There had been a fine home crop — this was admitted — but the price was low and unprofitable. All the talk was about 'ops. In the midst of plenty, the 'op-growers were suffering from cheapness. When the situation developed, F. E. suddenly recalled a line from Horace and whispered to his Chief, "*Tantas inter opes inops*" (Poor in the midst of plenty); but Bonar Law, who was no classic, only looked puzzled, and afterward, when F. E.

translated and explained the joke, it failed to penetrate the Scottish mind of his leader.

I am not attempting in this personal sketch to make an estimate of F. E. Smith's claim to be regarded as a great statesman, a great lawyer or a great judge. His popularity enabled him in his later years to earn large sums as a journalist and as an author; but his contributions to literature fall far short of his ability and exploits as a pleader in the courts, a debater in the House of Commons, a star orator on Party platforms, and an after-dinner speaker. In all these capacities he excelled, and his best was very good indeed. But there are few men whose spoken words can live as literature, and the best speeches of Birkenhead can not be named in the same breath with the splendors of a Burke, a John Bright or an Abraham Lincoln. His career was meteoric, and he could say with pride that he was the fabricator of his own fortune.

When I first visited him in his country house at Charlton in Oxfordshire some years ago for tennis, tea and talk, I was confronted on entering the hall by a huge painted crest with his chosen motto *Faber fortunæ meæ* (Smith of my own fortune). He was perhaps inclined to be a little overboastful on occasions, and loved even with an old friend to hold out his crutch and show how his fields were won; but he had a genius for friendship and for him, as I have said elsewhere, a friend in need was a friend indeed. He could laugh, too, at his own dignities and make fun of his own faults. It is said that when he accepted the Lord Chancellorship he remarked, "I shall now have to decide a difficult point of behavior — whether I ought to be as drunk as a Lord or as sober as a Judge."

I shall always think of him as the most entertaining of all my friends, and in spite of many human imperfections as the best of good fellows.

* * *

Educating the New Child

By Hughes Mearns

The new education and the old education do not exist isolated in any one institution. Something of the new education is in every old school; and something of the old is in the newest of new schools. However, there are attitudes, aims and practices which may, without much question, be labeled respectively old and new; and we can give a measure by which one may know exactly how much any school, or even any classroom, is antiquated or modern.

It is important, of course, to know the difference, for the new and the old represent contrasting and even opposing ways of dealing with your child and mine; important, that is, if you, the parent, have any choice in the serious question of the kind of schooling to which your child shall be exposed.

One may know the old by its emphasis upon information; and it is an information which is predetermined. Before your child was born, for instance, it was decided that he should have "promissory notes" at his twelfth year. I had them at exactly that age in 1887; my father, quite likely, had them in 1859; the present twelve-year-olds are having them on the dot in 1930. Further, it is information divided into "subjects," scheduled to the minute, with provision for long after-school hours of study. The source of this information is not in experience but in a book. The standard of achievement — which very few can possibly reach — is perfection in knowing and retaining a collection of information which the child does not encounter in his everyday life and rarely indeed in his everyday reading. Even adults do not find it a common need of their daily living.

Here are some samples of home assignments for twelve-year-old children, part of a huge selection gathered from various parts of the country. They represent the emphasis of the old education upon isolated book information:

Memorize the percentage equivalents of 1/12, 1/9, 1/7.

What are the capitals of Turkey, Soviet Russia, Hungary?

Name the chief exports and imports of Barcelona.

Define *chyle*, *chyme*, *pylorus*, *lacteals*, *sacrum*.

How many furlongs in 180 yards?

In 1917 President Wilson decided to declare war upon Germany. Mark this statement *true* or *false*.

List the predicate nominatives in the first twenty-five pages of *Evangeline*.

Write an essay on Grant's chief qualities as a general.

Parse *major* in the sentence "He called him major."

Trace the course of the Dneiper River.

Memorize *Gunga Din.*

What is the official title of the chief governing officer in Egypt, Persia, Turkey, France, Russia?

This is a type of "home work" which parents all over the country will instantly recognize. I have not listed the really absurd ones. Mothers who sit up long into the night with their youngsters, giving what help they can to stir up interest in isolated pieces of school information, have sent me a mass of almost incredible home assignments: one requires the memorization of the 17-table in multiplication, and another demands verbatim knowledge of a considerable part of the Articles of Confederation!

THE story of educational reform in recent years is the story of a vigorous struggle to eliminate from school studies the great masses of functionless school information; the results are a monument to the courageous intelligence of members of the teaching profession; but all schools have not progressed step by step with the enlightened leaders. Defeated, the Old Guard still fights on. In an eighth grade classroom not so long ago I was interested to see a vigorous old lady setting examples of cube root before her pupils. "Cube root!" I expressed my mild surprise. "Why, cube root has been out of the eighth grade course these many years." "I am quite aware of that," she replied with beauteous forbearance; "it is not in the course of study, but," a perceptible increase in rigor, "these children shall not be deprived of cube root so long as I can stand before them as their teacher!"

A FEW children thrive on a diet of isolated information. Many, however, find the fare not only indigestible but tasteless and repellent. From hundreds of first-hand transcripts of classroom procedures I present this picture:

> I have been a teacher long enough to know how to keep the forty-five boys of my eighth grade class at attention for the five hours of each day on a prescribed course of study. They must remember enough of Irving's essay on *Westminster Abbey* to answer a possible examination question prepared by the folks up above (made to test me and keep me in line); they must be able to define *premium*, *par value*, *integer* and *ad valorem;* they must understand the workings of the Federal Reserve Bank and the theory of the tariff (who does?); they must be able to write and answer a formal invitation to a formal dinner dance. And so on, and so on. Besides, they must keep in mind, for examination purposes, the "facts" of their previous four years of schooling: the explorations of Martin Frobisher and Jacques Cartier, the history of the Dred Scott case, the exact title and author of a half hundred "memory gems." And so on, and so on.
>
> Hardly one of these boys cares a straw. They are sullenly waiting for the months to pass until they are old enough to get working certificates. It is a tough neighborhood with little respect for law. I hardly dare turn my vigilant eye from the class. We do not give them ink; they might throw it out the window. Not through maliciousness, but out of healthy resistance to our senseless imprisonment. Naturally they should have a different course of study; but in our town all eighth grades have exactly the same prescription. They should have manual work. There should be an attempt to get at their real interest in life and living *and begin from there.* The hard pressure which we bring to bear is social poison. What chance have I to make them eventually respectful toward law and order?

Years of that sort of thing leave their permanent mark upon the character of the teacher. Walking with a superintendent of schools along the quiet corridors of a really good school in a progressive system, I heard suddenly a screaming outburst from the teacher of the second grade, "If you do that again I'll *smack you in the mouth!*" We grinned at each other knowingly as we marched along. I said nothing. He said, "Yes, we have that kind too. She's still fighting 'em. Even when she doesn't have to. She never learned any other way, and she never will. Nice woman, too — outside the classroom. She is just one of the victims of an old system of child-worrying that used to prevail hereabouts. The old education! It certainly did turn out a lot of bearcats!"

THE old education is largely responsible for this type, for it demanded that the teacher should be masterful and that the pupil should be subservient. Masterful teacher, subservient pupil! That is the very picture of the old discipline. And it was backed up by the community. One must never forget that much of the evil in the old had the vigorous support of mothers and fathers. The sad fact is that parents have believed in the false learning that goes with functionless verbal memorization. Parents have accepted school "failure" as real failure. Parents have believed that child life should be harassed and uncomfortable. Parents have believed in the cheap motivation of "marks" and have sent their children forth greedily to get them. Parents have not known a gerund-grinding textbook "reciter" from a true scholar; and if they had known, they would have preferred the "reciter," because parents have believed that one's school life should be hard — a little stale, too, and a little musty, perhaps, but always and wholly hard! And many still so believe and obstruct the better way which teachers prefer. "Children are like colts," said a prominent business man at a recent educational dinner; "their spirits must first be broken before they can be taught anything." Great is my professional pride in remembering that that remark was received by the teachers present with the silence of disapproval.

LONG ago I ceased blaming the teacher. She is too often merely a helpless victim of the system. In spite of this avowal, I know, nevertheless, that this article may still stir up the indignation of a host of teachers who are always quick to rise to the defense of their profession and of the fine schools where they are daily giving the best of their lives. They will tell me that teaching represents one of the worthiest personal sacrifices in modern social endeavor. I agree with them in advance. They will indignantly repudiate the picture of their profession as wholly hard and insensitive. I also repudiate that condemnation. They will tell me that their own schools are not dominated by the teaching of book-information nor motivated by the machinery of intimidation. I will admit it. They will ask me if I have seen the cheerful school-loving children in the North, East, South, and West. I have seen and I rejoice accordingly.

Then, like the old-fashioned pedagogue, I shall rap my desk smartly for attention and ask them to note that at no time have I been describing a particular school or a particular school system, but that I am offering a measure by which one may judge — teacher, parent, or mere tax payer — how far a school is old or new, how far it is behind the times or in touch with the times.

TO CONTINUE then with the yardstick by which one may estimate the progressiveness of any school or any classroom. The teacher of the old education is forced to make child life conform to school life. Her main weapons are punishments and rewards — detentions (I shall name only those I have seen lately in practice), standing in corners, writing "disobedience" five hundred times, violent shakings, whippings (yes, they still do it), marks, buttons and banners, scoldings, public rebukes, threats of failure to promote, reports to father and mother, high and low ranking, examinations, and the machinery of the "recitation." She must aim always to keep "perfect order"; she must have unanimous mass attention to the workings of her peculiar adult mind; she must therefore insist upon a complete concealment of the natural workings of immature minds.

Masterful though she must be over the mental and physical behavior of her children, she herself is really a most subservient person before her superiors. The information-course-of-study pursues her. The immature minds and bodies are seeking ever to break away. Her supervisors are judging her, by the standard of perfect "recitations," perfect "attention" and "perfect order." She must drive her brood to meet set appointments with the course of study. Others are driving theirs. She knows her supervisors are watching her, that they have her checked up in their books. Her very living depends upon unquestioned subjection of childhood to the information-retaining drills. She hardly has a chance.

The experienced teacher of the old education will therefore know only a world of orderly children marching in seemingly willing obedience — and without a whisper to a neighbor, one may be sure! — in the mastering of book information. As she grows more and more expert in mastery she will believe no other world exists. She will hear of freedom in the classroom and think it means disorder. She will hear of genuine scholarship among willing children who toil persistently for the natural love of learning; she will not believe that any child would do a fine thing without coercion. And because of her masterfulness and her narrowness and her lack of faith in childhood, something dreadful happens to her. She — likewise "he" — becomes a forbidding thing, unhealthy, bitter, suspicious.

AGAIN I gently warn those fine persons who rise too swiftly to defense, that this is not a picture of any school or of any teacher; that it is, rather, a measure by which one may judge how much of the traditional and how much of the progressive is in any teacher or in any school.

Sometimes we say of the teacher of the old education, — but let us change the "she" to a "he" for the sake of variety — "He may be hard but he knows his subject." One may justly question that. His possession is not to be labeled by the fine name of scholarship; what he has learned by rote is, really, only textbook information. The proof is that while he may know his book perfectly — the recitation drills over many years would give anybody that easy acquisition — the world does not really believe that he knows anything particularly useful. From the raising of puppies to the growing of dahlias we would not go to such a teacher for any living knowledge. His vested interest is solely in a book prepared for the understanding of children; and outside of the schoolroom he does not practise his subject. If he is a teacher of school biology, for instance, we do not find him also a practising biologist. Though he treat the basic knowledges of industry in his classroom, industry would not think of calling upon him for consultation or advice.

He accepts textbook information without question because he has no daily experience by which it might be refuted or amended. Therefore his "facts" are often false facts. I watched an angry "book teacher" pace his small platform before a silent and subdued class. "How often have I told you," he demanded menacingly, "that neuter nouns *never* take the possessive case!" Then more menacingly, "I see you need drill. Take this assignment for Monday's lesson." *Monday's* lesson, note! Ah, thought I, here is another *love's* labor lost; and I wondered if he had ever been at his *wit's* end or had heard of a *world's* series or had even come within a *hair's* breadth of anything. His business is language, remember, and language is all about him, rich in discovery of law and usage, but he had, like his kind, preferred to open a book and close his mind to life.

Let us now turn to the new education. In a similar fashion one may measure the elements of the more modern practices in your school or in the classroom of your young child. You will know the teacher of the new education almost instantly by the fact that she is not obviously masterful. You will find her interested almost wholly in child growth rather than in purveying a set of facts. Information she prizes, but it is that which comes alive and stimulating out of child experiences. She is interested mainly in what children can do with all their heart and with all their mind; therefore her life is not spent in oscillating between fierce intimidation and sweetish bribery. Surprises are her daily delight, for, under the strong urge of curiosity, even young children may break beyond the bounds of predetermined "subjects" and draw upon, say, anthropology, geology, and astronomy, learning, for instance, the long names of the prehistoric animals, dinosaur, eohippus, pterodactyl, or naturally and lovingly taking to memory the heroes and gods of the *Odyssey* or the beautiful names of the constellations.

She knows that in childhood right individual and social desires may not come to perfection save through endless trial and error and trial again. Her schoolroom is therefore a happy place of blunders. Faith that children really wish to learn, really wish to be worthy, this is her chief obvious possession; knowledge of the rough stages through which character grows toward the ideal, this is her professional equipment; faith, again, that out of blundering attempts a rich personality will emerge, this is the assurance of her professional experience with childhood.

She knows also that in their secret lives and in their hidden practices — secret and hidden from adults, I mean — children are wasteful of gift and opportunity, easy liars, faithless to their given word, jealous, hating their neighbor, selfish to the point of cruelty, the devil's silliest sheep. She knows that unless this secret and hidden life is brought into the open and guided, the outcomes may be most perilous. Perilous? Those who have had the real confidence of children and have seen this horrible thing, know that friendly adult contact and guidance are more important than all the learning in all the school books in the world.

TO THIS new teacher obedience is of less importance than wholehearted acceptance of right law. Therefore her main business will be the cultivation of worthy desires, resourcefulness, independence, self-control. The motivations of fear — punishments, rewards, marks, threats of reports to parents — are absent from her programme. She has no interest, for her own comfort merely, in training children in habits of timidity and cowardice.

Of course she will control her children. Of course she will rule her pupils. The story that she lets them "do as they please" is an invention of the old pedagogue to frighten the citizenry; like the Russian invention that Jews eat Christian babies at Passover time. It is one of her gravest responsibilities that children should have the support of her authority in the organization of their individual and social living. Doing as they please! What an absurdity! No group of children would amount to anything without the steadying control of superiors.

Hers is by no means, therefore, a lawless community, but because she welcomes into her classroom the powerful natural urges of youth — to learn; to write, to draw, to make-believe; to invent and construct; to contend decently with body and mind; to submit for the greater common good; to live the clean life; to dig at difficulties for the sake of an understandable future gain — because, in short, she believes in youth, her government loses the insistent arrogance and the spying watchfulness of the older régime.

The new teacher observes child life and finds it not inferior but superior. She has daily assurance that, even in the kindergarten, children already have thinking minds, a zeal for knowledge, a stirring desire to do the right thing, a sure if undeveloped sense for beauty, a sensitive creative spirit.

SHE is aware, this new teacher, that the most timid child has something fine to give. She is also aware that that child may neither know this nor believe this, and that, therefore, he must be given courage. Her glow of quiet approval is one of the high points of her teaching, for it steers a youngster in the right direction and it charges him with essential self-faith.

Her reports to you, mother and father, are not dispiriting announcements of failure, not suggestions to you to follow up the intimidation of the school with further intimidation at home, nor are they sent with such lack of trust in the child that your personal signature must be attached and returned for inspection. She tells you, rather, wherein your child is a worthy spirit, tells you what you must do to help and not thwart his growth, gives you faith in your own, in short, and, most important, instructs you in the newer ways of approach for control and guidance when the signs point to dangerous and treacherous ground.

SHE specializes in the child, you see, and not in "subjects." The child, indeed, *is* her subject. Of course she will get help from books, but she is not one to lean upon books as her authority. Her experience is her authority and, like all genuine experts, she knows enough to tell when the books are wrong. Parents consult her about the whole life of their children and accept her advice as to how they should readjust even their own lives to secure the greatest good to all concerned, a professional service that one just never thinks of in connection with the old fact-masters. Through this new teacher the education of children is becoming at last one of the socially respected professions.

As a parent interested in having your child "learn something," as the phrase is, you need have no fears about the new education. In the Milwaukee State Normal School, where modern procedures are used most intelligently, a theatre was made the centre of work of a second grade. Through the wise manipulation of natural interests of children in "learning units," these youngsters made surprising headway. In addition to important outcomes in character, personality, and in the discovery of individual gifts, these children, measured by the Stanford Achievement Tests, showed results in arithmetic, reading and spelling which amounted at the end of six months to an average growth of eleven months! The lowest growth record was five months, and the highest, twenty-one months. And there was not a single old-style "lesson" during the whole period! And, more important, during all that time there were no mentally depressed children bewildered by the impossibility of keeping up with the exactions of fact-driving adults.

In so far as this new teacher is a recognizable portrait of the teacher of your child, you will know what progress the school has made toward a realization of the new education. In the most old-fashioned schools, remember, you may find some of the new education; in the avowedly modern schools you may find less of it than I have pictured here. Remember again that my purpose is simply to give a measure by which you may judge.

THE defect of the old education, as we have tried to show, was that it set its attention too absorbingly upon information, while it considered of less importance the possibilities of self-education in the child; the defect of the new education is that it is likely to make the acquisition of world-knowledge too haphazard and fortuitous. A well-informed child is not necessarily a resourceful thinking child; a resourceful thinking child is not necessarily a well-informed child. The old school neglected the individual; the new school too often forgets the world in which the child must eventually live.

THE compromise between these two conflicting modes of education is already under way. Taking advantage of a more enlightened parenthood — our greatest hope these days! — the old education is remodeling its textbooks and placing less attention upon them; but it has not made the mistake of the "progressives" in running loose over the world of established fact and idea. The most notable contribution in this line, revolutionary in its way, is the series of books in the social studies put together under the leadership of Harold Rugg of Teachers College, Columbia University.

With a large group of assistants and with the coöperation of nearly four hundred public school systems, Rugg spent nine years in gathering into a series of volumes the various knowledges which would give young people of elementary and junior high school age the basis for comprehending, as few educated adults do comprehend, the major social and economic problems of American life. The isolated "imports and exports" of the old geography, the senseless "locations" and map studies, the chronological "facts" of a dead history, these and a thousand other contributions from a dozen subjects, including economics, sociology, and statistics, are made dramatically readable and genuinely informative to even a sixth grade child. During the long period of investigation, over four thousand teachers brought their professional judgment to bear upon these books. Each year fifty thousand school children participated in testing the materials for child interest and child comprehension. Printed first in several paper bound trial editions, as they were being tried out with the coöperation of real children in real school situations, the first two volumes, *An Introduction to American Civilization* and *Changing Civilizations in the Modern World*, were first published in final form. The third volume, *The History of American Civilization, Economic and Social*, has just come off the press.

EVEN school information, one observes, is now being reorganized not for the sake of the teacher but solely for the good of the child. When a soldier patient once complained that the doctor was poking him too hard in the ribs, the army surgeon growled, "I am not interested in you; I am interested in your diseases." You, mothers and fathers, may judge the worth of your child's school by a very easy test. Simply ask yourself whether that school seems to be interested mainly in your live child or whether it is all too absorbingly concerned with the acquisition of curious and questionably useful information within the covers of an inanimate book.

Vagabondia's Christmas Dinner

By Cliff Maxwell

Even Tramps Like to Eat

Vagabondia may fare pretty slim the greater part of the year for food, but if a vagabond misses his fancy dinner on Christmas Day, it is his own fault. Mr. Solid Citizen and John Vagabond may not have much in common for three hundred and sixty-four days of the year, but the three hundred and sixty-fifth they do have, and a thing that neither begrudges the other — a good, big Christmas dinner!

There are any number of places and any number of ways in which a purse-empty vagabond can secure a Christmas dinner. Aside from the thousands of private individuals who make it a practice each Christmas to see to it that the stranger within their gates enjoys a good Christmas dinner, there are numerous charitable and benevolent organizations that supply Christmas dinners by the tens of thousands to the homeless and penniless all over the world. You can even get a fine Christmas dinner in jail! I know — from experience!

The first Christmas dinner I ate on the road as a young hobo was in a New Mexican grading camp, a good many years ago. I remember it yet! I might have enjoyed one every bit as good as it was if I had known then what I know now — and had it without going to the trouble to get it that I went to in this case.

Despite the fact that I must have been born with the *wanderlust*, this was my first Christmas away from home, though I was twelve years old at the time. I was beating my way to California, where I had been born. Hazy visions of the blue Pacific, Golden Gate Park, broad Market Street with its four tracks upon which clanging cable cars rolled up and down, were in my mind the Christmas Eve that the long freight train I was riding pulled into the yards at Springer, New Mexico.

While I was still revelling in these mental pictures, the door of the box car in which I was riding was rudely opened and, in the gathering dusk, I could see the hard-boiled face of the "Shack" (brakeman) who, with menacing gestures and in a raucous voice, invited me to "Hit th' grit — an' be dam' quick about it, too!"

Young and inexperienced as I was, yet I had *savvy* enough to know that it would stand me in hand to keep clear of all bulls — they might become suspicious because of my age;

pinch me and hold me for investigation. If they learned that I had run away from home — well, I'd be sent right back home. And I was not anxious to return home — just yet.

After I had followed the Shack's invitation to "hit th' grit," I walked quickly up the track toward the railroad station. The air was crisp and I was cold, hungry and sleepy. In the depot waiting room I had learned from experience that there would be a fire in the stove — I could hug it, if no one bothered me, until the next morning, then go out and see what I could do about rustling up something to eat before resuming my way westward.

I HAD no more than ranged myself alongside the stove when a man with a thin nose, gimlet eyes and a short, sandy mustache opened the door and came into the waiting room. He appeared, at first glance, to be a hobo, himself — then he spoke to me: "Where yuh from, Bub? Whatcha doin' in here? Waitin' fer a train?"

There was crisp authority in his tone. I knew he must be the railroad bull or the town cop. I thought fast. Albuquerque was the next big town ahead of me. Why not tell him I lived there and was on my way home? He would likely let me go if I told him this in view of the fact that I *was* going home.

"I'm beatin' my way home — to Albuquerque," I answered, my heart in my mouth for fear he might ask my street address there.

"Well, git th' hell outta this waitin' room. It's not fer hoboes or kids beatin' their way home," he told me.

It was a narrow squeak. So close that I forgot I was hungry — but the weather reminded me I was cold. There would be a sand house at the lower end of the yard — I'd go there. It was just the place.

A group of hoboes were gathered around the red-hot, pot-bellied stove when I entered the sand house. They were smoking and talking lightheartedly of the Christmas dinners they were going to bum the next day from Springer citizens. They did not pause in their talk when I entered, nor did they cease entirely when a young fireman came in for a bucket of sand for his locomotive's sand-box.

Their continual talk of the sumptuous dinners they had had in times past, and what they expected to have on the morrow, brought back my hunger, and it was a long time before I finally dropped back upon the warm sand and fell into troubled dreams of wonderful dinners that continually eluded me each time I sat before one.

THE next morning, when I came out of the sand house, a genial looking Irishman listened to my tale of woe and then took me over to a restaurant run by a Chinese, and fed me. He turned out to be the foreman of a grading camp a mile out from town, and he offered me a job as "wather bye."

"An' yez'll be jist in toime fer a g-r-r-r-and Christmus dinner," he concluded.

Maybe that grading camp cook did not know how to cook turkey in French, but he certainly knew the American method. I would have enjoyed my Christmas dinner no more if I had stayed in Springer and been fed in a Springer citizen's home where I would not have had to say I'd be a "wather bye" or anything else to get it. As it was I had to slip out of the camp surreptitiously and make my way back to Springer to catch a train out late that evening.

A FEW years later I found myself in Seattle, on the night before Christmas. As usual I was busted and hitting the "main drag" for the price of a "flop." I had no more than approached my first "prospect" with a hard-luck tale when a plainclothes dick approached me — ten minutes later I approached the "can" in a patrol wagon.

There were quite a number of prisoners in jail that night. One group, apart from the others, did not seem depressed. In fact, they were having a high old time. I wondered why, in view of the next day being Christmas.

"Seems to me you stiffs are takin' it pretty easy, considerin' you'll be eatin' a mulligan stew 'inside' tomorrow instead of a Salvation Army crow 'outside'," I said to one of them.

"Th' hell you say!" he returned with a wide grin. "You'll get your Christmas swill right here in the can — an' it'll be every bit as good as any that 'Old Sal' 'll put out tomorrow, fixin's an' all."

He was right. That Christmas dinner I ate at the long mess table in the Seattle can was as good as any I've ever eaten that was given me by any charitable outfit.

This experience in the Seattle can got me into a funny fix a number of years later in Socorro, New Mexico. I was on my way to Mexico City and landed in Socorro Christmas Eve, busted, hungry and cold.

A dreary sand storm was sweeping down the streets. Grit filled my eyes, nose and mouth. There was no one on the street but an occasional straggler homeward bound.

"Where's the County Jail?" I asked one of them.

He pointed to a large, two-story building. "A Mex is the jailer. I guess he'll be good for a flop," he said, grinning. Evidently he knew the ways of hoboes.

I CLIMBED two stairways and knocked on the only door in sight. A very pretty Mexican girl opened the door. A smile disclosed even, white teeth when she asked me in dubious English what I wanted.

"A place to sleep tonight," I answered in Spanish just as dubious.

She turned and sang out to someone inside that there was someone wanted to sleep in the jail.

A stocky, heavy-set Mexican came to the door, coolly looked me over, and then asked in broken English if I thought his jail was a hotel.

I pointed out to him that I was busted, sleepy, cold and hungry and that, if he refused me a place to stay in "his jail" it would be his fault if I committed a crime that night in an attempt to get money to alleviate these conditions.

Maybe he was convinced for, with ill grace, he motioned me to follow him downstairs to the bull-pen, which he opened and pointed to a big pile of comforters in one corner before locking me in for the night.

It must have been a pretty good jail, at that, for there were two coons serving a sixty-day sentence who gave me a beef steak they had left over from their supper, together with some taffy candy the jailer had let them make earlier in the day. They entertained me with accounts of the wonderful feed they expected next day. I spent a very pleasant evening and figured to ring in on that feed, myself.

At seven o'clock next morning the jailer came down, opened the tank door, then the street door, and motioned for me to "vamoose."

"But I don't want to leave. I want to stay for Christmas dinner," I remonstrated.

He grabbed me by the shoulders and violently propelled me streetwards, all the time keeping up a steady flow of profanity which, even if I had not understood, I would have guessed from the industrious manner in which he got me outside. My attempt to crash that jail for a Christmas feed was a dismal failure. It was the fat *chef* in the leading hotel who gave me a bang-up dinner that Christmas.

EVENTUALLY I tired of hobo life in America. I wanted to see other countries. I decided I'd go to sea.

When times are good, any landlubber can get a job aboard ship, and I found no difficulty in landing one on a tramp bound for Callao, South America.

According to schedule, the ship would reach Callao eight or ten days before Christmas, unload and take on cargo, and be on its way back to the States before Christmas. I decided I would "jump" (desert) ship in Callao. If I had luck, I would eat my first Christmas as a beachcomber in a foreign country.

Jumping the ship was a cinch a day before she left Callao. No one bothered about me and that night I became acquainted with a lad who was bouncer in the La Union Café. He was called "Chips," due, likely, to the fact that he had been the carpenter on the ship he had jumped some months before. There were two or three other Americans "on th' beach" in Callao at the time. Chips provided eats for us most of the time. He wasn't bouncer in La Union for fun.

CHRISTMAS EVE we were all sitting around the café mooning over past Christmases. The air was cool outside, but it was altogether too warm for any Christmas Eve — it is midsummer down there when it is midwinter up here. Chips stood over against the bar grinning at us.

"I'll invite all you bums to a real Christmas feed tomorrow. Up at my dump," Chips spoke up suddenly. "I'll bet none of you will be whinin' about Christmas dinners you've had after you've wrapped your tongues around the one you'll have — tomorrow."

Chips, who must have been fairly well versed in culinary art, showed his Spanish light-o'-love, Dolores, how properly to "roast the crow" — the "crows," in this case, being plump, juicy ducks which were served with nut dressing, and accompanied with jellies and all else that goes toward making up a sumptuous Christmas dinner.

What we did to that dinner left no "scraps" for Chips and Dolores to argue about next day. Nor was that all: Chips, as I've previously mentioned, was not bouncer in La

Union for nothing. We had bottles, plenty of them, of every kind of drink served in La Union. We raised so much Cain that all of us were pinched and later deported. I have always found it easy to get out of the States, but I'm usually deported right back to them after a few months ashore in a foreign country.

THE next Christmas dinner I ate in a foreign country as a busted beachcomber, was in the Hanbury Institute, Shanghai, China. Primarily, this is a "home" for British seamen, but on Christmas Day the "guests" there represent the riffraff from the Seven Seas.

On ordinary days beachcombers were not only frowned upon but, occasionally, jumped upon by the Manager of the Hanbury Institute. He would jump on them for bringing bottles of *samshu* into the place and drinking it. As there was a big reception room that looked out upon Seward Road, and as *samshu* cost but ten cents, Mex., a pint, it made it pretty nice for the beachcombers who had gone out on the Bund and bummed a little change, to buy a kill-me-quick brand of poison and drink it in the Hanbury's reception room — if the Manager didn't see them. However, on Christmas Day, all animosity on the part of the Manager toward beachcombers was forgotten and, if he acted halfway decently, any beachcomber was welcome to his Christmas dinner the year I was in Shanghai.

Some of these fellows had been on the Shanghai beach for months. Some were up against the "Black Smoke" (opium), and others were so up against it for clothes that in any other city in the world, had they appeared dressed as they were, they would have been pinched — all of them were busted and hungry. Judging by the way they one and all wolfed down their Christmas dinner, it must have been their first real, substantial meal since the Christmas before.

The last Christmas dinner I ate as a hobo in a foreign country was in the Mayo Marine Institute, Rangoon, Burma. Nearly a year before I had jumped my ship at Calcutta, India, cruised around upper India for a while, then returned to Calcutta where I booked "deck passage" (living, eating and sleeping out on deck with the native passengers) to Rangoon.

IT WAS late in October, the weather fine, and I had money enough to take me up the Irrawaddy to Mandalay — from there I'd have to go ashore and get over the country in my usual manner. I had a great time for a month and a half before again landing in Rangoon, three or four annas in my pocket and Christmas less than ten days away.

The Mayo Marine Institute is to Rangoon what the Hanbury Institutes are to Shanghai and Hongkong — for seamen only. My nautical documents identified me as a seaman; my fast talking got me quarters there on credit, against the time I would again take ship.

I had forgotten Christmas. The twenty-fifth of December in the tropics is a great deal different from Christmas Day in northern latitudes. One loses track of Christmas Day, particularly when he sees nothing to remind him of it — certainly, dark visaged, be-turbaned Hindus are not suggestive of the Day. It was not until the day before Christmas that I had it thrust upon me, so to speak, when I passed through the dining room in the afternoon and saw the entire native staff busily engaged in decorating the place in bright colors and imitation holly berries.

Even though I was a "credit guest" there, I was a plebeian beachcomber in the eyes of the Institute's executives — I might add that I held no illusions, myself, about my social status. Anyway, all hands forgot about social status — theirs and my own — that night when the Superintendent of the Institute came into the dining room and, wishing us a good evening, told us a regular Christmas dinner would be served next day and for none of us to miss it.

THERE were only two beachcombers in Rangoon at the time: a middle-aged Swede, who had been on the Rangoon beach for months — I was the other. The Swede's everyday welcome had been worn out at the Institute, so that now the only time he ate there was when he dug up the money to pay for it. My welcome was becoming threadbare, and I thanked my lucky stars that Christmas Day was happening along at this time rather than a week later.

The dinner we sat down to was almost a full dress affair. Officers in their "soup and nuts" from their ships anchored out in the fairway, or warped alongside the docks; marine officials from up town, dressed in like manner; the Superintendent, in all his sartorial elegance — and the Swede and myself.

The Swede wore a neat pair of mohair trousers, a clean, silk shirt, and an expectant smile. I wore "shorts," a white duck coat, and a bit of a blush. But, so far as the Superintendent or any of the guests were concerned, we were "one of them." And the dinner — well I hope I always get one as good Christmas Day as that one was. Although I got fired out of there in less than a week after Christmas because I wouldn't take a ship, the memory of that Christmas dinner will remain a long time with me.

THE last Christmas dinner I ate as a vagabond was here in New York, three or four years ago. It was supplied by the Seamen's Church Institute, of No. 25 South Street. As a dinner it certainly left nothing to be desired.

It is proverbial what happens to Jack ashore with money in his pockets. It is an unusual seaman, indeed, who has the price of a feed or a flop in his dungarees a month after he has left his last ship. The executives of the Seamen's Church Institute know this and, because they are a bit philanthropic, anyway, they make it a point to serve their guests a fine dinner every Christmas, and if seamen who are not guests at the Institute happen to attend the dinner, they eat along with the rest.

The dinner I speak of, at which I was a grateful guest, was served behind big, plate glass windows, under artistic electric lighting fixtures, on spotless linen — until we sea cunies got started — in a first class restaurant, which the Institute rented for that day.

Mrs. Janet Roper, House Mother of the Institute, Miss Frances Kellogg and the Rev. Mr. Renison, Chaplain for the Institute, officiated at this affair, and it must have been an incongruous sight to the passer-by who looked through the clean windows to see all of us sea gypsies being served a swell Christmas dinner by waiters in dress suits.

I do not expect to eat any more Christmas dinners as a hobo or a beachcomber, but, if the occasion arises, I am sure that I can go to any of these three executives of the Seamen's Church Institute, if I happen to be in New York at the time, and any of them will gladly give me a "ticket" to the dinner they will serve Christmas Day.

Sonnet

By Rowena Bastin Bennett

Life, press me not so hard with lash of toil
  As ancient Pharaohs pressed their helpless slaves.
I am not indolent — afraid to soil
  My hands with labor — but my spirit craves
A pause in which silently to explore
  The realms of beauty. Does the sea not beat
With less monotony upon the shore
  On dreamy days, and cool her weary feet
Among the singing shells, and to her breast
  Clasp snowy clouds? Does not the frost whose task
It is to seal the lips of rivers, rest
  And crystallize her thoughts in stars? I ask
This boon: enough of leisure to commune
With these dark hills that dare to lift the moon.

Limiting Skyscrapers

By Arthur Dewing

The second of a series of three articles dealing with the public's architectural rights, discusses congestion and height of buildings

No thoughtful student of the times can logically oppose the skyscraper. It is as integral and can be as useful a part of American civilization as the telephone. Indeed, not without an element of truth, it might be claimed more useful. For while the telephone brings all the business world (on which America today depends) into close communication, the skyscraper, concentrating the business populations over comparatively small areas, facilitates industry by providing opportunities for personal contacts that would not otherwise be possible; and no matter how television is perfected, important business is not likely to be settled elsewhere than in conferences. Moreover, while some people still prefer to live in private houses, the majority of American city dwellers today manifestly choose rather to command the services which skyscraper apartment buildings furnish to their occupants in common. Unquestionably American cities need new skyscrapers. America has yet to realize, however, that the skyscraper requires a new kind of city.

It is, in fact, impossible to discuss the skyscraper, with its thousands of inhabitants, its prominence, and its obstruction of light and air, without discussing its relation to the city. Why, then, should skyscrapers often be built with scant or no consideration of it? Why should any skyscraper be erected without a detailed study of the relation it will bear (1) to the city as a whole; (2) to the district of which it will be a part; and (3) to the square on which it will stand?

Notwithstanding the prevalent opinion that skyscrapers as individual buildings have probable lives of only some twenty to thirty years, conceivably skyscrapers now under construction may stand a century or more. Prosperity, the last year has made quite plain, is not with us always. Possibly America's present period of building may reach its peak before the next half century has elapsed. Whether it does or not, the essential waste and exploitation in creating anything as expensive as a skyscraper without planning it for permanence are irrefragable. Structurally, skyscrapers are so built. Socially they are not.

Properly planned for the future, the relation of the building to the growing city is of first importance; for though its interior can be made over, its structural form can not be altered radically. From the standpoint of traffic — avenues, cross streets, pedestrians, motors — how can the proposed building best be designed to help alleviate the present congestion, not increase it?

From that of the district, considering existing and possible future buildings, how can planning be designed to give the district the maximum of air, light and free movement? What height and size are best suited to the district's present and probable future needs? From the viewpoint of the square on which it is to stand, how can it best be designed to provide the maximum of convenience in relation to existing buildings? Should its erection be delayed until a larger lot area for its base becomes available (not only until the available area makes it a sound investment)? Until the whole square can be secured? Satisfactory solutions of these problems are vital to the proper growth of the city. Yet today they seem to govern the erection of few buildings. A salient case in point is the talk of incorporating garages in the type of skyscraper we now have. Such a garage might serve, it has been estimated, perhaps one-thirtieth of the occupants, or say 1,000 persons in one of the largest buildings. Imagine an unbroken stream of even 500 automobiles — at the rush hours twice a day — added to the traffic of the present city streets at any place in any congested area!

If America's building activity is to be turned to America's advantage, that is, to the benefit of whole urban populations, not simply to augmenting the prestige and wealth of a relatively small group — the builders — then the development of any given building must be made strictly contingent on the best interests of the city. Building laws controlling sanitation, fire exits, and to some extent zoning, already exist in important American and foreign cities. Architecture has evolved from them: the now familiar set-back type of skyscraper is the direct product of New York's zoning regulations. To go one step further and empower architectural planning boards for cities is by no means a utopian dream, though at first it would unquestionably be difficult to make them function satisfactorily. Certainly they should be divorced from politics: their members obviously should not be political appointees.

It might not be impracticable for local chapters of the American Institute of Architects and local real estate organizations jointly to appoint committees that, each in its own city, would recommend progressive legislation by which *laissez faire* building would be abolished. Nor is it impossible that such committees might locally be endowed (as they would have to be) to carry necessary ordinances through the politicians and make them effective after being passed. Unless something of the sort is done, the common citizen will suffer increasingly with the entry of each new competitor in the race for height.

Such procedure would be said to invade the rights of individuals, for ownership of a piece of land would then no longer give a man the right to erect on it virtually any kind of building that he chose. The freedom of the individual can never be too carefully guarded. One must not forget, however, that, as the wise King of Brobdingnag maintained, "a man may be allowed to keep poisons in his closet, but not to vend them about *for cordials*." (The italics are mine.) People today are living together by the millions, and if anything except chaos is to result they must work and build together for the common good. In such a society an individual, who abuses his rights by imposing on his neighbors, sacrifices that part of his freedom which he abuses. That is to say, a man should be able to hold and to talk and write about any opinion he pleases; but also, in society as it exists, he is free to make others live according to his personal concepts of what should be only in so far as those concepts are not detrimental to his neighbors. Probably we would all prefer to think of society as giving the individual complete freedom of action as well as thought; but it is doubtful if any society ever has, certainly our own does not, and it is unlikely that any will during the lifetime of the readers of this article.

IN QUESTIONS architectural the only even approximately adequate judge of what is needed and what is detrimental would seem to be some such non-political body as has been suggested. For any one man, or partisan group, to dictate the form of a skyscraper, which houses thousands of people and directly affects millions more, is absurd. When the public, as we have seen, pays in rent and investment for building space, it has the right to the best that human ingenuity can contrive.

A BUILDER of a skyscraper should, at the very least, be required first to accumulate a lot area that bears a direct and thoughtfully determined relation to the height of his proposed building. In New York today, above a specified point whose location depends on the width of the street faced, a tower of unlimited height may rise on an area not exceeding one-fourth of the base area of the building itself (that is, the lot on which the building stands), with the additional restriction that the face of the tower can not come within forty-five feet of the building line on a cross street sixty feet wide, or twenty-five feet of that on an avenue one hundred feet wide. Clearly, a certain base area is necessary before one-fourth of it is an economically practicable area for a floor in a tower so restricted. Nevertheless, in the city today more than one tower, unlimited in height except as stated, may and does rise from the same square, thus obstructing light and air which, if but one enormous tower, or several smaller with setbacks proportionately nearer to the streets, rose from that square, might reach its streets in larger and more pleasing shafts. To this lay observer it would seem that towers of unlimited height might well be permitted only on buildings whose bases occupy squares, and that the heights of all others might advantageously be limited in direct proportion to the areas of their bases — limited by the city's need for light, air and vistas, as related to a reasonable economic return promised.

THE question deserves attention, for nobody can say to what height skyscrapers may ultimately reach. W. C. Clark, of S. W. Straus and Co., and J. L. Kingston, of Sloan and Robertson, Architects, after a comprehensive survey, determined that, under existing conditions in New York, and with a typical midtown Manhattan block as the base area, an average diminishing return on the total amount of the investment would result after a height of some sixty-three ("the point of maximum economic return") to seventy-five stories was reached. Harvey Wiley Corbett, in an article in *The New York Times*, has expressed the belief that "structurally speaking one hundred stories is the maximum height to which any building erected on one of our present city squares could possibly rise, and that eighty stories is much nearer the economic point to which they will be carried." This estimate he bases on a detailed consideration of rents and such construction elements as the amount of steel needed at greater heights and improved elevator transportation.

Elevators are of special interest and importance. While the shafts must run the whole height of the building and thus occupy valuable space on every floor, each elevator can serve, if it is to provide the prompt transportation demanded, only a limited number of floors. Elevator manufacturers now propose, by means of safety devices, to run two distinct cars in one shaft at the same time; the upper, an express to and local above a specified floor, the lower simply a local to the floor immediately below that on which its mate first discharges passengers. Such elevators would make possible, as Mr. Corbett points out, "a building much higher than was originally contemplated under any system of elevator operation now in use."

WITH new heights for skyscrapers in prospect (the prestige attached to "the world's tallest building" makes the competition keen), the American public may well ask: what of our streets? Throughout America millions have been spent on schemes for city planning, yet except for a few double-decked streets, notably in Chicago and New York, America's municipal governments have made no effort to bring the street systems up to date with the buildings. That buildings and urban populations of a magnitude beyond the most prophetic Ancient's wildest dream should be served by streets the Romans might have planned, is about as sensible as it would be to carry on our ocean trade in galleys or to print this magazine by hand. American metropolises, with their business populations settling increasingly in concentrated areas, require streets adapted to the needs of the new architecture and the new city populations, streets as original in concept as the buildings which they serve.

For the best proposals to date we must again turn to the writings of Mr. Corbett. Elevated, arcaded sidewalks, and covered walkways to traffic centres, would seem, he says, the best solution of the traffic problem. Walking is far more convenient and desirable for short distances than motor transportation, if the pedestrian is insured against delay at crossings and protected from bad weather. And by raising sidewalks one story and restricting the streets to vehicles, the vehicular traffic capacity of the present streets would be materially increased. Such sidewalks — certainly if skyscrapers took the square as the unit for their bases — would become an integral part of the new buildings, and with bridges at all crossings would give walking again its logical place in city life and facilitate motor traffic to a degree of which today we have no conception. Then zoning could be truly scientific. Definite and distinct traffic centres, with perhaps parking spaces and garages beneath, would radiate express traffic avenues in turn feeding and fed by cross streets. Skyscrapers within comfortable walking distance would be connected with these centres by covered walkways. Similarly the large buildings not located at subway stations could have covered walkways leading to them, as New York's Grand Central district has, in part, today. Why should not the designs of new skyscrapers at least make possible the incorporation of elevated sidewalks in the buildings without fatal alterations?

SOONER or later, too, a satisfactory relation must be established between aircraft and the city. Because of the great risks involved, it has never seemed probable that airplanes would be permitted, at least for some years, to land on even the tallest buildings man may erect. And while skyscrapers are more suited to provide, occasionally, mooring masts for dirigibles, this, also, does not seem likely to prevail to any great extent. A convenient relationship between aviation and the city can best be established by facilitating transportation to and from the airports, and by locating airports near the city, not miles away as now. New York, for instance, would benefit far more by having a commercial aviation field on Governor's Island than the United States does by maintaining its old military post in that part of the harbor.

IT MUST always be remembered that, whether or not we personally approve, the movement today in all manifestations of American civilization is decidedly towards specialization of function. The individual is no longer self-sufficient, but depends increasingly on others and the harmony of his relations with others, for almost everything he needs or wants. In architecture this movement is immediately apparent. New York has practically of itself grown with finance and municipal affairs downtown, the clothing trades from Fourteenth Street through the Thirties, real estate centring about Forty-second Street, the better retail shops on Fifth Avenue, and amusements on and in the neighborhood of Broadway from Times Square to Columbus Circle. In a large city convenience makes such centralization of the various interests necessary. So true is this that when a new skyscraper is opened a movement of the business population is noticeable. And already a tendency to closer concentration is found: to cite New York again, there has been for some time a building where many architectural services maintain offices, and the new Rockefeller entertainment centre promises to house four large theatres and twenty-seven broadcasting studios.

People have grown used to height; they now desire its accompanying fresh air, light, quiet and vistas; today the only prejudices against office space far above the street lie in its cost and, beyond a certain limit, in elevator service which, as we have seen, is likely to improve. Concentration of specific business interests in specific buildings can be one of the outstanding commercial achievements of the skyscraper.

But the skyscraper can not begin to realize its potentialities until city and skyscraper begin to develop rationally together. That is why the Rockefeller entertainment centre, whose construction involves the demolition of three square blocks in the heart of New York, and whose announced plans promise changes in the streets affected, may prove one of the most significant undertakings in the history of architecture.

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Selling South America

By Gardner L. Harding

Which Includes the Effect of Eskimo Pies on the Piano Business

IN THE troubled years that followed the Armistice it became a habit for Americans to abuse each other about our trading habits in Latin America. The argument ranged over the whole field of our foreign trade, for in those days a harvest of some sort was being reaped for the first time in almost every country in the world by a new and unabashed and eternally hopeful generation of American merchants. But it was in Latin America that the errors of that new era were most numerous, most widely circulated and altogether most unsettling to our self-esteem.

For some years, as those who took part in it will vividly remember, our home-coming American trade representatives went on heaping scorn and recrimination on each other. The American public, knowing very little of the reputation of American business abroad except what appeared in print, began to take this harsh self-analysis seriously. We felt ourselves confirmed in the long-standing impression that Americans got most uncomfortably into deep water by trading abroad. It seemed to require a finesse, especially south of the Rio Grande, that we possessed neither in knowledge of the people and their customs, nor in the technique of overseas commerce in general. We packed with no knowledge of where the goods were going and we shipped with no assurance of our customers' credit standing. We could not discipline our shippers, who sold to honest South American merchants goods below specification and at prices higher than the agreed quotation. We dumped superfluous goods and we turned down orders when we found the home market more profitable.

WE ROWED and wrangled with each other about all these things, and the general public shook its head and inwardly abandoned Latin America to our European competitors, who had behind them generations of delicate operations in just this sort of business and only the brief interruption of the war to recover from before they could resume the ascendency that accident, but apparently not destiny, had placed in our way.

When this acrimonious American self-scrutiny had been proceeding for five or six years, however, the unassuming gentlemen who keep the records of our trade began to take note of a remarkable development in Latin America which escaped and still escapes our politicians and publicists. Argentina, it seems, was buying more American automobiles than any other nation save Canada. American agricultural and construction machinery, typewriters, hosiery, structural steel, locomotives, rubber tires, electrical goods, hardware, canned fruit and fish, cameras and pianos, all began to appear, properly shipped and handled, ingeniously sold and soundly financed, in many parts of this great Latin American world of ninety million population, which had been considered to be crammed with anti-American susceptibilities. We equalled the trade of our three principal rivals combined, in 1925 we passed it, and in 1929 our margin was greater than ever before. From 1922 to 1929, when American trade in Latin America was meeting growing competition each year from England, France and Germany, we increased our exports from 558 millions to 973 millions. We sold the Latin Americans in 1929 almost forty per cent of all the things they bought abroad, and England, France and Germany sold them together about thirty-five per cent.

IT CAN not be said, therefore, that the common legend of our inexpertness in Latin America has been borne out by the facts, nor that the cold shoulder that the world's book of popular fables allots us at the hands of our fellow Americans accords with this picture of their buying habits in the free markets of the world. What has happened has been that our self-scrutiny did not evaporate in fatalism but was put to work in a resolutely constructive spirit to solve the secret of inter-American trade.

Shortly after the war there began to be created a technique of American foreign trade for the first time in our history, based on the trial and error method and rooted in a new spirit of coöperation in which the successful and experienced placed their methods as an open book before the less experienced and the novices. Within an extraordinarily short space of time, and in Latin America more conspicuously than in any other part of the world, American foreign traders set up practices which are not only proving successful today but, when coldly assessed by German, French and British trade agents, have been commended by these same men to their home governments and their home manufacturers as more apt, more skilful and more effective methods of doing foreign business than their own.

TODAY we carry on business with Pernambuco and Buenos Aires as intelligently and as elastically as we do with Seattle and San Diego. Our credit arrangements, fortified today by American banks all over Latin America, are as generous and as astute as they are at home — and their losses do not reach half of one per cent a year. Our packing is now for the final destination and not for the shipside alone, and we ship in sacks and not in barrels when the final destination is muleback. We have mastered a Spanish that is no longer "pidgin," and our advertisements have the flavor of each separate republic. Our Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce is the world's smartest force of trade scouts, and under the patient attention of President Hoover they have equipped themselves to pounce on every fact that means business and transmit it with celerity to men who can use it. We advertise in Latin America more closely to the consumer demand than any other nation. We have built up for all standard articles an assurance of the modern habit of American business that guarantees to the buyer the "servicing" of his purchase by a competent agent, by repair, replacement of parts, and instruction, as long as he uses it. In short, we may have carried some of the shortcomings of American business to Latin America, but we have certainly adapted its strong points as well.

We have placed mass production of a vast range of articles, which mean a better standard of living, at the disposal of the Latin Americans. And the fact that the United States Steel Corporation, for instance, makes one thousand eight hundred of its products for export alone is indicative of the degree to which we have specialized on goods that are intelligently sold to purely foreign specifications. Not so very long ago an American company added to its bid for a consignment of locomotives in the Argentine the offer to deliver them under steam on the rails ninety days after the receipt of the order. And though our bid was 38,000 pesos per engine higher than our lowest European competitor, we obtained the order and delivered the locomotives — in fifty-nine days. Today an American locomotive pulls the presidential train on the Argentine railways. That is one reason, characteristic of dozens of others, why we are holding our own in Latin American trade.

Although Americans have not made serious and continuous efforts in Latin America until the last decade, the past is full of brilliant instances of our courage and ingenuity as pioneers. A classic example is our development of the ice business with Argentina and Brazil away back in the days before the Civil War. It took Frederic Tudor, of Boston, twenty-eight years to make a fortune in this unique and original business. But he succeeded in shipping Wenham Pond ice packed in pine sawdust and carried in double-sheathed vessels to Buenos Aires and Rio de Janeiro at a time when our Latin American trade was drying up for want of a first class American export commodity. His experiment survived more than a generation of ridicule and the loss of two fortunes, but eventually Henry Thoreau could hear in the midst of his beloved woods the rumblings of the ice wagons carrying New England pond ice to Boston for shipment south of the equator.

Tudor filled the holds of his vessels with good Baldwin apples and ingeniously proved the effects of refrigeration while adding another valuable asset to his trade. For a long time he gave away the ice in the Brazilian and Argentine ports; then he began to promote ice cream and cold drink establishments, and furnished ice free to doctors and hospitals with public announcements on its use in preserving food. He built ice houses and sold ice below cost, then he raised the price to a profit which eventually brought him a fortune of over a million dollars. His success in having port duties remitted on the ground of the promotion of public health by his ice trade first called the attention of Latin Americans to the new principle of sanitation which Tudor had put at their disposal and undoubtedly enlarged the standard of living in its day enormously. Its direct descendant, the use of artificial ice, has created one of the greatest of Argentine industries, the export of frozen meat. It is not inappropriate that the Argentine meat industry is owned and operated to the extent of something over 60 per cent by American firms and that under modern forms of canning and refrigerating these products today go to the ends of the earth.

There are many other examples throughout Latin America of the strong impress of this early trade with the North Americans. The stone brought down as ballast from the rocky hills of New England, when southbound cargoes were wanting, may today be seen thriftily piled up in stone walls in many parts of Colombia and Venezuela. When we first began to import large quantities of Brazilian rubber we returned the compliment by introducing in South American markets American galoshes, overshoes and rubbers — the first time that these articles of footwear had been seen. By 1850 three-quarters of the exports of our Lowell textile mills went to South America. We were the first to supply Latin America with India shawls and China silks, and our Canton cargoes were probably the most popular freights American shipmasters brought to Latin America during the last century. We carried on a triangular trade in which South American coffee and hides and Asiatic pepper, tea, silk and other textiles shuttled back and forth in American ships in which our hardware, textiles, small manufactures and apples supplied steady cargoes as the ice trade eked out American gold in providing a thriving commerce. Even lumber shipped in one of our vessels went down in one of the oddest of all the ventures, the firewood trade, and there was no trading voyage up until well into the era of steam in which Americans did not have a prominent and sometimes a predominant share.

There is history in inter-American trade, and history of which we may be proud. In later days the brilliant career of Minor C. Keith, who transformed a few straggling, poorly constructed and unprofitable railway lines in Salvador and Guatemala into the International Railways of Central America, brings the romance of the trade well up into our own day. Mr. Keith lived to see one of the largest railroad enterprises operated by Americans outside the United States become the essential link of communication north of Panama. This former clerk in a Broadway dry goods store became the James J. Hill of Central America, and with Andrew W. Preston, a former ship captain, formed the United Fruit Company in 1899, which has since perfected the most complete fruit transportation and distribution system that exists anywhere in the world and has been an indispensable agent in the emergence of the Central American republics as factors to be counted on in the development of Latin America.

There is adequate basis, therefore, for North American business to feel at home in Latin America. What we are exporting to Latin America is the American standard of living. Not always do the same commodities fill the same wants in Latin America that they do in the United States. The Quaker Oats Company, for instance, found they could not sell this essentially northern cooked breakfast food to tropical countries. With an ingenuity worthy of Tudor himself, however, they transformed their sales campaign into an endeavor to sell Quaker Oats as a health food, as a body-building, nutritious dietary element that could be prescribed by doctors and served to undernourished people. On this shrewd adaptation of their product to a real want they have built up an immense volume of sales and are probably today better known on the River Plate than they are on the Hudson.

The story of the remarkable connection between Eskimo Pie and the sale of player pianos in Ecuador also illustrates the closeness with which the products and demands of Latin American countries are bound up with the vast production of the United States. When this generic product, which now goes under half a dozen trade names other than Eskimo Pie, was first modestly put out, the Ecuador cocoa market was in a slump, having suffered grievously in competition with the new cheap cocoa gathered by Negro labor in West Africa. But not many months after this novel confection had conquered the American appetite things began to change in Ecuador. The first instance of the change was noted by the Æolian Company in New York, which discovered on its order books one day several dozen orders for the most expensive grades of player pianos and musical instruments from Ecuador. After discovering just where Ecuador was, the officials of the company at length traced that prosperity to the overnight demand for the bitter chocolate which Ecuador was supplying to the manufacturers of Eskimo Pie. The sweet, porous African chocolate was unsuitable to the process, and from being a drug on the market Ecuador's cocoa suddenly became a fairly active commodity. Its exports steadily rose from 3,500,000 tons in 1921 to 6,500,000 tons in 1928. The truth of this sudden demand for luxuries is also attested by the prosaic figures which show $25,000 worth of American musical instruments imported into Ecuador in 1926 suddenly rising to $160,000 worth, including four times as many pianos of all the best grades, in 1928.

It was natural for Ecuador to spend its money in the United States, whose citizens went on eating Eskimo Pies totally unaware of what had happened. Our alterations in Latin American economics are not all so accidental, of course. One of the most interesting trends we have set on foot is to carry the processes of Latin American raw products farther along with the benefit of local labor before shipping them to us. We used to distill our own quebracho, the world's indispensable ingredient for tanning leather, from logs shipped from the River Plate. But we grew tired of paying tribute to British shipowners for the transport of these unwieldy logs, and so encouraged and helped to finance the manufacture of quebracho for export in Argentina. The industry is now fully established there, and logs are utilized at home, with the resulting development of another basic industry in the Argentine Republic. We have also convinced Brazil that she should learn from her bitter experience with rubber, when she lost the market largely because she would not grade her product. Now Brazil is grading her own coffee and her increased expertness in marketing it has mitigated somewhat the unhappy situation arising out of her overproduction. We have induced Venezuela and Ecuador to grade their cocoa, and Uruguay and Argentina to grade their wool. Every dollar paid to labor not only stabilizes the product but helps to produce more prosperous markets for our own commodities.

American manufacturers know perfectly well that it is adding buying power to these countries that really produces a market for our goods, and there are many other ways in which they are acting upon this far-seeing idea. Recently one of our steel manufacturers has been delivering in Cuba American stoves in parts stamped and enameled in this country. Heretofore the Cubans bought their stoves ready set up from Germany, France and Belgium, and to a smaller extent from ourselves, paying not only for the completed stove itself but in many cases an equal amount for freight and packing. Now we have taken over the stove market in Cuba and are supplying three stove manufacturing plants with our parts, and incidentally providing another manufacturing industry for a country which needs nothing so much as logical basic industries to take the curse off the sugar monopoly.

Literally hundreds of such manufacturing operations have been fostered by American manufacturers during the past ten years. We have invested $2,500,000,000 of our surplus funds in such enterprises on our own responsibility in Latin America, and it may be said incidentally, so far as investments go, that our capital is today very nearly as great as that invested in Latin America by Great Britain. From 1913 our investments have grown from a billion and a quarter to five and three-quarters billions, while Britain's in the same period have grown from five billions to about five billion nine hundred million. In Argentina and Brazil we are still substantially behind our rivals from Threadneedle Street, but in Chile and all the countries north we stand even or better, while the three-fifths of our total investment which are located in Mexico and Cuba all but make those countries part of the American economic hegemony. It is most significant of all that a large part of our investment in Latin America has been in the form of development of productive enterprises there, under the direct supervision of, or with managerial participation by, American investors and their agents.

American manufactured goods and American capital are potent in Latin America, but they can not grow on an absentee basis. One of the radical changes of modern times is, therefore, the much more abundant presence of Americans in the countries to the south of us. Last year, for instance, more than 5,000 American tourists and travellers visited Argentina and many of them travelled extensively in the provinces. There is a permanent American colony, mostly in Buenos Aires, of about 3,000 Americans. They comprise among their number customs brokers, steamship men, agents of American firms, bankers, wholesale and retail dealers, physicians, teachers, lawyers and professional men of all classes. They are a community, outside our borders, of which any nation might be proud. It is they who have given their united backing to quick sea communications from the United States, which have been one of the keys to our trade growth throughout the Continent. Now American vessels operate to all points of South America, offering faster service than British vessels — 18 days from New York to Buenos Aires and 20 days from New York to Valparaiso, with corresponding fast time to other South American ports on both coasts. The merchant marine of the United States has risen to the emergency and matches and exceeds its competitors in passenger and freight accommodations and in alertness in getting and holding business. All in all, I would not have any hesitation in saying that our sea transportation to the key ports of South America is fully 50 per cent better than it was before the war.

It is our successful merchandising, however, that has really wrought the great change in our position in Latin America. The more conspicuous details of the change which I have given above may be supplemented by a list of hundreds of cases in which the ingenious disposition of the American and his more recently acquired patience in understanding and appreciating the people of Latin America have made possible this permanent growth in our relationship. It is rather an anomaly, for instance, that most of the corsets used in Latin America, for purposes which we indistinctly remember, are manufactured in our own busy country. We developed the finest corset making machinery in the world and we are now supplying those parts of it where the product is utilized, and one of those is Latin America. Our shoe manufacturers do not sell American style shoes in Latin America, but, especially in Argentina, accord with the local demand and specialize on the Spanish style with its high vamps for women and the more elegant pointed toe for men. We sell bicycles and especially motorcycles, even to the detail of supplying tire patches of all sizes to the local service stores. Our gramophone records are now practically all made with Spanish as well as English titles, for almost half of our entire output, including symphonic as well as jazz records, eventually revolves to Latin American needles. We make Spanish typewriters, Spanish adding machines and Spanish labelled office appliances of an ever increasing assortment. With no disrespect to their competitors, there are many places in Latin America where "kodak" is the local word for camera, and "Singer" is universally understood to mean sewing machine. And you can not travel in any Latin American country without having a score of American proprietary medicines meet your eye during your first glance at the newspapers or at the shop and billboard signs on the streets. The American Medical Association may or may not be happy to learn that there is now a factory in Havana where Lydia Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is manufactured for the particular delight and well-being of those members of the sisterhood of St. Lydia of Lynn who live in Hispanic America.

OUR manufacturing industry with its high-power production and low unit cost carries many coals back to Newcastle year by year with our Latin American neighbors. Peru is practically the world's only source of cinchona bark from which quinine is made, and yet at the head of the list of American medicines imported into Peru is prepared quinine, which we supply to the country of its source at the rate of some $400,000 worth a year. We sell $2,000,000 worth of American confectionery annually to Cuba and the West Indies, the sugar bowl of the world. We sell over 120,000 pounds of chewing gum back to Mexico each year, though Mexico produces the ingredient, chicle, from which all chewing gum is made. We sell binder twine back to Yucatan, fertilizers and iodine to Chile, and American cigarettes to Cuba where the finest tobacco in the world is grown.

THESE are, of course, incidents in our mercantile exuberance, but they are borne along by channels of trade because those channels have now been deepened into permanent highways of commerce which have brought Latin America closer to us than at any time in our history. You will find much of the painstaking system of American business steadily being imbedded in Latin American life as evidence of the depth of this change. More than half of the Latin American republics have had American advisers, to remodel their budget systems and place State and often provincial finances on a basis of modern American accounting. In Cuba, Brazil, Argentina and Mexico the foreign credit executive committee of our National Association of Credit Men has either established or is establishing local associations to keep in close touch with commercial credit and to make frequent reports on the American model.

American telephone and telegraph systems now carry all our messages to and from the South American continent. One can speak today from New York as conveniently to Buenos Aires as to Chicago, and messages over all-American systems can be delivered in Buenos Aires or Rio de Janeiro in three minutes. American air mail routes, actual or prospective, serve both coasts, and passenger schedules will be opened in the not distant future. All in all, the factor of distance, which in the past gave

Europe an immense advantage over North America, has been cut to the minimum by the energy of the American trading advance in the past ten years, and it is now scarcely a handicap south of the Equator and an increasing advantage in our favor farther north.

FINALLY, one should not fail to take into consideration the great and permanent changes that have been taking place throughout Latin America during, let us say, the past fifteen years. Even in the present year, marked by sporadic revolutions in half a dozen Latin American countries, this change is extraordinarily evident.

The commercial classes have far more to say concerning the government of Latin American countries than at any time in the past. Even the revolutions of recent months bear witness to this fact, for most of them have been economic and not political in character. Mexico has had two civilian Presidents and the succession in office was peacefully accomplished. Colombia had last year what was probably the most genuine constitutional election in the history of Latin America, and Brazil, in spite of its troubles, likewise went peaceably to the polls at its most recent and critical election. The eruption in Argentina, the first in thirty years, was not serious and no bloodshed has marred the changes of government in other countries than Brazil. In fact, a new generation of Latin Americans has made a surprising advance since the war in the stability and modern development of Hispanic America.

THE American trader was never in better relationship south of the Rio Grande than he is today. At no other time have we been in contact with a type of Latin Americans wider in their vision and more capable of carrying out intelligent policies of advancement and reform. It is not too much to say that inter-American trade has constituted the most interesting phase of the commercial progress of the world in the past ten years, and that it will have an even more impressive result in the vast development of the Latin American countries which the remainder of the century will undoubtedly witness.

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Rival Wings Over Europe

By A. G. West

It is interesting to learn that of all the topics that are closest and dearest to the hearts of the great nations of Europe, none is watched more attentively than the subject of air defense. Indeed, exposure to air invasion is the secret fear of the diplomats, and the problem of air disarmament the hidden thorn at recent international conferences.

That aviation has escaped from its earlier rôle of Cinderella to the Army and Navy may not yet be realized by these Older Sisters of warfare. The fact remains that it now has a position of prestige greater than either, and as General Balbo, Secretary of Air for Italy, pointed out last spring, "Aviation is the horrible unknown factor of future warfare." Thus it is that the recent budgets of foreign Powers reveal a sharply rising tide of air appropriations, in spite of the popular clamor for the reduction of armaments, and the scrapping of battle fleets.

The startling discovery that air control saved millions and millions of dollars to the treasury may have been the pioneer discovery of Great Britain following the brilliant and unexpected successes of her Royal Air Force in subduing warlike tribes in the Middle East. Obviously, if it is possible to police a vast area by air power, and have the work performed just as well and far more cheaply than with ground troops, other nations will try the same tactics. Moreover, it will be recalled that after the World War both France and Spain discovered the flexibility of air control on the Riff campaign in Morocco, where it was stated that upwards of 4,000 wounded soldiers had been removed from almost impossible terrain by aircraft.

The skirmishes on the Northwest Frontier of India, as well as in Irak and the Sudan, have attracted the attention of Premiers as well as tacticians, as the various great powers of the world have watched the guerrilla warfares that were successfully controlled by a mere handful of aviators. The economy effected in Irak by the use of air power, and more recently at Aden, was referred to last March in Parliament by Fred Montague, Under-Secretary for Air, when he pointed out that England is increasingly employing air forces in substitution for ground troops "on a scale not yet attempted by any other nation." The high light of the speech was the statement that it had been possible to use an air squadron of twelve machines and a total of 200 men at Aden, in replacement of one British and one Indian battalion of infantry with a total of about 1,600 combatants.

Astonishing figures have been quoted by officials as to the exact savings to the taxpayers through the use of air control. Of these estimates, the statement of Sir Samuel Hoare, former Air Minister of Great Britain, is the most illuminating, as he brought out that the previous garrison of ground troops in Irak had cost England more than $100,000,000 a year, but when air power was substituted, this had been reduced to $7,500,000 annually.

Meanwhile, America has had but little interest in the progress of military aeronautics abroad, for the simple reason that for a century and a half we relied upon the fact that some three thousand miles of wide open sea stretched between this continent and the turbulent shores of Europe.

But it is important now to realize that this security, this remoteness, no longer exists except in our imagination. With the first flight across the Atlantic Ocean of Commanders Stone and Read in the *NC-4*, and with the subsequent passages of Alcock and Brown, of Lindbergh, Chamberlain, Shultz, Mermoz and Coste, this gap was definitely bridged.

There have also been numerous crossings by dirigibles, including the *R-34*, *Los Angeles*, *Graf Zeppelin* and *R-100*, and so it can hardly be said that this type of travel is any longer a novelty even from a commercial standpoint, and it should be obvious that it is no longer true, if indeed it ever was, that "America is immune from air attack." With the steady pressure of demand for more and more speed, and the cutting down of present air schedules between cities, the period now required to fly across the Atlantic will soon be shortened, and inevitably so.

As one air expert stated at a conference in London last fall, it should be no great surprise to those acquainted with the modern developments in aeronautics to pick up the morning paper and discover that one of the sturdy service squadrons of the Royal Air Force had quietly made the hop to Canada as part of their routine practice, in view of the fact that military pilots take annual training flights for far greater distances up to 12,000 miles. And just one such attempt would do more to bring home to America the advanced status of modern aviation than all the arguments one might hope to present in a lifetime.

The particular reason that such a feat should be possible is that several foreign nations have so ably profited by their training for participation in recent Schneider Cup races that their squadrons now reflect the ultra-modern speed and streamlining formerly used in their racing models. What is even more important, their military aviators have had experience and training in the use of these faster planes, and in many cases are accustomed to flying aircraft that attain a high level of speed that varies from 220 to over 350 miles an hour.

Unfortunately, the United States has receded so far behind her sister nations in the matter of speed records that our military and naval air squadrons are actually flying 150 miles an hour slower than the best European types. This startling fact was recently brought out before a Congressional hearing at Washington, D. C., by a former navy aviator, Lieutenant Alford Williams, and an inspection of recent developments abroad indicates still greater gaps.

Considering that strategists have always regarded the matter of a few knots speed of surface vessels as a vital point, and kept a strict watch over the progress of foreign ships in this respect, it is frankly astounding that our grave lapse in this urgent matter of air speed has attracted so little attention. When the ocean greyhound, the *Bremen*, crossed the Atlantic, interest in her speed was not solely on commercial accounts, as of course such craft are adaptable in short order for conversion in time of war emergencies.

THUS the negligence of America in maintaining even an approximation of foreign military air speeds is most surprising, and not the less so since this nation held the world record for seaplanes only four years ago, at the time that shortsighted officials decided to withdraw from further participation in the Schneider classic. Since relatively large sums were needed to maintain our standing, it was felt that it was neither advisable nor necessary to compete with our foreign rivals; that we had a number of useful models around the premises that should be used up; that our pilots no longer had the time to waste on such training; and that the trouble and expense incidental to such participation was too great for the Government to carry on any longer.

The fallacy of this argument is only too apparent today, and the United States might have observed the same effects as presented in France, after that nation dropped out of the Schneider Cup races some years ago. As it now stands, we are maintaining an air force that experts know is not the first, nor even the second, and possibly not even the third, in point of air speed efficiency.

IF THIS nation requires defense at all, if this country is to continue to spend millions on its aerial protection, it is frankly time to inquire why our air forces can not at least be as good as those of other nations, and to ask what we can hope to do with planes that are literally three years behind in design, and scores of miles slower in speed than the planes of foreign powers.

Nor is that all. For though it may be possible to build up a fleet of aircraft in a relatively short time, not every pilot is capable of increasing his ability to perform military acrobatics at the tremendous speeds used abroad, at a moment's notice. This is a matter that takes time, patience and careful training, and if such manœuvres are not to be a form of suicide, it is not too much for these aerial protectors of the nation to ask that they shall be given ample time to acquire practice in these vastly speedier planes.

As it looks at the present time, it would almost seem that the United States might well have afforded almost any reasonable expense incident to participation in the Schneider races rather than to have slipped behind so far that only some tremendous effort can possibly regain our former status. Three or four years ago it was reported from abroad that even the Turks were ahead of us on the matter of ceiling, and if it is true that this nation is the richest in the world, it is difficult to understand how any element of cost should be allowed to enter upon a problem on which rests the defense of our people, and possibly the safety of our vast domain.

As an outstanding example of the low ebb of our military speed, it will be recalled that last year, at the National Air Races held at Cleveland, it was discovered that a commercial plane flying at about 198 miles an hour had soundly beaten the best ships that the military authorities could put up. This regrettable incident so affected the Army authorities that this year at Chicago the annual classics of the Mitchel and the Mason M. Patrick Trophy Race were quietly omitted on one score or another, to avoid any further broadcasting of the fact that our military defenders in the air were so woefully behind the latest speed records.

It is stated that later on this race will duly take place in some sequestered air lane, but no details will be furnished to inquiring reporters, and it is hoped that they will not be too curious as to the time records as compared with civilian craft recently developed.

As this same factor of time is becoming increasingly important in any consideration of air invasion, the question of fast planes is something more than academic. Acrobatic manœuvres, upon which the life of the aviator may depend, require at least an approximation of speed similar to that of the opposing plane. And squadrons equal to flying at 220 to 300 miles an hour would be just so much harder to catch than squadrons rolling along at 164 miles an hour, the present rate of many of our naval pursuit craft.

Since success in future wars is generally believed by the experts to hinge upon the unexpected and drastic attack of hostile aircraft over large cities, with loss of their civilian morale, it is evident that this question of speed has its strategic value, also. In the old days, it was held that war must be a matter of attrition, of starving out the enemy, of camping right down beside him, or outside his walls. There was no great hurry. All the leader had to do was to wait and watch.

But the modern trend of thought is speed. We now believe that a few hours or days may be of vital moment in future wars. Strangely enough, it is hard to realize that we have developed little more in actual air tactics than was known in the last war, when planes were valued chiefly as eyes of the fleet or as observers for the ground force commanders. The idea that aircraft should function as a separate and effective unit has been most repugnant to the older school of strategy, and it has been quite apparent that the recently won spurs of aviation in the Middle East have been won in spite of, not because of, the aid received from leaders who have had but little faith in this new science of the air.

In this country, as well as in England or in France, the progress of air strategy has been seriously hampered by the fact that ground commanders know little and care less for the possibilities of air tactics apart from coöperation with artillery and infantry. Italy is not making this particular mistake, as it is said that Mussolini is permitting a new strategy to develop and affords his air leaders every encouragement.

THE air game is young. The tactics of air fighting are only in their infancy, but are being developed in a medium that is not limited in the way that the older arms found it necessary to overcome. Military and naval history is full of the accounts of victories achieved when new tactical principles were invented and applied suddenly by their leaders. There was the success of the Macedonian phalanx that swept through Asia. Later came the tactical innovation that enabled the Roman trireme to drive the rival power of the mighty Carthage from the Mediterranean. Cæsar, with his heavily armored legions, was able to cut the hardy Gauls to pieces. But it was at Crécy, in the Middle Ages, that the discovery of the cloth-yard arrow spelled the doom of the armored knight.

The massing of his artillery, and the repeated hammer blows, almost made a world conqueror of Napoleon, and it is more than probable that air power is susceptible to just such an unexpected and victorious application that will be developed by some great leader whose genius will avail itself of the possibilities of air conquest.

In the last war, startling results were obtained by even the simplest use of aircraft. Planes were flown in layers, at six or eight thousand feet in what was known as "chain formation," and individual "dog fights" were a frequent form of air combat. This was an extremely costly method of fighting, both in terms of pilots and in material. It was aerial warfare in its most primitive form, though somewhat in advance of the observation duties which many of the army leaders considered its best function.

But with the novelty introduced by such noted aviators as Baron Richthofen, who became famous with his "Flying Circus," there was indicated a new technique of the air, where cohesion to the group was discovered to be of great advantage from the standpoint of defense as well as offense.

AS VICTORY in the air will, in the last analysis, depend upon the success with which the defense group can operate effectively in the presence of hostile aircraft, this requires that the defense squadrons must at least be as fast as the enemy squadrons and preferably faster and capable of higher ceiling, in order to dive down on them and drive them off, with the minimum of loss to the defenders.

About two years ago, England was dismayed to learn at her annual air manœuvres over London that her new bombing planes of that date were so fast that they had succeeded in evading the attempts of her pursuit squadrons to catch them in time to prevent their "attacking" the city. This was a scandal that roused the nation to the possibility of a similar feat in actual war from hostile planes, and an energetic effort was made to bring out a faster fighter to overcome this hazard.

Research has now developed what is known as the "interceptor" type, in addition to the regular pursuit plane, and it is now said that this Avenger, as it is called, fully answers all requirements. England has approximately ten minutes time in which to prepare for air invasion, counting from the moment that hostile aircraft reach her coast. Thus her defense planes must be in the air at not less than 20,000 feet, and ready to dive down on the enemy.

This is an incredibly short space of time. It includes the period in which the squadron is notified, the plane made ready, engine started, pilot in the cockpit, and the steep ascent attained. When it is realized that many planes need from forty to sixty minutes to reach high altitudes, the acceleration of the British type is most dramatic.

THERE is no need for a large cruising radius, and the authorities have therefore concentrated on superior climb and speed, which at 24,700 feet ceiling is stated to be roughly 172 miles an hour. This is the type of plane that the United States would do well to maintain near our key cities, such as New York and Boston, where instant action would be expected in order to repel fast planes from hostile carriers.

We have no type comparable with this, and while it is true that our problem is quite different from that of the European countries, where the borders are only a few hours or minutes away, the advantages of speedy climbers should be obvious to our seacoast centres.

The important types of military or naval planes may be judged from five standpoints in particular — speed, manœuvrability, climb, range, ceiling. A comparison of the types of our own and the latest English planes is a startling commentary on the superiority of the latter's development.

England has also evolved an ultra-modern and intricate alarm system that combines a hook-up of radio, telephone and telegraph, and that has been developed to a high standard by experts in the Air Ministry. Orders are issued from the officials on the ground to the pilots, and reports made from the planes back to the officials. Subsidiary stations in even the small towns are linked up by telephone, and constables as well as reserve volunteers are trained to coöperate in various manœuvres, so that a veritable network of communication shall warn the defenders in time of emergency.

It will be seen that Europe is taking her military aviation very seriously, when even small nations order parachutes in lots of 500 at a time, and countries like Esthonia and Finland demand fast pursuit types as rapidly as they are released for foreign use.

THE gesture of Europe to concede naval parity to the United States is frankly not without its humorous aspects, when it is realized that in order to maintain their prestige in the air they are not merely willing but eager to scrap expensive battle ships for which their experts privately doubt a later use. But this generous and whole-hearted attitude toward us is of somewhat less importance as a concession, when it is appreciated that the funds thus saved to such nations are promptly put to use in building up their model air squadrons.

At the very time that the official delegates from the Five Powers were in consultation at St. James's Palace in London over the knotty matter of disarmament and the scrapping of battle fleets, four of these nations, Italy, England, France and Japan, increased their air budgets to a figure higher than ever.

General Balbo, in an impassioned speech before the Chamber of Deputies at Rome, pleaded for a larger air appropriation, because "Ten army divisions are worth less for defense than an adequate number of aircraft."

Italy takes the attitude that a country should be prepared to protect its legitimate interests, and devotes 15 per cent or about 700,000,000 lire to her air control. France, which is generally conceded to have the largest air force in the world, spends about 25 per cent on this arm, or around $82,000,000, although it has lately been indicated that the new budget will allow still larger increases, as the Council of Ministers at Rambouillet announced that three-quarters of a million more francs than in 1930 will be shown in the 1931 estimates for national defense.

France had permitted her pursuit and bombardment squadrons to lower their speed records, just as we did, by dropping out of the Schneider races, but a vigorous effort is now being made to modernize these air groups this year and to approach the high level of speed maintained by Italy and England.

It should be realized in any discussion of military aircraft that every nation may have experimental types under test at its air stations, but that two or more years must elapse before the "wrinkles are ironed out" of these new models, and they appear in the squadrons of that government for active duty with the Army or Navy squadrons. Thus the statement that a country has a plane capable of doing a certain speed, "now under experiment," means rather less than it sounds, as a great deal of research and patience may be required before that model is desirable to turn loose in the fleet.

Japan, another nation represented at the naval parley, was recently reported to have made elaborate new defense plans which are said to cost in the neighborhood of $125,000,000, although some of the Japanese papers quote $280,000,000 as nearer the mark. In particular, it is significant to notice that this able Power, which has long been noted for its acuteness in military and naval strategy, now plans to treble its present air force, with a provision for eleven new air squadrons of eight planes each.

That Great Britain is interested in air control goes without saying, as has already been shown. Indeed, the responsibility for the protection of this "tight little isle" no longer rests on the Royal Navy, but squarely on the shoulders of the Air Ministry. Thus when her high officials announced in Parliament last spring that her latest requirements for air defense would be upwards of $4,250,000 more than in 1929, or a total of around $89,250,000, it became apparent that the *Pax Britannica* is to be upheld by using the speed and mobility of aircraft, and by diminishing the frozen capital of Imperial investments at sea, wherever possible.

England is fully conscious that her key cities are appallingly close to the hostile air bases of foreign Powers, though she does not care to discuss this fact. And with the steady decrease in the present small margin of safety of approximately ten minutes by air, it follows that constant research will be needed to provide faster pursuit types and to develop speedier bombers equal to those made elsewhere.

In a lesser sense, the acute problem of England is the problem of any nation, even our own. It should be obvious that the greater the speed of the military plane, the greater the need of a highly efficient and ultramodern defense force. This Great Britain fully intends to have, and it is no secret that her air squadrons are probably the best equipped and fastest in the world. In addition, those squadrons have had invaluable training in the "policing" of the colonies and mandates, and can practise on such "fronts" the theories of the experimenters at home.

It is interesting to note that nations are now attempting to develop civil air lines which tend to link up their distant possessions. These aid in promoting interest in aeronautics and improve the speed and mobility of air forces generally, and are capable of becoming strategic military routes at short notice.

Several very amusing diplomatic skirmishes have taken place in the last two or three years to secure control of these same civil airways, notably over the route through Persia, to India, and down across the Panama Canal and along the East Coast of South America.

Germany and England have waged a most interesting campaign for the Bagdad route, which is extremely vital to the control of England's merchant fleets from the Far East, while France seems to be more concerned in the South Atlantic crossings, over which she inaugurated a commercial air route last spring to hook up with Brazil, Argentina and Chile.

An inspection of an air map of the world reveals an astounding number of established or of projected air lines, of which the interlocking network of the Lufthansa in Central Europe, the trans-Siberian routes of the Soviets, the Indian air mail of Great Britain, and the Pan-American air mails in and around Central and parts of South America, are the most strongly developed.

And simultaneously with this impulse toward civilian air lines there is an increase of training of the air squadrons comparable to the older "forced marches" of the infantry. Thus each year we hear that service planes have been dispatched to some far distant point, often on a "non-stop hop," as well as routine flights.

Great Britain, as one example, sent a group of three Fairey III Fox bombardment planes of 45 squadron from Helwan, Egypt, to Nigeria and the Gold Coast and back, a distance of 8,400 miles; another group of similar planes undertook the annual flight from Cairo to Cape Town and return, arriving home only five minutes late from their official schedule, after 11,200 miles of flying. Still another group tried the possibilities of flying through a southwest monsoon on a time-table schedule, between Calcutta and Singapore.

Three of our own army planes flew around South America several years ago, and bombardment groups have been out to the West Coast on several hops to indicate just what can be accomplished under service conditions.

However, until this country regains her position of prestige in the matter of speed for her military aircraft, and is prepared to maintain an air force that is at least comparable with those now flying at a rate impossible to our present standard types, we need not congratulate ourselves on having attained "parity on the seas." What we want, what we must have if we are to protect our nation, are planes fully equal to the best speed obtained abroad.

Whether this can be attained by non-participation in the Schneider Cup races is doubtful. The fact that England has dropped out for the moment means nothing more than that she has reached so high a level in her air forces that there is no immediate cause for improvement. After all, there must be a limit of some kind on this speed question.

But the United States certainly has not reached it. Not when her military planes lumber along the airways at many, many miles an hour slower than the types developed by other nations.

* * *

Stephen Is Fourteen

By Sydney R. McLean

The story of Stephen has what we might call tragic implications. Surely an only child who feels himself unwanted is not destined to happiness. As a matter of fact, the boy was wrong; his mother and father wanted him and very dearly loved him. Where is the tragedy then, you ask? In his mind; and after all where else could it have more reality?

The trouble was that Stephen's mother and father were sufficient to each other. It was as if a curtain of invisible yet real separation dropped between them and the rest of the world. Their son felt that curtain, and sensitive, mind-and-body lonely as is every human creature at fourteen, he almost couldn't stand it.

Coming down to breakfast one April morning, Stephen hears his mother and father talking about a trip to Europe. They've never had enough money to go before, and Ruth Harrison has always longed to see foreign countries, especially Italy. She had dreamed, as a girl, of honeymooning in Capri or Sorrento, but the only wedding trip Phil could take her on was a week-end in Atlantic City. That's rankled in his mind for seventeen years; so now he's going to take her to Italy.

He says to her, "It'll be like a second honeymoon, Ruth. You certainly look young enough for a first."

Ruth laughs. "A honeymoon with a fourteen year old son along! Oh, Phil!"

Phil replies, "Well, you don't *look* old enough to be his mother."

Stephen, on the lowest step outside the dining room, hearing, is vaguely troubled. He is used to having people say to Mother, "This big boy your *son!*" Mother always laughs delightedly at such a remark and puts her arm in his as if seeking, not giving, protection.

He hears Mother say: "I wonder what's keeping Stephen. He's late." Then her chair pushes back from the table. Stephen tiptoes lightly and hurriedly up four or five steps and begins to clatter noisily down again to meet her as she comes to kiss him and straighten his tie.

In the dining room, Mother cries, in the high shrill tones of happiness, "Oh, Phil, tell him our news!"

Dad, putting down his paper, looks benevolent, as is the custom of people about to confer a favor. "Be ready to sail for Europe July first, Son?"

Mother, thrilled and youthful, waits for his exclamations, and Dad smiles broadly.

But this news, Stephen feels, is actually theirs; he is the son by whose presence people will know that Mother and Dad are not on their honeymoon. So he says gruffly, "Tom wants me to go to camp with him."

Dad frowns; Mother says, in a voice like a child's whose blocks have tumbled, "Oh, Sonny!" Then, turning helplessly to Dad, "Oh, Phil!"

Dad says, "Your mother won't go without you, Stephen. So that's that."

Ruth tries conciliation. "I can't leave my little boy. Stephen, we're going to Italy. Just think! You'll see Pompeii and Rome. You'll know about it all too, because you've been studying Roman history."

Stephen, who has eagerly absorbed *The Last Days of Pompeii* and loves all tales of ancient Rome, is yet forced by some inner pride to say: "I'd rather go to England. I don't care a thing about Italy."

Mother looks worried and Dad commands, "Finish your breakfast. It's time you went to school."

The dining room falls into a sullen, troubled silence.

THE Harrisons sail July first. They're going south to Naples with port of call at Gibraltar — a long trip. Stephen reluctantly waves farewell to the relatives and friends on the pier, the delicate seriousness of his face contradicted by the bright-colored paper streamers tangled on his shoulders. Long after her little face becomes blurred in the crowds, he waves to his three-year-old cousin Barbara, postponing that moment when he must be alone with Mother and Dad on this strange ship. He can not forget that he is the son without whom this would be a honeymoon. He is an intruder; they ought to have let him go to camp.

ON BOARD Stephen is much alone, for there are no boys of his age, and fourteen does not condescend to nine nor is condescended to by seventeen. Do you see Stephen with his pretty mother and his tall father? Or Dad and Mother dancing together? Or Stephen dancing with his mother and stepping on her slippers? She's a dear about it and doesn't say a word, but Stephen is frightfully embarrassed. Do you want to see Mr. and Mrs. Harrison urging Stephen to come to the horse races on deck and then see him refusing because, he says, he wants to finish his book? Do you want to be told that the book is *Vanity Fair*, which he's been reading all year and can't understand or enjoy? Do you want to come to the ship's concert and hear his voice break in the middle of the community singing of *John Peel?*

And do you want to *want* desperately to climb the galleries with him at Gibraltar and can't because Dad won't leave Mother and Mother isn't strong enough? Even if the galleries are terrific they repay climbing, and Stephen did long to go up.

And above all, what of being there the morning the ship comes to Naples? Suppose you see Stephen waking up at dawn to realize that the ship's stopped. Dad's not in his berth, and Stephen has the sudden terror that something's going on without him. He looks out of the window and there at the deck rail he sees Mother and Dad. They're standing hand in hand, looking at Naples and Vesuvius. Stephen hears Dad say, "Here we are, Ruth, at last." Then he kisses Mother, and Stephen dimly realizes that the scar of the shoddy little Atlantic City honeymoon has gone from his father's mind at last.

ALTHOUGH Stephen's pride is hurt that his mother and father are unconscious of his existence as they enter Naples, yet we can not pretend to think that this city wasn't of high excitement for him. He'll always remember the long gangway (of a hundred steps, they call it) down to the sunning dock. And the sound of Italian all around him, so mysteriously spoken, so mysteriously understood, by dark-eyed men gesticulating and shoulder-shrugging. The streets are full, it seems to him, of soldiers with waving plumes on melodramatic hats, of sandaled monks in black skirts with knotted ropes and rosaries at their side. The sun is bright and hot on the pavement and on the blue water of the Bay, and the glitter hurts his eyes.

His room adjoins Dad's and Mother's. The rooms are dark and cool when they go in; the smiling proprietor shows them how to regulate the great blinds. Mother breathes, "Naples! Oh, Phil!" then a second later says, "Stephen, look, you can see Vesuvius out of this window!"

They go to Pompeii late that afternoon. Stephen can hardly wait to see all the ruins. He really does know something about Pompeii; of the House of the Tragic Poet, for instance. But he doesn't like Dad to say, "Son, you've had Latin; you can read this!" You see, it's like being thrown the crumbs from a very full table. Dad and Mother don't need to know what *Casa Poetæ Tragicæ* means in English, or how many people used to live in Pompeii, or that Vesuvius buried it in 79; no, Pompeii means to them only that it isn't Atlantic City.

Stephen knows all this. And he is not jealous. That's not it at all. It's only that his mother and father let fall the invisible curtain of separation between them and the world too often, and he's on the other side. When you're fourteen — fourteen, and too tall, too thin, too sensitive — you can't be on the other side too often.

THAT night, they have dinner at the hotel, and Dad says afterwards, "Let's go for a drive." They drive for an hour or so through narrow streets, and then Mother says, "Aren't you sleepy, Son?"

It's been a full long day, but novelty has sustained him, and he isn't. Nevertheless, that strange pride forces him to say he is, and they go back to the hotel.

An hour later he's in bed, with Italian moonlight creeping along the wall beside him. Mother kisses him good-night, whispering, "Say your prayers tonight, Son, and thank God for bringing us safe to such a beautiful place." He averts his eyes from hers, for God, so real to fourteen years, is yet his secret.

The door between the rooms closes, and Stephen lies fighting wakefulness. The motion of the boat conflicts with the stillness of the land, alive and vivid Naples blurs with silent dead Pompeii.

I don't know how long a time goes

by before the door between the two rooms opens. Stephen, at the first hint of its stealthy movement, lies quiet and breathes deeply. He hears his mother say: "He's asleep, Phil."

"Then come on, Ruth, let's go!"

"Oh, Phil, it seems mean!"

"I don't see it. The poor youngster's tired — it's been a hard day for him, and another tomorrow, too. And our first night in Naples we ought to go out. Nobody begins to live here until eleven. Come on."

"But is he safe?"

"Safe! As the rock of Gibraltar. We won't be gone long."

The door closes again, and Stephen, wide-eyed, hears another door close a moment later. So they've left him! Please understand me: he isn't afraid, here in this strange room; it's just the fact they've left him that hurts — this first night in Naples.

He gets up and sits on the long window seat, behind the heavy curtains. The hangings cut him off from the room, and the window cuts him off from the street below. There in that narrow space, with his mother and father gone, he feels that he has never been so alone in his life before.

The Bay of Naples spreads before him, artificial and clear in the moonlight. He doesn't cry, poor Stephen, but if you don't cry when you're lonely you must at least pray. So he prays to his intimate secret God. He doesn't pray in words and he doesn't clasp his hands or beat his breast like a peasant woman standing before an altar in Rome. It is only a little boy prayer that some day "they'll know." Know how much they are to him, I suppose, and desperately that they'll know he is more to them than he can think he is.

He falls asleep there in the moonlight, and hours later his father, coming in, carries him to bed. Nor does Philip Harrison mention the episode in the morning. Stephen, to whom the night is like a bad dream, hardly remembers that he didn't fall asleep in bed.

Afterwards, on to Sorrento with the Harrisons, by the Amalfi Drive. Lemon groves and moonlight, blue Mediterranean and moonlight. Stephen and his father swim in the warm water — at least Dad swims; Stephen can't. Dad imitates the playing dolphins and goes farther and farther out. Mother, lovely in a pale pink dress, rises suddenly and comes to the water's edge, crying: "Phil, *don't* swim so far out. It frightens me." And Dad laughs at her scornfully, but swims closer to shore, calling to Stephen, "Come on, Son, time to go in."

They spend two nights at Sorrento. One night some peasants dance the tarantella, and Stephen is frightfully excited by the whirling of arms and legs and bewildered by the mad, strange music. But later: moonlight and lemon groves and Vesuvius in the distance — and Stephen is in bed.

Rome. Here they are a week after they've landed at Naples. Mother is a new person, even Stephen sees. She says so herself. She says, her eyes wide, "I've never *lived* before." Dad says laughingly, "Here, here, none of that. I won't be cancelled." Then she puts her hand on his and laughs gently. Stephen knows that Dad could not be cancelled from Mother's life. He, poor lad, is beginning to feel oddly as if he had never lived.

Read any guide book and you'll know the "high spots" which the Harrisons saw in Rome. St. Peter's, St. Paul's outside the Walls, the Forum, the Coliseum, all merged into a gigantic kaleidoscopic Rome of past and present.

But one night Dad and Mother go out again. This time they tell Stephen they are going to some restaurants with two Italians they have met.

"Are you sure you'll be all right, Stephen?" Mother asks. "You see we could hardly take you with us; you're too young."

"That's perfectly all right, Mother," Stephen assures her steadily. "I'll just read a little and write in my diary. I'm going to bed soon."

Mother kisses him. "That's a dear boy." Dad claps him affectionately on the shoulder and says, "Tomorrow we'll go to see the Coliseum by moonlight, just you and Mother and I."

"That'll be fun," says Stephen, a trifle mechanically.

When they have gone, he turns out the light and stands at the window to watch them get in the carriage. Sigñor and Sigñora Lombardi join them at the door and there is much unimportant chatter. Stephen's room is on the second floor, so he can see plainly and can hear the tones of the voices. It is all so gay and light, and he is out of it.

Sigñor Lombardi cries, "*Avanti!*" the driver cracks his whip, off goes the carriage. Stephen hears Mother's breathless laugh of happiness floating back to him for an instant, then the horses' hooves destroy the sound, and in a minute the carriage disappears.

The street is a quiet, gracious one, shaded by trees. Now and then a taxicab rattles by the hotel, or an open carriage passes. Two carriages stand motionless in front of the hotel, the drivers on the pavement smoking and talking together.

Suddenly Stephen hears singing. A man walking down the street sings *Celeste Aïda* as he goes. Stephen doesn't know the air, but it excites him as he listens. The voice, full and beautiful, rises as the man passes below the hotel. He is sauntering alone, singing to the night — to the Roman moonlit night.

Stephen leans out of the window and listens eagerly as long as he can hear the diminishing tones.

Everyone's out, thinks Stephen, everyone but me.

Suddenly he gets up and puts on his hat. He counts his money: one note marked "*Cinquante*," odd coins. Altogether he has seventy-odd lire. He multiplies carefully: nearly four dollars. It'll do.

No, Stephen isn't running away, here in Rome; he knows too well the value of four dollars to think of such an escapade. He is merely going out.

He walks down the stairs, for he doesn't care to arouse the curiosity of the lift boy. The desk clerk is at his books, the concierge is telephoning, the man at the door is helping someone into a taxi. No one sees Stephen.

He walks a block — walks slowly — unconsciously adopting the casual rhythm of the night.

He raises his hand to stop a carriage, and it comes to the curb. The driver is young, romantic, kind, and looks with interest at this tall boy.

"Drive me to the Coliseum," Stephen says rapidly, climbing into the carriage.

"*Non capisco*," the man says. Then eagerly, "*Est-ce que le petit monsieur parle le français?*"

Stephen says hesitatingly, "*Un peu.*"

The driver grins delightedly. "*Moi aussi — je le parle un peu! Monsieur veut aller au Col-i-se-o, n'est-ce pas?*" Italians have imagination; he has half understood Stephen's English.

Stephen nods. "*Oui.*"

"*Ah, si, si. Capisco.*" Truly, *le petit monsieur* is young to be alone; young, that is, from an American point of view. Still, the Americans do odd things; he recalls the American ladies who have driven in his carriage without escort.

HE ROLLS through the streets, telling Stephen in a mixture of bad French and considerately slow Italian what they are passing.

Under his instruction Stephen throws a copper into the Fontana di Trevi, wondering, as he does, when and if he really will return to Rome. On a narrow street they pass a tiny house labeled "*Albergo*," and Stephen, looking in swiftly, sees a man eating spaghetti and wiping his mouth with a corner of the tablecloth. He sees small shrines, with lights burning in front of them, set high into walls. He sees signs headed S.P.Q.R., re-creating for him ancient Rome. *Senatus populusque Romanus*, he says to himself, proud that he knows.

The Coliseum, vast and black, darkens the sky in front of them; a moment later the carriage halts. All about there are other carriages, waiting, and as soon as they stop, men on foot crowd around. One flashes an electric torch on the ground in front of Stephen, who is confused, and a little frightened for a moment.

Just how safe Stephen would have been that night without the good little Roman driver is a matter of speculation. At all events this young man turns to him — for being a Latin he realizes quite well how dazed the tall young American is, and how hesitant — and says: "*Voulez-vous y entrer?*"

"*Oui*," says Stephen.

With a flourish the Roman steps down from his box, singles out a friend from the crowd of drivers, and speaks to him in swift Italian. The man nods; he is to take care of Gian's carriage while Gian goes with the young American into the Coliseum to see the moon rise. Gian will not trust the young American, whose voice is hardly yet changed, to any of these pirates who call themselves guides.

STEPHEN and his guardian go into the Coliseum. Stephen is dazed by the sudden realization of many people around him, by the low hum of voices. The moon hasn't yet peered over the wall, so all these people have only spirit quality, black flat figures against a blackness.

Gian lights a cigarette and conducts Stephen to a fallen pillar. They sit down side by side. Gian, his head tilted back, is content to watch for the first moon rays and to say nothing. Stephen doesn't want to talk either; he is too excited, for one thing, and Gian's Italian-French is too difficult for him, as well.

It is hard to say just what Stephen's feelings are — whether he is quite happy at his first gesture of independence. If not happy, he is at least momentarily away from the narrow, abysmal loneliness he feels when he's with Mother and Dad.

THE moon rises at last, large and serene; people, made clear in its glow, become actually more unreal. A long moment of silence comes to the Coliseum with the first flood of light. Red tips of cigarettes, all about, grow pale. Then a girl giggles, and the low hum of voices begins again.

Stephen stands up quickly; somehow, he feels, he must go. "*Allons*," he says, and Gian and he go back to the carriage.

Stephen says, "*Albergo Palazzo*," and is returned at once to its door. Fortunately — because he had found Gian that night; good little Gian with the honest moon-loving eyes.

Luck's with Stephen. The door man is asleep in his little booth, so doesn't see the young American empty his pockets to the Roman. The concierge is drowsing, too, and the clerk has left his desk.

STEPHEN walks upstairs to his room, turns on the light, and slowly undresses. In bed, he props himself up with pillows, and opens his diary. Then he hesitates, as he lies there, fountain pen in his hand.

There is much for him to write, much for him to say. Stephen himself doesn't, of course, quite realize what the night's experience has meant to him; all he is sure of is that he can never tell Mother and Dad. Reticence is between them now. And the realization that they aren't any longer necessary to him, any more than he is necessary to them.

Dimly aware of this, Stephen lies still for a moment. He can not cry, nor pray. All he can do is painstakingly to set down in his diary, with his awkward little boy writing, his brief memorial to the evening: "Saw the Coliseum by moonlight."

* * *

Alien vs. Free Born

By Paul V. Collins

If any reader feels jaded, so that the weirdest tragedies of the motion picture shows and the "thrillers" of wood-pulp fiction leave his heart unresponsive and cold, let him turn to the Bureau of Immigration, Department of Labor, and read the "true stories" of human drama therein daily enacted.

One of the first records handed me by the General Immigration Commissioner, Harry E. Hull, when I asked for typical cases, involved a magazine writer of Boston. She had lived in Boston more than twenty years and was still a young widow, with an adored child of nine years. She had become engaged to the ex-husband of the very worthy daughter of one of the most prominent statesmen of his generation. Being cautious, she opened correspondence with her predecessor in her fiancé's devotion, and upon learning the cause of his divorce and of his non-support of his children since the divorce, she had broken her engagement. Possibly the confirmation of her information from his first wife, by the stories of his two divorces from later wives, made her all the more ready to withdraw.

Thereupon, being a "hundred per cent American," the man sought revenge by betraying to the Immigration Bureau that his erstwhile "beloved," the magazine writer, was really of Canadian birth and had never entered the United States legally.

The victim had lived a generation in Boston, and insisted that the Canadian "parents" were only foster parents. When she wrote an appeal to President Hoover, she said that she had voted for his election, as a native American had a right to vote.

Yet her persecutor has produced letters from her alleged mother and sister in Canada (the father is dead) asserting that she was born in Canada and had repudiated her family in the pride of being a Boston-American. The authorities are so completely baffled in seeking justice in this case that they have accorded the writer one year of grace in which to prove her claim of American nativity or achieve lawful entry as a Canadian, and apply for citizenship. There is no quota limit to Canadians, but they must pass inspection as to health and personal record as to morality, etc. If she fails to make lawful entry within the year, or to prove her American birth, she will be deported and can never after enter America, even as a visitor, under penalty of imprisonment and fine. And her ex-fiancé gloats!

Then there is the case of a Rumanian woman who came legally into

America and established herself in dressmaking, maintaining a fashionable and prosperous enterprise in New Jersey. At last her dream of love and happiness was to come true, for finances were adequate to enable her to return to the homeland and marry the sweetheart of her youth. She brought her husband to America on their honeymoon trip — ideally happy until our port officers found in the man seeds of tuberculosis, and barred his entry. The bride was separated from her husband, who was sent back at the expense of the steamship company which had brought them over. A year of consultation with Europe's eminent physicians resulted in their pronouncement that he had no symptoms of tuberculosis, and it was so certified by specialists. But again at our port of entry the verdict was given that he was indeed tuberculous, and again he was forbidden entry, in spite of the sobs of his wife. Appeal to the authorities at the head of the Bureau of Immigration touched the hearts of the "hardboiled" officials, and the husband is admitted on a year's probation. If then there are no developments of tuberculosis, his permit will be extended and, after five years, he may be made an American.

Such instances as these — and such are the daily tragedies — recall to native Americans the colloquy of the Roman captain and Paul: "And the chief captain answered, With a great sum obtained I this freedom. And Paul said, But I was free born."

There are "free born" Americans who little comprehend what sums others would give for their inheritance, nor do they appreciate the passionate struggles by aliens to achieve the right so lightly held by non-voting Americans.

Here is a little letter which contains the germ of a story:

> San Diego, California, August 11, 1930.
>
> My dear Mr. Hull:
>
> We just found out for sure that my grandma was let free, and now I want to thank you for making us so happy. My mamma wanted to send you a present, but the lawyer told her you would send it back.
>
> Mamma says, May God bless you because you handled Grandma's case justly, and now she is living with Grandpa and is so happy. I want to thank you again.
>
> I am yours truly and happy,
> Harry Mellinger.
>
> Pardon my writing, I am only 9.

What is the story of Grandma? She was born in Syria, and at the age of fourteen she migrated to America, under the laws of our country as then existing. She married an American and for many years lived happily with her husband, faithful and true. The mother of Harry was her daughter. Four years ago, Grandma eloped with a bootlegger and they fled to Mexico. Harry does not comprehend much about that. Her explanation of her four years' exile with the bootlegger is that he threatened to kill her if she ever attempted to leave him.

At last he was jailed on some criminal charge, and that gave her an opportunity to flee from Mexico and return to her husband in the United States. In order to get safely across the Rio Grande she had to pay two other bootleggers $100 to smuggle her over the boundary, at a point distant from our ports of entry and their guards. They left her in a wild canyon on the United States side, and there the officials found and jailed her, as a Syrian alien guilty of entering America at an illegal point of the boundary. Investigation showed moral turpitude also against her. She must be sent back to Syria. Her plight came to the attention of the higher officials in Washington, and Commissioner Hull has decided to parole her for one year, permitting her lenient husband to receive her again and her innocent grandson to be "so happy" over the return of Grandma to the fireside of Grandpa.

A FORMER Cabinet official of Jugoslavia — a man who had held an office parallel to that of our Secretary of the Interior — was refused admission and held at Ellis Island, charged by the Legation of his own country with holding a bogus *visa* and forged passport; for there was political strife in Europe and its echoes reached even the Capital of the United States. But, on the other hand, a seven-foot Italian prizefighter walked into the Immigration Bureau, while I was present, and easily got a renewal of his six-months' visitor's permit.

The alleged daughter of the late Czar of Russia also received an extension as a visitor, after much mystery of her hiding, causing the Bureau to broadcast a warning that unless she reappeared and formally applied for leave to stay over, she would be deported — a sort of ghost deportation, obviously, if she failed to come forth. So she came.

Sometimes the Immigration Bureau becomes unpopular with foreign nations, when malicious deportees open their batteries of revenge upon it, from safe retreats in foreign lands. There is the case of a "famous novelist" and journalist, who filled the newspapers of England, Canada, Australia and the United States with a human interest story of the alleged outrage of our deportation officers, who had roughly manhandled a British "actor of note," who had overstayed his time a few days in the United States.

THE story was that this famous actor (whose name was plainly printed in the newspapers) had been born in Shanghai, of British parents, had lived some two years in New Zealand, travelled in all parts of the world, and was then in transit through the United States to dear Old England, when this outrage befell him in California. He was suddenly pounced upon by three heavily armed, viciously abusive American officers, who entered his elegant apartment, arrested him and handcuffed him to a gang of Chinamen, and carried him with the Asiatics aboard ship bound for his birthplace — Shanghai. Bravely, the victim suddenly knocked down one of the American officers just as the gangplank rose. It is so hard to overreach a brave man, a real Britisher! Even the American opposition press denounced such an outrage.

Since then — last winter — it has transpired that the "famous actor" was the identical individual, the journalist and "fictionist," who wrote the wail, and it is also shown that he had not been abused, though he had entered the United States under a false name on a falsified *visa*, had left a trail of hotel bills unpaid in several cities in Oregon and California, and that of his two years' stay in New Zealand more than eighteen months had been spent in jails for frauds, and that, not daring to apply under his American *alias* for admission into Canada, he had used still another *alias*, but had been refused.

THE impression has been given the public that only the United States is restricting immigration, and that this country is especially brutal in its policy of deportation and restriction. In place of admitting more than a million a year, as we did before the World War, or even 800,000, as we did as late as 1921, we have installed a strict quota system by the law of 1924, and now we admit only 153,714 quota immigrants. But we also admit minor children and aged parents of the quota immigrants, and unlimited numbers from the nonquota Western Hemisphere — an actual total of 280,000. Of this total, some 88,000 come from Canada and Mexico and other parts of this hemisphere. Tradesmen and tourists make up part of the rest of the 280,000; they are received on six-months' permits.

There is a growing sentiment, approved by the officials of the Department of Labor, calling for a radical modification of the quota law, by which a numerical quota, retained as the maximum from the respective nations, will give place to a selective, discretionary power vested in the Commissioner-General of Immigration, or some board, whereby only such immigrants will be admitted from time to time as are needed here. When there are great numbers of coal miners, or carpenters or masons or machinists idle in this country, no more miners, etc., would be admitted to add to industrial distress. According to Commissioner Hull, the United States is the only country in the world which does not regulate its immigration according to its own needs, rather than the wishes of the alien. Nor do other countries require that special legislation be enacted to meet the varying conditions of labor; that power of adjustment is delegated to the executive department. The Hon. Wesley A. Gordon, Commissioner of Immigration in Canada, recently announced that "only experienced farmers of suitable type, who are in possession of adequate means immediately to establish themselves on farms, and the wives and children of persons already established in Canada, will now be permitted to enter the Dominion."

If that discretion were in existence in the United States today, while agriculture is suffering "overproduction," possibly we would go Canada one better and bar out farmers, too.

Our officials would welcome a cut of the quota limits to 50,000 a year, in place of 153,714. With 2,500,000 Americans already here out of employment, they argue, why admit additional wage-competitors?

THE Hoover Administration has found means of strengthening restriction of immigration without new laws, simply by more literal interpretation of present laws regarding *visas*. This policy has reduced Mexican immigration from an average for five years — 1924–1929 — of 56,600 a year, down to 3,140 in the first half of 1930. Similarly, Canadian immigration is reduced. Our consuls throughout the world are instructed to refuse *visas* to all applicants who claim to have jobs already promised them here — for that violates our contract-labor ban — and also to refuse *visas* to all who confess that they have no such guaranteed employment awaiting them, for in present conditions of unemployment, that shows that they may become public charges.

To obtain a *visa*, one must show sufficient capital to establish his own enterprise. Yet, according to commercial experts, ninety-three per cent of even American enterprises go into bankruptcy, sooner or later.

THE most acute problem of administration lies in the deportation of aliens convicted in the courts of being deportable. Even in that undertaking, the United States is no more exacting than our neighbors, Canada and Mexico. Down to 1928, the maximum number of deported aliens never exceeded 12,000 a year, but in the fiscal year ended June 30, 1930, there were 16,763 deported, of whom 7,000 had illegally entered, 1,712 had been convicted of felonies, 700 were prostitutes and 44 were narcotic peddlers; 2,000 had come in under visitors' permits and overstayed their six months. At that rate of 16,763 a year, it would take seven years to deport even the aliens now incarcerated, not counting the millions outside the jails and almshouses with their proportion of criminals and public dependents.

Every month, the whole United States is scoured by special deportation trains, with all cars barred and guarded, under the authority of the Deportation Bureau. The itineraries of the trains are announced ahead, so that the jails holding convicted deportees and the bondsmen will be ready. It may readily be realized that these trains carry many a tragedy of which the world knows nothing. Once at mess in a train of some 300 deportees, after all the hungry prisoners had been fed and the cutlery checked, there was a case-knife missing. Everybody was inspected and many searched. A knife is a weapon and might be dangerous in the hands of a desperate deportee. The missing weapon was discovered in possession of a woman — a gentlewoman of Swedish blood.

SHE was the wife of an industrious carpenter who had brought his bride into this country from Canada, in 1927, under the Swedish quota. They had lived three years in Minneapolis, where he had worked hard and prospered, in the city which boasts that it contains more Scandinavians than any other city in the world. Before he had had time to acquire naturalization, the wife had developed incipient tuberculosis, so she had to be deported. The husband was not under sentence of deportation, but she was his beloved wife to whom he was true, "in sickness and in health." He was a passenger on the same train, back in the public coaches, paying his fare to be near her. They must go back to Sweden — not Canada whence they had come. Why had she stolen the knife? She had looked at those leering, treacherous fellow-deportees huddled with her in the barred car, and when her husband had talked with her through the car window, at a station, she had told him of her terror. Night was coming on. It was he who had suggested that she arm herself with a knife, at dinner; it might prove a needed weapon of defense. He could not protect her, for the doors were locked and all windows barred. Of course there were guards; there was a stewardess, but she would be asleep through the night. In the blackness of night with the rumbling of the train, when the throttling grip should close upon the wife's throat so that she could not cry out — then the knife might save her. It was forcibly taken from her, but her terror remained.

NO DEPORTEE can be sent back to his own country without a passport from its Government; he can not be dumped upon another country without its assent, and to obtain that it is necessary to prove the deportee's citizenship in that country. That is the part of our Department of State, and it is not always a simple undertaking. The alien usually dreads going back to his fatherland. He may have evaded military duty and knows that he will be impressed into the army or navy. He refuses to give assistance, therefore, in identifying his neighborhood, and he often deceives as to his country. Foreign nations are not eager to receive back their own diseased, indigent or criminal citizens, and so they evade giving passports for such, although they may welcome reënforcements to their military defense. The burden of proof as to the nationality of the deportees is on the United States. Some Governments have even exiled their own nationals, but in doing so they violate all international law, as recognized for a thousand years. No power can force a nation to admit an alien it does not want.

AT THE first Conference for the Codification of International Law which met on March 13 and adjourned by limitation on April 13, 1930, the United States was represented by Richard W. Flournoy, Jr., Councilor of the Department of State, and he served as a member of the Committee on Nationality. In his report on the Conference, published in the July number of *The American Journal of International Law*, Mr. Flournoy says:

> Early in the discussion at the recent Hague Conference, it was realized that there was little international law on the subject of nationality which could be codified, if "codification" is to be limited to the reduction in writing of rules already generally agreed upon by the States. The idea of such a declaration of existing law was therefore early discarded at the Conference, and all efforts were directed toward the formulation of a convention to embody rules governing conflicts of nationality laws, regardless of whether such rules declared old law or made new law.

Such a convention was formulated and accepted by a majority of the delegates, but the United States was not signatory to it.

The convention recognizes that each State must control, through its own municipal laws, the qualifications necessary to citizenship of that State. It recognizes dual or even multiple citizenship, for some States base nationality upon blood descent of the father — *jus sanguinis* — and others upon birth upon the soil — *jus soli*. The United States, with minor exceptions such as the children of diplomats officially residing here, makes all children born in the United States full citizens, even though the country to which their parents belong claims the children to the second or third generation, and demands military service of the males, though native Americans, if ever they visit the fatherland of their parents, though the parents may have been naturalized Americans for years before the children were born.

ONE reason why the United States declined to subscribe to the convention as adopted by the majority, is that this country holds to the doctrine that when an alien becomes naturalized as an American citizen, he loses all citizenship obligations to any other country. He can not serve two countries. This is denied by several European countries, which refuse to cancel claims of military service.

By a protocol, it is provided that a nation must take back its own natives who are deported from a foreign country as undesirable immigrants, and that when an alien is naturalized he loses all obligations to his former allegiance, except as to crimes he may have committed therein, and he is exempt from military service to his native country. This protocol, however, is not yet ratified. Mr. Flournoy, in summing up his report says:

> The writer believes that the Protocol relating to Military Obligations in certain cases of Double Nationality, taken by itself, fully justifies the labor and expense incurred by the Conference on the subject of Nationality.

ANOTHER bone of contention is the differentiation as to citizenship of American women married to foreigners. At present, children of American fathers, born abroad, are Americans by virtue of *jus sanguinis*, while those born of American mothers married to foreign fathers, when born abroad, are not Americans, but belong to the country in which they were born — *jus soli* — or to the country of their fathers — *jus sanguinis* — according to foreign laws. Sometimes a child acquires triple citizenship, if born of a foreign father, an American mother, in a third country, not that of either parent. In case of multiple citizenship, we can not give diplomatic protection to our national against another country of which he is also a citizen, but can do so against a third country, just as if there were no division of his citizenship ties.

These conflicts of national standards demonstrate the chaotic state of the whole matter, and, according to our delegate, the representatives of those other nations were too unwilling or unauthorized to make concessions necessary to an agreement on a recognized international law.

The Earth Is Flat

By Donald F. Rose

Some time last spring the curious mechanics of the universe resulted in an eclipse of the sun, which was more or less visible throughout the Northern United States and achieved a two-second totality in a slim segment of the West. It was a successful eclipse, as such things go. The newspapers approved of it without partisan prejudice, the astronomers rushed after it in airplanes and took its picture with the zeal of press photographers snapping at a blonde murderess, and the rattle-brained public stared briefly at it through smoked glasses and wondered what Einstein would be doing next.

By and large, it looked very much as was expected, a weakness which eclipses share with Zeppelins, Justices of the Supreme Court and men who are shot from cannons at the circus. A determined pessimist might have stayed indoors and missed it, and been very little the worse for it. Except, of course, that he would have aroused the suspicion of his neighbors and probably been accused of Communism, Atheism and not more than forty-six per cent of true Americanism. The mob majority which follows after headlines as though the Pied Piper were playing them resents the point of view which looks away from the day's parade.

It was, so they say, a successful eclipse, of the sort that should be expected under a Republican administration. It had a corona and an umbra and a penumbra and all other needful accessories. It confirmed and disproved with cosmic impartiality the theories of Einstein and his disciples, so that nearly everybody was satisfied. It was proved to have had pronounced effects on weather and radio reception, though nobody could say exactly what they were. It was, in fact, the same sort of eclipse that amused the ancient Assyrians, the priests of Egypt and the mediæval astrologers, and is still suitable for an hour or so of good clean fun.

But its most interesting circumstance was an afterthought. When the eclipse had come and gone nearly on schedule and with no serious consequences, a statement was issued from the Zionist colony in Illinois through the mouth of its appointed leader and current prophet. The statement admitted that there had been an eclipse. Something had crossed the face of the sun; something that was apparently spherical or disc-shaped and sufficiently large and thick to make darkness where there had been light. The Zionist opinion conceded that this was interesting and even mysterious. But in the final sentence it was added, quite simply and solemnly, that the interfering object could not possibly be the moon, "because the earth is flat."

THIS is no place to argue concerning the actual mechanics of an eclipse, which are thoroughly obscure to anyone who will be honest about it. It is not enough for me, for instance, to tell me that the moon can not find its way around without getting regularly in the line of fire between the sun and earth. There is no wisdom for me in scientific gossip of orbit and ecliptic, apogee and perigee, inclination of the axis and conjunction of the various planetary bodies. It has been explained, I admit, in one of those laboratories where schoolboys play with scales and vacuum pumps and mess with acids and alkalis under the fantastic assumption that they are studying physics and chemistry. But the explanation was done with something that looked like a second-hand birdcage or bustle, on which the sun and moon and planets were beads of various colors and the nearest fixed star was supposed to be somewhere beyond the gasworks at the other end of town. None of us believed it at the time and all subsequent experience with eclipses and smoked glass has failed to confirm it.

The gentleman from Zion City may be right, for all I know, in doubting and discrediting the usual arguments advanced to account for eclipses. But I accuse him, nevertheless, of an error in logic, a discrepancy in his syllogism, and a perversion of pure reason which is so typical that it must be dangerous.

It may very well turn out an illusion, of course, that human reason is really reasonable or competent to satisfy any conditions save those of human conceit and self-satisfaction. Our best thinking may be not much better than that of the monkey or the deep-sea sponge, though — like the monkey and the sponge — we think uncommonly well of our own cogitations. It may turn out some day that Joe Cook and the four Marx brothers are inspired by sounder logic than our philosophers, and that there is absolutely no reason why two and two should not make five. But in the mean time they don't, and we should probably play fair with our reasoning abilities in default of better. Which is exactly what the gentleman from Zion City does not do, an error in which he has millions to keep him company.

HE SAYS that the eclipse can not be caused by the moon, "because the earth is flat." There is no disputing the statement, which is one thing that makes it so irritating. It is indisputable because it is not argumentative but authoritative. The earth, it seems, is flat and therefore there are no such things as solar eclipses, though cosmic phenomena sometimes occur which look like solar eclipses. The earth is flat and therefore the moon is not responsible for blotting out the sun and sending the chickens untimely to their roost. The earth is flat, so science must find better explanations for eclipses or shut up.

The particular error of the gentleman from Zion City is not that he believes the earth to be flat. Sometimes, indeed, it seems very much so, and also stale and unprofitable, particularly at the end of a summer vacation or on the morning after a progressive bridge party in mixed company. Moreover, the earnest and honest Zionist may think what he pleases, for the sake of whatever comfort he gets out of it, just as others go bravely toward their destiny because they believe firmly in taking three glasses of hot water before breakfast as a cure for all physical and mental disorders. That is their own business, such as it is. So is the Zionist's conception of cosmology his own business. But he becomes dangerous to himself and to others when he preaches in public that nothing is possible, right or reasonable that does not suit and fit his solitary article of preposterous faith. He becomes like the Wise Men of Gotham who went to sea in a bowl — or was it a sieve? He is worse, indeed, because he wants to take passengers with him.

But let us go softly and not too far with our polite amusement and sceptic scorn for those who believe that the earth is flat and that therefore there shall be no eclipses. For they represent not a personal peculiarity but a state of mind, and states of mind are as epidemic as sneezes in November. Four out of five have them, and the family resemblance of the human race in its mental habits is much more remarkable than its agreement in physical attributes. A very pronounced majority of presumably intelligent people believes that the earth is flat, or believes something essentially like it and equally indefensible by proof or ordinary argument. Nearly everybody, in other words, believes and maintains something in the nature of creed, code, prejudice, dogma or doctrine that is accepted as of axiomatic authority and which rules all other thought and colors all other conviction. Nearly as many will reason well enough from their personal premise, but cheerfully ignore the fact that there is nothing reasonable whatever in the outset of their argument. They will seem to talk intelligently and with a semblance of logic, provided nobody questions their assumption that the earth is flat.

When two or three of these of similar species get together, or when a colony of them live as brethren or work within the walls of a single institution, they are likely to create a deceitful illusion of spiritual harmony. They may differ in detail, but they stand pat for their fundamental faith that the earth is flat. It is unnecessary to point out how many religiosities since the dawn of time have made some such certainty their rock of ages. Their name is legion and they have differed in everything save this — that somewhere at the heart of them was a hard core of absolute conviction in some axiomatic absurdity. The most reverend and pretentious councils of the Christian church have written such things into ecumenical articles of faith and afterwards encouraged the Church Fathers and Apologists to spin around them whole labyrinths of logic. The logic was sound, or nearly so; but its hub and axis was the assumption that the earth is flat. The Nicene Creed and what came of it will do for example.

It is fashionable to be faintly amused at religion, and particularly so with those who know nearly nothing about religion. But it will not do to credit only to religion the habit of reasoning rashly and not too well from a silly certainty which nobody can explain, demonstrate or defend. Exactly the same habit has invaded all the presumably intelligent conversation of a presumably enlightened age. It is not unusual that men and women should talk easily and reasonably — the trick is taught, indeed, in finishing schools and correspondence courses and is cultivated by perpetual practice in polite society. But it is astonishing to discover how much conversation and conviction, opinion and argument, lead back in close analysis to the proposition that the earth is flat, or to something essentially like it.

LET it be supposed, for example, that a group of intelligent Americans is discussing Russia; it is by all means likely that everything that is said and thought on the topic will have its beginnings in the blind certainty that Russia is an invention of the devil, deliberately and diabolically dangerous to the supreme civilization of all time. In the shadow of this mutually acceptable thesis, men and women will talk keenly and critically of Russian experiments in education, of Russian morals or the lack of them, of trade and recognition and raw materials and world peace. It is good talk, sensible and well informed, but it is the talk of people who believe that the earth is flat.

Such perverse and unquestioned prejudices lie somewhere beneath the surface of nearly all topical talk and thinking, from the sublime discussions of art and science to the ridiculous chatter of the bridge table and the morning train. They are the foundations of political controversy, for without the astounding confidence of Republicans in Republicanism and the preposterous faith of Democrats in Democracy there would be no fervor nor flavor to an ordinary political argument. They are basic to discussions of business prospects and programmes, for even the most expert of economists have their pet axioms and the ordinary man would have nothing to say on such matters unless he believed in prosperity or efficiency or high tariffs or low money rates or something else which he has never been compelled to analyze and understand. Our faith that the earth is flat is what gives persistency and obstinacy, in fact, to what is called the American industrial philosophy. Most of it is wrong, much of it is cruel or criminal, but faith makes it able to do miracles and move mountains.

THERE is an incredible number of such articles of faith, foundations of a thousand follies and fallacies. Advertising has discovered them and exploited them, dunning into our willing ears such slogans as will sell more goods or cultivate new habits or arouse a logical desire for useless possessions. The slogans are not true, but if they are accepted they will serve for truth, and mighty pyramids of irresistible argument may be built on them. Let it be assumed, for example, that a clean tooth never decays, or that a hat is an essential of civilized attire, or that the radio is a musical instrument, or that geraniums are a sign of suburban respectability, none of which are true, and immediately a great industry is born and guaranteed of its dividends. Let it be accepted that to wear cotton is a sign of honest poverty, and one industry is ruined and another rides high. Suppose that to buy a book a week is a sign of culture, and publishers grow fat and authors lazy. Pretend that shredded whisk brooms or chopped hay are good for the civilized digestion, and a whole nation will take its stomach too seriously at breakfast time.

THIS nation, at least, got early into the habit of believing that the earth is flat and reasoning from such a premise to fantastic lengths and impossible conclusions. "We hold," said a certain solemn document, "that all men are created equal, that they are endowed with certain unalienable rights, that among these are Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness." What outrages are committed, what abuses are permitted, what mockeries of good government and intelligent citizenship are possible, probable and logical, because it has been said in such resounding words that the earth is flat! It was never the truth of those first phrases of Americanism that made and preserved us a nation; it was our perennial faith in them as an irrefutable axiom, no matter what they meant or whether they meant anything at all. The earth is flat, and therefore there shall be no more eclipses.

Just as in the days of superstition and savage ignorance which we are accustomed to regard with such pleasant contempt, each generation of today has its prophets who speak with authority and scorn the scribes. They also maintain that the earth is flat. When Henry Ford speaks or Thomas Edison answers questions, do they reason together with their neighbors and fellow citizens, admitting the grievous uncertainties of human knowledge, the persistent problems of our civilization, and their spiritual blindness and humble doubts? They do not. They say that America is divinely destined for perpetual prosperity, that Prohibition is a success, that science will save the world from its sins, that international peace is safe in the hands of the plain people, that morality thrives mightily on electric light and motor cars. They write new axioms for old, and tongues take hold on them and wag around them and the desperate human effort to be reasonable is off again on the wrong foot. The oracles have spoken; only the boldest of men would doubt the truth and profundity of their utterances, but anyone may spin a neat web of interpretations and prove nearly anything he pleases by them.

SOMEWHERE in the sanctuaries of science are supposed to dwell those who have no prejudices that the earth is flat, nor that anything else is this way or that until it is proved. Yet nowhere in the current world are unproved prejudices more autocratic than in the realms of scientific research. It would be nearly impossible to name a man of scientific importance who is intent on anything but his thesis. He may admit that he is looking for a needle in a haystack, but he knows exactly what needle he is looking for and he is unlikely to find any other. If he is an evolutionist, one of the forty-seven varieties which bear the name, he rediscovers his convictions in every scrap of ancient bone. If he is a behaviorist, he finds room for all knowledge in his philosophy. If he is an astronomer who considers the earth and all its creatures a cosmic accident, he will make an accident of a galactic universe as wide and deep as all outdoors. If he is that most dangerous of pseudo-scientists, the man who thinks that the handful of gray stuff which he calls his brain is competent to unravel the universe, he will ultimately be ready to make a new one on a better model.

NEARLY always the prejudice is triumphant at last over the evidence and the semblance of humility and sweet reasonableness which the world expects of its thinkers. Nearly always the scientist, if entirely honest or terrified into something like honesty by the outcome of his own philosophy or the fear of death, must say at last that the earth is flat and *therefore* there are no eclipses.

And if there be a moral to this tale, it is that the human race is helpless without prejudices and is no more delivered from them today than in its darkest hours of ignorance. A man, a nation or a race must have faith in something, before they can put on even the appearance of reasonable behavior. They must believe in some sort of certainty, or they can not think to any effect. Possibly it does not matter what that certainty may be; it may serve just as well for human happiness to believe that the earth is flat as to be assured that it is a globular affair somewhat flattened at the poles and bulging slightly around the waist.

BUT the still small voice of common sense says otherwise. The quality of faith must surely be important, or nothing is important. And in these days of prejudices beyond reckoning, of thinking that gets nowhere and logic that ends in absurdity, of knowledge that mounts to the stars and falls on its nose and philosophy that works only on Tuesdays and Thursdays, it is nearly time to consider whether a more ancient fashion of faith was not more satisfactory and useful. It was, admittedly, a faith in abstractions, in things spiritual and hence undemonstrable. But, by and large, it worked. It worked for human happiness and confidence and courage and self-discipline. It was faith in a Divine purpose in creation and a spiritual destiny for man. Possibly it could not be intelligently argued or certainly proved, but not even today does the world demand proof of its essential axioms. It demands that they give comfort and confidence and some excuse for the human habit of thinking things out and living accordingly. Religion has done these things for humanity for ages beyond reckoning and everywhere in the world. It may yet do so again when we are tired of believing that the earth is flat and that therefore there shall be no more eclipses.

THE LITERARY LANDSCAPE

by

HERSCHEL BRICKELL

THE Landscaper is long past asking the pardon of his readers for bringing other matters than books into this department. Full many a time and oft the unliterary landscape itself — both domestic and foreign — has found a place, and as many more times there have been comments on life as it is lived in these United States. At this moment, some matters of this kind are pending; there is, for example, the Indian Summer day upon which this piece is being written, only one of an incredibly long succession of such days, when New York has put on its finest air, and one has caught sight of long strips of blue between skyscrapers, and dirigibles soaring aloft under kindly skies.

As for the country, what else is there to be said for a New England autumn that has not been said? Where else on earth is the variety of color to be found? All day today there have been butterflies about, some of them dancing a late *pas à deux*, as if spring and not winter, were around the corner, white butterflies and brown ones, and one small species of bird that sits not far from the Landscaper's typewriter and sings over and over again a simple and plaintive melody, the sole reminder of last spring when the air was filled with the songs of birds every day, and this lover of nature almost forgot his early passion for mocking birds in listening to the thrushes.

The sun comes up with the heartening warmth of summer in its rays, but it is sliding down the western heavens almost before one can turn around; there is the constant surprise of lengthening shadow when the day seems no more than started. But anything so nearly perfect as these days should not be too prolonged, and to compensate for the eternal sadness of an autumn afternoon, there is the picture of the trees across a small lake changing color with the hours, and at last being caught in all the glory of reds and yellows in the still water.

But Not All Is Peace

ALL this peace and beauty, and, as usual, the newspapers filled with the incredible stories of gangster murders, judicial corruption, Governors planning to throw open the armories so that the unemployed may have somewhere to sleep in the winter ahead, and a President urging that our living standards must not be lowered! The richest country on earth filled with unhappy and anxious people, thousands of them willing and eager to work and unable to find any employment. Wheat, cotton and tobacco selling far below the cost of production, and many a farmer wondering where the food is to come from to carry him through the next few months until another growing season. Social problems of the first importance and as little as possible being done about them, more often than not for political reasons. . . . There is no dearth of things to write about, and as usual one may take his choice of being consoled at the beauty that is in the world or being heartbroken at the misery and cruelty.

Plenty of Good Books

There are a number of books that bear more or less directly on these subjects, but before we look over some of the more important ones, it is a pleasure to be able to say again that those who find their consolation for the pain of living in the written word, the present season's offerings are abundant and of high quality. Indeed, it has been two or three years at least since there was so much good written matter about, and, *mirabile dictu*, not all of it is published in dollar editions! There are good novels, interesting biographies, excellent travel books, and other categories are well taken care of, so that if you are lying awake nights wondering what to do about a lean Christmas, the bookstore offers the easiest way out.

The two most remarkable books about gangsters the Landscaper has read lately are *Al Capone: The Biography of a Self-Made Man*, by Fred D. Pasley (Washburn, $2.50), and *Chicago Surrenders*, by Edward Dean Sullivan, a Vanguard publication. Mr. Sullivan is the author of *Rattling the Cup on Chicago Crime*. His new book discusses such matters as the killing of Jake Lingle, who also gets a good chapter in the biography of Scarface Al; the Fox Lake Massacre, the bankruptcy of Chicago, and some of the weird actions of Big Bill Thompson. Mr. Sullivan thinks, as his title might indicate, that Chicago has run up the white flag in the gang wars, and given in to the control of the lawless element. He thinks several other large cities are on the verge of making similar surrenders.

He also believes, along with a good many other people, that Prohibition is responsible for the astounding situation in this country at the present moment. He, unlike a good many other people who discuss this particular question, has some reasons to advance for his condemnation of Prohibition. It is obviously true that the coming of Prohibition did offer to the underworld the chance to go into a business yielding huge profits, and, although illegal, having the support of the "best people," a wholly anomalous situation from which some remarkable results might have been expected. That we have had the results, the perusal of Mr. Sullivan's book will leave no doubt.

More About Gangsters

A few hours ago the Landscaper read with much interest of the shooting of one of our most noted racketeers, Legs Diamond, and there was the inevitable suggestion that Al Capone had had something to do with it. Mr. Capone is one of our best known citizens at the present time; no one gets much more newspaper space, and no one seems to be able to continue a career about which so much is known with so little interference. Of course by the time this is written, Mr. Capone may have been laid to rest in a solid silver coffin, all neatly filled with sub-machine gun bullets, but he has managed to hold on for some time, long enough at any rate to furnish the material for a thoroughly readable biography, which is hereby recommended. The chapter on Jake Lingle is splendid; it gives some hint of the close association between the police and the underworld, and it is in this association, of course, that the main reason lies for a continuance of our reigns of crime. Washburn published some months ago Danny Ahearn's *How to Commit a Murder*. Mr. Ahearn's handbook and this biography of Al Capone are documents of prime social importance. It happens that they both have an intense picaresque interest as well.

Dr. Sigmund Freud's *Civilization and its Discontents* (Cape and Smith) is a thoroughly interesting short book, in which the gentleman who gave the world the priceless boon of psychoanalysis — priceless in that it furnished an endless number of people with the opportunity to talk about themselves and an endless number of psychiatrists — most of them quacks — with the opportunity of buying Rolls-Royces and country homes — tries to fathom the reason for what he considers the present feeling of malaise that he thinks is characteristic of the human race. He makes one profound observation that needs to be noted when he says that those of us who indulge in wishful thinking about other times and other lands forget that we do not know how happy the people who lived in the other lands and other times really were. Now he thinks we have a deep-seated anxiety because science has put into our hands weapons by which we may destroy the race. One wonders. . . . It seems more likely that the most widespread anxiety of the present time is economic; how are people to keep from worrying about their futures when the failure of the coconut crop in Siam — if coconuts are raised in Siam — can completely wreck the life of a clerk in New York who would not know how to find Siam on the map, and who probably does not care for coconuts?

It's a Large Dilemma

THIS problem of the closely-knit structure of the business world of today is considered at length in *The World's Economic Dilemma* by Ernest Minor Patterson, which is one of the first publications of Whittlesey House, a branch of McGraw-Hill, well known for their technical books and magazines. The price is $3.50. Dr. Patterson finds the difficulty to be that the world is actually unified economically at the present time, while it remains politically divided. On the whole the picture he paints has very little rose-color in it, but it ends on a note of hope; there are signs on the horizon, he says, that the intelligence of leaders in most countries is being applied to the question, with some prospect of a solution.

Considering the size of the problem and its far-reaching effects on human life, the Landscaper may be pardoned for expressing a pessimistic opinion — what is being done is pathetically little in the face of what must be done if we are to avoid world-wide periods of depression such as we have had this year.

Directly or indirectly all these matters bear upon the most important question of human happiness. Bertrand Russell, taking another dive into the waters of popular philosophy, has a recipe in *The Conquest of Happiness* (Liveright) that may help some people; Mr. Russell suggests that we think outside ourselves, that we forget our troubles in the light of the progress of the human race generally.

How to Forget Trouble

FOR example, if a Southerner like the Landscaper has a pain or suffers from a distressing inability to pay his bills, he should think in large terms, forgetting his personal troubles in considering the future of the universe. He might turn his eyes southward in hope. If so, the first thing he would see would be a Fascist movement in Georgia, with the poor whites being exploited again as they were with the Ku Klux, and the poorer Negroes threatened with having to leave the State so that all jobs may go to white people. This would immediately make the Landscaper feel better. This is probably all very irreverent, but when Mr. Russell sets out to discover to the world the secrets of human happiness, he seems to your humble observer to be wasting his time. He has very little to offer in the way of wisdom, no matter how expert he may be in mathematical metaphysics.

The Enlargement of Personality by J. H. Denison (Scribners, $3.00) is a psychologist's idea of how people may be happier. It explains at length just how we may make ourselves over and get what we want. It is a good deal more scientific than most such schemes, more, certainly, than patent medicines, or Coué formulæ, but how much sounder it is, the Landscaper is unwilling to say. Except to add in passing that a scheme which helps people to get what they want may or may not contribute to the sum total of human happiness, since very few people know what they want and even fewer would be happy if they had it.

What pessimistic comment! And at this moment the sun has just dropped behind the tree tops, bringing out all the brilliance of the yellow maples across the lake. The Landscaper should really be less disrespectful to all those people who are trying to help the world, but they are for the most part singularly unimpressive. There are books of ancient wisdom that contain so much more in quantity and quality than the current output.

For the Tough-Minded

BEFORE we leave this discussion for something more pleasant, there is a book available that many people might read with profit just now, which is entitled *Some Folks Won't Work*, by Clinch Calkins (Harcourt, Brace, $1.50). It is the result of a study of unemployment on the lives of individuals, and the title is taken from the expression so often heard from the lips of those who happen to have jobs. Miss Calkins stresses the part that chance plays in unemployment; she is not at all convinced that all the people out of work and unable to obtain any are lazy, unambitious and incompetent. She estimates that there are habitually one million people in the United States without work. In periods of stress this figure is multiplied many times. The mental effects of unemployment are serious; the result is often the complete breakdown of a personality. This is even in boom times one of the most serious of our social problems, and one we have done very little about up to the present time. Miss Calkins's book is extremely disquieting. It is hereby recommended to flag wavers.

A cultural history of America that the Landscaper has found most engaging reading is *The New American Literature*, by Fred Lewis Pattee (Century, $3.50), which is a continuation of Dr. Pattee's earlier volume, *A History of American Literature Since 1870*. The new work covers the forty-year period beginning with 1890, and comes down to the present time. Dr. Pattee includes everything, and wisely; the story of a nation's literature is not told from a cultural point of view merely by discussing masterpieces. He steers a reasonably straight course through the difficult contemporary waters, and is fair enough to the newer movements, some of which remain very difficult to evaluate. The book comes as far down as the recent controversy over the New Humanism, a subject treated with unbecoming levity in this department. James Branch Cabell is quoted in this connection, and so good is the quote — so much also in line with one of the fixed beliefs of the Landscaper — that it is requoted here (Mr. Cabell is speaking of the future of American fiction):

> Really that lack of a panacea is quite fatal to all literary pretensions. Man, breathing so precariously in the close shadow of death, and noting always the approach of the unknowable, needs vitally some strong belief in one or another cure-all, very much as a child fretting in the night needs paregoric. And almost any panacea will do — even our new humanism will do, we fondly think, in a pinch — so long as the more happily obtuse of men can be hoodwinked into believing that to-morrow this talked-about panacea will begin to work and everything will be put in apple-pie order everywhere. For it is the belief which matters: it is the belief which drugs. But these writers of the 'Twenties have offered us nothing in especial to believe in — and that, too, when almost any sort of polite lie would have served our despairing need.

One Encouraging Sign

ONE supposes that such books as Dr. Pattee's are now used as texts, and here at least is something to rejoice about. The Landscaper does not expect to live long enough to recover from the weariness caused him by the study of a history of American literature from the pens of Messrs. Wendell and Greenough, one half of which was devoted to Cotton Mather, Jonathan Edwards, and other wholly unimportant New England figures. There was scant mention of Mark Twain, and no more than a passing reference to Sidney Lanier. Perhaps Melville was mentioned in passing, probably not. Emily Dickinson certainly had no more than a line. What incredible stupidity there was in books of this variety, what conscientious effort to make the student dislike American or any other kind of literature! The Landscaper does not wonder at times why Americans read only six books a year, but why they read at all, with such beginnings. The case is no doubt extreme, however. Certainly not all our distaste for reading can be blamed upon one very bad textbook.

Many other books lie about that are of especial interest to Americans, and not the least important of these is Peter Odegard's *The American Public Mind* (Columbia University Press, $2.50). Mr. Odegard wrote *Pressure Politics* about two years ago, an excellent book. The new volume tries to show what goes into the makeup of the public mind in this country. This is, in everyday talk, plenty. Those who are familiar with Professor S. E. Morison's admirable *Oxford History of the United States* will be interested in a revision of the work, which amounts, in the opinion of the author, to a new book, which is called *The Growth of the American Republic* (Oxford University Press, $6). The work was done with the assistance of H. S. Commager. It takes up the story of this country in 1760 and brings it down to our entry into the World War. There are many maps and other illustrations.

A Forgotten American

READERS who follow as best they can the stories of what is going on in China today, and who have thus acquired a taste for Chinese history, as well as those who love adventure, and who enjoy reading about their fellow-countrymen who have influenced the destiny of other nations will all find Holger Cahill's *A Yankee Adventurer* (Macaulay, $3.50) very much worth while. It is the story of Ward, the American who organized the so-called "Invincible Army" in China during the Taiping Revolution, from which "Chinese" Gordon emerged with undying fame. It was Ward who laid all the foundations for "Chinese" Gordon's glory, according to Mr. Cahill, who has the necessary documents to prove his point. The Taiping Revolution, in case it has slipped any one's mind, lasted a matter of fifteen years. It was started by Chinese Christians, and before it was over had cost some 20,000,000 lives, not to mention millions of dollars. Ward was canonized by the Chinese, who built a temple in his honor, and eventually paid his estate a large sum of money for his services. Mr. Cahill has done a praiseworthy piece of work in thus bringing Ward back to life; the book is also well and entertainingly written. And don't overlook, in somewhat this same general field, Foster Rhea Dulles's *The Old China Trade*, mentioned here last month, which has many corking adventure stories in it, as well as a great deal of trustworthy information about the early relations of this country with China.

Myths of North America

IF MR. CAHILL has written about a real American hero, Frank Shay has told the tales of several of our legendary heroes and has put between the covers of a book for the first time sketches of our principal mythological characters, including such worthies as Paul Bunyan, Tony Beaver, John Henry, Casey Jones, Old Stormalong, Pecos Bill, and Kwasind, the last Hercules of the American Indians. The title of the book is *Here's Audacity* (Macaulay, $3.50). There are good illustrations. Frankie and Johnny do not appear, but they have recently had a volume of their own, and they are reasonably sure of inclusions in future anthologies, the American prototypes of Romeo and Juliet. . . . There are fewer books than usual this time about old days in the West, an inexhaustible subject. A few of importance need mentioning, including *Frontier Days: The Autobiography of Frank M. Canton* (Houghton Mifflin, $3). The author was a range rider, later sheriff in the Johnson County War, a United States Marshal in the Klondike Gold Rush, and an Oklahoma peace officer. His life was one continuous adventure. Edward Everett Dale has edited his reminiscences. Mr. Canton died in 1927. Frederick R. Bechdolt's *Giants of the Old West* (Century, $2) tells the stories of John Colter, trapper; Stephen Austin, real estate agent; Brigham Young, John Sutter, Charles Goodnight and a number of others, including the men of the Alamo.

Good Novels in Plenty

Leaving our own country for a while — we shall come back to it in connection with current biographies, as there are several about Americans that are worthy of note — and turning our eyes in the direction of the shelves that groan with the weight of novels, we find that a number of titles have been added to the list of important works of fiction already mentioned here. While interest continues in J. B. Priestley's *Angel Pavement*, Rosamond Lehmann's *A Note in Music*, Donald Clarke's *Millie*, Louis Bromfield's *Twenty-Four Hours*, and Charles G. Norris's *Seed*, there is also much discussion of such works as Somerset Maugham's *Cakes and Ale* (Doubleday, Doran, $2), Dorothy Canfield Fisher's *The Deepening Stream* (Harcourt, Brace, $2), Margaret Kennedy's *The Fool of the Family* (Doubleday, Doran, $2), this last a continuation of the story of Sanger's Circus begun in *The Constant Nymph*, Martha Ostenso's *The Waters Under the Earth* (Dodd, Mead, $2.50), and W. R. Burnet's *Saint Johnston* (Lincoln MacVeagh-The Dial Press, $2.50), in which Mr. Burnet deserts his modern gangsters for a "Western," and does a good job of it, the principal character being drawn from the lives of Wyat Earp and Doc Holliday, and the book centring about the Earp-Clanton feuds.

These are books by writers of established reputations; among the newcomers much interest has been expressed in the work of Norman Lindsay, an Australian painter and etcher, whose first novel is *Every Mother's Son* (Cosmopolitan, $2), a singularly hard-boiled, unemotional study of the lives of a group of young people, and especially of their struggles with sex. It is, for a change, a treatment of reasonably normal adolescence, which is enough to entitle it to a few stars. The people are alive, and the author's cold intelligence and his objectivity give the book a refreshingly clear quality. It is a long way from being a novel of great importance, but contemporary hullabaloo has been kicked up with less cause.

Life in the Middle West

Dawn Powell's *Dance Night* (Farrar and Rinehart, $2) is an excellent bit of realistic writing, in which Miss Powell brings to life a

Middle Western small town of a slightly earlier period sharply and vividly. She writes with forthright honesty and she seems to remember everything that is needed to make her books complete pictures of whatever it is she is writing about. *Dance Night* represents a good advance over Miss Powell's earlier novels, *She Walks in Beauty* and *Bride's House*, and there is every reason to believe that she will continue to improve. There could not be a much farther cry than from *Dance Night* to the next novel to be mentioned, which is Donald Corley's *The Fifth Son of the Shoemaker* (McBride, $2), a delightful fantasy which concerns the rise of an old Muscovite family of hereditary shoemakers to the very pinnacle of success. Pyotr is the chief character, an artist and dreamer, and New York is the background. All those who enjoyed Mr. Corley's short stories in *The House of Lost Identity* are advised to read the novel. It is excellent of its kind.

Mr. Maugham's Tempest

But before we get too deep in this discussion of the work of relatively unknown writers, it may be well to have a further look at some of the work of the men and women who have earned reputations. Somerset Maugham's *Cakes and Ale* aroused nothing short of a tempest of indignation in England, the echoes of which are still reverberating. Naturally, the book was received with much more detachment on this side. The reason of the tempest was, of course, that Mr. Maugham's principal character bears a striking resemblance to Thomas Hardy, and that another of his characters is too much like Hugh Walpole for comfort. There is bitter satire in the book, some of it wholesome, perhaps, but a good deal more that is cruel. It is clever, there is no denying that. But it is no more than fair to ask whether a man has a right to put people into novels wearing thin disguises, so that they will inevitably be recognized, and to make them live lives divided between fact and fancy; there is something cowardly about the business. So much for the ethics of *Cakes and Ale*; since most of us like scandal, and the more when it is about the great, we shall all read the book and find it amusing. Mr. Maugham is of the opinion that Hardy became the Grand Old Man of English letters merely by longevity, a matter upon which there is at least room for argument. The bitterest part of the book relates, however, to a popular English novelist now living who is never out of the public eye. Mr. Maugham makes his kindness to young authors no more than self-interest, but one wonders. Who really knows about such things except the man himself, and can he be sure of his motives on every occasion? However, the book is both clever and scandalous, which ought to be enough for most readers.

Dorothy Canfield Fisher has gained a solid reputation with her novels of American life, and in her new book, *The Deepening Stream*, she has followed one woman's story in all its detail with care and exactness. Mrs. Fisher is a novelist of genuine power, and her books are important; they are not showy or brilliant, but they wear well, and they bear signs of the loving care with which they are written. *The Deepening Stream* is one of the most considerable of a fairly long list; there is every reason to believe that it will give many readers pleasure, and intelligent pleasure. Martha Ostenso is a young novelist whose shelf is lengthening by an average of a book a year since the appearance of *Wild Geese*, which was widely praised and widely read. Her new book was the November choice of the Book League of America, and is the story of the seven Welland children, especially of Carla, the youngest. Miss Ostenso has attempted somewhat of a new technique in the present book, and has handled it well; her style remains very pleasant, and if, on the whole, she has not made the progress one might have hoped for her after reading her first book, she has kept her work up to a high level of excellence.

And Still More Novels

OTHER interesting new novels are *Spawn*, by Nat Ferber (Farrar and Rinehart, $2.50), the story of a strange community in New York State called Pike Hollow, but known better locally as Bastards' Notch, and more especially of Madge Chilvers, one of the inhabitants who emerges from these surroundings and works out her destiny. Mr. Ferber did this book during a year's absence in Europe, and it is a more finished piece of work than his earlier novels, not one of which was lacking, however, in a certain power and richness. *Spawn* is not at all a pleasant story, but it has vigor, and the plot-interest carries well. *Rearguard*, by Compton Pakenham (Knopf, $2.50), is the story of an English aristocratic family and its disintegration. It is much concerned with the lives of English people in the Far East, and this subject Mr. Pakenham knows thoroughly. It is a well-done novel by a man who has travelled far and well, and should interest many readers. *Cecile*, by F. L. Lucas (Holt, $2.50), is another of the newer novels that has found an interested public; it is the story of two young women in the days of the French Revolution, a novel filled with brilliant conversation, and written in a charming style. Mr. Lucas is well known in England as a critic and lecturer on literature; this is his third novel.

A Different Kind of Novel

AND last, but better deserving of a place near the top of the list if these notes were put together otherwise than by happen-chance, Gerald Johnson's *By Reason of Strength* (Minton, Balch, $2), which is a delightful book about a family of Scots who settled in North Carolina in the very early days of the State, and more especially of proud Catherine Campbell, a doughty aristocrat who had no fear, and who loved life so long as she breathed. This is a simple sort of story with a strong appeal; the background of pioneer days is admirably done, and the Civil War, in particular, has rarely been better done. Mr. Johnson's heroine is unfeignedly noble, and since there have always been such people in the world, and always will be, no harm can come to any of us from reading about one of them. This is not meant to be ironical; the Landscaper was charmed to find Mr. Johnson's book about a lot of wholesome, normal people, who had courage and convictions. We could do with a bit more of this strain in American literature, for the Lord knows we have enough of the other side of the picture. *By Reason of Strength* deserves one of the triple-stars this month, and Mr. Johnson, who has done two good biographies, is another one of our young novelists worth keeping an eye upon.

Biography in Plenty, Too

If there are novels in plenty just now, there is certainly no dearth of biography, and one may read about the widest assortment of characters, ranging from George Washington to Alaric the Goth, and from Lucy Stone to Marie de Rohan, the Duchess of Chevreuse. There are books about Lord Northcliffe and about Brigham Young; about Jonathan Edwards and Nero. Henrik Willem Van Loon has done a sort of biography of his fellow-Dutchman, Rembrandt, in *R.v.R.* (Liveright, $5), a current selection of one of the book clubs. It pretends to have been taken from the notebooks of one of Mr. Van Loon's ancestors who was Rembrandt's physician, and is fictionized biography, with a great deal of originality and plenty of richness. It is a very long book, long enough for a winter of casual reading, and the purchasers of only two books a year — see R. L. Duffus's *Books: Their Place in a Democracy* — might do much worse than to make this one of the 1930 pair, provided they are not already purchased. The new book on Washington is Thomas G. Frothingham's *George Washington: Commander in Chief* (Houghton Mifflin, $5), and is a character study made through the medium of an analysis of Washington's military activities. The author is a distinguished military and naval authority, and his book is amply documented. David Loth, the well-known biographer, has done a portrait of Charles II, in *Royal Charles: Ruler and Rake* (Brentano, $4), which is full of color and entertainment.

The new book about Brigham Young is *The Life Story of Brigham Young*, by Susa Young Gates and Leah D. Widstoe (Macmillan, $5), with a foreword by United States Senator Reed Smoot. Mrs. Gates is a daughter of Brigham, and the book is a sort of official family biography, in which the subject does not exactly get the worst of it. The book on Northcliffe is *Northcliffe: An Intimate Biography*, by Hamilton Fyfe (Macmillan, $4), Mr. Fyfe having been closely associated with the British journalist over a long period of years. He takes his master apart and shows what made him tick. Northcliffe, like so many men who accumulate vast fortunes and great power in a short time, was refreshingly free from principle. His story is, of course, one of the most fascinating of our period, and Mr. Fyfe has told it well.

A Biography of Swift

Carl Van Doren's long-awaited study of Swift is now available. It is called simply *Swift: A Biography* (Viking, $3), and is a shortish book that has taken several years to write. Most of the dialogue is from Swift's letters; the material for such a biography could not have caused any serious difficulty. The writing is good, and there was certainly room enough for such a book — and for the reminder of the strange fate that has met Swift's most terrible satire, namely, that it should have become a nursery classic. There are few occurrences in all literary history any more curious than this. Arthur Weigall has chosen Nero, whom he subtitles *The Singing Emperor of Rome*, as the subject for his latest biography (Putnam, $5), and those who have followed Mr. Weigall's work in the general field of the revival of ancient worthies will suspect that he has done an excellent portrait, as he has. There is much new to be learned from the book, but the verdict upon its subject is not materially altered. Marcel Brion, the French biographer of Attilla, has told the story of *Alaric the Goth* in his present offering, published by McBride at $3.50. Henry Bamford Parkes has added another volume to a splendid series with his *Jonathan Edwards: The Fiery Puritan* (Minton, Balch, $3.50). He considers Edwards one of the great geniuses of American thought. Possibly there is some room for a difference of opinion, but whether one esteems Jonathan or not, he certainly played an important enough part in fixing the early culture-pattern of a new country, and there are signs enough that we have not yet escaped from his Calvinism.

Companions for Jonathan

JONATHAN would certainly not like the juxtaposition of so gay a lady as Marie de Rohan, but perhaps it will do him no real harm to have her mentioned here. Her story has been told by Dorothy de Brissac Campbell in *The Intriguing Duchess* (Covici-Friede, $3.50). It will be remembered that the Duchess was highly thought of by Richelieu, and that on the whole she led a life that sounded very much like a romance by Dumas. An attempt to show Diane de Poitiers in an altogether different light from the usual biographies is made in *The Moon Mistress*, by Jehanne d'Orliac (Lippincott, $3.50), Mme. d'Orliac insisting that Diane has been greatly misjudged; that she was never the mistress of François Premier, and that she was by no means the magnificent courtesan of the story books, but a kind, faithful soul, a verdict, which however fair, removes some of the glamour from the life of the only king's mistress to be honored in a cathedral.

A biography of our own period, which is filled with the names of the living great among literary men, and also with the names of the recently dead, is *Taking the Curtain Call*, by Doris Arthur Jones (Macmillan, $4), which is the life story of Henry Arthur Jones, with an introduction by none other than Max Beerbohm. Jones's career was long and stormy, and his biography is as much a history of the theatre during the time he was a successful playwright as anything else.

A number of good books about other countries have recently made their appearance, including some more about India. There is also *Unveiled: The Autobiography of a Turkish Girl*, by Selma Ekrem (Washburn, $3), which is the story of the new generation in Turkey. Miss Ekrem is from a distinguished family, and is typical of the Turkish women of the present day, since the harem passed into the discard. Miriam Beard has written an extraordinarily understanding study of Japan in

Realism in Romantic Japan (Macmillan, $5), with many interesting things to say about the changes that are being wrought in the country under the influence of the West. For those who dream of ending their days on a coral atoll in the South Seas, *Jungle Islands: The Illyria in the South Seas*, by Sidney N. Shurcliff (Putnam, $10), will prove engaging, although its interest is much wider than this, since it is the record of a scientific journey. One of its results was the discovery of a tribe of wild men in New Guinea. There are many illustrations, and the book reminds one of William Beebe's *Galapagos*, one of the treasured volumes of the Landscaper's library.

Two Books on India

One of the two new books on India is *A Marriage to India*, by Freida Hauswirth (Vanguard, $3.50), which is the story of an American girl who married a Hindu. Miss Hauswirth is an artist and has done many illustrations for her book, which is India from the inside, and filled with interesting material. The other is *Reconstructing India*, by Edward Thompson (Lincoln MacVeagh-The Dial Press, $4), Mr. Thompson having also written *Night Falls on Siva's Hills* and *These Men Thy Friends*. He has an understanding of India that few can match, and he writes exceedingly well. Hallett Abend, the Far Eastern correspondent of *The New York Times*, has written of the heart-breaking plight of China in his *Tortured China* (Washburn, $3). It is Mr. Abend's belief that peaceful intervention by the Great Powers must come before any sort of order may be brought out of the existing chaos in China. He does not spare his reader's feelings in his account of existing conditions.

Some of the Best

This leaves for the last the usual handful of books that do not classify exactly, but among which are invariably found some of the best volumes of each month. There is, for example, *The Lives of a Bengal Lancer*, by Francis Yeats Brown (Viking, $2.75), another book club choice. This is the story of a British sportsman in the East who kept his senses and sensitivities active and who saw and felt a great deal in India and other places that one would not expect to make any impression upon an Englishman of his type. It is very rare to find a man able to move in the world of action and to hold on to his intelligence, but this Major Brown has managed, and the result is a most unusual book. The chances are that it will have a large success and it will deserve whatever good luck comes to it.

Then there is *Bring 'Em Back Alive*, by Frank Buck, who had the assistance of Edward Anthony in writing his account of the capture of wild beasts all over the world, and their delivery to innumerable zoos, circuses and private individuals. Simon and Schuster publish the book and the price is $3.50. Mr. Buck's general conclusion after this careful study of animal life is that man is much wilder and much more cruel than the worst animals he has ever trapped. He's that sort of person, wise as well as quick with the lasso and whatever else he uses in his battles. There are endless good stories in the volume, and many pictures.

The Reader's Turn

A Department of Comment and Controversy

On Another Paper

By Robert B. Armstrong

For several days I have been receiving letters and telegrams from friends of mine all over the country calling my attention to an error in your magazine for October. This occurs at the top of column two on page 417 as part of an article by Oliver McKee, Jr., on Publicity Chiefs. It connects me with *The Los Angeles Examiner* instead of *The Los Angeles Times*. I am sure that you will please my office and my friends if an appropriate correction can be made in the next issue, as I have never been connected with any Hearst papers and would not if I had to starve.

By reference to the last issue of *Who's Who* you will observe that I was national director of publicity for President Harding for the pre-convention campaign from January to July, 1920, and was assistant publicity director for President Coolidge in 1924 through his campaign. In these two campaigns I travelled over one hundred and fifty thousand miles and met and dealt with the leading newspaper men in the United States, and naturally would like to have my connection given correctly. I have been the staff correspondent of *The Los Angeles Times* in Washington for the last thirteen years.

* * *

Financial Common Sense

By W. Hustace Hubbard

Allow me to offer my hearty congratulations on Mr. Temple's financial article in the October North American Review. I do not know when I have enjoyed reading a financial article so much as I did this one. A breath of simple common sense is such a rarity in these days of "New Eras" of both prosperity and adversity, that I can not pass it by without dropping you a line. You have also the rare distinction of having swum against the current at the top and at, or near, the bottom, since I recall several sensible articles in the magazine in 1929 ahead of the deluge.

I wish you could wave a wand over Washington, more especially the Department of Agriculture, and induce them to issue a few statements that were reasonable, or better still, induce them to keep quiet for two months. If this were possible, confidence might return to the commodity markets the sooner. What can you expect when, in a single day, the Secretary discovers Russia selling short in Chicago, and by making enough to do about this talks the price of wheat down six cents a bushel in less than six trading sessions, while some member of the Farm Board takes the opportunity to state publicly that all commodity prices will go down for several years? Can they never learn how delicate a flower confidence has too often proved itself to be?

If you can pump a little common sense from your own reservoir into Washington, it would be a patriotic duty so to do.

* * *

Incomes and Matrimony

By "The Rough Writer"

I was avidly interested in *White Collars and Marriage Yokes* by H. B. Carey in the October, 1930 North American Review. It brought up a topic over which I spent six months, figuring out, how to marry on my salary.

The average man finds himself up against quite a problem in contemplating the taking of a wife. He does not earn or make $6,000 annually. An astonishing percentage make (and marry on) $25 weekly — $1,300 a year.

Yet, to live in America at all decently it appears to me one needs to possess an income of $40 a week, annually $2,080.

The author of your article in question suggests that a minister with a family must earn more than $3,900. And teachers are worse off on $3,000. Granted, perhaps.

The problem today turns on this point: How can two young people marry and make a home? Old man "H. C. L." is still with us, challenging us!

I found $40 a week income sufficient (with economizing) for two. With less income married life becomes a struggle. One can not live as simply as our forebears, there are more demands today upon our pocket-books, and certain commodities once classed as luxuries are generally accepted as at least partial necessities. The happy home today is that home most contented.

Yet not to make $5,000 a year seems so paltry an income; but a large majority make no more than $1,800 annually — and marry and live!

Of course standards differ, while the college standard is not in the least representative of America today. To every man in college there are many who never attended a college.

To raise the standard of living, to better even the economic conditions, would seem to be solved only in the slogan "Better Incomes." The answer, however, is, "How?"

* * *

New Blood Needed

As far as magazines are concerned, I am a skeptic. Readers just do not count in the thought of a magazine maker. They are supposed to serve for the turkey stuffing. Some of us know enough to realize that sooner or later all that is left of the stuffed turkey is a carcass.

If some good soul could, and would, break away from the hidebound route and find out what readers really want to hear about, what a subscription list he, or she, would have!

For instance this question: Is the government of the Gentile waning? Or, the Jewish ideals of government, to be written by an intelligent Jew — someone who knows.

What the farmer really wants — not what some high powered executive thinks he wants — written by a farmer who is struggling with this problem, and is intelligent enough to know. Or, Transportation as the farmer knows it; or, How do the wages of union labor react upon the landowner?

Do you editors realize that it is the person who is vitally interested in these things whom the people want to hear? We are all fed up with theories from theorists.

Another question that means much to us is: How and where is the Anglo-Saxon young man going to be assimilated in everyday life? What is the real trouble with Italy, with Jugoslavia or with France? Why has Italy so little unemployment? *Et cetera.*

The same writers seem to write for all the magazines. Is there, under the sun, no new blood for magazines?

M. P. G.

* * *

Comment on Don Rose

The article by Donald Rose recently printed in The North American Review is the best thing on education that I have read for many a long day.

Louis P. Benezet

Reading *Pernicious Prosperity*, by Donald Rose, in The North American Review, started the writer thinking, in an effort to register the number of explanations which have been read of the causes of the recent slump in Wall Street. His thinking processes are still clicking, and the end is not yet; so, why not say it was possibly a characteristic surge of American greed and speed, and let it go at that. If you doubt that we like to be cocky, take an impersonal glance at affairs in this country, back as far as when the Pilgrim Fathers pushed the Indians off of Plymouth Rock so they could land on it.

We have had enough slumps in Wall Street, so that indisposition should not be considered a fatal illness, except financially to a few. Always the country, as a whole, has seemed to be sportsmanlike enough to take the losses, and then start in to do it all over again.

Edwin M. Case

You whose children have food this Yuletide

Give unto those who are starving

Scent of holly in the air . . . . a gay tree brimming with holiday blessings . . . . perfume from the kitchen where a generous Christmas dinner is being readied by you and yours . . . . and a mother, her happy, healthy children in her arms, looking out upon the serene night, in which celestial candles gleam and glitter. Home . . . . sanctuary . . . gifts . . . . food . . . . protection.

During good times or bad, the average American home manages to approach the Yuletide season with joyous anticipation. And the sympathetic urge to help those who are less fortunate, is, always, a national characteristic.

But today . . . . the need for "having a heart" is more tragic, more urgent, more terrifyingly necessary, than ever in the world's history. American children and children of many nations, are STARVING. As the facts accumulate, this situation might well cause us to shudder with horror . . . . "Starving Children" . . . . not a pleasant thought!

What a beautiful thing it will be for YOU, this Yuletide, to give, if but modestly, to these tiny sufferers to whom even a crust of dry bread will come as a blessing. "GOLDEN RULE WEEK" is a constructive opportunity in this direction. The long arm of its vast charity reaches out and finds these hungry youngsters . . . . feeds them. You will do YOUR share, we know.

Whatsoever Ye would that others should do unto You do Ye even so unto Them - - - - -

"GOLDEN RULE WEEK"

DECEMBER
7—14

The donor may designate his gift for any philanthropy in which he is especially interested and one hundred cents of every dollar will go as designated—none for expenses.

Undesignated gifts will be allocated by the Survey Committee after careful investigation to meet the most acute needs through the most efficient agencies.

THE GOLDEN RULE FOUNDATION,
Lincoln Building, 60 E. 42 St.,
New York, N. Y.

Enclosed find $. . . . . to be used in meeting the needs of suffering humanity.

NAME . . . .

ADDRESS . . . .

Designated for . . . .

THIS SPACE IS CONTRIBUTED BY

DECEMBER
7—14

Notes of a Cosmopolitan

By Barbara E. Scott

Moderns are as migratory as birds. Wherever gaiety is the gayest, sport the keenest, society the smartest they wing their unerring way. It seems almost an instinct, this being in the right place at the right time. Often it requires a good deal of getting there — long distance flights, as it were, but to the modern mind neither time nor space present any appreciable obstacles.

Winter Is Gay in Canada

Just now it is the glistening snow-clad land of Canada that is catching the imagination of every lover of winter sports. In all corners of the world sportsmen hear the call. Canada, this winter. East or West — but Canada. Here winter is not a matter of dreary fogs and chill dull days, of coal bills and blue noses. The sunshine sings in a sparkling world, the stars are close, brilliant, still. But the cold crisp air never rests till it has encouraged you to share its freedom, to frolic in its freshness — don your snow shoes, the flying ski, to have a fling at hockey, curling, skating, a whirl on a speeding toboggan or a long snug sleigh ride. Montreal, Quebec, Ottawa and the Laurentians have assumed the rôle of genial hosts. They are quite accustomed to making the world of sport lovers feel at home, and whatever your favorite winter sport, Canada will indulge you. The Canadian Pacific and the Canadian National Railroads do their share in making these great sport centres speedily accessible, and after all Montreal is only an overnight's run from Washington, Detroit, Philadelphia, New York and Boston. Even the highways leading to this section of Canada are kept open for winter motoring, and frequent bus service all winter makes Montreal and Boston near neighbors.

Again the Flying Ski

Skiing, though practised by Xenophon and his Greeks and though indispensable to the hardy Norsemen for centuries, is rather a new sport in our part of the world. The first club in this country, the Montreal Ski Club, was formed in 1903, so it is plain to be seen that skiing is our baby sport. But what this lively newcomer lacks in age it makes up in popularity. When you have seen the silhouette of a master ski-jumper in all his perfect poise and grace etched against a sunset sky, when you have felt the thrill of his gathering speed as he soars through the still keen air for a hundred or two hundred feet and watched him land with the precision of perfect balance on the snow in the valley below, a new desire for achievement is awakened, a new perfection of attainment perceived. There is something inspiring, lifting, in this bird-like freedom, this mastery of self. And the sport that is most popular with us today sets the highest goal. Skiing is not a sport to be forever watched, to be looked upon as the possession of a select few. It is a sport which all may indulge and enjoy, yet it is essentially individual. Your success in it is a matter of your own initiative. Perhaps the secret of its popularity is that it is not really a difficult sport in the least. You will have your tumbles, but always in the snow, you will get all tangled up in your skiis when you try to "herringbone" up your first hill, but you will just lie there in the snow and laugh that off. Of course ski-jumping and ski-joring are another matter. These aspects of the sport come when you are nearing the Bobby Jones class. Women and men take to skiing with equal eagerness and many a fine companionship is born of the glory of broad expanses of open country and the hush of snow-clad hills.

Besides it is so easy to reach the open skiing country. On Sunday mornings during certain weeks in the winter the Canadian railroads run "Ski Specials" from Montreal to the Laurentian Mountains, stopping along the route at various small villages and hamlets where throngs of merry cross-country skiers, armed with their stalwart pattens make for the woods. In many of these villages are hotels where a supply of sport equipment is always available for their guests.

Winter Sport Centres

Quebec, where the turrets of Château Frontenac keep watch over the quaint Lower Town below, is an acknowledged centre of winter sports in Canada and New Years opens the winter carnival with fêtes and balls and pageants. Her hills provide a playground for beginners as well as for the experienced ski-jumper, and the fine wooden jump just beyond Battlefield Park is not to be forgotten. Montreal boasts its own snow-covered mountain — Mount Royal, a six track toboggan chute of the Park Toboggan Club almost a mile long, and close by an enormous outdoor skating rink, the largest of the one hundred and forty in the city. Plenty of space for sport here.

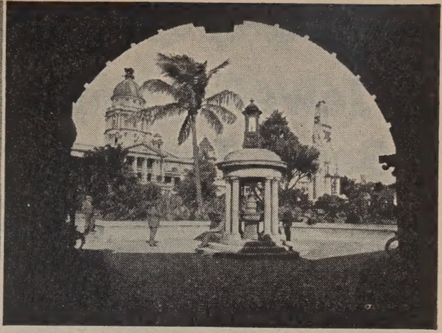
With the Timber Wolves

Last year when the intercollegiate winter sports events were held in the Murray Bay district, skiing was put to a strenuous test, but those who participated, and among them were veterans of the Swiss and German Alps, agreed that it was as fine as they had ever known. It is in this part of Canada that the Timber Wolves are beginning to gather. The Timber Wolves, you know, is a club whose only qualification for admission is the ability to ski. You may be only a Cub at first, but if you progress you may hunt with the pack, and finally when you have fully qualified, you will become a Lone Wolf and undertake the most strenuous expeditions. Timber Wolves organize parties for short or long trips over the trails from their headquarters "The Manoir Richelieu" which opens two days after Christmas. When the blue-black shadows cast by towering pines grow long in the late afternoon you scurry to the warmth and cheery glow of the snapping open fires in The Manoir. You relax. The strenuous sport of the day sends your blood about its business like mellow wine, and before long you are ready for an evening as madly merry as has been the day.

The bob-sleigh run which was the unqualified sensation of Murray Bay winter sports last year has been rebuilt this year along German lines. It starts nearly a thousand feet above the St. Lawrence River and swings in a wide S across the open country, then drops down along the high wooded banks of the river. It is the longest bob-sled run in America and is about the same length as the famous Cresta run at St. Moritz. This satisfies our modern madness for speed, and the song of the swishing wind as it whips your cheeks echoes in memory for many a day and still whispers of the snow and the pines.

You—Pizarro and Peru

Peru is one of those interesting countries that is still visited by people for a purpose. We never flit down to Peru in quite the same inconsequential way that we step aboard the Transatlantic liners that sneak out into the blackness of the North River at midnight every Wednesday. No, Pizarro set the pace in the early Sixteenth Century, and it has been consistently followed ever since. We go to Peru for a purpose. When you see your bags and trunks taken aboard one of the many fine ships that point their noses south for Peru, it is broad daylight and you have thought things all out. Gold took Pizarro down the uncompromising west coast of South America with its frowning gray Cordilleras into the land of the Incas, and it must be confessed that the clink of the yellow metal though transformed into the



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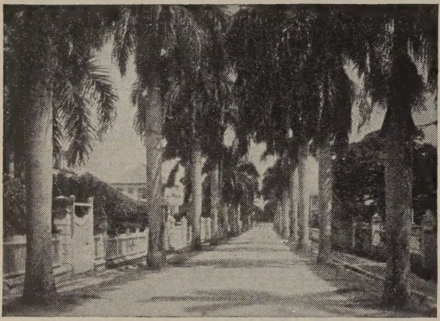

NASSAU

(Bahamas)

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more prosaic banknote, still claims the keen attention of many who find felicitous a line of business with the South American nation. Others seek a quickened understanding, desire to become *muy simpático* with our neighbors to the South. And you? Why would you go to Peru? Ah yes, I see you have it all sketched out — to sail thousands of feet above the sea on the clear cold sapphire waters of Lake Titicaca in a real native *balsa* made of reeds, to walk the streets that were once paved with Inca gold on the Island of the Sun, to linger beneath the ruins of temples once magnificent on the Island of the Moon. To listen in the high mountains as you catch your first glimpse of Cuzco, once the capital of the mighty Inca Empire where the native still halts as in bygone days in reverence and hear him murmur the half prayerful greeting, "O Cuzco, great City of the Sun, I greet thee!" And to haunt the highways and even the byways of La Ciudad de los Reyes — Pizarro's City of the Kings — Lima.

We Look at Lima

PEERING down on Lima from the air — and that is becoming a favorite way of mapping out a city, by the way — it is astonishing to see what a regular, orderly pattern it follows. There is nothing hit or miss about Lima. None of the crooked winding lanes you might expect to see in a city laid out quite hurriedly in 1535. Pizarro did not do things that way. He was methodical whether in murders or city planning and never did things by half. Desiring a city which would be more convenient for his nefarious schemes than those already established, this courageous conquistador selected the site for Lima, laid out the plan for the city with an emerald green Moorish Square for its heart, built a delightful cream-colored cathedral, and a government house on two of its sides and finished it off with two rows of portales 'neath which the populace might saunter when the sun glowed too much like burnished copper for their comfort. Above these gracious arches are the wooden balconies which today house the city's most exclusive clubs. With this Square for a start Lima just naturally followed an orderly plan. Only the Rimac, a rippling shallow river, winds inconsequently through the city though even this is brought to curb by numbers of stone bridges which cross it at intervals.

Lima has her cathedral, but the world is full of cathedrals and they are strangely alike on the inside — gloomy and empty. It has also its House of the Inquisition where in Viceregal days this Spanish tribunal held its conclaves. And if one has a fondness for viewing their instruments of torture, even these may be seen in Lima's National Museum. It is, perhaps, more alluring to wander in the sunshine down the Street of the Merchants, which is another of those streets that are said once to have been paved with silver. In the Torre Tagle Mansion Lima possesses one of its most picturesque and romantic inheritances of the past. It embodies all the luxury and magnificence of the Colonial period. Its sunny patio round which circles the inevitable Spanish balcony, its graceful arches hinting at the dusky shadows and splendors of gracious chambers, its columns and balustrades of rare woods so patiently carved, the sheen of its tiled floors — robin's egg blue, vermilion and yellow — these still paint the colorful background from which only the lace-bedecked dons and their fragile señoras are missing. Here, too, as a solemn reminder of things long past, stands the heavy wooden post in the form of a lion's head from which once hung the scales that measured for the King the treasure which was wrested from the broken-hearted Incas. If only to see these things for yourself, it is purpose enough for you to come to Peru.

"B.A."

IN THOSE early days when explorers were seeking a pathway to the rich mines of Peru a new approach was discovered in the Rio de la Plata, the "River of Silver." Ferdinand Magellan, Sebastian Cabot and others sailed up this long estuary, but the broad waving pampas of the Argentine presented too bucolic an aspect for these hard gold-hunting gentlemen. One of them alone saw into the beyond — Pedro Mendoza — and in 1535 he founded Buenos Aires, now familiarly known the world over as B.A. What Mendoza's vision was we can not tell, but today Buenos Aires is the leading city of South America. And it is to the pampas and the industrious Argentine farmer, not to hordes of hidden gold, strange to relate, that this charming city owes its existence, its prosperity and its beauty. Not being blessed with much of the latter by nature as are Rio with its moonlike bay and Santiago and Arequipa with their glorious heritage of mountains, the forward-looking farmers of Buenos Aires decided to make their city beautiful if they had to make it to order. To this end they engaged Europe's finest and most skilful architects, and the success of their enterprise is fully attested by the unparalleled popularity of B.A. with people from all parts of the world who visit it in flocks. Buenos Aires is the starting point of the Transandine Railway, an improvement, it is said, second only in commercial value to the digging of the Panama Canal.

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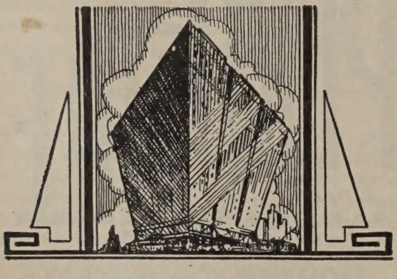

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December comes bustling round on the calendar, Nassau, that gay little capital of the coral fashioned, palm-fringed Bahamas is just beginning to open her innocently sophisticated eyes, smooth over her incomparable white sandy beach on Hog Island, see that the waves are gently frilled as they flash and frisk along its satin stretch, stir up her shoals of jewel-like fish that seem to have caught the fire of opals, rubies, and emeralds in their eyes, skins and fins, and send out over the peacock blue waters that luring breeze that woos the yachtsman into her coves and bays and tempts him try his skill at dodging in and out among her hidden reefs and rocks. Just an overnight's run from Miami, this small bit of Britain with its fine hotels is finding an immense vogue among Americans. It is included in any number of West Indies Cruises, and many a follower in the paths of the bold buccaneers will be spending Christmas Eve this year under the stars in Nassau.

Nassau is one of the most charming little places imaginable. It is not overwhelmed with background so that you have a restless feeling of having to accomplish just so much tiresome sightseeing or else feel that you will have regrets. It has its century old Government House with a statue of Columbus somewhere out in the garden, but this bit of patriotism does not linger in the minds of its visitors as does the recollection of the spacious ballroom in Government House, famous for its generous hospitality, brilliant dances — glimpses of bright eyes and light feet skimming over its polished floor at the behest of a fine military band.

An afternoon's leisurely drive over pink coral roads, past high garden walls overhung with limes, laurels, pomegranates and papayas, with glimpses now and then through old gateways of quaint houses guarded by oleanders and palms, brings us to Blackbeard's Tower, the lookout of that famous old pirate and his band when they held this island as their very own kingdom. And, you know, Nassau is like that. Makes you feel that you are in a kingdom all your own. There is the sky — acres and acres of it — all your own. Blue sea that is yours to fish or swim to the very bottom of its luminous depths. Flowers are yours for the picking. The sweet lazy hours are yours for play or active sports — golf, tennis, bathing, sailing, fishing; and the quiet of star-dusted nights precious, peaceful.

Traveller's Guide

Trans-Atlantic Sailings from New York:

- *Pres. Roosevelt*, United States Line, Hamburg, Nov. 19
- *Dresden*, North German Lloyd, Bremen, Nov. 20, Dec. 18
- *New York*, Hamburg American, Hamburg, Nov. 20
- *Ile de France*, French Line, Havre, Nov. 21, Dec. 12
- *Majestic*, White Star, Southampton, Nov. 21, Dec. 13
- *Pennland*, Red Star, Antwerp, Nov. 21
- *Cedric*, White Star, Liverpool, Nov. 22
- *Marques de Comillas*, Spanish Mail, Barcelona, Nov. 22
- *Milwaukee*, Hamburg American, Hamburg, Nov. 22
- *Oscar II*, Scandinavian American, Copenhagen, Nov. 22
- *Bergensfjord*, Norwegian American, Oslo, Nov. 22
- *Conte Grande*, Lloyd Sabaudo, Genoa, Nov. 25
- *America*, United States, Hamburg, Nov. 26
- *Europa*, North German Lloyd, Bremen, Nov. 26, Dec. 16
- *Mauretania*, Cunard, Southampton, Nov. 26, Dec. 16
- *Cristobal Colon*, Spanish Mail, Bilbao, Nov. 28
- *Homeric*, White Star, Southampton, Nov. 28
- *Adriatic*, White Star, Liverpool, Nov. 29
- *Cleveland*, Hamburg American, Hamburg, Nov. 29
- *Drottningholm*, Swedish American, Gothenburg, Nov. 29
- *Saturnia*, Cosulich, Trieste, Nov. 28
- *New Amsterdam*, Holland America, Rotterdam, Dec. 2
- *Aquitania*, Cunard, Southampton, Dec. 3
- *De Grasse*, French Line, Havre, Dec. 4
- *Hamburg*, Hamburg American, Hamburg, Dec. 4
- *Olympic*, White Star, Southampton, Dec. 5
- *Paris*, French Line, Havre, Dec. 5
- *Westernland*, Red Star, Antwerp, Dec. 5
- *Augustus*, Navigazione Generale Italiana, Genoa, Dec. 6
- *Britannic*, White Star, Liverpool, Dec. 6
- *Gripsholm*, Swedish American, Gothenburg, Dec. 6
- *Leviathan*, United States, Southampton, Dec. 6
- *Frederick VIII*, Scandinavian American, Copenhagen, Dec. 9
- *Volendam*, Red Star, Rotterdam, Dec. 9
- *Conte Biancamano*, Lloyd Sabaudo, Genoa, Dec. 10
- *George Washington*, United States, Hamburg, Dec. 10
- *Albert Ballin*, Hamburg American, Hamburg, Dec. 24
- *Berlin*, North German Lloyd, Bremen, Dec. 11
- *Vulcania*, Cosulich, Trieste, Dec. 11
- *Roma*, Navigazione Generale Italiana, Genoa, Dec. 12
- *St. Louis*, Hamburg American, Hamburg, Dec. 12

Trans-Pacific Sailings:

- From Vancouver —
  - *Empress of Canada*, Canadian Pacific, Manila, Nov. 27
  - *Empress of Russia*, Canadian Pacific, Manila, Dec. 6
  - *Niagara*, Canadian Australasian, Sidney, Dec. 10
  - *Empress of Japan*, Canadian Pacific, Manila, Dec. 20
- From Seattle —
  - *Hiye Maru*, Nippon Yusen Kaisha, Hongkong, Nov. 29
  - *Pres. Lincoln*, Dollar-American Mail, Manila, Nov. 29
  - *Mishima Maru*, Nippon Yusen Kaisha, Kobe, Dec. 13
  - *Pres. Madison*, Dollar-American Mail, Manila, Dec. 13
  - *Wilhelmina*, Matson, Honolulu, Dec. 18
- From San Francisco —
  - *Pres. Adams*, Dollar Line, Singapore, Nov. 28
  - *Tatsuta Maru*, Nippon Yusen Kaisha, Hongkong, Nov. 29
  - *Sierra*, Matson Line, Sydney, Dec. 2
  - *Pres. Cleveland*, Dollar-American Mail, Manila, Dec. 5
  - *Pres. Harrison*, Dollar Line, Singapore, Dec. 12
  - *Asama Maru*, Nippon Yusen Kaisha, Hongkong, Dec. 20

Sailings to Hawaii:

- From San Francisco —
  - *Manoa*, Matson Line, Honolulu, Nov. 26
  - *Maui*, Matson Line, Honolulu, Dec. 3
  - *Matsonia*, Matson Line, Honolulu, Dec. 17
- From Los Angeles —
  - *Calawaii*, Los Angeles S. S. Co., Honolulu, Nov. 29
- From Portland —
  - *Wilhelmina*, Matson Line, Honolulu, Nov. 27
- From Seattle —
  - *Wilhelmina*, Matson Line, Honolulu, Dec. 18

Sailings Round the World:

- From New York —
  - *Pres. Johnson*, Dollar-American Mail, Dec. 4
  - *Pres. Fillmore*, Dollar-American Mail, Dec. 18

Tours and Cruises

Mediterranean, from New York:

- Cunard Line, *Mauretania*, Feb. 21, 1931
- Canadian Pacific, *Empress of France*, February 3, 1931
- Frank C. Clark, *S.S. Laurentic*, January 31, 1931
- Thos. Cook & Son, *S.S. Homeric*, January 24, 1931
- Frank Tourist Co., *S.S. Scythia*, January 27, 1931
- Hamburg-American Line, *S.S. Hamburg*, January 31, 1931
- Raymond-Whitcomb, *S.S. Carinthia*, January 31, 1931
- White Star Line, *M.V. Britannic*, January 8, 1931
- White Star Line, *S.S. Adriatic*, January 17, 1931
- White Star Line, *M.V. Britannic*, February 26, 1931
- White Star Line, *S.S. Adriatic*, March 7, 1931
- French Line, *S.S. France*, Jan. 10, Feb. 14, Mar. 20, 1931

Round the World, from New York:

- Canadian Pacific, *Empress of Australia*, December 2, 1930
- Franco-Belgique Tours, *President Johnson*, Dec. 4, 1930
- Franco-Belgique Tours, *President Fillmore*, Dec. 18, 1930
- Red Star, *Belgenland*, Westward from New York, Dec. 15, 1930
- Cook-Cunard, *S.S. Franconia*, January 10, 1931
- Hamburg-American Line, *S.S. Resolute*, January 6, 1931
- Raymond-Whitcomb, *S.S. Columbus*, January 21, 1931

West Indies, from New York:

- Cosulich Line, *Vulcania*, Jan. 23, Feb. 14, 1931
- Frank Tourist Co., *S.S. Lafayette*, Dec. 20, 1930
- Canadian Pacific, *Duchess of Bedford*, January 9, February 11, 1931
- Frank Tourist Co., *S.S. Volendam*, January 21, February 11, 1931
- Raymond-Whitcomb, *S.S. Statendam*, Dec. 20, 1930, January 8, January 27, February 24, 1931
- Cunard Line, *Franconia*, Dec. 2, Dec. 20, 1930
- Cunard Line, *Caronia*, Dec. 26, 1930
- Cunard Line, *Carinthia*, Jan. 10, 1931
- Cunard Line, *Caledonia*, Jan. 24, Feb. 14, 1931
- Cunard Line, *Aurania*, Mar. 13, Apr. 1, 1931
- Cunard Line, *Tuscania*, Apr. 16, 1931
- North German Lloyd, *Steuben*, Jan. 31, Feb. 17, 1931

West Indies and South America, from New York:

- Swedish American, *M.V. Kungsholm*, December 20, 1930
- Swedish American, *M.V. Kungsholm*, January 10, 31, February 21, March 14, 1931

Bermuda, Nassau, Havana, from New York:

- Lloyd Sabaudo Line, *Conte Grande*, Dec. 23, 1930

Oriental Winter Cruise:

- American Mail Line, *President Grant*, sailing from Seattle, Jan. 24, 1931

South America, Africa, Mediterranean Cruise:

- Cunard-Anchor Lines & American Express, *S.S. Transylvania*, January 17, 1931

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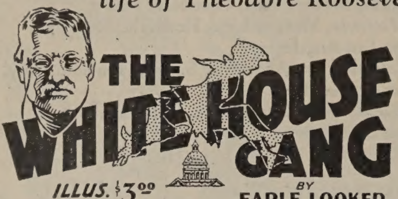

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(*Continued from page XI*)

prices declined much more in New York than in London, the more experienced market; in one case similar bonds of a South American country sold almost simultaneously at 41 in New York and 57 in London.

In 1923 there was a similar panicky liquidation of foreign bonds in this country, due largely to unfavorable foreign news, and the obligations of at least one European central government sold at a price that yielded 20 per cent. This year that issue sold nearly four times as high, to yield between 5 and 6 per cent. French bonds, it will be remembered, were particularly weak in 1923; but those which then sold at discounts of a third below par are above par today. The Latin-American countries, of course, are not comparable in resources and economic stability with France, but both history and present probabilities indicate that interest and principal on virtually all their governments' bonds will be paid; in those cases where payment might otherwise be dubious, American experts are ready to assist in financial reforms which will put them upon a sounder basis. As for Germany, none of the major political parties except the Communists has advocated default or repudiation of outstanding privately contracted obligations.

Concurrently, domestic bond prices have dropped. The causes of the decline are largely individual. Rail bonds are lower because the railroads, with traffic light, are currently covering their interest requirements by smaller margins than in recent years. Fears are expressed that some rail bonds will lose their place on the list eligible for savings banks, through failure of the roads to keep up dividends on their common stocks. Convertible bonds of all kinds declined in accord with the stocks into which they are convertible. These groups and certain others affected the averages and somewhat obscured the fact that Government bonds, and high grade issues whose eligibility for savings banks is not threatened, continued to respond to easy money. In a number of cases United States bonds made new highs while security market demoralization was at its worst.

Nothing that has occurred casts any doubt upon the conclusion that the long-time price trend of good bonds is upward, and will continue so for some time after business has begun to expand. In September savings bank deposits in New York City showed one of the largest monthly increases on record. Time deposits of all banks have continued to gain. Seasonal demand for funds this fall and winter will cause but a moderate hardening of money rates. These all point to lower bond yields, and higher prices. On the opposite side of the equation business is well supplied with capital. Subscribing to President Hoover's stabilization programme, many public utilities this year have built facilities ahead of demand; that use of capital will be subtracted from 1931.

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Courage in Business

All modern industrial and mercantile expansion depends upon *Courage.* It explains progress. It determines the limits of individual success. It is the physical expression of confidence and belief.

Business moves forward only so far as it is led by men with the vision of new conditions, new ideas, new forces, new methods—*and the courage to put them through.*

Companies lacking this leadership are left behind at the end of every period of inflation. Courage is not governed by conditions; it controls conditions. It not only recognizes, but *corrects*, weak organization, backwardness, inefficiency.

Courage is inspired by knowledge. Knowledge dispels fear. Exact knowledge of one's business comes from the analysis of facts incident to sound planning, and from the frequent comparison of operating results with a well-made Budget. Weaknesses and wastes are made apparent, and knowledge of better ways, *with courage*, eliminates them.

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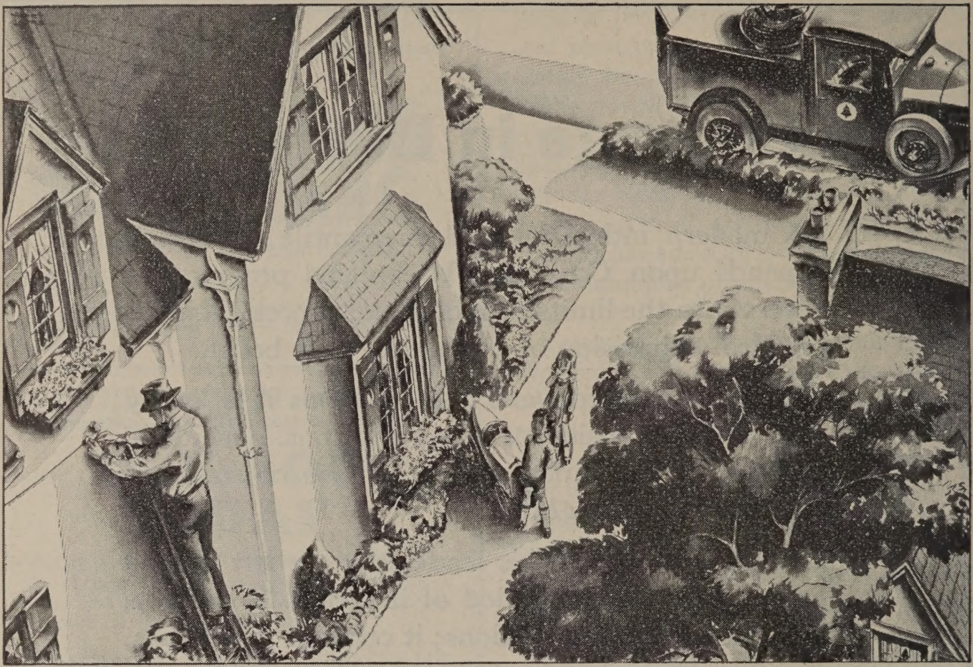

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The Bell System is organized to give constantly improved service. Several thousand persons in the Bell Laboratories are engaged in research that improves the material means of telephony. The Western Electric Company, with plants at Chicago, Kearny, N. J., and Baltimore, specializes in the manufacture of precision telephone equipment of the highest quality. From its warehouses all over the country, it supplies the millions of delicate parts for Bell System apparatus.

The operation of the System is carried on by 24 Associated Companies, each attuned to the area it serves. The staff of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company is continually developing better methods for the use of these operating companies.

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GOODYEAR

Notes of a Cosmopolitan

By Barbara E. Scott

Three things have always associated themselves quite definitely in my mind with South America — Incas, llamas and nitrates. Nitrates — Chilean nitrates — must have been implanted there through excellent publicity, though until recently I had no idea that they came from a desert and played the part of fairy godmother to the agriculture of the world. Llamas with their proud little ears apparently pointed to catch every passing sound, their long necks undeniably regal, leapt with a strange fascination from the worn pages of an old geography into my ken when I was a child; while the Incas, mysterious, reeking with gold and indulging in strange rites to the Sun God, stirred my imagination so unaccountably that I devoured anything about them in the way of reading that I might lay my hands upon. These people of the long ago, their beasts of burden and the nitrates began to orientate South America for me and to awaken an interest in its history and travel possibilities that finally opened the continent from Carácas to Cape Horn. But the Incas lighted the torch.

Cuzco of the Incas

Cuzco, the oldest of South American cities, in whose colorful Plaza one of the last of the Inca line was executed, is alive with memories of stirring happenings in the lives of Incas and Spaniards alike, yet wandering through its streets one gains the impression of nothing ever happening there today. It was around this very square that the golden chain made by the Inca, Huayna Capac, was stretched, that same golden chain for which good Peruvians still search at the bottom of the Lake of Urcos where it was thrown lest it fall into the hands of the Spaniards. Cuzco, like Rome, gives one a feeling of seeing strange spectres stalking through vistas of the past.

Pizarro in the City of the Kings

Perhaps no South American city entertains so quickening an appeal to the imagination as Lima. It is rife with vivid pictures. We come upon it usually after a generous sea voyage through its not far distant port, Callao. Light-hearted gaiety greets us on all sides and a clinging to the courtesies and social amenities of her brave Spanish days lingers and makes pleasant the travellers' tarrying. Pizarro called her the City of the Kings and Pizarro, that bold conquistadore, was in a position to properly estimate her possibilities. Look from your window to the east. There, at last, as you have always known they would be, are the great peaks of the Andes festooned in soft pearly clouds. Around the famous Plaza de Armas, in dignity and fine proportion, cluster those buildings so truly Spanish that they never fail to please the eye. There is the chapel of the old Palace of the Viceroys, all that remains of that vast structure, housing the city's archives; the Cathedral, with its rich façade and two quaint towers, holds in a glass case the bones of the blood-thirsty Pizarro. In the shadow of the Government Offices lies the white marble slab in the pavement marking the spot where Pizarro was cut down by his enemies. A gruesome spot even in the sunshine.

Buried Treasure in Arequipa?

Arequipa, the second city of Peru, high above the sea, is blessed with an air so clear that it is called the sunshine city of South America — a spot where mere men get close to the Southern stars. Long ago it marked the Inca track to the sea at Mollendo over which fleet Indian runners carried fresh fish to their monarch at Cuzco. Three great mountain masses tower above Arequipa, El Mistí in the centre, its crater orange and purple, still venerated by the Indians and clothed by them in superstitious awe. Arequipa's shops in the arcades bordering the Plaza are as colorful as any bazaar in the East. Its world seeks the arcade on horseback and on the diminutive donkey; and even the lustrous-eyed llama, its ears tied coquettishly with bits of pink wool to prevent its being struck by lightning, stalks in dignified fashion through the Square. And it is whispered that somewhere along the long, dim aisles of the Cathedral, you may come upon a genuine Van Dyck. A proper place indeed to pick up treasures. Indeed it is quite the usual thing to indulge in treasure hunts in South America. Even the natives are on the *qui vive* for the buried treasure of the Incas, and astonishing rumors are continually afloat.

Lake Titicaca and Ancient Mythology

To the east of Arequipa in the heart of the Andean plateau, in a land of ancient silence lies Lake Titicaca, a clear, chilly glitter on its choppy waves. Here on the Island of the Sun is the ridge of rock known as Titi Kala, the Sacred Rock, the centre of the most ancient mythology of South America. Native Indians still approach the Rock with awe and those of us who visit it today hear only the ripple of wavelets on the pebbly beach

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*Cosmopolitan, Nov. 1929

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Then Lima, "City of the Kings", seat of amazing culture—*more fascinating than Paris!* Here is a concentration of the romance, mystery and culture of centuries! At Salaverry, returning, trip to the ruins of Chan-Chan, pre-Incan "Dead City".

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below, whence once rose the cries of victims from the Stone of Sacrifice and wild songs of the frenzied worshippers.

Contrast of scenery — deserts, jungles, vast plains and unapproachable mountains; a rich heritage of ancient tradition and custom; a variety of peoples; an infinite progression of activities; these go to make up the unchallenged magnificence of the pageant which South America unfolds today for the traveller. His pleasure and interest may be stimulated by a voyage through the Panama Canal if his plans carry him to South America that way. Here he comes upon the country trod by Vasco Nunes de Balboa and perchance climbs Balboa's Hill from which coign of vantage that eager explorer caught his first glimpse of the Pacific; pokes about in Old Panama, the particular hunting ground of that incomparable old English buccaneer, Morgan, and his "bold, bold mate"; ponders the heart-breaking efforts of Ferdinand de Lesseps to dig the big ditch, and appreciates beyond words the difficulties and final success of Colonel Goethals.

South America's Latch String Is Out

But whether you travel down the West coast in the pleasant company of the Humbolt current and the myriads of guaynos that nest in the rocky islands, or "go rolling down to Rio" past the broad mouth of the mighty Amazon, you may be certain of most excellent accommodations, both ashore and afloat. Like all the rest of the world South America heeds the knock of the inquiring traveller at her doors, and happily for us, her latch string is out. In Buenos Aires the General Post Office has recently inaugurated a department

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known as the Salon de Extranjeros (Stranger's Hall), furnished and decorated it sumptuously, and maintains a small army of interpreters always in attendance to aid those of us poor mortals who still have difficulties turning our l's into y's and our j's into h's at the proper time.

Australia — Land of the Better Chance

IF A feeling ever comes over you of wishing to be wanted and you would satisfy that yearning — go to Australia. No country in the world has ever extended a more glowing invitation to people to visit her. Transiently if you must, permanently if you can. She is a land of opportunities, of rewards, and calls herself unblushingly, "The land of the better chance." She is not a continent that boasts of a past, though geologically she is incalculably older than either Europe or America, but she is very much alive as a present possibility and a future certainty. Besides she is just far enough away to allow you the benefits of a real sea voyage to reach her. None of those hectic week trips that scarcely allow you time to locate your deck chair before it is time to go ashore, but quiet, restful days on the Pacific in ships noted for their comforts and competence.

Being an island and a big one gives Australia more fine beaches than most countries, and all in all she claims at least twelve thousand miles of them. What a boon Australia would be to those of us who splash about and elbow each other in the surf at Coney Island. But one thing is certain, more and more Americans are discovering the cobalt skies, the bush-clad mountains, the fragrance of the fairy wattle and the exhilarating climate of Australia. Perhaps the Australian Travel Association which is doing so much to welcome visitors from the United States, has played its part in stimulating this interest, but at any rate the inquiring traveller from America is including Australia in his itinerary much more frequently.

You may have set the course of your travels to Australia for many reasons. Perhaps you want to experience the thrill of slipping into Sydney's magnificent harbor at sunset after many days and nights at sea. Maybe you would know what it means to wait in the long silences of the bush for a sight of the dauntless "fizzer" who makes eight trips a year into the heart of Australia with letters for the yearning men and women hidden away there, and comes out again with his precious letters from the "inside." Might it be the thought of golf at Wollongong? Or the appeal of going breathlessly through the bewildering immensity of the Jenolan Caves in the heart of the Blue Mountains. It might be any of these things, or maybe you are just possessed to see if kangaroos do really sit up on their hind legs, cock their heads so inquiringly as they listen to the jackasses laugh the way you've always heard they do. What a world of satisfaction lies in really seeing a wallaby. And to find yourself on good terms with a native bear, one of those slow moving, leaf-eating animals with the comical little noses and cuddly figures is to assure yourself of true achievement. But you must go to Australia to do this. All lovers of nature take themselves to Australia sooner or later. For where else can you find the brush-tongued honey-eating birds, the bower bird that builds playgrounds decorated with bones, shells and flowers, legless lizards, the water-holding frog that lives for a year or more encased in thoroughly dried mud, and egg-laying mammals. If you would see tropical Australia, a visit to Queensland will repay you. Cairns, Rockhampton and Barron Falls are all attractive to the traveller as are the fine Karri and Jarrah forests of West Australia.

Up the Murray River

THOSE of us who knew the joys of junketing up and down the broad bosomed Mississippi in moss-covered side wheelers, lazying away one day after the other as the green banks slipped past, may not travel the Father of Waters in this way any more, but we can go to Australia and do the next best thing — dally along in leisurely comfort through part of inland Australia in the very acceptable river steamers which ply the Murray River. It is an incomparably genial experience. Nowhere can you glean a keener knowledge of a country than from the deck of a river packet. The Murray finds its way through some vast sheep-raising districts, and on the Victorian bank great wheat farms and sheep-runs alternate with irrigated orangeries and vineyards. Next to gliding along the blue Nile propelled by the sails of a *dahabiyeh* whose masts like giant goose quills scratch the soft pink sky at sunset, it is pleasant to slip through the eucalyptus swept waters of the gently flowing Murray and vision for yourself the wondrous future of a land blessed with the resources of Australia's Commonwealth and the inspiring enthusiasm of her people. This can also be accomplished even more comfortably in one of Mr. Harold Clapp's "Reso" trains and in those linked up with these by the Railway Commissions of the various states.

From Table Mountain to the Pyramids

THERE seems to be something about traversing a continent that affords those who accomplish it a tremendous amount of satisfaction. Everyone knows the wave of general approval which swept the world when the vision of Cecil Rhodes came true in the establishment of the great highway from the Cape to Cairo. Again the acclaim when the first aviator flew from Cairo to the Cape and another link was welded in the chain of transcontinental achievement — all in proper accord with the Einstein theory (or perhaps not in accordance with it, as your understanding of his theory may be), time and space both being almost swallowed whole. Another crossing of the African continent from end to end was made by a man I knew — one of the stalwart Boers — on a mere bicycle, and he lives to tell the tale of his adventures with frank pleasure. Today this feat of travelling from Table Mountain at one end of Africa to the Pyramids at the other is accepted as such a simple and enjoyable affair that ever so many people are making the journey without considering it in the least extraordinary.

We Pull Into a Native Village

RAILWAY travel through the South African native territories is an enthralling adventure, not because of the speed with which we go, for the tortuous nature of the route makes that quite out of the question, but because here we find the new order of civilization rubbing shoulders with the old. As our train pulls into a native village we are beset with gleaming blacks — boys and girls — eager for biscuits, pennies or sweets, and as we leave they run along beside the coaches, sometimes as far as a couple of miles, clamoring for just a little more of the white man's largesse. The girls are no less eager than the boys in this contest, and when they find themselves hindered by their blankets — off go the blankets and unfettered by so much as a square inch of clothing, they scramble with the boys for victory.

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Cango Caves and Bushman Drawings

IN EARLY times the primitive Bushman roamed in perfect freedom over the wide interior of Africa, hunted, and made his home in caves. It is these caves that are attracting much attention from the tourist, for in them may be seen the drawings made by the early Bushmen. One of these paintings is on the wall close to the entrance of the famous Cango Caves. Southern Africa is a treasure house of Bushman caves and these quaint little monkey men with ideas of life so utterly different from our own, seem to have been the only ones of all the primitive people of Africa to have possessed any artistic sense.

Cango Caves are one of the interesting points to the traveller in South Africa. They are in Cape Province some miles north of Oudtshoorn, and were discovered by chance as have been so many other astonishing things in South Africa. A hunter, named Van Zyl, following a wounded stag, saw it vanish into the depths of a cave. Muffled sounds of its scuffle with his dog which had followed it, grew fainter and fainter. Curiosity finally overcoming his phlegmatic disposition, he lighted a scrap of tallow candle and entered. Ghostly shapes and shadows cast by the flickering candle, soon resolved themselves into snowy festoons, vaulted arches and the fantastic figures that have since charmed many a traveller from the beaten path. Even the Prince of Wales found himself in their mysterious depths not long ago.

Kruger National Park

One of the greatest outdoor sports is hunting with a camera in the great five million acre game preserve — The Kruger National Park — and no other kind of hunting is countenanced. This is a real drawing card for those who would know something of the deep things of Africa. Zebras, lions, wildebeest, kudus and herds of elephants wander just as they did centuries ago through this vast preserve, making war on each other, but never attacked by man. And it takes just about twelve hours from Johannesburg to reach this Noah's ark of Africa. There are various points for entering this sanctuary, but the best one is to leave the train at some convenient point, then continue by motor under the guidance of a ranger and his native helpers.

So extensive is the network of railways and excellent hotels in Africa today that in making your trek from the Cape to Cairo numerous side excursions may be made, and you may linger on the way to have a look at the Premier Diamond Mine near Pretoria, now the largest open worked proposition of its kind, where the celebrated Cullinan diamond was found; wander wonderingly through the storied ruins of Zimbabwe, visit the bizarre East African ports over the trails of Livingstone and Stanley and the paths of the old slavers and ivory hunters; and carry away the crowning satisfaction of having seen a sunrise over Victoria Falls — and all on your way from the Cape to Cairo.

Bazaars of Cairo

Looking ahead, and really just a step ahead, to the glories of the Mediterranean in season, it is the most natural thing in the world to linger over the prospect of passing as generous an amount of time as may be in Cairo and on the Nile. One of those comforting old proverbs tells us that, "He who has once tasted of the waters of the Nile will surely return to drink thereof," and those who have quaffed her enchantment either hasten to obey or wait longingly for fate to step in and carry out her part of the bargain. Indeed in Egypt we begin to bargain early for almost everything. Sometimes a stroll through the bazaars of Cairo gives you your first taste of Oriental trading. In these long alleys bordered with shops open to the air, a strange crowd of Orientals and Africans with skins tawny or black swarm over the narrow pavements. An indescribable mixture of smells — attar of roses, fried fish, scented tobacco — bids fair to cut the venture short at first but the lure of brilliant red leather sandals, jewels and precious stones, delicate filigree, rugs and lamps of Aladdin's own design outweighs this momentary weakness. We are beguiled and fall into the skilled hands of the cleverest rascals in the world. It is an excellent beginning. Nothing can teach the finesse necessary to bargain with an Easterner more rapidly than a few visits to the bazaars of Cairo. After that you will have won your spurs and feel perfectly at home even in the Thieves Market in Peking where jewels are bargained for by candle light at dawn.

Street Scenes

Cairo's streets are a mass of color almost as agitating as their endless clatter. Sakkas, the water seller, his goat skin on his back, bends above a fountain tiled in gleaming blue, ivory and green, clad himself in a magenta and black striped garment, yellow turban and sash. His slippers are scarlet and have no backs so that he may easily slip them off as he enters the mosque for a few moments' rest in the shadows. A pair of native minstrels follow along behind us sweeping agile fingers across the weird stringed instruments they carry. Their hair looks like much abused dust mops; they go barefooted and the pavements are hot. We pause before the shop of a sword maker. He sits at the entrance of his little stone cell on a frayed straw mat, his pointed red shoes just beside him. From the heavy spikes driven into the stone wall, none may say how many centuries ago, hang swords and daggers — above his head. At his side a stone fireplace, his anvil, and generous bellows. He is an Arab from Damascus. His blades uphold the tradition of his ancestors. We move along. As we stand beneath the Gate of Bab Ez Zuweleh a string of swift-moving racing camels swings past and we recall the delight of our racy Irish friend in a camel that, failing to win his race, bit the leg of the jockey on the winning brute as he brushed by with evident fury and almost unmounted him. Strange how these ungainly animals can cover the ground when they have a mind to and how dearly they love to win a race.

Traveller's Guide

Trans-Atlantic Sailings from New York:
- *Île de France*, French Line, Havre, August 1
- *Olympic*, White Star Line, Southampton, August 1
- *Pennland*, Red Star, Antwerp, August 1
- *Bremen*, North German Lloyd, Bremen, August 21
- *California*, Cunard, Glasgow, August 2
- *Leviathan*, United States, Southampton, August 2
- *Minnewaska*, Atlantic Transport, London, August 2
- *Oscar II*, Scandinavian American, Copenhagen, August 2
- *Stavangerfjord*, Norwegian American, Oslo, August 2
- *Volendam*, Holland America, Rotterdam, August 2
- *Vulcania*, Cosulich, Naples, August 2
- *Berengaria*, Cunard, Southampton, August 6
- *President Harding*, United States, Hamburg, August 6
- *Columbus*, North German Lloyd, Bremen, August 8 and 28
- *Lapland*, Red Star, Antwerp, August 8
- *Majestic*, White Star, Southampton, August 8
- *Tuscania*, Cunard, London, August 8
- *Conte Grande*, Lloyd Sabaudo, Genoa, August 9
- *Gripsholm*, Swedish American, Gothenburg, August 9
- *New Amsterdam*, Holland America, Rotterdam, August 9
- *President Roosevelt*, United States, Hamburg, August 9
- *Rochambeau*, French Line, Havre, August 9
- *De Grasse*, French Line, Havre, August 12
- *Mauretania*, Cunard, Southampton, August 13
- *Europa*, North German Lloyd, Bremen, August 14
- *Homeric*, White Star, Southampton, August 15
- *Saturnia*, Cosulich, Naples, August 16
- *Belgenland*, Red Star, Antwerp, August 23
- *Kungsholm*, Swedish American, Gothenburg, August 16
- *S. S. Magallanes*, Spanish Royal Mail, Barcelona, August 10
- *S. S. Cristobal Colon*, Spanish Royal Mail, Vigo, August 16
- *Augustus*, Navigazione Generale Italiana, Genoa, August 23
- *Deutschland*, Hamburg American, Hamburg, August 7
- *Milwaukee*, Hamburg American, Hamburg, August 9
- *Hamburg*, Hamburg American, Hamburg, August 14
- *Cleveland*, Hamburg American, Hamburg, August 16
- *Albert Ballin*, Hamburg American, Hamburg, August 21
- *Reliance*, Hamburg American, Hamburg, August 26

Trans-Pacific Sailings:
- From Vancouver —
  - *Empress of Canada*, Canadian Pacific, Manila, August 7
  - *Empress of Russia*, Canadian Pacific, Manila, August 21
- From Seattle —
  - *Siberia Maru*, Nippon Yusen Kaisha, Hong Kong, August 9
  - *Hikawa Maru*, Nippon Yusen Kaisha, Hong Kong, August 20
  - *Paris Maru*, Osaka Shosen Kaisha, Yokohama, August 16
  - *Arabia Maru*, Osaka Shosen Kaisha, Yokohama, August 30
  - *President Madison*, American Mail & Dollar Line, Manila, August 9
  - *President Jackson*, American Mail & Dollar Line, Manila, August 23
  - *Sonoma*, Matson, Sydney, August 21
- From San Francisco —
  - *President Cleveland*, Dollar Line, Manila, August 1
  - *President Pierce*, Dollar Line, Manila, August 15
  - *Makura*, Union Royal Mail, Sydney, August 6
- From Los Angeles —
  - *Buenos Aires Maru*, Osaka Shosen Kaisha, Yokohama, August 13
- Pacific Coast Sailings to Germany from Tacoma —
  - *Portland*, Hamburg American, Hamburg, August 14
  - *Los Angeles*, Hamburg American, Hamburg, August 28

Sailings to Hawaii:
- From San Francisco —
  - *Manoa*, Matson, Honolulu, August 6
  - *Malolo*, Matson, Honolulu, August 2
  - *Maui*, Matson, Honolulu, August 13
  - *Sonoma*, Matson, Honolulu, August 21
- From Los Angeles —
  - *City of Los Angeles*, Los Angeles S. S. Co., Honolulu, August 9
  - *Diamond Head*, Los Angeles S. S. Co., Honolulu, August 16
  - *Calawaii*, Los Angeles S. S. Co., Honolulu, August 23
- From Seattle —
  - *Wilhelmina*, Matson, Honolulu, August 14

Sailings to South America:
- From New York —
  - *Santa Maria*, Grace Line, Valparaiso, August 1
  - *Santa Inez*, Grace Line, Valparaiso, August 6
  - *Voltaire*, Lamport & Holt, Buenos Aires, August 7
  - *Santa Barbara*, Grace Line, Valparaiso, August 15
  - *Santa Teresa*, Grace Line, Valparaiso, August 20
  - *Teno*, Wessel, Duval & Co., Valparaiso, August 23
  - *Pan America*, Munson Line, Buenos Aires, August 8
  - *Western World*, Munson Line, Buenos Aires, August 22

Tours and Cruises

Mediterranean, from New York:
- James Boring's Travel Service, *S. S. Calgaric*, February 14, 1931
- Canadian Pacific, *Empress of France*, February 3, 1931
- Frank C. Clark, *S. S. Laurentic*, January 31, 1931
- Thos. Cook & Son, *S. S. Homeric*, January 24, 1931
- Frank Tourist Co., *S. S. Scythia*, January 27, 1931
- Hamburg-American Line, *S. S. Hamburg*, January 31, 1931
- Raymond-Whitcomb, *S. S. Carinthia*, January 31, 1931
- White Star Line, *M. V. Britannic*, January 8, 1931
- White Star Line, *S. S. Adriatic*, January 17, 1931
- White Star Line, *M. V. Britannic*, February 26, 1931
- White Star Line, *S. S. Adriatic*, March 7, 1931

Round the World, from New York:
- Canadian Pacific, *Empress of Australia*, December 2, 1930
- Cook-Cunard, *S. S. Samaria*, December 3, 1930
- Cook-Cunard, *S. S. Franconia*, January 10, 1931
- Dollar Line: Fortnightly Service from New York Sailing Thursdays
- Hamburg-American Line, *S. S. Resolute*, January 6, 1931
- Raymond-Whitcomb, *S. S. Columbus*, January 21, 1931

West Indies, from New York:
- Canadian Pacific, *Duchess of Bedford*, January 9, February 11, 1931
- Frank Tourist Co., *S. S. Volendam*, January 21, February 11, 1931
- Raymond-Whitcomb, *S. S. Statendam*, Dec. 20, 1930, January 8, January 27, February 24, 1931

West Indies and South America, from New York:
- Swedish American, *M. V. Kungsholm*, December 20, 1930
- Swedish American, *M. V. Kungsholm*, January 10, 31, February 21, March 14, 1931

South American Cruise:
- Los Angeles S. S. Co., *City of Los Angeles*, October 8, 1930

Around the Pacific:
- Matson Line, *S. S. Malolo*, September 20, 1930

African Cruise:
- Cunard-Anchor Lines & American Express, *S. S. Transylvania*, January 17, 1931

Tour of Japan, from New York:
- Japan Products Advertising Bureau, *Tatsuta Maru*, August 15

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Since the first of the year **The New Republic** has flashed under the wire four times with winners.

1. John Dewey's articles on Individualism (six articles)
2. John T. Flynn on Investment Trusts (six articles)
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NAR 8-30

The Financial Outlook

By Edward Collins

Overproduction

An internationally known American banker, testifying more or less informally recently before a Congressional committee, was asked whether, in his opinion, the business recession of 1930 was attributable to the stock market crash.

"Only in a minor degree," was his reply. "The principal cause has been almost world-wide overproduction."

This particular banker has, no doubt, had a clear perspective on world economic and financial conditions at all times. Nevertheless, his reference to "overproduction" is a reminder of the fact that more and more financial commentators, professional and amateur, are daily seizing upon this word as a handy method of explaining away what happened in the speculative markets in 1928 and 1929. Especially is this true among those who defended the excesses of that period most stoutly. These latter have now found an explanation which is simple, which is easily demonstrable statistically, and which buttresses — to their own satisfaction, at least — the position they have maintained all along, namely, that there never at any time has been anything wrong with stock prices or the credit situation.

The only weakness of this "explanation" is that it does not explain. It is of a piece, it seems to us, with that other popular theory as to the cause of the market break — the theory that over-issuance of securities brought its downfall. The latter reasoning goes, of course, only half way. It fails to take cognizance of the fact that the emission of an unprecedented volume of new share capital was itself a response to an insatiable demand for such securities. Certainly, it did not take share flotations long to dry up, once demand for them collapsed.

Similarly, overproduction is an immediate, not an underlying, cause of business recessions. The question, in other words, that might better have been asked of the banker referred to above is: "How much did the world-wide speculative mania which centred in Wall Street and which culminated in the November 13, 1929, collapse of prices on the Stock Exchange have to do with the overproduction from which we now are suffering?"

To our mind, if there was a tendency to overemphasize the importance of the market break as a business factor around the end of the year, the pendulum is now swinging too far in the other direction — and largely as a result of the emergence of this new shibboleth, "overproduction." Certainly, taken too literally, the declaration that the speculative wave which broke last November was a "minor factor" in slowing down business must be regarded as understatement.

Deeper Reasoning

What precipitates the phenomenon known as "overproduction?" It may be brought on by any one of a number of agencies, but all those agencies have the same general characteristic. In whatever form they may appear their result is to create a new, but temporary, market. When the circumstances that give rise to the creation of that market cease to exist, since production has expanded to meet the new demand, we find ourselves inevitably faced with "overproduction." "Overproduction" means, in turn, a downward readjustment of prices and a downward readjustment of business profits.

About five years ago, for example, we had a sudden and unprecedented expansion of installment buying — such an expansion that it aroused misgivings in some quarters. The result of this development was to open up a new market for many products, particularly automobiles. It was not a new market, of course, in the geographical sense, but it was for the time being just as effective. The only difficulty was that it gave the motor car and numerous other industries an artificial fillip. They sold their products to thousands of persons who might never have been customers otherwise; but they found themselves, after this new market had been exhausted, in the position of the egg-a-day hen that inadvertently laid two eggs on one day. The 1927 business recession was largely the result of the saturation of this new market.

The rise of installment selling was an unusual example of the development of an artificial, or temporary, market. Far and away the most prolific causes of such phenomena are "booms" of one sort or another — building booms, real estate booms, or market booms. And of all these, market excesses have played the most important part in the history of the "business cycle." Throughout the greater part of 1928 and 1929, for example, everybody in the country — millions of people, certainly — was playing a game which to most of them was a new and fascinating one. It consisted, generally speaking, of passing securities from hand to hand, each person paying a slightly higher price than the one previous. Although accompanied by a good deal of jargon about earning possibilities, price-ratios, and what not, the thing, in its final stages at least, had become nothing more nor less than a public mania. It became obvious to most seasoned observers toward the end that prices of securities had reached fantastic levels; but what confused the picture in the eyes of most persons was the unprecedented business activity. When one realizes the rate at which industry was producing in mid-summer of 1929, it is not particularly strange that the stock market behaved as it did. Unfortunately, however, a close study of the apparently roseate business picture would have revealed in it a serious flaw: it was largely the work of the stock market and the other speculative markets in the world which were following New York on its jamboree. The bull market stock profits, which had made many people rich — some actually, and others on paper — constituted a new outlet for the world's products, just as had the opening up of installment selling a few years previous. That market has now been wiped out, just as if an island to which we annually shipped billions of dollars in goods had been swallowed up by the sea. Production, however, and inventories, had been stepped up to take care of that market; accordingly, once more we find ourselves face to face with the reality known as "overproduction."

Apart from its effects on general confidence and on the world's credit situation, this has been the most direct repercussion that the stock market decline has had on American industry.

Reserve Rate Policy

It is doubtful if the Federal Reserve Bank of New York ever introduced a change in its discount rate without bringing down invectives from one quarter or another. Criticism of rate reductions, of course, is much milder than of rate advances — especially when those advances are initiated at a time when the public is enjoying a bull market; nevertheless it is rarely that someone doesn't raise a protest. When the New York Bank put its rate down to 2½ per cent in June, thereby establishing a new low for all time, the criticism was that it was a fortnight too late. One or two commentators went so far as to assert that had the rate reduction come before the June break in stocks it would have "saved millions of dollars in losses." These commentators pointed out that there was no logical reason for not having taken the action earlier, since "open market rates" had called for such a reduction early in the month.

The principal explanation of why the Reserve Bank does not accompany its announcements of rate changes with its reasons for introducing them is that often such an explanation is impossible. Sometimes the arguments which influence one director to vote for a change are entirely different from those which have led other directors to cast their votes the same way; and oftentimes the reasons are of such a subtle or intangible nature as to make it difficult to present them to the public without danger of misinterpretation and needless debate. Certainly, the idea that all the board does is adjust its rate to open market rates is gross oversimplification of the problem. As a matter of fact, there are times when there is no particular purpose in so adjusting the rate. Such a situation arose, for example, in 1924, when the Bank left its rate at 3 per cent despite the fact that acceptances were quoted at 2 per cent. Under the circumstances, one would normally, of course, have looked for a 2½ per cent rediscount rate. Other considerations overbalanced the tradition on this occasion, however, that the rediscount rate should be about ⅜ to ½ per cent above the acceptance rate.

The midsummer rate reduction brings out strikingly the fatuousness of thinking of the bank rate as something dictated solely by consideration of outside money rates. When directors of the New York bank met on June 5 they left the rate at 3 per cent; and on June 12 they did the same. Then on June 19, although there had been little change of consequence in the money market, they announced their reduction to 2½ per cent.

Psychologically the financial picture, it so happened, had been modified substantially in this fortnight between June 5 and June 19. On the earlier date there was no need for a downward revision of the rate since the security and commodity markets were quiet, and there was at least one powerful argument against it. That was that the German annuity loan was to be floated within a few days and the Treasury financing was coming on June 15. However honest might have been the intention of the bank directors, a cut in the rate at that time to a level never before reached would most certainly be regarded with intense suspicion as an effort to help these two financial operations. That suspicion might have prejudiced the success of the German loan and reacted upon the prestige of the Reserve System. Two weeks later, however, not only had this "political" obstacle been removed, but conditions in the security and commodity markets had altered completely. All financial markets were in a state of semi-demoralization and public confidence was at low ebb.

Banks, moreover, were repaying their loans at the Reserve rather than buy securities. It became highly desirable, by discouraging the repayment of rediscounts, to lend such stimulus as the Reserve could lend to the bond market; and it was presumably with this in view that it broke with precedent and introduced the 2½ per cent rate.

The Market and the Public

TIME was when the stock market had few friends, and few paid much attention to the course of stock prices. The stock market in those days rarely reached the front pages of the newspapers. "Selling-short" was regarded by the outside public as an abstruse process comprehensible to only a few experts, and was held to be at least unethical, if not downright sinful. If you asked the average man what the call rate was or how high he thought International Harvester ought to go he would probably have looked at you in blank astonishment. The stock market had few friends either in Congress or among the newspaper reading public, for the only impression that they had of it was that which they obtained from current cartoons depicting a bear standing on his hind legs and weeping with laughter over the dome of a ticker as a small, shorn, lamb disappeared in the distance. In those days a break in the stock market was apt to evoke only the caustic comment that "the speculators had got what was coming to them."

Since those days conditions have changed enormously. The stock market has become a national institution. And in so becoming it has been shouldered with a new and heavy responsibility. We used to refer to the market as being "barometric," a forecaster of business turns. But the enhanced importance of the outside public in the stock market has robbed it of much of its former so-called "barometric" quality — which never was that exactly, but merely a more immediate reflection of the business trend than was to be found elsewhere. Today, the market is distinctly behind business most of the time, largely because the public does not follow business closely. This, however, is not the most important thing about the present-day market. The most important thing is that the public is watching it; and that is a genuine force in creating an optimistic or a pessimistic state of mind. Thus, not only does business affect the stock market directly, but the stock market has a pronounced counter-effect on business. So important is this characteristic, that many observers feel strongly that the unjustified advance in stock prices early this spring, with its consequent severe reaction, set business recovery back several months. Changing customs have thus their peculiar influences.

By Way of Introduction

CATHARINE BRODY (*She Gets the Job*) has been in and out of the working world ever since her fifteenth year. At twenty she appointed herself special correspondent of one of the New York papers in Paris. Another American paper sent her to twenty cities throughout the nation to discover facts about the working girl. Since then she has been writing for the magazines, and has brought out one novel, with another in preparation.

EDWARD LAROQUE TINKER (*Mother Catherine's Castor Oil*) is an authority on the past and present of America's most romantic city, New Orleans, where Mrs. Tinker (who was Frances McKee) spent most of her girlhood.

ISABELLE KEATING (*Seeing Red*) is a writer on *The Brooklyn Daily Eagle*, and a resident of New York City.

HARRY HANSEN (*These Literary Lobbies*) is literary editor of *The New York World* and conductor of the First Reader column, which is also extensively syndicated.

FLORENCE FINCH KELLY (*Is Life Worth Living?*) has been all her life in newspaper work in various cities, and for some years has been on the staff of *The New York Times* Book Review.

MARGUERITE OWEN (*Dakota Pioneers*) is a Washington woman who has had a wide acquaintance among political lobbyists in the Capital.

RUTH Q. MCBRIDE (*In a Little Spanish City*) is the wife of an American business man in Spain.

MARION SPORE (*My Work on the Bowery*) is a society girl philanthropist, who recently became Mrs. Irving T. Bush. She passed her early life in Bay City, Michigan, and is sister to the Commander James S. Spore of the Navy, who was formerly Governor of the Island of Guam.

Other writers in this issue have previously been represented in our pages.

NEW BOOKS IN BRIEF REVIEW

By B. S. STANOYEVICH

Wings Around the World. By *F. K. Baron Koenig-Warthausen.* New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.75.

A fascinating story of how a young German of twenty-two years went around the world by boat and airplane.

F-l-a-s-h D13. By *Victor K. Kaledin.* New York: Coward-McCann, Inc.

The amazing exploits of the most famous of the seven Imperial Secret Service men who surrounded the Tsar of Russia.

Boys and Girls Who Became Famous. By *Amy Cruse.* New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company.

A variety of famous musicians, writers, scientists, presented as in their childhood days for children of this day to discover.

This Bright World. By *Charles Norman.* New York: William Morrow and Company. $2.00.

Especially worthy are those poems in blank verse which celebrate such old characters as King Arthur, King Solomon, etc.

Dwight Whitney Morrow. By *Hewitt H. Howland.* New York: The Century Company. $1.50.

This brief sketch brings out the essentials of the man without overloading the picture with details.

The Adventures of Mario. By *Waldemar Bonsels.* New York: Albert and Charles Boni. $3.00.

A picture of life lived close to nature and a continuation of out-of-door ideas set forth by the author in his other books.

The Canterbury Tales. Translated by *Frank Ernest Hill.* New York: Longmans, Green and Company. $3.50.

These six tales and six lyrics of Geoffrey Chaucer are rendered into modern English and thus made pleasurably accessible to the average reader.

The Courtezan Olympia. By *C. J. Bulliet.* New York: Covici, Friede, Inc. $5.00.

The story of beautiful women whose bodies live down the centuries in the paintings which their masters have created.

The Last Frontier. By *Zack T. Sutley.* New York: The Macmillan Company. $4.00.

The exploits of one adventurer and explorer who was once offered a Morman wife by Brigham Young and who refused her, nevertheless.

Who's Obscene. By *Mary Ware Dennett.* New York: The Vanguard Press. $2.50.

This is the answer made to the public by a woman whose case became spectacular not so long ago in her efforts to improve conditions of morality.

Guests of Summer. By *Paul M. Fulcher.* New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

A succession of experiences which the hero has in a mid-Western village, in Paris, at the front, and on the shores of Lake Bourget, make up the plot of this love story.

The House of the Vanishing Goblets. By *The Edingtons.* New York: The Century Company. $2.00.

This tale has an exact counterpart in real life in the famous Winchester mystery house of California.

The Night Club Mystery. By *Elizabeth Jordan.* New York: The Century Company. $2.00.

The sub-title of this narrative reads: "The experiences of a highly unconventional young man unexpectedly brought into contact with sinister forces."

The Company. By *Edwin Seaver.* New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.00.

The circle of those characters who are presented in this book, is made up of such persons as might be connected with one of our great commercial undertakings.

Through the Eyes of the Judge. By *Bruce Graeme.* Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. $2.00.

A murder story with a lovely heroine, and the end of a successful clue.

The Heir. By *Roger Burlingame.* New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

A novel which brings in the old theme of the necessity of a marriage to produce an heir for inherited wealth.

She Knew She Was Right. By *Jesse Lynch Williams.* New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

This is Mr. Williams's last novel and into it he put much knowing satire concerning New York life.

The Strength of Lovers. By *Hugo Wast.* New York: Longmans, Green and Company. $2.50.

A tale of the Argentine with a love theme which compares with the Pocahontas story in North America.

The Ship of Truth. By *Lettice Ulpha Cooper.* Boston: Little, Brown, and Company. $2.50.

The background is English life and the issues concern ethical conduct in personality affairs.

Soviet Russia. By *William Henry Chamberlin.* Boston: Little, Brown, and Company. $5.00.

A thoroughly helpful work which gives up-to-date facts about the U.S.S.R., and which uses the latest and most approved spelling of Cyrillic words transliterated.

Portrait of a Chinese Lady. By *Lady Hosie.* New York: William Morrow and Company. $5.00.

This book, by the daughter of the professor of Chinese at Oxford, is a picture of real life in China worked out through the personality of a young and lovely member of the old aristocracy who lives the modern life of the present.

The Purple Cloud. By *M. P. Shiel.* New York: The Vanguard Press. $2.50.

A book brought out in England in 1901, but now, on the strength of *How the Old Woman Got Home*, featured for American readers.

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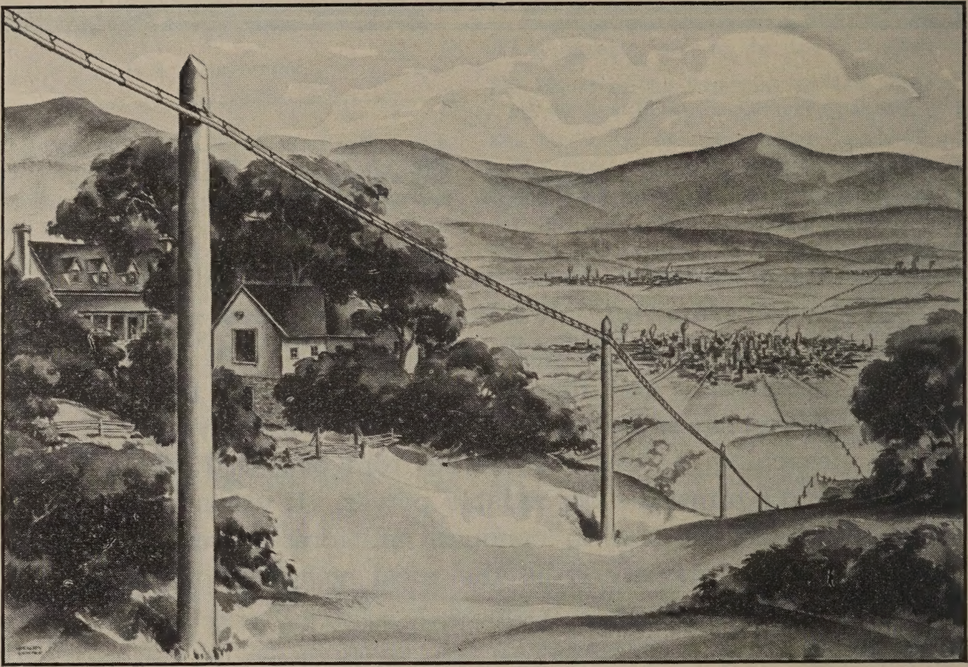

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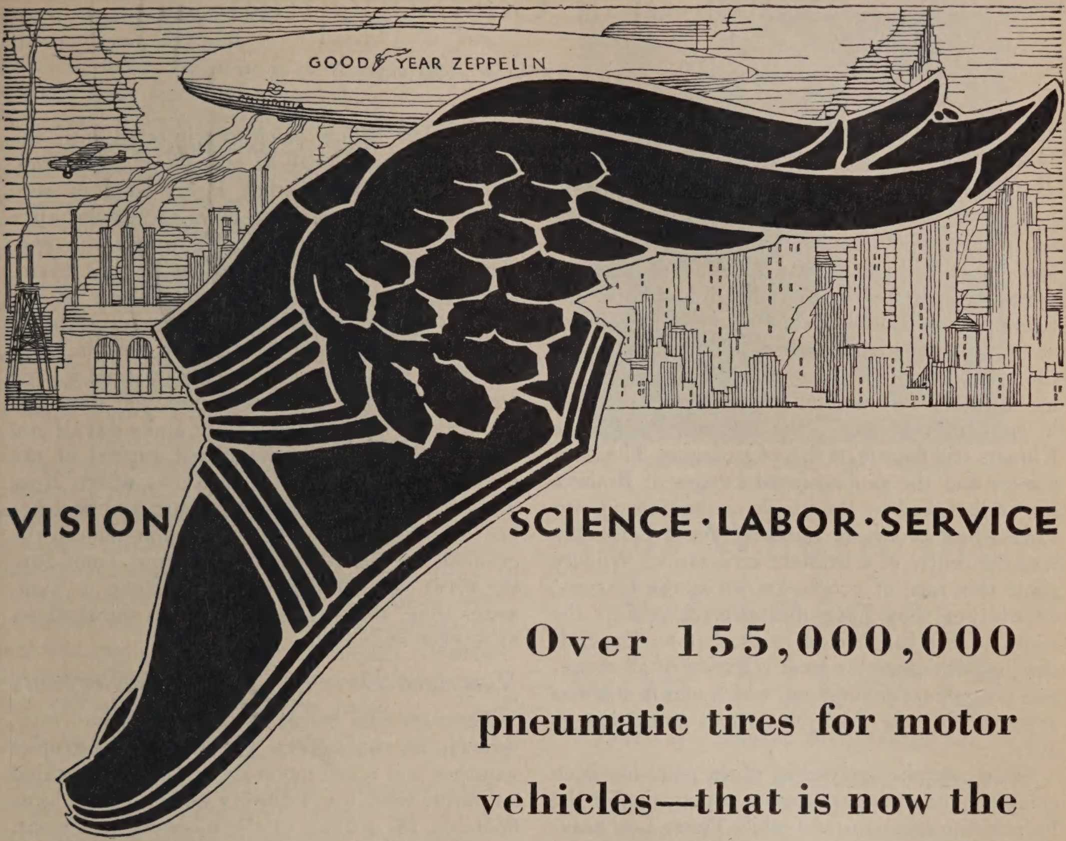

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GOODYEAR

Notes of a Cosmopolitan

By Barbara E. Scott

For centuries Angkor-Thom and Angkor-Wat have lain hidden in the deep jungles of Cambodia. Strings of chattering monkeys hang from the carved balustrades of long-forgotten palaces and temples, parakeets scream and love birds whisper in the solitude of deserted porticos, bats fly through the dim silence, the tigers pad softly to the edge of the lotus-covered moat, and the jungle gathers all that remains of the great city of the Khmers with insatiable and irresistible greed into its crushing embrace. But in spite of the jungle, the magnificence of the Khmers still flaunts its flag of greatness. The lotus towers and the smiling-faced images of Brahma are undisturbed by the jungle or the passing centuries. For about six hundred years Cambodia was the centre of a brilliant civilization. Whence came this race of people known as the Khmers, or whither they have disappeared, is still the secret of the jungle-clad ruins; but no longer is the jungle hiding this most startling of all monuments of a past civilization, which vies in size and artistry with the best the ancient world has to offer.

Since 1910 the uncovering of the ruins has been going on under the systematic supervision of the French Government, and while Pierre Loti travelled to Angkor in a little two-wheeled cart, slept in a fragile native house on stilts, and rode away on an elephant, you and I can reach the seat of this mysterious empire on a delightful modern river steamer. We can explore its expanse of some twenty square miles in a Ford (if we will be so plebeian), sleep in a comfortable bungalow hotel, which the French have thoughtfully provided for those of us who might like to linger, and steep ourselves in the magic of this jungle mystery.

Up the Twisting Mekong

Saigon, that half-way stop in Indo-China between Hong Kong and Singapore, is our port of call, as it is for many of the world cruise ships. This small pocket edition of Paris that the French have so laboriously endeavored to keep homelike for its colonials lies on the hot banks of the broad Mekong, about fifty miles from its mouth. Here we get our bearings for the trip up the river to Angkor. A perfect motor road now connects the two places, running for miles through virgin jungle, so that you may visit Angkor by motor if you wish. But by all means, if it is at all possible, let the twisting yellow waters of the Mekong bring you in its own leisurely way to the seat of the Khmer Kings. For you will be glad of a certain preparation before being precipitated into the jungle and Angkor all at once. You may recall, by way of caution, that Henri Mouhot who stumbled all unsuspecting upon these ruins after being lost in the inextricable jungle in 1861, thought he had gone mad when he saw them. So by all means, approach the palaces of the Khmers gently. It gives you time to absorb the strangeness of the jungle, to let it sink in, as it were, and besides most tourists can stand a little gentle going now and then. And you have the opportunity of spending a night and a day, if you wish, in Pnom-penh, the gilded capital of the French protectorate of Cambodia, where King Sisowathmonivong holds his court and watches his charming dancers. Leaving Pnom-penh in the evening, we steam next day through Tonlé-Sap, the great lake formed by the Mekong in high-water time, and steal silently up to the shadows of Angkor at sunset.

Jewelled Dancers, Elephants, Serpents

The ruin rises before us shimmering and mysterious, as the sudden twilight of the tropics vanishes and a full moon swings up from behind its purple shadows. A flowery carpet of pink lotus floats on the surface of the moon-washed moat. The stones of the causeway, worn smooth as polished marble by the tread of men, dancing girls and elephants, gleam softly reminiscent; the balustrade of the causeway, formed by a mighty stone cobra held in the untiring arms of stone giants, guards the approaches to the Brahma-faced gateways of the great Khmer *wat*, or temple. A glance will now suffice us, as we are to spend a restless night in the *sala* lying at the edge of the moat in anticipation of being up and off in the cool freshness of the early morning.

Glory of the Khmers

All that is actually known of the history of the Khmers has been gleaned from the inscriptions in Sanskrit on the stones of the temples and from the careful writing of a Chinese scholar who accompanied an ambassador from the Chinese Emperor on a visit to one of the Kings of the Khmers. For, as the tropics consume all wood and paper records and the rains and innumerable ants destroy whatever else might carry the precious accounts, the only monument to these vanished architects is the great city and its temples with their vast systems of approaches, corridors and waterworks. The founders are known to have flourished from the sixth to the twelfth centuries, and it is also certain that their capital city, Angkor-Thom, was built in the latter part of the Ninth Century. By some it is thought that the Khmers came from India. One thing seems certain, that, while they built these great palaces and temples of stone, they actually knew little about stone construction and must have been essentially workers in wood. Their long stone galleries and corridors, their chapels and vaulted arches show only once the use of the keystone in the arch, and this is thought to have been pure accident. Yet this deterred them not at all, for they lavished infinite pains upon the structures, which are covered from top to bottom with generous carvings and delicate bas reliefs. These tell us many stories. Through them we trace the victories of the Khmers, the magnificence of their warriors and their prowess; we see processions of ceremonial elephants, of mahouts and slaves, and never-to-be-forgotten groups of smiling Apsaras, dancers to the gods, in their gorgeous necklaces, diaphanous scarves and jewelled head-dresses. Perhaps the delineation of their animals is even more remarkable for they have left us carvings of elephants raging in combat, of monkeys crowned like princes and bedecked with jewels, and fantastic griffins, the mounts of the gods.

A "Rubbing" from Angkor Wat

Many tourists on their visits to Angkor learn the gentle art of making "rubbings" and carry these treasured bits of paper away with them as cherished mementos of their hours or days at Angkor. And if you would care to know the secret of a "rubbing," let me tell you that this manner of taking inscriptions from stone has been in use in China and Japan for centuries, and is accomplished by pressing a clean sheet of paper, while wet, on a bas relief, and then inking it. This process produces the same result, from an artistic point of view as a lithograph, though the method is reversed. When you get home you will perhaps enjoy this scrap of paper as much as anything you have, for designs such as beautify the walls of Angkor are found nowhere else in the world. You will want to remember Angkor-Wat when you plan your trip to the Orient or around the world, and after you have been there, I will wager it is one place you will never forget.

Manchuria on the Travellers' Map

Manchuria, the seat of the proud dynasty that ruled the destinies of China for so many centuries, used to be considered among those outposts of civilization that drew only the most adventurous and intrepid travellers. Mukden, its capital, stirred only anticipations of uncomfortableness; Harbin a generation ago was a swampy little vil-

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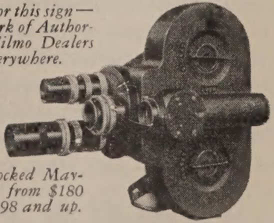

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lage on the Sungari, its only distinction in an industrial way a distillery; while Dairen before the advent of the Russians (and then known as Talienwan) was an inconspicuous fishing village without a single bean mill anywhere in sight. Just fancy! All of which seems quite incredible today, for a visit to Manchuria is becoming more and more a recognized part of every well planned travel itinerary in the Far East. It used to be that if we got as far North as Peking and went out for a look at the Great Wall winding away over the hills, we felt we had done very well by China; or if we managed Korea after a visit to Japan we were satisfied. But things have changed. Manchuria, a new Mecca for the traveller, appears on the horizon.

Three Colorful Civilizations

Manchuria's attraction is threefold, for it blends three colorful civilizations — Russian, Chinese and Japanese. Russia and China provide the romantic and picturesque elements in their prodigal and inconsequential way, but it has been the part of Japan to supply the practical and really make this country attractive to the traveller. It has been they who have quickened and brought to light the possibilities of this vast country. They have developed the South Manchuria Railway not only for transportation of exports and imports for the entire region, but as an essential link in rail connection between East Asia and Europe. If you come up from Shanghai, or farther south, for instance, you travel via the South Manchuria Railway from Dairen to Chang Chun, where you can make connections with the Chinese Eastern Railway. The S.M.R., as it is familiarly called, does all manner of things to make travel through Manchuria what you would have it, running fast express trains with luxurious observation cars, diners and Pullmans just as we have them at home. And after all, no matter how seasoned a traveller you may be, it is a very pleasant moment for you when you step off your train at a clean, efficiently run railroad station and have a few moments to get your bearings, instead of being dropped into a bedlam of howling rickshaw coolies at some place that looks like the never-never land. You can start out for your Llama tower, or walled city, or crumbling pagoda with a much better grace.

Ancient Manchu Tombs at Mukden

Mukden, the capital of Manchuria, is characteristically a Chinese city, a mediæval town in spite of its splendid modern hotel. Its neglected temples, palaces, gardens and pavilions are purely Chinese in origin, though the city as a whole has taken on here and there splashes of a Western veneer. But what charms the eager traveller about Mukden is its nearness to the magnificent old Manchu tombs at Pei-ling and Tung-ling. He seeks these out with diligence. Perhaps because the Manchu monarchs no longer rule the destinies of the great Dragon Kingdom their monuments have taken on that glamorous quality that haunts past glories. At any rate, they draw us with their fantastic beauty. At Tung-ling wave upon wave of spendid forests roll away to the distant mountains, their fadeless blue a perfect backdrop for the golden yellow roofs of the tombs themselves which glitter in the sunshine. Broad paved avenues flanked by white marble animals of colossal proportions lead through the trees and to the ornate red and gold gates, each more lavish in its magnificence than the last, beneath which we must pass to reach the tombs. In general plan these are all more or less alike, though the details vary as definitely as the characters of the people whose glories they indicate. Ch'ien Lung, the artist Emperor, whose name is associated with rare bits of pottery and delicately carved jades, lies beneath a tomb as simple and stately as his life.

Round about these Eastern Tombs are the famous forests of Tung-ling where the golden pheasant (the Reeves pheasant) of Chinese literature may still be flushed by the wary hunter as it trails behind it in a glory of gold its barred tail plumes, sometimes six feet long. These birds are growing very rare, and Chinese actors who adorn their fantastic head-dresses with their precious tail feathers, count them among their cherished possessions.

Twenty miles east of Mukden the Fushun Coal Mine with its famous open cut coal mine is a point of intense interest to the industrially minded traveller as are also the Ashan Iron Works developed and operated by the South Manchuria Railway Company which lie farther to the south.

Modern Dairen and Old Russia

It is only a night's ride from Mukden to Dairen, but it is like going from one world to another. This city, the second largest port in Chinese waters, has in an incredibly short time grown from a small city of little consequence into a port of world prominence. Japanese control has made it a city of steel and modern sanitation, good water and fine roads, splendid schools, shops, parks and museums. All these are the result of that extraordinary institution, the S.M.R., whose activities in this part of the world have been nothing less than epoch-making.

Harbin, the headquarters of the Chinese Eastern Railway, has the appearance of a modern metropolis mellowed, happily, by its distinctly

Russian atmosphere, for it is now the home of thousands of Russian *emigrés* who have made it the gayest and at the same time perhaps one of the saddest cities of the Orient. You may thunder through its streets in busses or jitneys, or jingle lazily along in a *droshky* and thus discover some of its old Chinese citizens carrying their birds in delicate cages to an open square to give them an airing; or you may watch a hungry coolie sit in the sun listening with rapt enthusiasm to his pet cricket's song as he holds it close to his ear in the small bamboo cage. They are a tender, humorous people, these Chinese, and their civilization seems to blend quite gently with the Russian — at least in Harbin.

Yes, Manchuria is a land of unfolding interest to the tourist and is one which has a background of rare color and charm. So when your travel trails touch the magic of the Orient, let Manchuria help you map out some fresh adventures.

Kipling's India

To the cool of our deep verandahs
To the blaze of our jeweled main
To the night, and the palms in the moonlight
And the fire-fly in the cane!

How well Kipling knew the "feel" of India. His India, hidden though it may seem in the furor of these days of salt crusades and nationalistic movements, is the real India, undisturbed by modernity, but living on serene, mystic, contemplative. This is the India of the traveller. True, he may see it from the vantage of one of those modern railway tourist cars we read about everywhere, in which he can be as much at home as in his own apartment with his own staff of servants, but he does not complain of this bit of modernity. These cars, which may be reserved for your entire stay in India if you wish, are luxuriously appointed, boasting tiled bathrooms with showers, sleeping apartments with beds, electric lights and fans, and even completely equipped kitchens. You may carry as many as eight servants with you in these cars free of charge. This is travel-de-luxe with a vengeance, and makes nights spent in lonely *dak* bungalows ever so remote. Unless, of course, you want to enjoy that rather unique experience.

Forgotten Love Gardens of Kashmir

Another delightful way of seeing parts of India is to dally along her soft-flowing colorful rivers in a typical houseboat of three or four rooms. These, as a rule, contain all the necessary furnishings, have one or two bathrooms, and a kitchen boat attached. Someway we always associate houseboats with the rivers of Kashmir, that land

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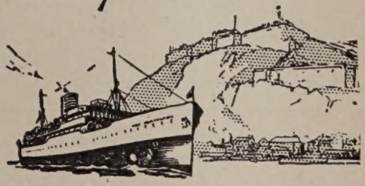

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of forgotten love gardens ringed about with an almost unbroken girdle of snow capped mountains. Drift gently along the Jhelum and you may find yourself one day in the quiet waters of Manasbal Lake on the edge of which still sleeps the old ruined garden of Lalla Rookh of Moore's well loved poem, and the next being poled up slowly through the crowded water front of Srinagar. And it is at Srinagar on the northwest shore of the great lake of Srinagar, the Dal, that you may steal in the moonlight to the most famous of all the Moghul gardens in Kashmir — the Nishat and the Shalimar — pleasure gardens of the Emperor and Empress Nur Jehan, and marvel at their loveliness.

Golf in Venice!

Golf, that royal and ancient game which during the last quarter century has become as popular in America as in Great Britain, has penetrated to Italy in the last few years and at such places as Rome, Florence, Palermo, Stresa on Lake Maggiore and Genoa good golf courses can be found. And it has finally found its way to that city where one would least expect to find it in all the world — Venice!

For several years, in fact ever since the tremendous vogue of the Lido, the need of a golf course for the city of the Doges has been emphasized, but the problem of finding suitable ground in an accessible position seemed insurmountable until the military authorities agreed to cede the Compagnia Italiana dei Grandi Alberghi, the old Fortress at Alberoni, long disused.

This location, only fifteen minutes from the fashionable Excelsior-Palace Hotel at the Lido, and less than a half-hours' run by boat from the hotels in Venice, is ideal and a golf architect from England has been working for a whole year getting nine holes in condition for this season. At this point the strip of the island is so narrow that from the links one has a view of the Adriatic on one hand and the lagoon and Venice on the other. It is one of the most charming spots imaginable, and that one about which Shelly wrote in his *Julian and Maddalo*, and Byron often spoke in his *Letters* when he described his daily rides on the horses he had brought there.

The course, of over 3,000 yards, is varied in its drives, dog-legs, fairways and bunkers, the picturesque winding canals furnishing many hazards. Entrance to the course is through the original gates of the Fort constructed in 1848 during the Austrian occupation, and passing over the bridge we come upon the Lido Golf Club itself, all thoroughly equipped and ready to welcome you. Nine more holes are under construction and will be ready for play next season.

Haunt of Connoisseurs

Less in the manner of an adventure, perhaps, yet with none the less a keen zest, the experienced traveller finds himself quite naturally outlining somewhere in his summer plans, a few weeks stay at Manoir Richelieu, Murray Bay, the "Newport of the North." He knows what he can depend upon here; a sporty golf course where the clear northern air, mellowed with warm sunshine, makes it easy for him to play a good game; a string of smart horses and carefree canters through pine bordered trails; a plunge every day in a great out door salt water pool; and in the evening the comfort and undeniable charm of the Manoir Richelieu itself, equipped to delight the connoisseur. This hotel, so reminiscent of the gracious days of French royalty, is in the heart of the Laurentian Mountains, yet can be reached over an excellent motor highway from Quebec but ninety miles away. Through trains from all important centres carry you direct to Manoir Richelieu, as do also the large white ships of the Canada Steamship Lines which company, by the way, owns and operates the hotel.

Royal Fishing

A bit of cheery news for the sportsman who is keen on salmon fishing comes to us through the Clarke Steamship Company. It seems they have arranged for real fishermen's cruises this summer to Newfoundland, leaving from Montreal and including Quebec, Gaspé and the Saguenay. But the joy of it all is in being able to get in some genuinely sporting salmon fishing without belonging to a club or owning or renting a river. All you need to fish for salmon in Newfoundland is a license and that is included in the cost of the cruise which, astonishing as it may seem to those who have always thought of salmon fishing as the sport of kings, does not come above the price of an ordinary vacation. On these cruises such famous streams as Harry's River, Barachois, Crabbe's and Blowmedown are yours to fish for the asking.

Events and Items of Interest for July

England: Lawn tennis championships will be played at Wimbledon.
Shakespeare Festival at Stratford-on-Avon.
Royal Yacht Club Regatta at Bridlington.
Scotland: Highland Games at Jedburgh.
Belgium: Procession and Benediction of the sea at Ostend.
Historic Pageant of the Golden Fleece at Bruges.
France: Bastille Day.
Performances at the Roman Theatre at Orange.

Germany: Wagner Festival at Bayreuth, July 22 to August 21.
  Wagner-Mozart Festival at Munich, July 23 to August 31.
  Passion Play at Oberammergau.
Italy: Palio Races in Costume at Siena.
Spain: Summer Fair at Valencia.
Switzerland: Summer Ski Races at Jungfraujoch.
Norway: Nine Hundredth Anniversary of Introduction of Christianity to Norway at Trondhjem.
Sweden: Exposition of Modern Arts and Crafts and Home Industries at Stockholm.
  International Boat Races at Stockholm.
Japan: New fleet of motor ships on the Nippon Yusen Kaisha line; three of these mark the first appearance of tourist cabin ships on the Pacific.

Traveller's Guide

Trans-Atlantic Sailings from New York:

France, French Line, Havre, July 3 and 25
Homeric, White Star Line, Southampton, July 3 and 25
Kungsholm, Swedish American, Gothenburg, July 3
Muenchen, North German Lloyd, Bremen, July 3
New York, Hamburg American, Hamburg, July 3 and 31
Saturnia, Cosulich, Trieste, July 4
Europa, North German Lloyd, Bremen, July 5 and 24
Rochambeau, French Line, Havre, July 5
Volendam, Holland America, Rotterdam, July 5
Aquitania, Cunard, Southampton, July 6 and 30
Augustus, Navigazione Generale Italiana, Genoa, July 4
Olympic, White Star, Southampton, July 9
President Harding, United States, Hamburg, July 9
Île de France, French Line, Havre, July 11
Lapland, Red Star, Antwerp, July 11
Adriatic, White Star, Liverpool, July 12
Cleveland, Hamburg American, Hamburg, July 12
De Grasse, French Line, Havre, July 12
New Amsterdam, Holland America, Rotterdam, July 12
Columbus, North German Lloyd, Bremen, July 15
Marqués de Comillas, Spanish Mail, Barcelona, July 15
Berengaria, Cunard, Southampton, July 16
Bergensfjord, Norwegian American, Oslo, July 16
Leviathan, United States, Southampton, July 16
Majestic, White Star, Southampton, July 16
President Roosevelt, United States, Hamburg, July 16
Berlin, North German Lloyd, Bremen, July 17
Bremen, North German Lloyd, Bremen, July 17
Paris, French Line, Havre, July 18
Conte Biancamano, Lloyd Sabaudo, Genoa, July 19
Statendam, Holland America, Rotterdam, July 19
United States, Scandinavian American, Copenhagen, July 19
Alfonso XIII, Spanish Mail, Bilbao, July 21
George Washington, United States, Hamburg, July 23
Mauretania, Cunard, Southampton, July 23
Albert Ballin, Hamburg American, Hamburg, July 24
Lafayette, French Line, Havre, July 24
Belgenland, Red Star, Antwerp, July 26
Drottningholm, Swedish American, Gothenburg, July 26
Roma, Navigazione Generale Italiana, Genoa, July 25

Trans-Pacific Sailings to Hawaii:

From San Francisco —
  Matsonia, Matson Line, Honolulu, July 2
  Malolo, Matson Line, Honolulu, July 5
  Manoa, Matson Line, Honolulu, July 9
  Maui, Matson Line, Honolulu, July 16
From Los Angeles —
  Calawaii, Los Angeles S. S. Co., Honolulu, July 1
  City of Honolulu, Los Angeles S. S. Co., Honolulu, July 5
From Seattle —
  Wilhelmina, Matson Line, Honolulu, July 3

Trans-Pacific Sailings from San Francisco:

President Monroe, Dollar Line, Singapore, July 1
President McKinley, American Mail, Manila, July 4
Tahiti, Union Royal Mail, Sydney, July 9
Ventura, Matson Line, Sydney, July 10
President Garfield, Dollar Line, Singapore, July 11

Trans-Pacific Sailings from Seattle:

Korea Maru, Nippon Yusen Kaisha, Hong Kong, July 9
President Jefferson, American Mail, Manila, July 12

Trans-Pacific Sailings from Vancouver:

Empress of Asia, Canadian Pacific, Manila, July 24

Pacific Coast Sailing to Germany from Tacoma:

M. S. Oakland, Hamburg American, Hamburg, July 3
S. S. Vancouver, Hamburg American, Hamburg, July 17
M. S. Seattle, Hamburg American, Hamburg, July 31

Tours and Cruises

Mediterranean, from New York:

James Boring's Travel Service, *S. S. Calgaric*, Feb. 14, 1931
Canadian Pacific, *Empress of France*, Feb. 3, 1931
Frank C. Clark, *S. S. Laurentic*, Jan. 31, 1931
Thos. Cook and Son, *S. S. Homeric*, Jan. 24, 1931
Frank Tourist Co., *S. S. Scythia*, January 27, 1931
Hamburg American Line, *S. S. Hamburg*, January 31, 1931
Raymond-Whitcomb, *S. S. Carinthia*, Jan. 31, 1931

Round the World, from New York:

Canadian Pacific, *Empress of Australia*, Dec. 2, 1930
Cook-Cunard, *S. S. Samaria*, Dec. 3, 1930
Cook-Cunard, *S. S. Franconia*, Jan. 10, 1931
Dollar Line, Fortnightly Service from New York sailing Thursdays
Hamburg-American Line, *S. S. Resolute*, Jan. 6, 1931
Raymond-Whitcomb, *S. S. Columbus*, Jan. 21, 1931

Round the Pacific:

Matson Line, *S. S. Malolo*, sails from San Francisco Sept. 20, 1930

South America South Africa Cruise:

Cunard, American Express, *S. S. Transylvania*, Jan. 17, 1931

The Financial Outlook

By Alan H. Temple

Better or Worse?

The business indexes still tell a story of subnormal trade and industry, but as indexes merely summarize events that have already transpired it may be that our best guide to the future is in reversing the picture of the present. For when business is excessively active it is more likely to get worse than better, and when it is excessively inactive it is more likely to get better than worse. The United States has had impressed upon it with great force that the business cycle is *not* obliterated, New Era arguments to the contrary. Previous depressions which have followed an over-rapid expansion have lasted from six months to about two years. Back in the 'nineties depression was almost interrupted. Now, in an era which boasts that the severity of the cycle is modified by central banking control, scientific method in business and a variety of other forces, a recession has been under way for nearly a year (for business turned downward some time before the stock market crash). When will the climb back again be fully under way?

Those business prophets who predict rightly that declines or advances will occur, but are quite erroneous in setting the time for the occurrence, are too numerous to emulate. Some think the schedule of events calls for substantial recovery in the fall, others not until the spring of 1931. There is general agreement that the recession is behind us, and with us — not ahead. Too many remedial forces have been released to allow a belief that business will get much worse before it gets better. Money is abundant and easy. The construction programmes of utilities and public works are being carried out as supporting measures, as those responsible assured the President's conference last fall would be done. Commodity prices have declined so steadily that they have played a gloomy part in the depression, but now they are cheap and in most cases so low as to restrict production and stimulate consumption. These are all constructive forces that were just getting fairly to work as summer approached (in the case of low commodity prices the effect is still in the future), and it seems wholly probable that they will steady business through the summer and autumn while the readjustments that still impede recovery are completed.

If the reader wishes more enthusiastic views of the prospect he is respectfully referred to Washington, where they are abundantly provided for public consumption. But there is no reason for shunning a thoroughly realistic view of the situation; it is discouraging only in the present. The false hopes of an unprecedently quick revival have been disappointed; they were hang-overs of the New Era, somewhat too spectacularly mobilized after the stock break. The stock market had its secondary boom based upon these hopes and upon a rather surprising willingness on the part of the public to dance when the pipers played; but this too has collapsed, and another aftermath of dullness and uncertainty implies that, having been twice scorched, most security buyers will want to see the stock market bear a closer relation to business hereafter.

Reasons for Bonds

These espisodes are now out of the way. Dull business and stock liquidation have given us the easiest money in years, and while securities as a whole must respond to easy money it is likely that stocks, at least in the near future, will be less influenced than bonds. Even with heavy new financing to be absorbed, there are three factors which undeniably suggest higher prices for bonds. They are: 1 — Low money rates; 2 — The decline in commodity prices which has raised the purchasing power of fixed incomes; 3 — The superabundance of funds awaiting investment. These factors also will affect the market for the highest grade stocks, those which by reason of large resources and long successful history stand at the head of their groups; and this is a time for accumulating and holding such stocks rather than shying away from them.

Commodities

The steady downward trend of the commodity markets has been devastating to business and to confidence. Because manufacturers' (consumers') inventories were light when the crash occurred it was not generally foreseen that a commodity débâcle would be one of its sequels; but unfortunately inventories in producers' hands were not so light, and the quick decline in consumption rapidly piled up unmanageable stocks. Thus rubber, silk, sugar and some other important staples have declined to the lowest or virtually the lowest prices in history, and most others are the cheapest in years. There is no underlying monetary or credit condition to which the responsibility for these declines can be charged; there is plenty of credit to carry the commodities and plenty of money to support their turnover at much higher price levels than these if the supply and demand situation warranted it. For the present supplies are excessive; it is a simple explanation. But the only one that has any great importance. And prices have declined or are declining to a point where by falling below producing costs they will discourage production and stimulate consumption. Certainly Cuban sugar at 1½ cents a pound in New York spells ruin for the cheapest producing country in the world, and tortuous as the process may be the price is bound to work back to a cost-covering level. Rubber, silk and cocoa are undeniably low. The accumulation of copper in producers' hands compelled them to reduce their price, and as soon as consumers were satisfied that the approximate bottom was reached the greatest volume of buying that the industry had ever known struck the market like a whirlwind. Experience indicates that similar storms will strike other commodities, particularly the non-perishable agricultural products which are dealt in on futures exchanges, for in them speculative buying is already massing to carry the surplus. When the commodity price tide is turned the effect upon business will be most stimulating.

Speculative Favorites

THE only important groups of industrial shares which advanced in April were the public utilities and the oils. During the decline in May the public utilities held their heads up no better than the other groups, but they recovered from the low prices of the break somewhat more promptly and vigorously. It is apparent that the utilities are still the speculative favorites in stocks. It seems safe to predict that whatever may be the course of the market during the fall they will continue to stand out with relatively good showings, although the conservatives do a good deal of head-shaking over the high ratio of their prices to earnings.

During the first quarter of 1930 the utilities were not entirely exempt from unfavorable business conditions, but the earnings of a large group of them showed a decline of only 4 per cent from 1929, compared with 20 per cent for the leading industrial corporations and 34 per cent for the railroads. Many individual utilities showed increases. Indeed the group is turning out to be, as claimed, "depression-proof" in the sense that they can maintain their earnings fairly well, though of course prices of their shares will never be immune to reaction when they are advanced as ridiculously as they were in 1929.

Considering this depression-proof character it is safe to assume that shares of utilities will sell at a high price-earnings ratio as long as their prospects continue favorable. Electric power and light and gas companies ought to be able to increase their sales for a long time to come, and not only in proportion to the increase of population, for they still have a large unsaturated market to serve. They have easy money to facilitate their financing, and as they grow larger they are bound to improve their operating efficiency and save a larger percentage of their gross for the net. To this optimistic outlook the tractions, of course, are an exception.

To be sure the utilities are by no means exempt from political attack; the pyramiding of holding companies and the tremendously complicated interlocking arrangements that exist make them a natural target for governmental assault. If any threat to their prosperity appears it will come from that direction.

It is estimated that $26,500,000,000 is now invested in public utilities in the United States, excluding steam railroads. Of this total about $11,100,000,000 is invested in the electric light and power section. It is predicted that this section alone will require $3,800,000,000 in new capital during the next five years. Stock market optimists point out that about 30 per cent of the population of the United States still live in unwired homes, and that more than half of those which are wired still have no electric appliance except the flatiron; further, that more than 90 per cent of the farms are not yet being served with electric power and light. In addition the constantly increasing requirements for power in industry, and for electrification of railroads, will contribute to the growth of the electrical industry though not entirely to the power and light companies themselves.

Three Billion Dollar Bank

THE place which the railroads once held in the forefront of legislative interest in this country is being usurped by the banks. The House is holding hearings upon chain and group banking developments as a prelude to legislation upon the subject, and the Senate under a resolution introduced by Carter Glass has initiated an inquiry into banking with special reference to relations between banks and security trading and speculation — that is, "Wall Street." In this connection it is of passing interest to note that the banks have again assumed the dominant part in supplying accommodation to brokers, they are lending more on securities than they were before the break, and a billion dollars more than a year ago, because at current low rates "all others" money has evaporated.

Centripetal Tendencies

But nothing else in banking compares in present interest and importance with the centripetal tendencies that are so apparent in it. In New York we now have a three billion dollar bank; the resources of the new Chase National, made by a merger of the Chase, the Equitable Trust and the Interstate Trust, are approximately that amount. Not long ago the National City Bank of New York displaced the Midland Bank of London, which operates thousands of branches, as the largest bank in the world. Now the Chase rises ahead, and other mergers are reported brewing which will elevate one or two other banks into the top group. Billion dollar banks are the natural concomitant of billion dollar corporations, and the race for prestige may yet produce even larger ones than at present, especially as branch banking privileges are extended. Statistics gathered by the New York Reserve Bank indicate that the biggest banks are relatively the most profitable banks, though experience seems to indicate that there is some limit to size where returns will diminish.

Although branch banking of any kind is permitted in only nineteen States, the number of branch banks in operation in the United States has increased nearly sixty per cent in the past five years. And this takes no account of chains (banks under common ownership or control but retaining individual identity). At the end of last year more than 2,000 banks were in chains or groups, and most of them operated branches; these banks controlled almost 20 per cent of the country's total banking resources. This development naturally is precipitating one of the major economic controversies of our time. All signs suggest the inevitable character of branch or chain banking, but the strong opposition which is equally inevitable in this country will give ground but slowly. The Comptroller of the Currency is sponsoring a proposal to allow branch banking within the natural trade area of the home city, but the country's bankers as a whole, it is thought, will have none of it for the present, though they may have to retreat now from some of their lines of defense, and may be routed in the long run.

An interesting shift of direction in the investment trust movement has occurred since the crash in securities last autumn. The volume of new investment trust issues this year has fallen away to relatively nothing, by contrast with the huge totals of last year, and the new trusts which have made public offerings of securities can be counted upon the fingers. This is not surprising considering that in its revulsion from last autumn's speculative excitement the public will not even pay the liquidating value for shares of certain general management trusts then high in favor; it would be amazing if there were a large market for new issues of that character.

Fixed Trusts

But at the same time remarkable growth has taken place in the other branch of the business, which is the fixed trusts. To be sure, these are still but a small part of the investment trust movement, measured by the amount of capital represented, but their relative gains since the first of the year have been impressive. In that period at least fourteen important fixed trusts seeking national distribution for their securities have been organized, to say nothing of minor ones. One of these trusts is selling its shares at the rate of a million dollars a week, and another already has outstanding $80,000,000 in stock. It is believed that the assets represented by the stocks in their portfolios now approximately equal $300,000,000.

The shares of a fixed trust are merely participating certificates of ownership in a fixed group of securities. Most commonly these securities are a diversified group of common stocks, although a number of important trusts have more specialized portfolios. The shares of the oldest of these trusts, for example, represent 1/2000th ownership of a unit consisting of four shares each of twenty-eight different railroad, oil, industrial and utility common stocks. In another case shares represent 1/1000th of a unit of two each of twenty-nine stocks, plus a reserve.

The function of the trust is to buy these stocks and to sell its own shares against them. The price set upon its own shares is mathematically determined, using the first instance cited as an example, by taking 1/2000th of the Stock Exchange prices of the 112 shares embodied in the unit, and adding to it certain definitely fixed and stated charges, including 18¢. per share for issue and deposit and a 5 per cent service fee.

The price of the trust shares is determined daily and in some cases two or three times daily. One of the trusts alters its offering price each time its make-up varies one-eighth, or 12½ cents per share, and in a rapidly fluctuating market on the Stock Exchange this alteration may be made several times a day. Others do not attempt to keep prices quite so closely in line, but are satisfied to fix them once a day.

The offering of the shares of these fixed trusts is a continuous retailing process, at a constantly changing quotation. The capital represented by investments in their shares grows continuously without lump sum or wholesale offering, and their growth is limited only by their market, and by the quantities of their selected stocks which they can buy for their portfolio — that is to say, it is virtually unlimited.

Each purchaser of a fixed trust share knows exactly what he is getting and exactly what he will always have, in contrast to the purchaser of shares in a general management trust, many of which never make their portfolios public and which are constantly changing them even when they are made public. The promoters of the fixed trust contend, therefore, that their shares represent investment in the industries themselves while the shares of the general management trust represent rather a participation in the investments or speculations of another man or group of men. This claim does not precisely meet the issue between these two types of trusts, but it is doubtless true to some extent that a cautious investment minded public would prefer the fixed trust under normal conditions, while those who hope for quicker and larger profits would elect to side with the speculative fortunes of management.

The Two Types

The real issue between these two types of trusts is solely one of substitution or non-substitution of the securities in the portfolios — whether substitution is a virtue or a disease. If it is a virtue the general management trusts provide a better investment, and if it is a drawback the fixed trusts are better. Only the outcome of a number of years can settle this issue finally.

The fixed trust makes no provision for substitution except in the case of mergers and reorganizations. It does as a rule make provision for the automatic elimination from its portfolios of the shares of a company which passes a dividend. In that case the stock is taken out of the group, sold and the proceeds divided among the share holders. No other stock is substituted, the unit merely being diminished by one. A management trust would probably eliminate the weakened issue more promptly; on the other hand bad mistakes might be made in substitution.

Fixed trusts are essentially an outgrowth of the New Era. If Edgar Lawrence Smith had not written his book upon common stocks as long term investments, it is safe to say that fixed trusts would never have appeared in this country, as they have not yet appeared in Great Britain. But if diversified stock investment has any merit, as few now doubt, the fixed trust is a good mechanism for its operation.

By Way of Introduction

Joshua Kunitz (*Eavesdropping in Russia*) is on the faculty of the School of Education of the College of the City of New York.

William O. Scroggs (*The Revolt Against the Tariff*) is a prominent economist, known among newspaper and magazine readers for his writings on finance.

Howard Mingos (*New Things in the Air*) is a well-known writer on aeronautics.

Charles Wood (*Hell's Shootin'*), besides writing, has practised law, farming and A.B. seamanship.

The Rt. Rev. H. R. Hulse, D.D. (*The Crisis in Cuba*) represents the Protestant Episcopal Church in Cuba.

Eleanor Hoffmann (*Mint Tea and Couss-Couss*) is a New England girl, educated in Europe and at Radcliffe College.

Avis D. Carlson (*What Price Baby-Tending?*), a Kansan, married to an attorney, has taught English at the University of Illinois.

Raymond Fuller (*Sarajevos in Asia*) is a naturalist, writer and world traveller.

Nellie B. Sergent (*High School Poets*) is a teacher of English in New York City. For the poems quoted in her article Miss Sergent requests that credit be given to *The Scholastic; The Magazine World; Progressive Education; The Hillhouse Gleam*, of the New Haven High School; *The Record*, of the Hill School, Pottstown, Pa.; *The Fort George Lantern*, of George Washington High School, New York City; *Anthology of Student Verse*, of Los Angeles High School; *A Youthful Constellation*, of Williamsport High School; *Keepsakes*, by Beatrice West Borst; and *The Evander Childs Anthology of Student Verse.*

Other writers in this issue have previously been represented in our pages.

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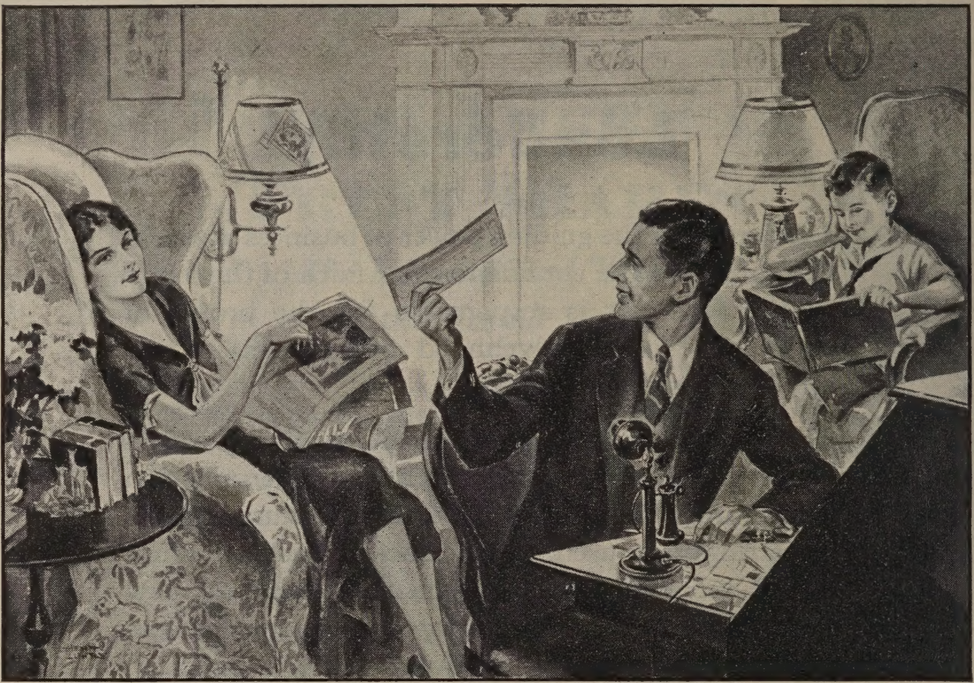

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GOODYEAR

Notes of a Cosmopolitan

By Barbara E. Scott

California has been popular with Americans ever since the gold rush when the scramble to get out there began. Most of the Forty Niners arrived after breathless cross country sprints, but occasionally some of them would drop in through the Golden Gate after a few months' voyage around the Horn. It must have been they who inaugurated the popularity of the water route to California. However that may be, after the opening of the Panama Canal the delightful habit of sailing to California from New York, or *vice versa*, part of the way through the blue waters of tropic seas, has grown steadily in favor with those who do not find it necessary to cope with the clock; and the increasing number of fine ships making the voyage add to the pleasure of these cruises. One line makes the trip in thirteen days with a stop at Havana, while another offers a more leisurely cruise of twenty-eight days of which at least nine are spent in making the friendly acquaintance of our neighbors to the South — the "Spanish Americas." This water route to California may always be varied by a return trip across the continent in some of our crack trains and gives the comfortable feeling of not having neglected altogether the magnificence of our own fair land.

Irresistible Shipping Offices

Often the hidden stirrings of romance, well nigh inseparable from the thought of any kind of a cruise, begin the minute you go down to buy your ticket. What is there about the spacious quiet of our imposing steamship offices that excites anticipation of impending adventures? Is it that so many of them cling near the old Battery where the sweet salt smells of the sea fling themselves into the canyons of lower Broadway and make men sensible of the vastness of the sea and the winds, or that they hover near the skirts of the great gray Custom House so eloquent of the treasures of distant lands? Or perhaps your ticket buying leads you over the cobblestones to Hanover Square where your nostrils are assailed with sudden whiffs of Eastern spices and the bolder scent of Brazilian coffee, for here you are in the vicinity of warehouses stuffed with tar and tackle and China teas. At one side of this sedate and dignified Square is Old Slip where clippers might have docked, and Number One marks India House, that four-square old mansion so redolent with memories of that proud time when Yankee Clippers raced 'round the Horn and over the seven seas that even New York herself with her insatiable greed for tearing down and building skyward dares not lay finger on it. The thoughtful courtesy of all those in our great shipping offices where we book passage, their consideration of our special needs, and often their familiarity with the countries to which we may be going add greatly to our comfort and confidence, and often as not give us the necessary courage to make what may seem to us at the time a very important decision.

To California in the Leisurely Manner

But suppose you have decided on that longer and more leisurely trip round to California, partly because of your awakened interest in those little sister republics to the south of us — Nicaragua, Salvador, Guatemala, Cuba and Mexico — and also, perhaps, because you have wanted to set your foot on real South American soil. Besides, the ships are excellent and sail fortnightly, which is so convenient.

Puerto Colombia, your first landing after a week at sea, is just another of those places named for Columbus but by the grace of an odd little train which puffs you for seventeen miles through the countryside up to Barranquilla on the famous Magdalena River, it is soon forgotten and you drift into the enchantment of a veritable bit of old Spain. Barranquilla is the distributing centre for a large section of the vast interior of Colombia and when you learn that some of the world's finest emeralds come from Colombia you decide it is an excellent place to indulge your habit of collecting — particularly if jewels happen to be your hobby.

Cartagena With Its Background

Next day finds you in the oldest city in South America — Cartagena built by Philip II of Spain with the intent of its rivalling Rome herself. It doesn't quite come up to Philip's expectations in this regard but its colorful Spanish Sixteenth Century air supplies its own quaint charm and we stroll beneath the balconies overhanging Ouida Street fully conscious that the Spanish use for these appurtenances is still a matter of lively moment to timid senoritas and their ardent admirers. Through narrow sunlit streets we pass into the purple shadows of the old world church of San Pedro, a quiet sanctuary since the Sixteenth Century. Cartagena reminds you of vistas seen on bits of old wallpapers — glazed, mellow and just colorful enough to stir the imagination, the design always having somewhere in it an arch through

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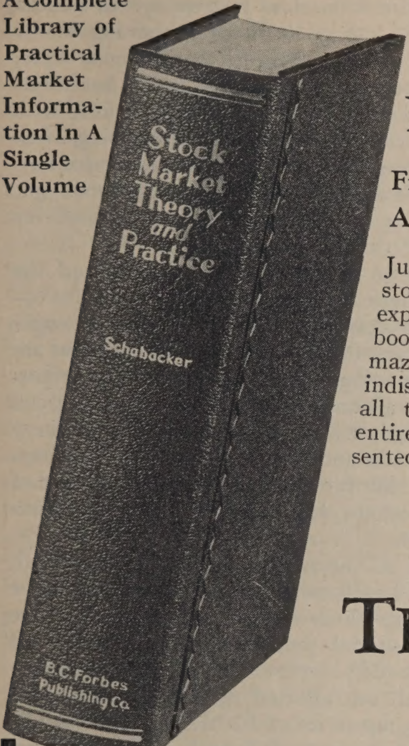

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XVIII. Sources of Stock Information
XIX. What Makes the Market Move
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XXVI. Long-Swing Movements
XXVII. Conclusion and Review
Appendix

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which you might be inspired to pass from splendor to splendor. Perhaps because Cartagena is one of the few walled cities of the Americas she seems particularly precious, but at any rate she was in no mood to tolerate pirates and their pillaging ways when she built her wall. And she still has it, while forts and castles cling to the hills in all directions, reminders of those glamorous days of the Spanish Viceroys and their courts.

Old Cristobal

CRISTOBAL the following evening. Well that you had that quiet week at sea after leaving New York with so much to see once the cruise really got under way. Here we have our first glimpse of the Panama Canal, though before we pass through it seems only sporting to drive over to Old Cristobal and see where the French headquarters were when that nation strove so valiantly to build the canal prior to American development. Just a stone's throw away is Colon, a small edition of Panama City, a mixture of Latin and American.

Through the Panama Canal

NO ONE ever wants to leave a delightful spot early in the morning. It seems so much easier to slip away in night's darkness, but you feel better about leaving Cristobal in the daytime because you wouldn't miss seeing every inch of the Panama Canal. And so that you may achieve this end the stewards have placed chairs high up on top of the navigating bridge of the ship and luncheon is served on deck besides, so that you have every opportunity to develop what Professor Copeland of Harvard calls "the theme eye" — an aggressive appreciation of your surroundings. You solve the mystery of the electric mules that coax the boats along. How odd not to be coaxing the mules! A strange feeling comes over you too when you think that beneath Gatun Lake lies a submerged forest — a weird place to drop overboard. Somewhere among all those countless little islands that bob up in Gatun Lake is Barro Colorado Island, since 1923 a Government preserve — an unspoiled portion of Panamanian jungle, the largest bit of virgin tropical rain forest intact in the zone, set aside as a biological preserve and laboratory for tropical research. Seven to ten hours carry you through the Canal and your next venture is in Panama City, or perhaps Old Panama about six miles away where you make the acquaintance of the Cove Fish Market beneath the ancient sea wall, and poke about in ruined walls and on towers that smack of the exploits of that energetic old pirate, Morgan.

Corinto, when you come to think about it, is in Nicaragua. She drowses gracelessly in the white tropic sun, but vendors of the country's bounty bestir themselves just enough to smile a welcome and indulge in a little bargaining for our edification. Wander beneath her mimosa trees, half shut your eyes, and you can see the sunbeams dance in fairyland — a jungle fairyland filled with gay birds, elusive orchids and whisperings. It's one of those places you remember, Corinto. Is it because you dance on the deck in the moonlight that night as she slips back into the soft silvery distance? Perhaps.

Three ports in Salvador, the smallest of the Central American republics, offer an excellent opportunity to scan the jungle, plantations of sugar and coffee, and to stow away in your bags that are already beginning to take on weight at an extraordinary clip all manner of cleverly made articles of silk, wool, leather — and baskets of every imaginable size and shape. While the train loiters beneath a clump of palms, you learn the art of drinking coconut milk from the shell — and almost like it.

San José de Guatemala is another sleepyhead, lulled by the soft swish of curling breakers. She turns over to watch us land then doses off as we enter our special parlor car on the train for Guatemala City where we are torn between spending all our allotted time delving into the fascinating mysteries of El Mercado, the public market, or going out to El Tumuli, or Guarda Viejo, a square mile dotted with hundreds of earthen pyramids, relics of an ancient Indian civilization.

We are beckoned to Mazatlán by the blinking lights of the highest lighthouse in the world, topping the rocky promontory which rises behind this enterprising Mexican city. But the whole day you spend there is all too short to see even the wonders of their noisy, colorful markets.

Havana, First or Last

LOS ANGELES, San Francisco, and you are plunged deep again into our own high strung civilization, refreshed, and ready to pick up the threads of life just where you left them, unless you have become so enamored of the cruise that you decide to go back the same way and have a look at Havana, for the ships stop there on their return voyages. On the other hand, Havana is the first port of call from New York for that speedier trip through the Canal to California.

Mallorca, the Magnificent

MALLORCA! The very melody of the name carries something of lilting Spanish loveliness. It might have been blown to your ears straight from the lips of a staunch little cherub perched airily in the softly tinted decoration on the corner of a mellow Fourteenth Century map. But care not from which of the four winds it may come — take it to your heart. It smacks of very olden times indeed, for Mallorca and Minorca, its companion isle, are thought to have been the Major and Minor of the Ancients, and were also called in the long ago the Islands of the Hesperides where grew the golden apples. All of which tells you far better than I can that they are something very definitely to consider when you set about sketching your plans for another adventure abroad.

We Peer into the Past

Circled about by the magic of the Mediterranean, these islands kick their heels in the sun just a little more than twenty-four hours from Paris, and are reached by a mere overnight's run by steamer from Barcelona. And though they are near, they seem so many æons away from the mediocrities of our modern world that at first it seems impossible that so fresh, so spontaneous and unsophisticated a spot can exist unspoiled in the same world with the rest of us. Yet it does. In its time, however, the Balearic Islands, as the group is now called, knew the tramp of foreign legions. Carthaginians visited their shores to enlist the natives in the service of Hannibal in his march on Rome, and many men from the Balearics who were famous for their skill in using the sling (and from which prowess the name of their islands is derived) went with Hannibal and his elephants across the white Alps and fought gloriously. Hannibal's defeat brought the Balearics under Roman rule and for five centuries they flourished under the fist of Rome. Then came the turbaned Moors with their scimitars, sweeping over the Isles in their conquest of Spain. Their occupancy left memorials traceable today not only in the names of places, but in delicate bits of architecture, for in addition to lace-like minarets which might still echo with the call of the Muezzin, Moorish watch towers still cling to the crags along the rocky coasts, eloquent of those days when pirates were the principal tourists on the Mediterranean. Even the olive trees which we now see growing for many miles on each side of the road to Soller were planted by the Moors a thousand years ago, and the walls which follow the highway are topped with runnels for water made by these same dusky conquerors.

It is said that Mallorca was in those days to Moorish Spain what Pompeii and Sicily were to Rome — places of pleasure and palaces, of luxury and ease, whose gardens knew the glimmer of translucent pools and vistas of airy colonnades. But Mallorca soon became too tempting a morsel for Christian Spain to resist, and under the impelling passion of fighting a "holy war" Jaime I, King of Aragon, conquered the Balearic Isles and in 1479 they merged into the Kingdom of Spain under Ferdinand and Isabella. King Jaime conceived the idea of Palma's Gothic Cathedral in the Thirteenth Century in a spirit of triumphant thanksgiving for his victory over the Moors, and while still fighting marauding bands, inspected the Chapel Royal which had been commenced opposite the Emir's former palace. Our own prominent architect, Ralph Adams Cram, considers the Cathedral of Palma one of the four finest in the world, and a first glimpse of its bold outlines against the rosy morning sky as we sail into the harbor at Palma is cherished by many who gain this haven in the "Fortunate Isles" as they were once called.

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George Sand and Chopin

But the beauty and allure of Mallorca, Minorca and Ibiza are not things of long ago. They are our own happy heritage. In February the hillsides are sprinkled with the snow of soft white almond blossoms. No frost ever pinches the cheeks of the flowers that seem always in bloom, and every month of the year is the month you would choose best to be in these strangely blessed isles. Here in an old monastery at Valldemosa, about twenty-five miles from Palma, in the long low building containing the cells where cowled monks once gazed into the valley below, we see where George Sand came and lived with Chopin on her "sentimental journey." Chopin was just twenty-eight and at the height of his fame. It was under the spell of those Mallorcan nights that he composed many of his nocturnes, and *La Tempête*. The indefatigable Madame la Baronne Dudevant (George Sand) meanwhile wrote her *Spiridon*. When the strange pair left Valldemosa in the spring they were pursued by the peasants with stones and hoots of derision, for those *amitiés amoureuses* which France condoned, at least in geniuses, were not admitted in Mallorca where there were no gradations between right and wrong. Even today this simple forthrightness of the people prevails. There is no haggling or bargaining over things, no subterfuge in their ideas of right and wrong. Honesty is a paramount quality. Money may be scarce, but courtesy and elegance of manners are to be found wherever you meet a Mallorcan. Unless, perchance, you speak of them as Spanish, then you do notice a slight coolness, for they insist that though their island belongs to Spain, they themselves are not Spanish but Mallorcans — to them a vital distinction.

Mallorca holds endless delights for those who linger there, and more and more often now is she being included in the smartest Mediterranean cruises.

Palma and Its Palaces

PALMA, the capital of the islands, has its Gothic palaces as well as those of the Renaissance, and here and there one still finds traces of fine Moorish ceilings of honeycomb design and fountains and pavements where still gleam the soft radiance of Moorish tiles. The Almudaina, a palace of vast interest and beauty, was originally the Moorish Alcazar where lived the Emirs who governed in undisputed splendor; far aloft on its tower a weathervane in the form of an angel has swung with the whims of the wind for six hundred years and still bespeaks our attention. Castillo de Bellever, dating from the Thirteenth Century has its moat and proud bastions, while the Lonja, Gothic to its elegant fingertips, was once the exchange — a centre of brilliant life in the Middle Ages.

Thus do we find the beauty of the past stored carefully away for us in the Balearic Isles, but so nearly is it related to the living present, so closely knit is it to the life of everyone who may live in these enchanting isles that those who, having known her, venture without the circle of her charm, are never satisfied until they return. Who knows but that they were the Isles of Circe and her enchantments — yet who would care?

Our New Southwest

AMERICANS do an immense amount of travelling abroad and love it, but more and more we notice that they are also building up a background of familiarity with their own traditions and with the sections of our country which engendered them. New England with her Yankees and their clipper ships, the old South with its romance and gallantry, the Northwest and West with their early heroic struggles, all play their part. Now comes an awakened interest in our great Southwest, called in the long ago, "the land of the standing rocks." So must the *mesas* have appeared to those first Americans who carved out homes for themselves on their heights. Phoenix is a natural centre in the Southwest, for from it so many interesting trips may be made. Between Phoenix and Globe, for instance, runs the Apache Trail Highway for 120 miles, the same trail covered so wearily nearly four centuries ago by the Spanish explorer Francisco Vasquez de Coronado. This is said to be the oldest trail in America. As we motor along its smooth surface we come upon a group of cliff dwellings, ruins of the architecture of a prehistoric people.

Farther along on the same trail is Roosevelt Dam, perhaps to some the most spectacular part of the Salt River Valley irrigating project. It is this stupendous venture which has made Phoenix and the Salt River Valley, with its 240,000 acres of diversified cultivation, the heart of an agricultural empire.

Six miles east of Phoenix is Papago Sahuaro Park, a desert park preserve, a vast cactus garden that draws you with that same irresistible charm that must have beset Thoreau when he left his beloved Walden. Here rise the leafless outlines of the sahuaro, or giant cactus.

The people of Phoenix get a great amount of joy out of just living there. It may be the climate, all sunshine and pure air, which of course exerts the greatest charm for the visitor, her many first class hotels, or beautiful homes where gardens and trees make you forget that a desert can be anywhere near. To some the spirit of the old West with all its freedom and color is typified in the Indians. Some of the tribes, particularly the Hopi, Apache, and Yaqui, carry on their ancient tribal customs and paint a living picture of the past for those whose imaginations can bridge the centuries. Their cunningly devised baskets of every shape and size, designed and woven by masterly fingers, and often decorated with the tips of eagle feathers are valued by all who have the good fortune to collect them. The study of these quaint baskets, and an acquaintance with the gentle people who weave them has much to offer in the way of a hobby. Guest ranches strung throughout the length and breadth of Arizona are also among the surviving institutions of the early days of the West and nothing can compare with the joyous, carefree life of these places.

Traveller's Guide

TRANS-ATLANTIC SAILINGS FROM NEW YORK:
Berengaria, Cunard, Southampton, Aug. 27, Sept. 17
Ile de France, French Line, Havre, Aug. 27, Sept. 12
Columbus, North German Lloyd, Bremen, Aug. 28, Sept. 16
New York, Hamburg American, Hamburg, Aug. 28
Majestic, White Star, Southampton, Aug. 29, Sept. 19
Pennland, Red Star, Antwerp, Aug. 29
Cedric, White Star, Liverpool, Aug. 30
Conte Biancamano, Lloyd Sabaudo, Genoa, Aug. 30
Europa, North German Lloyd, Bremen, Aug. 30, Sept. 17
Hellig Olav, Scandinavian American, Copenhagen, Aug. 30
St. Louis, Hamburg American, Hamburg, Aug. 30
Volendam, Holland America, Rotterdam, Aug. 30
Paris, French Line, Havre, Sept. 1 and 19
Stavangerfjord, Norwegian American, Oslo, Sept. 2
Vulcania, Cosulich, Trieste, Sept. 2
Mauretania, Cunard, Southampton, Sept. 3
Pres. Harding, United States, Hamburg, Sept. 3
Buenos Aires, Spanish Mail, Barcelona, Sept. 4
France, French Line, Havre, Sept. 5
Homeric, White Star, Southampton, Sept. 5
Lapland, Red Star, Antwerp, Sept. 5
Adriatic, White Star, Liverpool, Sept. 6
Bremen, North German Lloyd, Bremen, Sept. 6
De Grasse, French Line, Havre, Sept. 6
Gripsholm, Swedish American, Gothenburg, Sept. 6
Leviathan, United States, Cherbourg, Sept. 6
New Amsterdam, Holland America, Rotterdam, Sept. 6
Roma, Navigazione Generale Italiana, Genoa, Sept. 6
Aquitania, Cunard, Southampton, Sept. 10
Pres. Roosevelt, United States, Hamburg, Sept. 10
Olympic, White Star, Southampton, Sept. 12
Westernland, Red Star, Antwerp, Sept. 12
Britannic, White Star, Liverpool, Sept. 13
Conte Grande, Lloyd Sabaudo, Genoa, Sept. 13
George Washington, United States, Hamburg, Sept. 13
Albert Ballin, Hamburg American, Hamburg, Sept. 18
Berlin, North German Lloyd, Bremen, Sept. 18
Lafayette, French Line, Havre, Sept. 18
Alfonso XIII, Spanish Mail, Bilbao, Sept. 11
Antonio Lopez, Spanish Mail, Barcelona, Sept. 21

TRANS-PACIFIC SAILINGS:
From Vancouver —
Empress of Japan, Canadian Pacific, Manila, Sept. 4
Aorangi, Canadian Australasian, Sydney, Sept. 17
Empress of Asia, Canadian Pacific, Manila, Sept. 18
From Seattle —
Pres. McKinley, American Mail, Manila Sept. 6
Korea Maru, Nippon Yusen Kaisha, Hongkong, Sept. 10
Hiye Maru, Nippon Yusen Kaisha, Hongkong, Sept. 20
Pres. Grant, American Mail, Manila, Sept. 20
Arabia Maru, Osaka Shosen Kaisha, Yokohama, Aug. 30
From San Francisco —
Pres. Taft, American Mail, Manila, Aug. 29
Chichibu Maru, Nippon Yusen Kaisha, Hongkong, Aug. 30
Tahiti, Union Royal Mail, Sydney, Sept. 3
Pres. Johnson, Dollar, Singapore, Sept. 5
Pres. Monroe, Dollar, Singapore, Sept. 9
Ventura, Matson, Sydney, Sept. 11
Pres. Jefferson, American Mail, Manila, Sept. 12
Tenyo Maru, Nippon Yusen Kaisha, Manila, Sept. 13
Pres. Filmore, Dollar, Singapore, Sept. 19

SAILINGS TO HAWAII:
From San Francisco —
Matsonia, Matson, Honolulu, Aug. 27
Malolo, Matson, Honolulu, Aug. 30, Sept. 20
Manoa, Matson, Honolulu, Sept. 3
Maui, Matson, Honolulu, Sept. 10
From Los Angeles —
City of Honolulu, Los Angeles S.S. Co., Honolulu, Aug. 30
City of Los Angeles, Los Angeles S.S. Co., Honolulu, Sept. 6
Calawaii, Los Angeles S.S. Co., Honolulu, Sept. 20
From Portland—
Wilhelmina, Matson, Honolulu, Sept. 4

SAILINGS TO SOUTH AMERICA:
From New York —
Santa Clara, Grace Line, Valparaiso, Aug. 29
Santa Rita, Grace Line, Valparaiso, Sept. 3
Essequibo, Pacific, Valparaiso, Sept. 4
American Legion, Munson, Buenos Aires, Sept. 5
Vandyck, Lamport & Holt, Buenos Aires, Sept. 11
Santa Maria, Grace Line, Valparaiso, Sept. 12
Southern Cross, Munson, Buenos Aires, Sept. 19

Tours and Cruises

MEDITERRANEAN, FROM NEW YORK:
James Boring's Travel Service, *S.S. Calgaric*, February 14, 1931
Canadian Pacific, *Empress of France*, February 3, 1931
Frank C. Clark, *S.S. Laurentic*, January 31, 1931
Thos. Cook & Son, *S.S. Homeric*, January 24, 1931
Frank Tourist Co., *S.S. Scythia*, January 27, 1931
Hamburg-American Line, *S.S. Hamburg*, January 31, 1931
Raymond-Whitcomb, *S.S. Carinthia*, January 31, 1931
White Star Line, *M.V. Britannic*, January 8, 1931
White Star Line, *S.S. Adriatic*, January 17, 1931
White Star Line, *M.V. Britannic*, February 26, 1931
White Star Line, *S.S. Adriatic*, March 7, 1931

ROUND THE WORLD, FROM NEW YORK:
Canadian Pacific, *Empress of Australia*, December 2, 1930
Franco-Belgique Tours, *Pres. Johnson*, Dec. 4, 1930
Franco-Belgique Tours, *Pres. Filmore*, Dec. 18, 1930
Cook-Cunard, *S.S. Samaria*, December 3, 1930
Red Star, *Belgenland*, Westward from New York, Dec. 15, 1930
Cook-Cunard, *S.S. Franconia*, January 10, 1931
Dollar Line: Fortnightly Service from New York Sailing Thursdays
Hamburg-American Line, *S.S. Resolute*, January 6, 1931
Raymond-Whitcomb, *S.S. Columbus*, January 21, 1931

WEST INDIES, FROM NEW YORK:
Frank Tourist Co., *S.S. Lafayette*, Dec. 20, 1930
Canadian Pacific, *Duchess of Bedford*, January 9, February 11, 1931
Frank Tourist Co., *S.S. Volendam*, January 21, February 11, 1931
Raymond-Whitcomb, *S.S. Statendam*, Dec. 20, 1930, January 8, January 27, February 24, 1931

WEST INDIES AND SOUTH AMERICA, FROM NEW YORK:
Swedish American, *M.V. Kungsholm*, December 20, 1930
Swedish American, *M.V. Kungsholm*, January 10, 31, February 21, March 14, 1931

SOUTH AMERICAN CRUISE:
Los Angeles, S.S. Co., *City of Los Angeles*, October 8, 1930

AROUND THE PACIFIC:
Matson Line, *S.S. Malolo*, September 20, 1930

AFRICAN CRUISE:
Cunard-Anchor Lines & American Express, *S.S. Transylvania*, January 17, 1931

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Clara Clemens

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famous author

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FIRST INSTALMENT
in the
OCTOBER
North American
Review

+

ON SALE
AT THE NEWSSTANDS
September 20

NEW BOOKS IN BRIEF REVIEW

By B. S. Stanoyevich

A Prisoner in Babylon. By *Madeleine D. Strain.* New York: The Macaulay Company. $2.00.

In the grip of adversity, a warm personality seeks the way to escape.

The Painted Minx. By *Robert W. Chambers.* New York: D. Appleton and Company. $2.50.

With the historical background of the American Revolution, this love story yields charm in the manner of its telling.

The Man She Bought. By *Maysie Greig.* New York: Lincoln MacVeagh. $2.00.

The story of a child of the Canadian wilds whose romance brings her to New York.

Mountain City. By *Upton Sinclair.* New York: Albert and Charles Boni. $2.50.

A tale of the West, great riches and flashy spending.

The Man of a Hundred Faces. By *Gaston Leroux.* New York: The Macaulay Company. $2.00.

A Paris jail, a wallet, a sensation, a baffled police, etc. make up the ingredients for this detective story by a well-known hand.

The Murder of Cecily Thane. By *Harriet Ashbrook.* New York: Coward-McCann. $1.50.

The first volume in a new series of $1.50 novels, to be called Premier Fiction, and an excellent beginning in point of view of quality.

The Square Mark. By *Grace M. White.* New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.00.

A man's body is found in a peaceful garden and the mystery of his death lies in a "black wave of the past that washes over the shores of the present."

The Torch Murder. By *Charles Reed.* New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.00.

A Dutton Clue Mystery about the death of a beautiful young dancer on a lonely Long Island road.

The Return of the Hero. By *Darrell Figgis.* New York: Charles Boni. 50 cents.

Out of Ireland with its mystic note comes this theme, which is refreshingly different in the world of fiction.

The Yellow Crystal. By *Anthony Wynne.* Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. $2.00.

This mystery story is built upon the thesis that a murderer's impulse may communicate itself in advance to his victim.

The Hound of Florence. By *Felix Salten.* New York: Simon and Schuster. $2.50.

To those who know *Bambi*, this book comes with a particular appeal; and yet it is much more sophisticated a story of a man disguised as a dog.

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Leadership is the guiding power of business at work. It represents the confidence and faith of the many in the few. It is responsible for the profits of business — for the livelihood of workers. It is the trusteeship of success.

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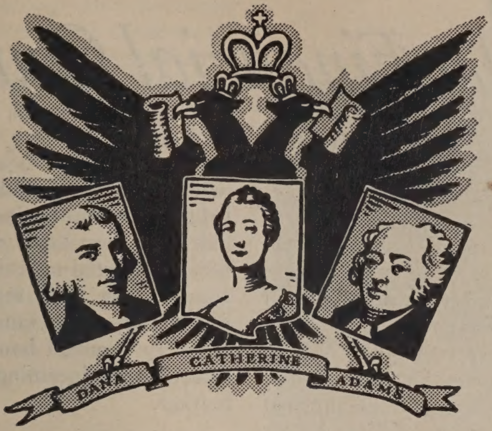

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The Financial Outlook

By Alan H. Temple

Bonds as Favorites

The laurels of finance rest this autumn with the bond market. While the stock market for the most part has been a procession of disappointed hopes, bonds have risen to the highest prices in nearly three years. As John Moody points out, the idea of "bonds for security and income" seems once more stronger in the minds of individuals than the conception of "stocks for profit." To be sure the most conspicuous buying of bonds this fall has come not from individuals, but from institutions, banks and insurance companies. In investment markets, however, institutions are but economic composites of many individuals. In this time of business depression savings banks' deposits are increasing much more rapidly than they did last year when individual prosperity was greater. During part of last year deposits actually declined, for many individuals directed their savings into stocks; but this year control over them has been left more largely to institutions, which guide them into bonds.

Stocks stay down, of course, because corporation earnings thus far reported have averaged some 30 per cent less than in the corresponding period of 1929. Bonds go up because money is easy, and most forecasters predict that it will continue easy. High grade preferred stocks begin to follow bonds upward, for a like reason. Though their gross income is less this year, the American people nevertheless are saving as usual, by trimming expenditures to accord with the decrease. Slackness in business itself is the most important cause of easy money; demand for short-term credit is so far below normal that call money in New York has at times been available as low as 1 per cent, and the United States Government sold twelve-months' certificates of indebtedness at 2⅜ per cent. The area embraced by the low money rates has gradually been lengthened to include the long-term loans represented by bonds.

The central banks of the world, including most conspicuously our own Reserve Banks, have framed their policies to keep money rates down, so that world business recovery will be stimulated in so far as cheap credit can stimulate it. Central banks have little direct control over long-term money rates — to which bond prices are responsive — but they can and do affect short-term open market rates profoundly, and when the latter are held low, capital tends to flow into the more profitable long term loans represented by bonds. This flow is expected to revive enterprise, to encourage construction and replacement of obsolescent machinery, and in innumerable other ways to aid recovery. Central banking policy is thus aimed directly at maintaining a strong and healthy bond market.

Central Banks

The theory of the central banks is that if an abundance of credit is created at a low price, demand for it will perforce arise. The hope is that issue of new bonds will be stimulated. During the first seven months of this year new issues of bonds were the largest on record in a like period. (Last year, it will be remembered, most new issues were in stocks.) During the succeeding two months they were smaller. Whether the decline was purely seasonal, remains to be seen. It is improbable, however, that the supply of bonds will more than normally increase during the next year or so. Cheap money may stimulate new inventions and new industries, which are badly needed, but the major basic industries seem unlikely to require unusual amounts of new capital in the near future because most of them are suffering already from excessive plant capacity, created in the expectation that 1929 growth was normal. Of course there are important exceptions, largely in the field of Government construction, including road building; with money and labor abundant, conditions are perfect for local improvements, public building and highway construction. The same considerations apply to the utilities, which have their normal expansion programmes. With these exceptions, no unusual demand for capital is in sight, and there is nothing to indicate that a burdensome supply of bonds will be put on the market; rather the contrary. Foreign borrowers will make all the demands they can upon this country, but it is doubtful whether their bond offerings will be as cordially received as they were two or three years ago, for political instability has appeared in too many corners of the world and business abroad is as much depressed as business here.

Viewed from two sides, the bond market, therefore, presents a picture of abundant capital and bank credit, pressing for an investment outlet, on the one hand, and only a moderately increasing supply of bonds on the other. High grade corporation bonds still yielded, at the beginning of October, almost 4½ per cent. High grade common stocks yielded about the same. Commercial paper, however, was only 3 per cent; time loans on collateral and acceptances were both under 3 per cent for the longer maturities; and call money in New York, as previously stated, was at one time down to 1 per cent, while at no Federal Reserve Bank was the rediscount rate higher than 3½ per cent, and in New York it was only 2½. These comparisons will present themselves more forcibly to investors once they become convinced that easy money will be prolonged for some time to come.

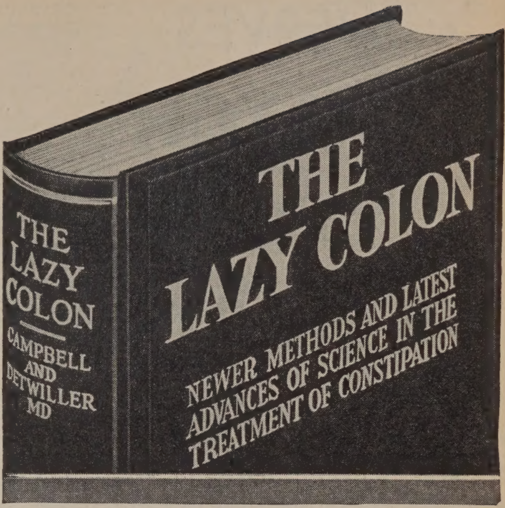
Investment Psychology

As between stocks and bonds, investment psychology, the fashion of the moment, of course plays a determining part. John Moody points out in a recent study of this factor that "all through our financial history we can trace recurring periods of investment and speculation, one following the other with considerable regularity. We are normally a nation of investors rather than of speculators. While speculation becomes the predominant idea at periodic intervals, such periods of speculation have been much shorter than the intervening periods of calm investment, and they have almost always been of staccato character. . . . Conservation of capital has, in every instance, replaced the thought of making stock market profits, in the minds of investors all over the country. That is what we are facing today."

Others will not go all the way with Mr. Moody in his argument. Many investors believe that when the time is ripe to buy good bonds it is also ripe to buy good stocks, and that after all exaggerations are removed there is still enough truth in New Era claims of the greater stability of common stocks to justify giving them a higher investment ranking than they enjoyed in pre-Coolidge days. Differences of opinion as to prospects for higher prices are, however, confined entirely to stocks; to the assertion that bonds are leading the way and that there is every prospect of an advancing market for some time to come, scarcely a dissenting voice is raised.

The impression that bonds turn downward when trade expansion sets in is not borne out by precedent. The slack in the money market is usually not taken up for many months after business has turned upward, and interest rates frequently do not reach bottom until some time after business has passed it. In some business cycles

(*Continued on page XV*)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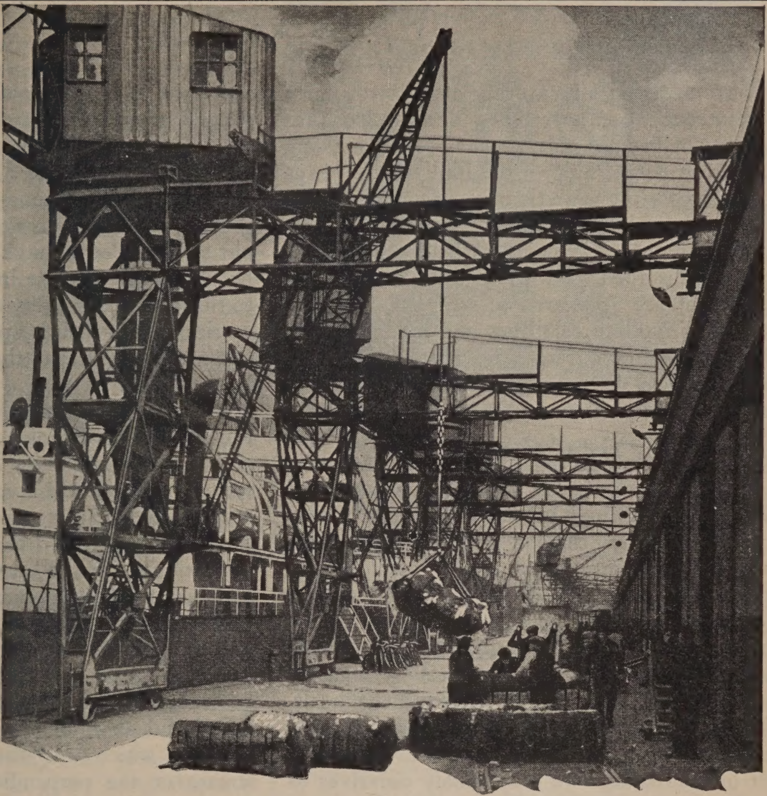

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Notes of a Cosmopolitan

By Barbara E. Scott

In those wild adventuring days of the early Sixteenth Century, when every wind that blew bellied the sails of some Spanish galleon, the land of King Philip — the Philippines — was discovered for the Christians by Magellan. These soft scented isles that the Spanish adventurer took in the name of Spain, in the centuries that followed absorbed just enough of the languid elegance of the Spaniards to wear off, in spots, their primitive impossibilities and made way for the beginning of our own occupation of them. We have been discovering them gradually ever since.

Good News from the Philippines

But the best news for a closer intimacy with these charming protégés of ours comes by way of announcement from The American Mail Line which informs us that they will inaugurate this fall the sailing schedule of an inter-island liner which will leave periodically upon a twelve day cruise through these southern waters. From Luzon comfortable steamers promising clean accommodations, good service and excellent meals, will sail through the palm fringed seas of these islands to Cebu, Mindanao, (in whose famous port of Zamboanga we may satisfy ourselves as to whether the monkeys have tails or not) and then on to Jolo. You may remember that it was in these islands south of Luzon that the good Spanish friars found the teachings of Mahomet the prophet so well ensconced in the affections of the natives that they called them "Moros," the name they had given the African Moors when they drove them from Spain. They were less successful in supplanting Mahomet in these wild isles, however, so the Christianized islanders built themselves stone watch towers in many places along their coasts that they might spy out the piratical intentions of the warlike Moros who were taking continual delight in pouncing down upon them unexpectedly in their swift, gaily sailed *vintas*. Some of these watch towers may still be seen clinging faithfully to their high rocks.

In times past Manila has meant the Philippines to the majority of travellers. This new service opens up an entirely new prospect to the eager minded traveller, one that he will hear with anticipation and heed with alacrity. And not only is transportation between the islands of this vast group being scheduled, but the Philippine Tourist Bureau, in conjunction with the United States Government and private interests, are developing motor roads and excellent hotels and inns, which will go a long way towards making the Philippines a real place to travellers. It has been associated with comic operas just long enough, even though the Sultan of Sulu really did live there. That these innovations will tempt Americans in greater number to visit the Philippines goes without saying. People have not been unaware of the beauty and immense interest that are attached to the islands, for every one who has visited them carries tales of their hospitality and enchantment, but travel facilities of the more modern sort have been lacking.

We have wandered through the gray gates in the massive old Spanish wall surrounding Manila and heard tales of how heavy drawbridges were raised over the moat every night until about seventy-five years ago; we have driven lazily in the moonlight round the graceful Lunetta while the lilting strains of Spanish music floated softly in the scented tropic air; we have shopped in the bright sunshine of early morning in the open market and seen quaint old Spanish jewels gleam in the dark depths of a shop all but hidden in some quiet back street; we have sat in a frail slim banca and shot the rapids at Pagsanjan, hardly knowing which was the mightier, the rushing stream or the perpendicular vine-covered cliffs towering above us on each side. Yet these are just a taste of the allurements of our archipelago of seven thousand islands.

Wonders of Baguio

Of course there is Baguio. It's name is Spanish for "storm." And when great clouds come swirling up the valleys and blanket the mountains of this Hill Station perched five thousand feet above the sea, it seems to have well deserved its name. These tropical storms are magnificent to watch, though they come generally only in typhoon season. The rest of the year is delightful. This ideally planned retreat was carried out originally during the administration of William Howard Taft for the purpose of establishing a place where those connected with the Government might find refreshment in a change of climate. It is only one hundred and seventy-five miles from Manila, and over the perfect Government road which leads up the mountain to this haven, the trip may be made in six or seven hours by motor.

An early start about three in the morning carries us out of the heat before it is actually upon us and we drive in the misty morning through little native villages of fragile nipa huts perched gingerly up on their stilts. Fragrance of burning charcoal (that unforgettable smell of the East) tells of the preparation of rice for an early breakfast. We dodge an imperturbable water buffalo, a string through its nose, being guided by a slim brown child perched nonchalantly upon its great hairy back. They are going to arrive eventually at a nice squenchy mud hole where the water buffalo will roll his sad brown eyes in perfect bliss, and wallow. Chickens are just being let out of great bamboo baskets hung at night from the floors of the huts, and, startled, they leap and fly in all directions as our car sweeps through their front yards. Sharp turns in the road unfold vista after vista of loveliness. Sometimes we have a peep at the sapphirine sea below. Sweet to our ears comes the splash of tumbling waterfalls, frolicking over the rocks. The mountains grow steeper. Banyans and bamboos disappear. Suddenly as though in a dream we come upon a clump of pines. Are we really going to see the Southern Cross tonight — and pine trees too? Ah, yes. There are many wonders seen at Baguio.

There is Camp John Hay, for instance, for Army and Navy officers on leave, sprawling along the ridge overlooking Happy Hollow. Homes belonging to the wealthier merchants and residents of Manila are scattered through the hills. A fine golf course is offered, and weather that does more to inspire your driving than years of practice. Open fires crackle in great hospitable fireplaces at night. And meals sometimes end with *dolce* served by Igorots wearing stiffly starched white coats, gaudy sashes round their slim brown waists and — that's all!

Land of the Ifuagos

IN NORTHERN Luzon, and Luzon is the principal island of the Philippine archipelago, in the Mountain Province, lives one of the most interesting of all the Filipino tribes. They are called Ifuagos, or Hill People. Pagans, yes. But when you see what they have accomplished by their skill and tireless industry as rice farmers, they won't seem nearly so "godless" as the word pagan might suggest. There are almost a hundred and thirty thousand of these Hill People, and though but a small percentage of their mountain land can be cultivated, they have done wonders. With wooden spades and wooden stakes, sometimes shod with iron, they have changed the hard faces of the mountains into mile upon mile of terraced rice fields. These irrigable rice paddies circle the mountains sometimes to a height of five thousand feet, and glisten in the bright tropic sun as though they had caught all the brightness of a shining day in their serpentine pools. A splendid Government road has been built through this mountainous part of Luzon and the traveller may motor through mile after mile of this most amazing agricultural development. There is nothing which quite compares with it anywhere in the world. Looking down on these mountains their sides seem to be striped like some giant zebra. From the air their pattern might give inspiration to the wildest modernist. From the road they are bits of looking-glass cracked by the slim shoots of tender rice plants. From the look of their gigantic gardens one might be led to suppose that these indefatigable Ifuagos lived solely for and on rice. But no. There comes an hour of the day to all good Ifuagos when nothing tickles their palates like the taste of toasted locusts — dozens of them. A dainty dish. And it is said that there is far less crime in their social units than among ourselves.

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A Swim Under the Moon in Lake Taal

A DAY's journey from Manila in another direction brings us to Lake Taal. We speed through cocoanut groves and sugar plantations as the afternoon sun begins to wane and the sweet air blows in from the sea, and we come upon Lake Taal Volcano House, a smart, up-todate Filipino inn, with slatted bamboo floors and palm leaf walls and roof, in plenty of time to go down to the beach for a swim, and then dine just as the moon finds us out. A quiet night's rest leaves you fresh for an early start in the morning by motor boat across the Lake to the volcano that forms an island in the centre of the Lake. You may view this volcano with suspicion, but it will fool you, for when you have climbed up its side (about two thousand feet) you find, instead of the fire and brimstone you may have been expecting, that this volcano hides in its crater a jewel-like lake held high to the sky—a mirror for the moon, perhaps.

This and many other short trips lend themselves as altogether delightful variations from the days you may spend in Manila, although when you are in the whirl of its endless social gayeties you are quite content to linger on and on. The Polo Club offers its attractions as well as the golf course, built skilfully over the old Spanish moat. And the nights speed by as you dance to your heart's content in the cosmopolitan throng at the Manila Hotel and in the native cabarets where the toast once known only to the Tagalogs is seized upon and sent spinning round the world — Mabuhay!

Lord Bacon once wrote an essay on travel. It was exceedingly slight. In fact there was little to be said for or about the delightful art of travel three centuries ago. Pilgrims, vagabonds, merchants and ambassadors were the only ones that fared beyond the confines of their own backyards, unless, as Lord Bacon implies, a tour of Europe was planned as the exclusive privilege of young men destined by their rank and fortune for high places at court. All of which lends a rather piquant aspect to our own casual custom of tucking all the countries of the Continent neatly into a month's venture abroad, or stowing away an entire voyage round the world in a mere matter of three months, not to try to estimate the vast number of us who do it. We take our world cruises almost as a matter of course these days.

Maskee—You Will Remember Hongkong

A WORLD cruise would not be a proper world cruise if it did not give you a glimpse of Hongkong. It will not matter whether you slip into the encircling embrace of its sheltering harbor at sunset, in the pearl tinted mists of an enchanted morning, or in the blue black of a tropic night. Maskee. You will always remember it. As the energetic little tender winds in and out among monster black, bat-sailed junks, their bulgy eyes painted high up on formidable hulks, you know you are rubbing shoulders with the East.

Ashore every avenue beckons. You enjoy the cool shadows of the deep arcades; the generous bamboo baskets piled high with gorgeous tropic blossoms in the flower market; the imperious gesture of the tall red-turbaned Sikh as he upholds the dignity of the law, as majestic as a London bobby. And, you know, Hongkong is like London — a bit. There is a childish delight in riding on the queer little funicular railway straight up the mountain side to the Peak, past terraced gardens and romantic-looking villas. Tea with real English bread and butter and jam at the famed Peak Hotel, and a view of the bay dotted with countless islands that takes your breath away with its vista of tropical loveliness. Long rides in cool bamboo chairs slung from the shoulders of cheerful tireless coolies. The Happy Valley Race Course, matchless polo. Shops where the wily Oriental tempts you with all his blandishments, his treasures of shawls, silks, silver and jades, and you dally with dreams of possession. The patter of "Pidgin English." These are Hongkong.

Have Cavemen Quite Vanished?

THERE is something haunting yet quite irresistible about caves. Boys always dig caves if they don't happen to have one handy even before they have read Tom Sawyer and gone through the horrors of that fearsome night in the cave with Tom and Becky. I crawled into my first cave on my stomach through a hole in soft red sandstone just large enough for a body to wriggle through. It was an old Indian cave in Southern Missouri. After that I felt that I was one of the initiated. No amount of darkness and mystery could keep me out of a cave.

Visiting caves has grown in favor with travellers of late, and, as if to satisfy their demand for this adventure, every part of the world is coming forward with its own particular cave. Among these the Cango Caves of South Africa are outstanding in magnitude, beauty and historic interest, for on their walls are still to be seen paintings of battles and mighty hunts drawn by the hands of aboriginal Bushmen.

We reach the Cango Caves quite easily from Oudtshoorn in Cape Colony and, while South Africa has many Bushmen caves, it is the Cango

Caves that are ever the magnet for travellers. Following our guide across the entrance chamber of powdered limestone, we come to a flight of concrete steps. These, happily, are for our convenience and save us from the terrors of descending a slim iron ladder thirty feet long which was the way travellers used to have to reach Van Zyl's Chamber. Van Zyl, you know, was that phlegmatic Dutch hunter who was blessed with just enough curiosity to follow his dog when he saw him disappear into a hole in the mountain after a stag. That was the first visit of a white man to the Cango Caves, way back in 1780. So it is by his name that the vast chamber hung with grotesque spirals and glittering columns is known. At one end of the hall is "Cleopatra's Needle," a stalactite and stalagmite which almost meet. As those who have measured its growth declare that it has increased only one sixth of an inch in thirty-five years, it might be reasonable to believe that its height of twenty-seven feet would make it nearly 70,000 years old. But that is a long time. We do know, however, that for over a century visitors have been signing their names in the Cango Caves "Registry." The spacious walls of one of the eerie rooms is used for this purpose and the names of visitors are scrawled in red clay, soot, and even chiseled. Noblemen and commoners, soldiers, novelists and Princes have left their marks on the walls of the Cango Caves, and The Registry is one of those precious records of which South Africa may well be proud.

Again Canada Calls!

WHEN the first snow flies and the wind begins to whistle sharp notes through the crackling branches of naked trees, those with a flair for old King Winter and his Court turn an inquiring eye towards Canada. Canada is so sparkling clear in winter, so crisply cold — and so engagingly convenient. Besides there is the Manoir Richelieu (operated by the Canada Steamship Company) on Murray Bay, its background the Laurentians, made so accessible by the Canadian National Railways.

Under its green turreted roof this genial French Manoir gathers in contented comradeship many of the world's keenest sportlovers. Lighthearted chatter and laughter echo to the farthest corners of the Manoir's spacious rooms, cheery groups toast their fingers before the snapping fragrant open fires, and all the world is gay.

Outside the snow lies glistening — the Temptress. Bright colored sleighs jingle merrily over the old Quebec Road. Men are busy on the hills packing the ski jump and the long bob run. Roistering huskies shake themselves and frolic in the snow. The world is a happy place at Manoir Richelieu.

By Way of Introduction

CLARA CLEMENS (*Recollections of Mark Twain*), daughter of the humorist, is the wife of Ossip Gabrilowitsch, the well-known musician. Her book of reminiscences will be published in early spring by Harper and Brothers.

JAMES KERNEY (*New Jersey Wakes Up*) is the publisher of *The Trenton Times* and is prominently identified with politics in his State.

DONALD McGIBNEY (*The Return of Achmed*) is a godson of Booth Tarkington, and the author of *Arabian Nights* in movie form.

PARKE H. DAVIS (*College Sports Decline*) has to his credit books, treatises, articles and reviews on football.

CHARLES B. DRISCOLL (*Sailing the Main*) is the author of *Doubloons: The Story of Buried Treasure*, just published, which contains the story of Oak Island treasure, familiar to readers of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

PETER F. O'SHEA (*Speeding Up Speed Laws*) is a writer of fiction, Irish born, who makes his home in New York.

ABBOT LOW MOFFAT (*A Unique Experiment*) is one of the four Republican members of the New York State Assembly from New York City.

T. R. YBARRA (*Nomad*) is a *New York Times* correspondent abroad, now located in Paris.

ARTHUR DEWING (*Towers Scrape the Sky*) is a teacher of literature at Dartmouth College. This year he is giving a survey of Elizabethan dramatists.

THURSTON MACAULEY (*Donn Byrne's Ireland*), an American newspaperman, has spent several years in Paris, and is at present stationed in London.

Other writers in this issue have previously been represented in our pages.

Traveller's Guide

Trans-Atlantic Sailings from New York:
Mauretania, Cunard, Southampton, Oct. 15., Nov. 5
Lafayette, French Line, Havre, Oct. 16 and Nov. 11
Rotterdam, Holland-America Line, Rotterdam, Oct. 18, Nov. 15
Conte Grande, Lloyd Sabaudo, Genoa, Oct. 18, Nov. 25
Belgenland, Red Star, Antwerp, Oct. 18
Drottningholm, Swedish American, Gothenburg, Oct. 18
Baltic, White Star, Southampton, Oct. 18, Nov. 15
Milwaukee, Hamburg American, Hamburg, Oct. 18
Aquitania, Cunard, Southampton, Oct. 22
New York, Hamburg American, Hamburg, Oct. 23
Dresden, North German Lloyd, Bremen, Oct. 23 and Nov. 20
Bergensfjord, Norwegian-America, Oslo, Oct. 23
Ile de France, French, Havre, Oct. 24
Pennland, Red Star, Antwerp, Oct. 24
Cleveland, Hamburg American, Hamburg, Oct. 25
Volendam, Holland-America, Rotterdam, Oct. 25
Europa, North German Lloyd, Bremen, Oct. 25
Cedric, White Star, Southampton, Oct. 25
Saturnia, Cosulich, Trieste, Oct. 25
Manuel Arnus, Spanish Royal Mail, Barcelona, Oct. 27
Berengaria, Cunard, Southampton, Oct. 29
America, United States Lines, Hamburg, Oct. 29
Karlsruhe, North German Lloyd, Bremen, Oct. 30
Majestic, White Star, Southampton, Oct. 31
New Amsterdam, Holland-America, Rotterdam, Nov. 1
Augustus, Navigazione Generale Italiana, Nov. 1
Lapland, Red Star, Antwerp, Nov. 1
Gripsholm, Swedish American, Gothenburg, Nov. 1
Adriatic, White Star, Southampton, Nov. 1
De Grasse, French Line, Havre, Nov. 5
Columbus, North German Lloyd, Bremen, Nov. 5
President Harding, United State Lines, Hamburg, Nov. 5
Stuttgart, North German Lloyd, Bremen, Nov. 6
Republic, United States Lines, Hamburg, Nov. 6
Westernland, Red Star, Antwerp, Nov. 7
St. Louis, Hamburg American, Hamburg, Nov. 8
Statendam, Holland-America, Rotterdam, Nov. 8
Kungsholm, Swedish American, Gothenburg, Nov. 8
Britannic, White Star, Southampton, Nov. 8
Rochambeau, French Line Havre, Nov. 11
George Washington, United States, Hamburg, Nov. 12
Albert Ballin, Hamburg American Hamburg, Nov. 13
Roma, Navigazione Generale Italiana, Genoa, Nov. 15
Bremen, North German Lloyd, Bremen, Nov. 15
Berlin, North German Lloyd, Bremen, Nov. 13
Baltic, White Star, Southampton, Nov. 15
President Roosevelt, United States, Hamburg, Nov. 19
America, United States, Hamburg, Nov. 26

Trans-Pacific Sailings:
From Vancouver —
Empress of Japan, Canadian Pacific, Manila, Oct. 30
Empress of Asia, Canadian Pacific, Manila, Nov. 13
Empress of Canada, Canadian Pacific, Manila, Nov. 27
From Seattle —
Hikawa Maru, Nippon Yusen Kaisha, Hongkong, Oct. 29
Yokohama Maru, Nippon Yusen Kaisha, Kobe, Nov. 15
President Taft, American Mail Line, Manila, Nov. 1
President Jefferson, American Mail Line, Manila, Nov. 15
From San Francisco —
President McKinley, American Mail, Manila, Nov. 7
President Grant, American Mail, Manila, Nov. 21
Taiyo Maru, Nippon Yusen Kaisha, Kongkong, Oct. 30
Chichibu Maru, Nippon Yusen Kaisha, . Hongkong, Nov. 8
Shinyo Maru, Nippon Yusen Kaisha, Hongkong, Nov. 20

Sailings to Hawaii:
From San Francisco —
Wilhelmina, Matson, Honolulu, Oct. 15
Matsonia, Matson, Honolulu, Oct. 22 and Nov. 19
Manoa, Matson, Honolulu, Oct. 29
Maui, Matson, Honolulu, Nov. 5
From Los Angeles —
City of Los Angeles, Los Angeles S. S. Co., Honolulu, Oct. 18, Nov. 15
Calawaii, Los Angeles S. S. Co., Honolulu, Nov. 8

Round the World Sailings:
From New York —
President Polk, Dollar Line, Oct. 23
President Adams, Dollar Line, Nov. 6
President Harrison, Dollar Line, Nov. 20

Tours and Cruises

Mediterranean, from New York:
Cunard Line, *Mauretania*, Feb. 21, 1931
Canadian Pacific, *Empress of France*, February 3, 1931
Frank C. Clark, *S.S. Laurentic*, January 31, 1931
Thos. Cook & Son, *S.S. Homeric*, January 24, 1931
Frank Tourist Co., *S.S. Scythia*, January 27, 1931
Hamburg-American Line, *S.S. Hamburg*, January 31, 1931
Raymond-Whitcomb, *S.S. Carinthia*, January 31, 1931
White Star Line, *M.V. Britannic*, January 8, 1931
White Star Line, *S.S. Adriatic*, January 17, 1931
White Star Line, *M.V. Britannic*, February 26, 1931
White Star Line, *S.S. Adriatic*, March 7, 1931
French Line, *S.S. France*, Jan. 10, Feb. 14, Mar. 20, 1931

Round the World, from New York:
Canadian Pacific, *Empress of Australia*, December 2, 1930
Franco-Belgique Tours, *President Johnson*, Dec. 4, 1930
Franco-Belgique Tours, *President Fillmore*, Dec. 18, 1930
Cook-Cunard, *S.S. Samaria*, December 3, 1930
Red Star, *Belgenland*, Westward from New York, Dec. 15, 1930
Cook-Cunard, *S.S. Franconia*, January 10, 1931
Hamburg-American Line, *S.S. Resolute*, January 6, 1931
Raymond-Whitcomb, *S.S. Columbus*, January 21, 1931

West Indies, from New York:
Frank Tourist Co., *S.S. Lafayette*, Dec. 20, 1930.
Canadian Pacific, *Duchess of Bedford*, January 9, February 11, 1931
Frank Tourist Co., *S.S. Volendam*, January 21, February 11, 1931
Raymond-Whitcomb, *S.S. Statendam*, Dec. 20, 1930, January 8, January 27, February 24, 1931
Cunard Line, *Franconia*, Nov. 18, Dec. 2, Dec. 20, 1930
Cunard Line, *Caronia*, Dec. 8, 1930
Cunard Line, *Carinthia*, Jan. 10, 1931
Cunard Line, *Caledonia*, Jan. 24, Feb. 14, 1931
Cunard Line, *Aurania*, Mar. 14, Apr. 1, 1931
Cunard Line, *Tuscania*, Apr. 15, 1931

West Indies and South America, from New York:
Swedish American, *M.V. Kungsholm*, December 20, 1930
Swedish American, *M.V. Kungsholm*, January 10, 31, February 21, March 14, 1931

Oriental Winter Cruise:
American Mail Line, *President Grant*, sailing from Seattle, Jan. 24, 1931

South America, Africa, Mediterranean Cruise:
Cunard-Anchor Lines & American Express, *S.S. Transylvania*, January 17, 1931

(*Continued from page VII*)

bond prices have advanced, or stayed approximately at the peak, for nearly a year and a half after trade depression passed its nadir. Mr. Moody defines six strongly marked bull markets in bonds in the past thirty years, and points out the following periods characterized by preference for investment over speculation: 1903–5, 1907–15, 1917–18, 1920–22, and 1924–27. As a rule these periods, it will be noted, began in business depression, and extended well into the years of rising activity. If the bond market is running true to form it is the predecessor of a general upward movement in the business cycle, and prices of good stocks will not lag far behind.

Commodity Prices

UNDERLYING the strength of bonds and the investment trend toward them is another condition that is having an outstanding influence on the course of all business. That is the low level of commodity prices, with which is associated in many minds an expectation that they will decline for a long time to come. This in turn is derived from the expectation that a shortage of new gold for monetary purposes will develop within a very few years. The report of the gold delegation of the League of Nations has just been published. It calculates the monetary requirement of gold in the future upon four distinct assumptions, using reserve ratios of 33 and 40 per cent, and applying to each two presumed annual rates of growth of demand 2 and 3 per cent. On three of these assumptions (all except a reserve of 33 per cent and a growth of 2 per cent) it finds that the supply of new gold available by 1934 will be inadequate unless measures are taken to alleviate the situation before that time. This may be taken as the most authoritative pronouncement yet made upon this much-debated question.

If the value of gold goes up commodity prices come down, the value of the dollar goes up, and the purchasing power of fixed incomes such as bond yields goes up also. This is the reverse of the procedure in this country in the commodity price inflation during and after the war, and in Germany a few years later. Those great inflations released the debtor from a good part of his obligations, and worked the destruction of the creditor; they enriched one class and impoverished another. As deflation goes on the reverse occurs, gradually and less sensationally, but none the less surely. Therefore it is possible that this reason alone will influence many investors to buy bonds, joining the creditor class, which will be enriched, rather than the debtor class, which will be made poorer. And the stockholder of the corporation which has bond issues is of course in debt to the bondholder.

But it should be emphasized that the foregoing is very much more an economic generalization than a prophecy as to commodity prices. On the contrary, the coupling of fear that a gold shortage will begin to develop four years from now with an unwillingness to purchase commodities at the low prices to which they have dropped this fall, seems utterly fantastic. Whatever may be true of the future, there is no shortage of gold now. There is some maldistribution, but most of the leading countries of the world have reaccumulated supplies adequate to their needs, and in the United States there is a large gold surplus. There is nothing in the situation that would warrant an assumption that the credit supply for the next five years will be inadequate to finance production and distribution, not merely at the present price level, but even at a higher one.

It seems to me the plainest of all facts that the disastrous decline in commodity prices that has occurred this year is simply one of the ordinary phenomena of the business cycle, and to be interpreted as such. That a long-time price-trend should be held to account, independent of the business cycle, for a loss of 15 per cent in wholesale prices during twelve months is flatly ridiculous. At the most, the long-time decline based upon the gold situation, cheapening cost of production, and similar factors, would account for only 2 to 3 per cent a year, and the reputed gold shortage is not yet a direct factor. It is probably conservative to say that if the commodity decline had been caused entirely by factors of long-term importance, this year's drop would have been spread over at least ten years, instead of occurring all at once.

Therefore the overwhelming probability is that this drop is a short-term fluctuation, a part of the cycle of depression, accentuated by previous unsuccessful attempts at artificial control of output which have made over-production more severe than anticipated. As part of the cycle, an old maxim holds: what goes up will come down, and what comes down will go up. This decline has now lasted as long as most previous downward swings, and the precedents justify the conclusion that the bottom of the decline has been or soon will be reached. And with that conclusion other facts accord. Commodity prices are below the cost of production for most staples; in many cases they have been below that figure long enough to start in operation forces that will curtail output. Retailers have allowed their inventories to run down during the decline, but when recovery comes they will build them up again, and expanding consumption will meet declining production.

A controlling factor in the extent of commodity price recoveries is the available supply of credit. The more abundant the credit, as a rule, the stronger the price recovery. As credit is almost a drug on the market at present, it presents no obstacle to a goodly recovery in prices. It is probable that long time influences, notably cheapening costs of production, will prevent a full return to the levels of 1928 and early 1929, but it is not too hazardous to predict that a large part of the 15 per cent loss will be recovered during 1931 and 1932. This is doubly true of the staple raw materials dealt in on the exchanges, in most of which the decline has approximated 30 per cent, or even more. Diversified holdings of commodities therefore constitute attractive speculations, and although the general public does not seem to be captivated by the opportunity, a number of large corporations managed upon principles which include close studies of business fluctuations have significantly begun to build up their inventories.

Business

THE foregoing also to some extent epitomizes the business situation. It is roughly estimated that while ultimate consumption of finished goods has declined 10 per cent, production has declined 20 per cent. Obviously that situation is its own corrective, and signs are not lacking that the medicine is beginning to take effect. Making allowance for lower price levels, retail sales are not as much smaller than 1929 as the figures indicate; in certain lines the nominal declines in dollar figures indicate that the volume is actually larger. The decrease in stocks of such goods as automobiles is apparent; in all lines there will be no such carryover into 1931 as there was into 1930. Cotton goods sales already have picked up, and the signs indicate an increase in production before the end of the year. Automobiles and tires will fall into line by 1931. The steel business has been a little better this fall than during the summer.

On the whole nothing in the industrial news is worse than it was during the summer, and from more than half of the greater industries reports are better. This is evidence that a turn is in the making. Traders in commodities find it notoriously impossible to pick the exact bottom, and when they are successful in getting it they generally find that they have stumbled upon it by accident. No greater exactness should be expected from business prophets. But those who recognize the cyclical nature of this recession, and who are not mislead by panicky beliefs in a New Era of poverty and depression, agree that business is traveling along bottom, that the gradual beginnings of recovery are at hand, and that there is no reason to doubt that trade will eventually gather pace.

The Utilities

INTEREST in the "depression proof" industries continues to run high among investors. The term, it will be remembered, was used in the closing weeks of last year, when there was much scurrying among brokerage houses and would-be stock buyers to find issues in which they could have confidence. First among these, of course, came the utilities.

This "depression proof" philosophy can now be appraised to some extent, and the utilities come out very well under the scrutiny. In previous issues we have commented on the income gains they have reported; for the first six months of the year, according to Government statistics, gross and net of the utilities increased 3.2 and 4.0 per cent respectively over 1929. In all probability the whole year will show gains in income approaching those figures.

It must not be supposed, however, that utilities do not suffer from depression. About 60 per cent of sales of electric power are made at wholesale; that is they go to industries, and of course industrial use of power has fallen off. It showed a decline of 4.3 per cent during the first seven months, and probably more during August and September. Domestic use showed an increase, but barely sufficient to offset this loss, and a survey by the Standard Statistics Company predicts that total electric power output for the year may fall below that of 1929. The normal rate of expansion of this industry (for the next few years) is probably 10 per cent, and of course failure to show any gain at all is a notable setback. The potential markets for power are so huge, however (including railroads and farms), that the normal rate of expansion will be resumed as the cycle swings upward, and it seems safe to predict that it will be reached again during 1931.

Utility stock prices of course have not been immune to the general declines in the stock market. In the June break they fell as severely as any other class, and they have not moved very strongly since. This is due not to lack of earnings, but to the natural reaction from the inflated prices that previously prevailed. At present utility stocks are selling upon the average around twenty times earnings. This is no higher than certain leading industrial issues much in demand by investors. But it is too high to yield dividend returns that will be satisfactory if and when the speculative features of the shares become less attractive. It is likely that hereafter prices will advance relatively less than earnings, thereby gradually reducing the ratio. For security of dividend the utilities as a group are coming through the depression with a very high reputation.

Momentum

Momentum means mass speed ahead. In business it depends on a nice balance of quantity in production and velocity in sales. How *much*—how *quick*. Reduce either of these factors, put one out of balance with the other, and momentum is lost.

Momentum is a most important factor in any *continuous* forward movement of business. It is like success. It gains power on its own impetus. Curb it and business lags.

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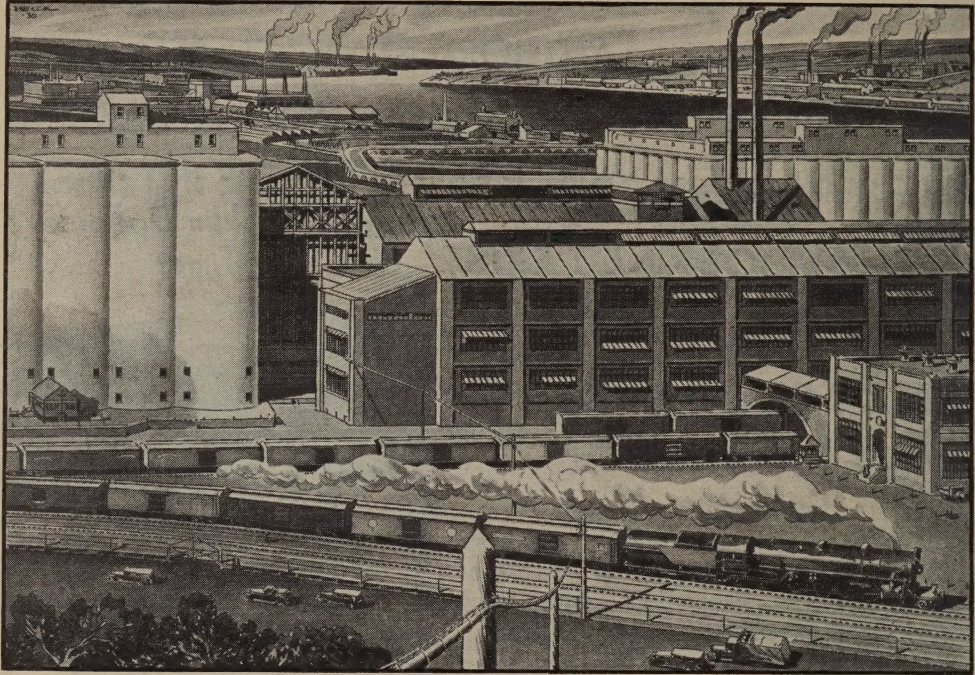

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